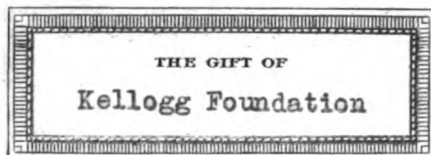
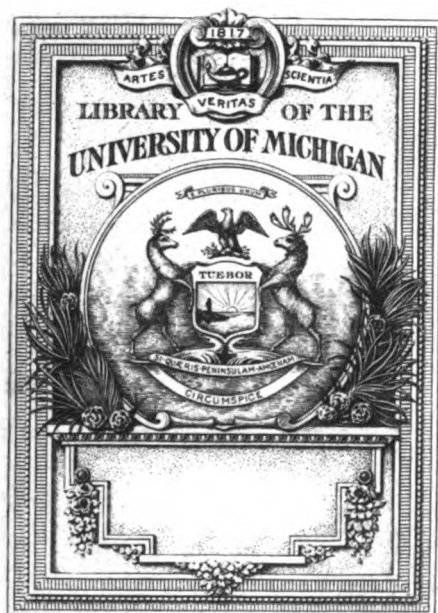

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WHOLE No. 13.

THE COQUETTE.

BY MRS. MARY MAYNARD.

"Is it not cruel to wound our kind cousin's feelings with your coquetry, sister mine? You know how fondly he loves you; how many proofs he has given of his devotion to you; how sensitive he is to slight or neglect; and yet you indulge in that folly that distresses him most," and the speaker wound her fair arms round her sister's waist, and looked up lovingly into her eyes, as if to plead for pardon for her unasked advice.

"You may spare your lectures, Alice—I shall act as I think proper; and Sidney has no right to control me—no more right than you have to censure me;" and with an impatient movement, the angry beauty strove to free herself from the clinging arms.

"Florence, forgive me; I meant not to censure you; and if I said more than was proper, you must excuse my hasty words. You know how good our cousin is; how well he has supplied a brother's place to us; and now, when you have won his heart, and all his hopes and wishes are centered on your love, I cannot see you fling aside that heart, and crush those hopes, without one word to warn you of the danger of such flirtation when exercised on one like him. You do not love this stranger who has so completely engrossed your attention for the past three days; and yet your unkindness to Sidney has clouded his brow, and filled my heart with sorrow."

And the gentle girl again raised her eyes to her sister's face, as if to find there some hope of

a favorable answer to her entreaties, while the tears rolled slowly down her flushed cheeks.

"What folly, Alice! I do not love our handsome cousin; and surely, you will not blame me if he has been so unwise as to bestow his heart on my unworthy self. Nor do I think him more worthy of pity than a score of others, on not one of whom did you think proper to waste these precious tears. Sidney would no doubt feel deeply grateful did he but know how sincere a friend he had in his fair cousin Alice, and might find consolation in his disappointment. May I inform him of the interest you feel in the success of his suit?"

There was no answer to the sarcastic question; and Alice, slowly rising from her sister's side, left the room. For a few moments Florence gazed after her in a half-repentant manner, as if she would fain call back the gentle sister; but in a little time the cloud passed from her brow, and with a sigh of relief, she took from her bosom a letter. After closely examining the seal and direction, she opened the envelope, and with burning cheeks, and unconcealed joy flashing from her beautiful eyes, read the warm love-words traced on its pages. After twice reading down the magic words, she pressed the precious manuscript to her lips, and kissing it again and again, carefully replaced it in her bosom, and clasping her hands over it as if to make sure of its safety, leaned back on the rich velvet cushions of her lounge, and closed her eyes, as if to ponder over the new joy.

Very beautiful she looked as she reclined there; her lips half parted with a triumphant smile, and her cheeks flushed with pleasure; her hands, nervously clasped together, betrayed her excited state of mind, and a little foot in its velvet slipper beat impatient time on the soft ottoman. For ten minutes she sat, the image of gratified pride and joy, and then other thoughts swept through her mind; and the flush left her face, the clasped hands sunk slowly to her lap, her bosom heaved with heavy sighs, and her heart beat painfully, as if it would burst through the confining folds of her crimson robe. Fast the hot tears fell on her hands, and glittered on the precious gems that adorned her slender fingers; but like a summer shower, the cloud soon passed off, and pressing her hands to her face she crushed the remaining tears beneath the long lashes, and rising, stood before the mirror endeavoring to remove all traces of her recent emotion.

While she is thus employed we will give the reader a more satisfactory introduction to the persons already brought before them, as also to some yet unknown. Florence and Alice were the daughters of Sir Richard Harwood, a rich English baronet. They had lost their mother in early childhood, and their father, eschewing the matrimonial snares laid for him by numberless husband-hunting young ladies, and feeling keenly the loss of a beloved wife, had devoted several years to retirement, and in the society of his little girls, and in the improvement and care of his numerous tenantry, had found comfort and consolation. As years passed on, and his daughters grew up, Sir Richard felt it to be his duty once more to mingle in those scenes where his lost wife had once been so bright a star, and no longer deprive his beautiful daughters of the advantages afforded them by their wealth and station. He invited his sister-in-law, the widow of his brother, and the mother of his heir, to become the mistress of his town mansion, and be the escort of his motherless girls into those scenes of London society that her superior wisdom and thorough knowledge of that society well fitted her for.

She was a middle-aged, handsome woman, well educated and of exceedingly prepossessing manners. For many years she also had lived in the country, disgusted with society and all the world; but when, at her brother's entreaty, she once more resumed her place, there were many who warmly welcomed her return; and she soon found herself the centre of an intellectual and refined circle, far removed from the common insipidity of London society.

To Sir Richard, the renewal of old friendships, and the constant meetings with old time acquaintances, was exceedingly pleasant after so many years of separation; and as the young ladies were evidently pleased with the new life opened to them, it appeared at first sight as if the change had been an unusually happy one.

But there was one who did not rejoice in the prospect before him; one whose heart did not throb with joyous anticipations, and whose fears outbalanced all other sensations, and that one was Sidney Harwood, the nephew and heir of Sir Richard, the playfellow and friend of his daughters—the lover of Florence.

In the retirement and quietude of their life at Harwood Park, the girls had always welcomed their handsome and entertaining cousin with the warmest expressions of joy. And he, as he watched the growing loveliness of Florence, and listened to her gentle voice, murmuring sweet sisterly welcomes as he embraced and kissed her—as he had always done since they were children—felt his heart throb with delight at the thought that this beautiful flower, which was all his own, had known no other love. But there was a rival in Florence's heart, all undreamed of by her unsuspecting cousin, scarcely known at this time to herself; a powerful rival, before whose mighty strength poor Sidney's love should be swept away as a leaf before the wind; and this love was her love of admiration. Openly admired by her father and sister, flattered by her attendants, and almost adored by Sidney himself, it would have been impossible for Florence not to have known herself beautiful; and it was impossible to conceal her joy at their proposed introduction to society—joy that sent a terror to her lover's heart.

He knew the trying ordeal through which a young beauty passes, made more dangerous if she herself courts the admiration so lavishly bestowed on a new favorite, and the delight she had so earnestly expressed gave him but little reason to feel gratified with the prospect before him. Once he thought of immediately making known to her father his wishes and intentions, and also his dissatisfaction at the proposed arrangement; but on asking his mother's advice—in whom, by the way, he placed implicit confidence—she strongly persuaded him from so hasty a step.

"If Florence is worthy of your love, my son, she will not change; and you should rather rejoice that you will have this opportunity of judging of her character, her constancy, and her attachment for yourself. Residing in the same house, you will have every facility for your pur-

pose of learning a disposition which, with all due deference for your superior judgment, I think far from perfect."

Poor Sidney was but little comforted by his mother's advice, and resolved, let what would come, never to lose his faith in the perfection of his idol.

A very short residence in town showed the wisdom of Mrs. Harwood's prophecies, and filled her son's mind with despair. Florence yielded herself entirely up to the fascinating influence of adulation and flattery, and became a dangerous coquette, winning hearts for the mere pleasure of flinging them away again; and yet so perfectly free was she from stern or ill-temper in the treatment of her victims, so enchanting had she become in her new and exciting mode of life, that not a whisper was even breathed against her, even by those who felt her cruelty most. Many sighed in secret over her coldness of heart, but all were ready to bow before her, to attend her steps, to wait her pleasure, to fulfil her slightest wishes. To the gentle Alice, this triumph gave mingled pain and pleasure. That her sister should be loved and admired, caressed and sought after, was all right and quite natural she thought, but that Sidney should be slighted and rendered unhappy, his love disregarded and himself neglected, was more than her kind heart could bear unmoved. She had frequently sought for an interview with her sister of late, but Florence avoided her, and it was only by chance that she had found her sufficiently at leisure to hold the conversation that was concluded at the commencement of our story.

Alice was two years younger than her sister, and of quite a different style of beauty. While Florence rejoiced in the glossy black tresses, flashing eyes and brilliant complexion of the Harwoods, Alice looked no less lovely in some eyes, with her soft, light curls, clear blue eyes, and delicate rose-leaf complexion, especially when those beautiful eyes filled with tears of compassion at a sad tale, or her delicate cheek flushed with pleasure at seeing some loved friend. Sir Richard was proud of his eldest daughter, proud of her beauty and accomplishments, her wit and grace, and very proud of the admiration she excited; but when he was weary of society, of the glitter and false show of ball rooms, the hollow-heartedness of so-called society, it was to his Alice he looked for refreshing and comforting, to her and her sweet conversation, so pure and fresh amid a world of glittering deceit, that in his heart the father blessed the lovely image of his lost wife, and felt thankful no one had yet usurped his place in her heart.

To her aunt, Alice was also very dear, and it had long been a source of grief to that good lady that her only son should be so blind to the perfections of his youngest cousin. But Sidney was far from blind in this respect, and had long loved and respected Alice, although his heart was completely under the control of another. That Alice had a more than sisterly regard for her cousin, Mrs. Harwood had long suspected, and her anxiety for Sidney's happiness had opened Florence's eyes to something of the same idea. Hence her rather insulting speech on the morning when Alice made her last effort to induce her to change her conduct in regard to their cousin. The stranger mentioned by the younger sister, was a gentleman with whom Sir Richard had been slightly acquainted some ten years previously. They had met quite unexpectedly in London, the acquaintance was renewed, and Colonel Burton invited to his friend's house. Sir Richard would have ridiculed the idea of danger to his young daughters in the society of a man almost as old as himself, but it was soon evident that the beautiful Florence took unusual interest in the conversation of the handsome officer, and equally evident that he was interested in return. To her father, this gave pleasure, as he hoped she was growing weary of the attentions of the numerous fashionable young men who unceasingly followed her; but to Alice it was a new source of trouble, as she felt convinced that the stranger was far more likely to prove a rival to Sidney than all the gay flatterers who had hitherto come between him and his love.

Colonel Burton had long been set down by those who knew him best, as a confirmed old bachelor. Not that he despised ladies' society, or had too good an opinion of himself and liberty, but simply because he had passed unharmed through all the traps and snares so bewitchingly laid for him by cunning match-makers. If he has lived so long heart whole, they argued, it is not likely he will change his old habits, and settle down into married life, now, when his taste for travelling and adventure has become a habit.

"The beauty may fascinate our young beaux," said a titled dowager, the mother of half-a-dozen homely daughters, and a little envious of Florence's popularity among the gentlemen; "but with all her winning arts, she will find the colonel more than her match."

The objects of her remarks were at that moment apparently unconscious that the world contained aught save themselves and each other—the gentleman in eager conversation, the lady

listening with deep attention, her flushed cheek and downcast eye betraying how interesting his words were to her feelings.

That the dowager, Lady M——, had good reason to believe the colonel difficult to catch, there could be no doubt, but that he was uncatchable, there were many who left the ball room that night, who certainly doubted. When Colonel Burton found himself alone in his room that night, he paced the floor for an hour, apparently revolving in his mind some knotty question. At last he came to a full stop, and throwing himself into a chair, exclaimed :

"Yes, I will marry her; she loves me, and I will marry her;" and without further deliberation, he drew his elegant writing-desk to the edge of the table, and penned the words that filled the heart of Florence with such new emotions.

She had felt from the first that he possessed a strange influence over her; and now when she read the words that told her how powerful her charms had been in conquering a heart so long invincible, it was little wonder that gratified pride was the first sensation. This mood was quickly changed into a painfully distressing recollection of Sidney's love and despair, and caused the tears to flow from her own excited heart. Her tears were soon banished by the thought that to-day her hand was to be asked of her father—to day she was to receive the colonel as her lover.

Ringing for her maid, she proceeded to dress with unusual care, and had scarcely arranged the last fold, and clasped on the last bracelet, when summoned to meet her father in the library. She cast one glance in the mirror to convince herself that all was right, and then slowly descended the wide staircase, her heart beating loudly, and her hands trembling with agitation. One moment she held the handle of the door, and then turning it quickly she found herself in the presence of her aunt, her father, and Colonel Burton. The first looked distressed, the second evidently out of humor, and the last not a little discomposed.

She felt the warm, suffocating sensation of a person fainting, and would have fallen to the floor had her father not supported her. Placing her in a chair, he proceeded to ask if she was aware of the colonel's errand. On her signifying an affirmation, he told her to consider solemnly what she was doing, not hastily to form a contract so solemn, but that if it was necessary to her happiness he should not forbid it, however agreeable, their ages were. Her answer was, to hold out her hand to the colonel, which

that gallant officer knelt to receive, pressing the white and jewelled fingers to his lips, and inwardly admiring his ladylove's taste in dress. The father looked sad, the aunt still distressed; but the principal actors in the scene performed their part to perfection.

It was at this unfortunate juncture, while the colonel was still on one knee, Florence, with her handkerchief to her eyes, considerably affected, and her aunt and father deliberating on the propriety of leaving them alone together, that Sidney gently unclosed the door, expecting to find his uncle alone as usual, with the morning paper.

One glance was sufficient to show him how matters stood, and withdrawing as silently as he had entered, he slowly ascended the stairs again, on his way to his own room. In the gallery he had to pass a deep window, and attracted by the sound of sobs, he drew aside the curtain, and there, on the cushioned seat, her favorite reading place, with her face buried in the pillows, lay poor Alice.

Lifting her from her despairing attitude, he seated himself beside her, and smoothed the wet curls from her face. He kissed her cheek, as he had done when in her childish griefs she had fled to him for comfort, but now she shrank from the touch of his lips, and strove to free herself from his supporting arms. He drew her to him more forcibly, and while a paler shade came over his already death-like countenance, asked, in a hoarse voice :

"Will you cast me off, too, Alice?"

And then when the slight form quivered in his embrace, and he felt the wild throbbing of her heart against his breast, he pressed one long, despairing kiss on her lips, and again placing her on the sofa, rushed to his own room. While Alice lay fainting in the cushioned recess, and Sidney knelt beside his couch, vainly striving to overcome his misery, a very different scene was going on in the library.

Seated beside his beautiful betrothed, the colonel looked all the joy and pride he felt. He was rich, and this alone was needed to complete his happiness, a young, a lovely wife. He did not love Florence, for love made no part of his disposition; but he admired her, and rejoiced at the sensation his marriage would create. That she loved him, he was perfectly sure, and this had been the object of his life-long search—a beautiful wife, rich and affectionate. And none, to look on his young betrothed, could doubt her feelings towards him. Her downcast eyes, the varying color, told more than words how great was the power he possessed over her heart;

and yet the colonel talked calmly and unconcernedly about their marriage, their journey to Italy, their future home; in fact, he told her all his plans for the future—that future in which she was to have so large a share,—and yet never by one word did he strive to banish the almost painful feeling of confusion overwhelming her.

It is true he watched the crimson blush mount up to her white forehead with a feeling of satisfaction, and felt the little hand he held in his own tremble and quiver with suppressed emotion; but had she withdrawn her hand, he would have made no effort to detain it; and as for kissing her blushing cheek or rosy lips, Colonel Burton would never have attempted any thing so likely to disarrange the elegant precision of her beautifully-dressed hair, or the graceful fall of her rich satin flowers.

Poor Florence! accustomed all her life to give free vent to her feelings, she felt a longing to throw herself into somebody's arms, and give way to her emotions. But there sat the colonel looking at her, kindly, it is true, but still by no means so sentimentally as she would have wished. She thought of Alice; but Alice would have no sympathy with her, as the betrothed of Sidney's rival. She thought of Sidney; of all his love and tenderness, of the many times he had folded her to his heart, imploring blessings on her head, of how rapturously he would have received the gift, so calmly accepted by another; and then her strength gave way, and she burst into a passionate flood of tears. The colonel looked astounded at this unexpected display, and after watching her for a few moments, got up and commenced to pace the floor.

Florence soon conquered her tears, and when she once more sat silent and still, her face covered with her handkerchief, he resumed his place at her side, and with quiet politeness, and in the gentlest tone imaginable, expressed his disapproval of all such violent displays of feeling. He said he was aware the events of the morning had been too exciting for her nerves, but hoped to meet her at the opera quite recovered; then finding that his words were not having the desired effect, and that her tears were flowing afresh, he once more lifted her hands to his lips, and with a low bow departed.

It seemed a day fated to bring sorrow to the occupants of that splendid mansion, for ere the sun set, Mrs. Harwood was called on to bid farewell to her darling son, nor could she find it in her heart to deny her consent to his departure, knowing how cruelly all his hopes had been crushed, and trusting that time and absence would efface the image of his cousin.

To his uncle, Sidney's absence was a great annoyance; he loved his company, and having a pretty clear idea of the cause of his sudden journey, felt a still greater dislike to the match that had caused so much trouble and grief in so short a time.

Sir Richard went out to walk off his annoyance; Mrs. Harwood went to her son's room to assist him in his hurried preparations; Florence double locked the door of her chamber, refusing admittance to all, and beginning to realize some of the misery of a marriage in which the love is all on one side; and Alice sat by her window, and silently wept over the troubles of the day. But when she saw the carriage drive to the door, the busy servants fling down the steps, place the heavy travelling trunks safely behind, assist Sir Richard in, and then draw back respectfully as Sidney advanced; and after shaking hands with the old gray haired butler, who had carried him in his arms when a boy, step quickly in, and lean back on the cushions, poor Alice felt as if all her joys were taken away at once.

She felt deeply for her cousin leaving his home in this unhappy manner, but, like his mother, she thought it best that he should leave scenes that could only serve to remind him of happier days, and she breathed a fervent prayer that he might return to them safe, and cured of his unfortunate passion. She reproached herself when she recollected how she had repulsed his last kind caresses, and vainly wished that she could just ask him to forgive her rudeness. She was aroused by the entrance of her aunt, who, silently placing a parcel in her hand, kissed her and withdrew.

On unsealing the package, to her great joy she found it contained her cousin's miniature, and also an affectionate farewell note to herself, begging her acceptance of the likeness, entreating pardon for the unintentional distress his violence had occasioned her, explaining his reasons for not bidding her farewell in person, and begging her to continue a correspondence which he would commence on his arrival in Paris.

When Mrs. Harwood sought her nieces' chambers that night, as was her usual custom before retiring, she found Florence deep in the study of an illustrated monthly of Paris fashions and dress novelties. Her face still bore the marks of tears, but all other traces of distress had vanished, and she gaily asked her aunt's opinion on the rival merits of white satin and white brocade silk.

In her sister's chamber all was hushed and silent, and crossing the soft carpet with noiseless step, Mrs. Harwood leaned over the sweet sleep-

er, and kissed her delicate cheek. She smiled as she noticed the firm clasp of the slender white fingers, looking almost transparent in contrast with the blue silk coverlid, and caught flashes of the rich setting of Sidney's miniature, reflected by the light, in her hand. With a blessing on the head of her darling niece, she softly closed the door, and left her to her slumbers.

Colonel Burton insisted on having his marriage celebrated with as little delay as possible, and as Florence gave a willing assent to his wishes on the subject, busy preparations were immediately made for the wedding.

Alice treated her brother-expectant with a coldness quite unusual for her, and took but little part in the affair that engrossed the attention of the whole household with the exception of herself. At her sister's request, she usually spent an hour or two in the bride's own room every day, but no persuasions could induce her to enter the parlor, where her sister usually received her lover, when he was present.

One morning, when she had become completely tired of answering questions, admiring jewelry, and giving her opinion on various articles of dress, she was preparing to leave the room, when Florence suddenly asked when she had heard from Sidney. It happened that a letter had arrived that morning, and on her sister's expressing a wish to see it, Alice drew it forth from the folds of her dress. In doing so, her hand became entangled in the slender chain to which she had suspended her treasured miniature, and as she brought out the letter, the locket slipped from its hiding-place, also.

"Ah, a love gift, *ma belle*!" gaily exclaimed Florence, catching the likeness in her hand.

But when her eyes fell on the well-known features, and met the earnest glance of the dark eyes, so often turned to meet her own in bygone days, she became deathly pale, and with tearful eyes gazed long at the beautiful picture; then with an anxious look that touched Alice's tender heart, returned the precious gift. With an attempt to hide her confusion, Alice said:

"Only a brotherly present from our dear cousin." And she left the room.

From this time there was an increased coolness between the sisters, Florence evidently thinking that her sister was betrothed to Sidney, and feeling herself aggrieved at the same, notwithstanding she was about to marry the man of her choice, and to whom she became each day more attached. Hers was a strange love, all the more powerful for the reason that she feared Colonel Burton, and never received from him those little kind and loving attentions

that go so far to sweeten the days of courtship. In all that was perfectly polite, and according to strict etiquette, the colonel was not found wanting, but there was none of that sweet sympathy between them, that Florence, even in her wildest days of flirtation, had never doubted would one day be hers. She loved the colonel with all her heart, and she, who had never yielded her will to another, in her life, now felt herself constrained to obey his every wish, to give up her own opinion on every occasion where they did not agree, and all without one word of thanks on his part, without the slightest symptom of gratitude.

Sidney had now been gone nearly three months, and the day appointed for the marriage of Florence drew near. Sir Richard had himself written to ask his nephew to return in time to be present at the ceremony, but as his answer pleaded pressing engagements, no more was said on the subject. For several weeks his letters had spoken of a certain Mr. Herbert and his sister Miriam, and from the terms in which he mentioned them, Alice concluded that they were in the habit of meeting daily. He represented Mr. Herbert as a most devoted brother, leaving home, and friends, and profession, to attend his invalid and orphan sister. That they were congenial spirits, and that Sidney had found such a friend, she rejoiced; but a little white hand was pressing on a beating heart as she read the glowing description he gave of the beauty, the talent, and the amiability of the fair sister of his friend. Poor Alice sighed as she read Sidney's enthusiastic description of his life in Italy—his life, made so happy by strangers. In imagination she beheld him in the flowery arbors he so frequently mentioned, seated beside the beautiful stranger, listening, entranced, to her sweet, low voice, breathing the loving Italian words of his favorite songs.

She felt but little encouragement to fulfil her design of surprising him with her own progress in music, as she heard of the proficiency of the lovely and interesting invalid. She grew pale and very quiet; but none thought it strange that so sensitive a disposition should feel keenly the separation from an only sister, and few noticed the retiring and unobtrusive bridemaid in the all-absorbing interest excited by the bride herself.

The sun shone brightly on the wedding morn, and never did a gay party enter the church doors on a similar occasion, than that which attended Florence on this important day. A large party of officers, both army and navy, friends of Colonel Burton, added to the brilliancy of the scene, and their rich dress contrasted well with

the snowy lace robes of their bridesmaid's partners. Florence looked all she intended; and the happy colonel, at the conclusion of the service, drew her hand through his arm, and marched proudly down the aisle, with the look of a man quite satisfied with himself and the world.

In the confusion of the large party leaving the church, Alice and her partner were detained for some minutes in the porch waiting for the carriage. He was a pleasant, good-looking officer, and by way of passing the time as merrily as possible, gave her a very humorous description of an Italian wedding, at which he had been present a short time previously. After describing the ceremonies so religiously kept up by the peasantry of that country, he said he hoped soon to have the pleasure of congratulating their family on the marriage of one so near and dear to them all as his friend Sidney.

"Of course Miss Harwood was aware that her cousin had been engaged for nearly two months to a Miss Herbert, an exceedingly charming young lady."

Poor Alice listened to this confirmation of her worst fears with a sinking heart, and already worn out with the excitement of the morning, and the anxiety of her mind for the past few weeks, she leaned fainting against the wall, and when the carriage drew up to the door, and the party hastened to take their places, there was great confusion as the almost lifeless form was lifted up the steps and resigned to the care of the ladies.

All the way home their efforts were fruitless to recall the suspended faculties of the poor girl, and it was not until she was in her own room, and surrounded by the alarmed household, that Alice once more opened her eyes, and smiled on her anxious friends. She did not appear to witness the departure of the bridal party, but Florence found time to make a hasty visit to her sister.

She came into the room all fluttering with joy and excitement, and kissing Alice, and receiving her farewell blessings and good wishes, hastened away to join the waiting party in the hall. The last kisses were given and received, the father gave his child the parting embrace, the aunt whispered a few words of parting advice, the colonel shook hands with every one, and then assisting his bride to the carriage, and giving the last directions to his servant, the door closed with a slam, and they were gone.

For several days Alice was unable to leave her room, but when she once more made her appearance in the parlor, almost the first visitor

she received was the gentleman whose unfortunate speech had so nearly betrayed her secret. He was very kind, and made many inquiries about her health, but no allusion to their previous conversation; and Alice congratulated herself that in his alarm at her sudden illness, the subject had been forgotten. It was only as he took his leave, and spoke of returning to the continent, that Sidney's name was mentioned; and then only to ask, in a tone of ordinary politeness, if he could be the bearer of letters to the absent one.

Had Captain Lawson been as indifferent about her feelings as Alice supposed he was, he could scarcely have avoided noticing her confusion as he mentioned her cousin's name. The kind-hearted officer had seen enough of human nature to make him understand that there was something of more than common interest in his communication, so came the lady to faint so suddenly. Added to this, he had been deeply impressed with the gentle levelness of the inanimate girl, as he supported her insensible form and assisted in her recovery; and now, as the only return he could make for having so carelessly wounded her feelings, by repeating what might only be a report, he had resolved to seek Sidney, and learn the truth from his own lips. Should the reported engagement to Miriam Herbert prove true, Captain Lawson determined to lose no time in seeking the lady's heart and hand for himself, and securing what he felt to be a treasure beyond all price. On the contrary, if he found Sidney free and heart whole, he trusted to circumstances to give him a favorable opportunity to inform the young man of what he had discovered. It was a delicate mission, but Captain Lawson knew whom he had to deal with, and the importance of Sidney's answer to his own happiness urged him to lose no time in obtaining it. He had come to all these conclusions before he paid his farewell visit at Sir Richard's, and was only strengthened in his resolve on witnessing the emotion Alice betrayed at the sound of the beloved name.

Alice said farewell to her new friend and admirer with an almost envious feeling, inwardly wondering what he had done to deserve the happiness of so soon meeting Sidney, and little dreaming that the handsome man, whose good heart could be read in his countenance, had a very clear idea of what was thus passing in her mind.

It is true, she thought he held her hand, at parting, just one moment longer than was necessary, and that there was a look in the clear eyes, so earnestly bent on her own, that spoke

of something more than mere friendly regard for her health. But Alice had not vanity enough to suppose she had touched the heart of the rich and handsome Captain Lawson, whom half the young ladies of his acquaintance would have given up all their beaux for the sake of winning. Therefore, in her simplicity, she only set the captain down, in her mind, as an exceedingly pleasant acquaintance, far superior to the generality of their London friends, and in return for his kindness bid him adieu with even more than her wonted cordiality and sweetness.

We must now leave our friends in London, to recover from the excitement of the wedding, and the rather gloomy feeling that pervaded each mind after all was over, and follow the footsteps of the wanderer. In an elegant apartment, where every object bespeaks the taste and refinement of the occupants, and the evidences of sweet womanly fancies are scattered on every side, we again meet our hero.

His brow is no longer gloomy as when last we saw him, leaving his home and friends, but there is sadness in the glance of those beautiful eyes as they rest on the form reclining on a couch beside him, and as he leans his head on the carved back of the old-fashioned arm-chair, we hear a sigh, rather too sorrowful to be breathed by one who has scarcely seen his twenty fifth summer.

The lady on the sofa appears to think so, too, for, opening her eyes and leaving her comfortable position, she bends over the old chair, and with the whitest hand in the world, and the softest touch, smooths back the dark curls from his forehead, at the same time gently reproaching him for being so gloomy. She is a lovely comforter, this same tall, spiritual-looking girl, with her large black eyes, and pure complexion. As she bends over the arm of the young man's chair, we cannot help comparing her to the delicate, easily crushed Calla, so graceful are her movements, so frail is her appearance. He must be a monster, indeed, who could withstand the sweet pleading and winning smiles of Miriam Herbert; and as Sidney is quite the reverse of hard-hearted cruelty, he immediately resumes his usual pleasant manner, and after insisting on her again taking possession of the sofa, draws a reading-table to her side, and selecting a favorite-book, commences to read aloud.

It was a sweet scene, that beautifully furnished room, with its open windows shaded by delicate green silk drapery, the costly vases filled with choice flowers, the books, the harp, the velvet-cushioned furniture. On the walls hung choice engravings and landscapes, the favorites of the young mistress, and as Captain Lawson stood

beside his friend in the open door-way, and leisurely surveyed the scene, he could imagine no addition to add to the beauty of the picture, save always the presence of a certain fair-haired maiden, who rarely left his thoughts. Sidney hastily laid down his book, and rose to meet his friend. After the first confused words of welcome were over, and Mr. Herbert had taken his seat on the sofa, with his arm round the slender waist of his sister, and was making fond inquiries about her returning strength and health, Captain Lawson expressed his wish for a few moments' private conversation with their guest.

There was something in his tone that startled the young man, and grasping his friend's hand with sudden violence, he exclaimed:

"My mother, my cousins?"

"Are all well, Harwood. Don't be alarmed; I wish to ask your advice, that's all," and reassured by his pleasant smile, and the cordial grasp of his friend's hand, Sidney prepared to accompany him to his home. There was an eager eye watching the parting between Sidney and the fair Miriam, for love displays itself in trifles, but the captain found himself at fault this time, for his young friend appeared to share with her brother in a constant tender care for the invalid, and it was difficult to determine what was his motive. It might be love, it might be only friendship.

When they arrived at the house, and were safely ensconced in what Sidney called his "shell," or hiding-place, where, weary and low-spirited (as was frequently the case since leaving England), he first placed his friend in his own favorite easy-chair, then brought out a bottle of wine, and then announced himself ready for business.

Captain Lawson commenced the conversation by giving him an account of Florence's wedding, and then cautiously approached the subject of his engagement to Miss Herbert. For a few moments, there was an angry flush on Sidney's cheek, as he leaned his forehead thoughtfully on his hand and pondered on the strange question. But soon the frown passed away, and with a look that sought to read the other's meaning, he replied:

"I am at a loss to know your motive for asking me that question, Captain Lawson, but as I believe you to have some better one than mere curiosity, I do not hesitate to answer it, and here assure you, that to Miss Herbert I bear no nearer relation than that of a friend, a sincere friend."

For several minutes there was silence in the little room, and then the captain proceeded to inform his astonished hearer of the circum-

stances attending the sudden illness of Alice, and his own share in it.

"I knew you are too honorable to make any ungenerous use of what I have now confided to you, and if another possesses your heart, and you are unable to return your cousin's affection, let what has passed between us this day be buried forever in our breasts. I am only too happy to have the slight chance, thus afforded, of supplanting you. But if you love her, hasten at once to do away with the false impression I so unintentionally made, and I will conquer my love in time."

There was no mistaking the generous motives that had prompted his actions now, and Harwood was deeply touched by his last words.

"I cannot be as generous as you are, Lawson," he exclaimed, rising and grasping the hand extended to him. "Your words have given birth to visions of happiness such as I never expected to realize in this world, and I am quite unable to express the gratitude I feel for your generous kindness. There is but one drawback to my happiness, and that is the thought of leaving the Herberts. They have met with reverses, lately, that have compelled him to resume his profession, in order to support his sister, and supply her with those luxuries to which she has been accustomed. They have found but few acquaintances, and with the exception of myself, no intimate friends. Miss Herbert feels her brother's frequent absences keenly, suffering, in consequence, from extreme low spirits and nervousness, and it has been my constant endeavor to supply his place, and amuse her lonely, and frequently suffering, days."

"My time will be at my own disposal for at least two months," the captain answered, "and if I can be of any service or benefit to Mr. Herbert and his sister, most willingly will I promise to supply your place as far as lies in my power."

It was soon arranged that Sidney should depart on the morrow, and after dinner, they returned to Mr. Herbert's, to acquaint them with the sudden change in their friend's plans.

That Miriam Herbert had a sincere regard for Sidney, her grief at their approaching separation gave plain proof; and that she had entertained no tenderer sentiment, was equally evident from the undisguised manner in which she displayed that grief.

"I know how selfish I am, but you have soothed many a hour for me, and I cannot help dreading the cheerless days I shall spend when you are gone."

Sidney sat at the end of her sofa, with his hand smoothing the soft wavy hair from her

forehead. His heart was full of happy hopes, and he knew that joy awaited him in his home, and yet at the sight of her sorrow he felt half tempted to resign his own happiness, and remain with this poor motherless girl, who had not one relation in the world, besides her brother, and to whom he had rendered his presence so necessary. Mr. Herbert looked deeply grieved at the prospect of parting with one he loved so well, and from whose society he had derived much pleasure. The only hopeful countenance was Captain Lawson's, and after waiting until the first sorrowful exclamations were over, and each one had become calm, he very quietly left his place, and seated himself beside Miriam. There was a candid honesty about all this gentleman said or did, that invariably impressed people in his favor, and when he, with respectful kindness, offered his services to attend Miss Herbert in her walks and rides, and supply, as far as he could, the place of her brother, both the brother and sister felt comforted, and warmly thanked him for his kindness.

If Captain Lawson had felt as if he was making a sacrifice, in offering to share with poor Herbert the charge of his invalid sister, he was repaid at parting, when he held her little hand in his own, and heard the grateful words:

"I am contented to suffer, while Providence sends me such kind friends."

Nor did he think the loss of his young friend, when he saw how deeply he was affected at parting with this beautiful girl, whose patient sweetness possessed so strange a fascination, and whose frail health rendered it extremely doubtful that they should ever meet again.

It was a dark, damp, London day, gloomy and forbidding enough, but all unheeded by Sidney Harwood, as he drove from the station to his uncle's residence. His heart beat loudly, as he stepped from the carriage and hastened up the steps, in the expectation of so soon beholding his dearest earthly friends.

His arrival was quite unexpected, and he was a little disappointed to learn that Sir Richard and Mrs. Harwood were both out. However, Miss Alice was at home, and should she be informed of his arrival? No, he would inform her himself; and leaving the servants to speculate on his sudden appearance, and unusual high spirits, he bounded gaily up the stairs. He had to pass through several rooms, and cross two long galleries, before he reached Alice's favorite recess, and by the time he arrived there, his mood had changed, and he was thinking of the last time he saw her, and their sad parting. It might be that Lawson was mistaken, that after

all she did not love him; but no, he would not indulge gloomy thoughts now, and, softly advancing, he beheld the object of his search deep in the portals of a pile of old letters—letters that had a very familiar look to him. He thought she looked very pale, and his heart smote him at the thought of how many sad hours his gentle cousin must have passed.

With a quiet movement, he withdrew the curtain, and standing beside her, spoke her name. He did not feel hurt, now, that she bashfully shrunk away from his embrace, for he knew her secret, and only strove to calm her agitation. Seating himself beside her, he placed his arm round her waist, in the old familiar fashion, and commenced a general conversation on the passing events of the day. He waited, expecting to hear her make some inquiries about his new friends, but Alice would not trust herself to speak about what she could not even think of calmly. Finding that she did not mention them, he ventured to allude to Miss Herbert, and was quite satisfied with the result of his experiment when he saw the color rush violently to her face, the little hands start convulsively, and felt her whole form quiver beneath his encircling arm. It was easy, now, to guide the conversation as he wished, and it was an interesting study to mark the changes in the fair face beside him, as he explained the terms of friendly intimacy that existed between himself and the Herberts. Once convinced that he was still her own dear cousin, free from all engagements, and rejoicing at his return home, Alice resumed much of her old manner, and chatted and laughed as she had not done for many long months. Still there was a little reserve, and Sidney hastened to put an end to it. Asking what she had done with his likeness, he unclasped the band that concealed it, and after thanking her for the care with which she had guarded it, and the honor bestowed on him by her wearing it, he held the little hand firmly in his own, and bending down his head, whispered sweet words in her ear.

Very pleasant words they appeared to be, judging by the effect they had on the fair listener at his side, who no longer attempted to free herself from the strong arm thrown around her, but sat calm and very still in her happiness. There was no need to ask her if she loved him—he read it in her countenance; and if his heart beat with less passion than he had once felt for Florence, his love was none the less pure and holy. A calm sense of content and happiness filled their minds, and for hours he sat there, holding her to his breast, and watching her ever-varying countenance, changing under his words.

There was general rejoicing in the household when it became known that the young master had returned to marry Miss Alice, and every one rejoiced in their happiness, from good old Sir Richard, who saw his long-cherished wishes fulfilled in the union of one of his daughters to the heir of Harwood, down to the old servants, who in Alice beheld the counterpart of her fondly loved mother, the late mistress of Harwood Hall. Sidney paid the most devoted attention to his young betrothed, studying her wishes, and striving to please her, with unremitting devotion, in the hope of atoning for all she had suffered on his account. His endeavors were rewarded by his own increased affection.

They were married soon after the family returned to Harwood Park, in the parish church, and by the good old minister who had baptized herself and sister. There were no fashionable guests, no extravagant displays of dress and jewelry—all was conducted to suit the quiet taste of the bride; and if there was less pomp and show than had attended the marriage of Florence, there was far more joy and happiness. A grand entertainment was provided to the numerous tenantry on the Harwood estate, to celebrate the marriage of the heir, and the occasion was one of general rejoicing.

They made a journey to Scotland, and on his return, Sidney was agreeably surprised at receiving a long letter from his friend Lawson, congratulating him on his felicity, and announcing his own intended union with the beautiful Miriam Herbert.

"Her brother is sacrificing health and happiness in his endeavors to maintain the same style of living to which they have always been accustomed. They are too proud to accept favors from a stranger; what can I do better, than to make the dear girl a sharer in the blessings that have been bestowed on myself? You may smile at the difference in our ages and dispositions, but I feel that we are admirably suited for each other, my cheerfulness having the happiest effect on her low spirits. I am quite certain that I could not love a wife always gay and blooming. There is a world of happiness in knowing that my gentle Miriam clings to me as a safe support, and is dependent on my love for her every joy and comfort."

There was a mischievous look in Sidney's bright eyes, as he watched the admiring expression of his wife's countenance, when she perused this characteristic epistle, and when she claimed his praise for the generous writer, he quietly told her how deeply concerned that writer had once been in her own affairs.

TO MISS —

BY HARRY.

O maid! who, lovely unto every eye,
 Seems doubly so when I gaze upon thee,
 Accept the offering into which I try
 To weave some words of praise befitting thee.
 Alas! I know how vain the attempt must be,
 But thou'lt receive it in the spirit meant,
 And pardon imperfections thou mayst see,
 And with its simple lines will be content,
 Although to it the muse hath nought of beauty lent.

Compared with thee, how poor all others look;
 Where face or form is there can rival thine?
 A voice as sweet as murmurs of the brook,
 Fit pathway where thy mind's bright gems may shine;
 To gain a heart so pure who'd not resign
 E'en Venus, queen of beauty though she be?
 To win but one kind thought I pen this line;
 O, how much happiness is there for me,
 If I may hope thy friend, though nothing more to be.

Time has not given me enough of years
 To bid me to thy matchless charms aspire,
 Though he has given all the doubts and fears
 That guard the burning of love's holy fire.
 That flame within my breast shall ne'er expire
 Till stifled by grim death's remorseless hand;
 And even then, the most I shall desire,
 Is that thy image may before me stand,
 To cheer me on my way unto the spirit-land.

THE DIAMOND RING.

BY EMILY N. REDFORD.

It was as beautiful a summer's morn as ever
 shone upon the earth; the calm bright sunshine
 poured down in a soft flood over the cultivated
 fields and flourishing gardens in the village of L.
 Apart from the neat white cottages which distinguished
 this little village, was one much smaller than the rest.
 One side was shadowed by two large apple-trees,
 and the other was covered with moss which ran
 nearly over the low-thatched roof. The interior of
 the sweet little cottage presented as pleasant an
 appearance as that without. An old lady sat in an
 arm chair, knitting, and by her side a beautiful
 girl perhaps sixteen or seventeen years of age was
 seated, apparently engaged in deep thought. An
 open book at her feet, which had fallen from her
 hand, showed she had been reading, but it was
 evident her mind was far away from the scenes
 before her. Now and then, the elder of the two
 would raise her eyes to the face of her companion,
 and her lips moved as if she would speak, but
 then changed her mind and continued silent. At
 last she concluded to break the silence, and as
 the sound of her voice broke the stillness, the
 young girl started from her seat.

"Ellen, are you ill?"

"No, my dear aunt, why do you ask?"

"I have been watching you some time, and have come to the conclusion that something must be the matter, or you would not have been so absorbed in thought."

"Well, dear aunt, I am afraid you will say I have been building castles in the air, when I tell you what I have been thinking about."

She paused a moment as if to allow her aunt to make some reply, but she only smiled and made a motion for her to proceed, so her niece continued.

"Last evening when I went to the store, Mr. Turner had gone to supper; while waiting for him to return, I heard one of our neighbors ask another, who was to keep our village school this year, and he replied they had been unable to find any one. I have been trying all the morning, to summon courage sufficient to ask you if you thought I might obtain the situation if I applied, and perhaps in a year, I could save enough to enter the seminary at T. as an assistant-pupil. Will you please tell me what you think about it?" looking up at her aunt, who had industriously kept at work all the time her niece had been speaking.

Mrs. Moore let her knitting fall into her lap, and leaning her head upon her hand gazed at the bright, sparkling face so eagerly upturned to hers.

"I am willing, Ellen, you should try, but do not be discouraged if you meet with a refusal."

It seemed this was all Ellen wished, for hastily putting on her bonnet, she was soon tripping lightly in the direction of Mr. Howard's dwelling, the school-agent.

Long and anxiously her aunt waited her return, until the stars began to shine and the pale face of the moon appeared from behind the distant hills. At last she came, and the glance with which her aunt greeted her, asked more plainly if possible than words, of her success.

"Dear aunt, I have obtained the situation, are you not rejoiced?"

Mrs. Moore smiled, and inquired why she had remained so long away.

"Mr. Howard was not at home, and Mrs. Howard invited me to stay until he came, and I disliked to come away without receiving an answer, so I waited for him. I could not resist the temptation of walking past the old school-house, which you know is a little out of the way." Ellen chatted gaily on for some time, until the clock struck eight, when, taking the Bible to her aunt, sat on a stool at her feet and listened while she read "the Sermon on the Mount."

She could not but notice that her aunt's voice

trembled, when she prayed that He, who had never ceased to watch over, and guard from evil, would give strength and patience to her who alone remained to be the comfort and solace of her declining years. Silently she kissed her aunt, and with a slower step than usual sought her couch.

The morning came for school to commence, and Ellen, with a beating heart, but not an altogether sad one, went to her task. At first, she was a little disheartened at the work which presented itself to her, the realization of her hopes did not seem quite as sure. Steadily, however, she kept on, and when at the end of the year she was enabled to enter the Misses Horton's school for young ladies, she felt she was more than repaid for all she had passed through. Leaving her for a short time I will give you a sketch of her history.

Her mother, Mrs. Moore's only sister, was considered the belle not only of the village in which she lived but also of the neighboring towns. At a fair she became acquainted with James Graham, the son of a very rich planter at the South. Against his father's wishes he married her, choosing to depend on his own exertions for support than remain dependent on his father, whose only objection to his marriage was the lady's poverty. He parted from his father in anger, hurriedly embraced his weeping sister, and went forth from his father's house nevermore to return.

Soon after his marriage he entered into business in one of our northern cities. Change of climate, the constant confinement necessary to his success as a merchant, soon wrought fearful work with a constitution naturally delicate, and having been a wife only about two years, Mrs. Graham returned to her sister, her only relative, a broken-hearted widow, with one little daughter, Ellen, named for her husband's mother.

Depression of spirits which nothing could dissipate, not even the kind attempts of her former companions, hurried her to the grave, and at the tender age of four years Ellen was left an orphan, dependent upon her aunt, who possessed sufficient to place her above want, nothing more.

Let us give a glance at the place which Ellen for a time has called her home, the Misses Horton's seminary. It is the evening before school closes. Assembled in groups in the handsome parlors are the pupils. Many of them, nay the most, are children of wealthy parents, and who are sufficiently aware of the importance which money everywhere carries. Some of the younger scholars are examining the wreaths with

which the recitation-hall is to be decorated; others are carefully marking specimens of needle-work which are to be exhibited, and a few are speaking of home and friends, and the pleasure which they anticipate in joining them. By far the most interesting are collected round the piano, arranging the pieces which are to be performed, and discussing the merits of the several performers, each one giving her opinion as to who would be most likely to win the prize. An eccentric bachelor, uncle to a little girl, a member of the school, had offered an elegant diamond ring to any pupil who should play and sing in the best manner on the night of the exhibition. The choice of the song was left to the performer, the judges were to be from the audience on the night of the performance.

Considerable excitement had prevailed among the young ladies, and a continual drumming had been kept up. Every song which could be procured had been tried, and some of the best players remained undecided which to choose. Those which were simple had been cast aside on that account, those which were difficult, they were afraid to trust, fearing their hearers might not be sufficiently skilled in music to appreciate; altogether, they were in rather trying circumstances, as several of their countenances indicated.

"What is your opinion, Miss Ellen Graham?" said Fanny Owen, the belle of the school, and who, from the first day of Ellen's membership had taken every opportunity of wounding her feelings. "Who do you think is most likely to obtain the prize?" at the same time casting a scornful glance towards her companions, who, with eyes fixed upon the person spoken to, awaited her reply.

"I know of no one more likely than yourself," was the calm rejoinder.

"Do you think so?" said Fanny, in a mocking tone. "Why, I am really obliged for your compliment. I suppose I ought to say in return, that I stand no chance since you are to perform; but if you will allow me to give a little advice, I would request you not to wear that everlasting black silk, which you have always worn on all public occasions, and which looks as if descended from the fourth generation, a kind of heirloom in the family."

Many of the girls were indignant, and when they saw Ellen's eyes fill with tears, had courage sufficient to say, "For shame, Fanny!"

Fanny, however, felt no sorrow, and dancing away to the other part of the room, in answer to the inquiries of her friends what caused the exclamation, replied, "O, I was only giving Ellen Graham a hint to wear something beside that old

black dress, which brother Theodore said, reminded him of the days of yore."

Meantime the tears which these thoughtless remarks caused, attracted the notice of a little girl, Mary Gordon, niece to the gentleman who offered the ring, and going to Ellen, she threw her arms round her neck, whispering, "I love you dearly, no matter what dress you wear!"

Taking the child's hand in hers, she passed into the hall, and for a few moments wept bitter, scalding tears. Yielding at last to the entreaties of her little friend, she went to the upper music-room to hear Mary practise her piece for the twentieth time.

The next evening came, and with it parents and friends from every direction. Ellen had no one to come, her aunt could not leave her quiet home, and with a feeling of utter loneliness, she heard the joyful greetings her companions met.

With a heavy heart she prepared to make her appearance; her dress looked to her more rusty than ever, her hair never seemed so perfectly unmanageable. After repeated efforts she at last declared herself ready, and taking her music followed her companions into the hall.

Very beautiful they all looked as they took their seats; so many young hearts, could they be the home of any but pure thoughts? As Ellen passed Fanny Owen to take the seat assigned her, she noticed the scornful look bestowed on her dress, and glad to escape observation, took her place behind the others.

The exercises were not to consist of musical performances entirely, but commenced with an overture played by a young lady in a very skillful manner. When it came Miss Owen's turn to perform, a murmur of admiration was heard as she appeared. Her piece was an air from a celebrated opera; she was very beautiful as she stood there, her dark eyes more brilliant than usual with excitement, her glossy curls falling in rich profusion. More than half the hearts were won before she had uttered a note. Her voice, although a very fine one, owed much to cultivation, but there was no faltering in her tones, and when she disappeared from the stage, she felt but little doubt she had triumphed.

"Ah me!" sighed Ellen to herself, "it is of no use for me to try. I know Fanny will win."

The evening's entertainment was drawing to a close when Ellen's song was called for. With trembling steps she passed before the people. For a few moments she felt as if she were dreaming, not a sound could she articulate. Observing her agitation, the audience waited in respectful silence for her to recover her self-possession, content to gaze upon the being before them.

Instead of the dark eyes of Fanny, were deep, soft blue ones which few could meet without loving the owner. Her black dress but showed more plainly the finely formed figure so light and graceful. A plain gold pin fastened a band of black velvet which encircled her throat. She was a specimen of that "loveliness which needs not the foreign aid of ornament." Her hair did not fall in curls, but was combed very smoothly and placed behind her ears. Fanny reminded one of a bright star, Ellen, a lovely flower, the lily of the valley. The one shedding a cold light, the other, a sweet fragrance.

Unrolling her music she commenced in low but sweet tones the simple ballad, "Kathleen Mavourneen." Gradually as she gained confidence, her tones grew louder and more distinct, until every part of the hall was filled with melody. Some of her hearers who had been in the habit of attending concert-rooms, forgot but what they were then there, and when the song was ended, signified their delight of her singing with the most enthusiastic applause, in which all joined.

On one of the front seats sat an elderly gentleman with a much younger one beside him. During the singing the eyes of the elder had remained fixed upon Ellen as if entranced. When she ceased, he grasped his neighbor's arm and in husky tones inquired her name. His companion without turning his head answered, "Miss Graham." For a moment the old man buried his face in his hands, then suddenly raised it, as Ellen began warbling in compliance with request the touching song, "Sweet Home," every feature he seemed examining. In a short time the exercises were through, but owing to the lateness of the hour, the presentation of the ring was deferred until the next evening, when a social levee was to be held, every person then present being invited to attend.

"Once more, my old friend," said Ellen, to her one silk dress, as she arrayed herself in it the next night. "You have proved faithful when others proved false." Just as she was about leaving her room, a bouquet of most rare and beautiful flowers was brought to her. "Some mistake," she said to the servant. He pointed to the paper, on which was written her name, and underneath, "True merit never goes unrewarded."

She stood very thoughtful for a moment, then speaking to herself as if she had solved the mystery, "Ah, I see! some one thought Fanny was Miss Graham, that is it, I am sure;" and removing the label went to Fanny's room, placed the bouquet in her hand, telling her at the same

time that she presumed it had been delivered to her by mistake.

"Very likely," said Fanny, without even thanking Ellen, who thought she had never seen her look so lovely.

"Where are my gloves?" said Fanny, in a petulant tone; "however, I shall not put them on, for I should never succeed in getting them off, if Mr. Graham should insist upon placing the ring upon my finger himself. I am told he is very handsome, besides being very wealthy. If I were you," turning to Ellen, "I would try to make an impression upon the giver, since there is little chance of obtaining the gift, for I heard a gentleman say that it required but little knowledge of music to sing your songs." Taking her bouquet she descended to the brilliantly lighted parlors, to which Ellen soon after followed.

Ellen sought a retired corner where she could escape notice. Sad and silent she sat for a long time, trying to make her heart feel glad in the happiness of others.

"Will Miss Graham favor us with one more song?" asked the old gentleman who inquired her name the evening before.

"With pleasure, sir," said Ellen, feeling attracted towards the speaker in a manner she could not account for. "Have you any choice?"

"I should like," he replied, with a mournful smile, "the last rose of summer."

Ellen hesitated, for it was the first song she had ever learned, taught her by her mother, because it was her father's favorite. She never sung it to strangers, but seeing he waited, thought best to comply. All her sad feelings found utterance in her voice, and when she concluded there were few eyes not filled with tears.

As she was about to resume her former seat, her hand was gently taken, and a voice, whose mellow tones seemed but a continuance of her song, said distinctly for all to hear:

"Allow me to thank you for the pleasure you have given us, and to beg your acceptance of this ring, which all agree is well merited."

Ellen gave one glance at the sparkling eyes bent so kindly upon her, and unable to collect her thoughts sufficiently to make a suitable reply, stood motionless. A stifled sob caused her to raise her eyes a second time, when they encountered the burning orbs of Fanny Owen. Disappointment and rage made even her beautiful face look frightful, and the gaze which met Ellen's told of mingled scorn and hatred.

Overcoming her natural timidity, she slipped the glittering circle from her finger, and said:

"Indeed, sir, I am very, very grateful for your kindness, but I cannot retain a reward which is

far above my deserts. Miss Owen's piece was much more difficult than mine, and I think the bestowal of it upon her would give general satisfaction."

Mr. Gordon seemed undecided for a moment, then turning to the company, said, "Since Miss Graham disputes our judgment, I know no other resource but to follow her," and refusing to receive the ring from Ellen, requested her to present it to Miss Owen.

All traces of unhappiness had vanished from Fanny's countenance, and she was again the smiling beauty, receiving the ring from Ellen's hand in the most graceful manner.

The latter part of the evening passed more pleasantly than the first; she felt she had done right, and when she heard Fanny's gay tones, and merry laugh, she was sure she felt happy too.

Nearly all the assembly had gone; Ellen noticing the bouquet which she carried to Miss Owen lying upon the floor, picked it up, and was examining it, when some one at her side said: "Miss Graham, do you refuse *all* gifts?" pointing at the same time to the flowers.

Not quite understanding him, she answered, "They are not mine, I was merely looking at them."

"If I am not mistaken," he continued, smiling, "they were intended for you, did you not receive them?"

"I did," she replied, "but I supposed a mistake had been made in the name, and gave them to Miss Owen."

"Do you leave to-morrow?" he inquired abruptly, after a moment's pause.

Ellen answered in the affirmative, and soon after, bidding him good evening, went to take leave of her teacher and companions, as she started very early in the morning, careful, however, to retain her flowers.

Little Mary Gordon wept, and clung to her, making her promise over and over again to visit her. At last, she had bade farewell to all her friends; but she felt as if she would like to speak once more with the old gentleman who had made such an impression upon her; he was talking, however, and she did not like to disturb him. He noticed her as she passed, and bade her good-night so kindly that she could not resist offering her hand. "God bless you, my child!" he exclaimed, holding it a moment.

She retired to dream of meeting her aunt and singing old snatches of songs she learned in childhood, and wandering with a dark-eyed companion to all her favorite haunts. Before the morning dawned, she was on her way, amusing herself in conjecturing what the wrapping of a

package which had been handed her just as the stage started, concealed.

She could but notice after the first joyful moments had passed, that her aunt had sadly altered. Her step was less firm, her form more bowed, and her voice more weak and trembling. The package was found to contain a handsomely bound edition of Shelley, an elegant gold watch, and a note from Mary Gordon, who wrote that she placed it there unknown. The giver of the poems she left for her to guess, and the blushes on Ellen's cheek showed she need guess but once. The watch was from the old gentleman, who held a very long conversation with her mother after their return to the hotel after the levee. The book received by far the most attention, although she felt pleased to think she was so kindly remembered as the watch proved.

Gradually her aunt's strength declined, and calling Ellen to her bedside, one still evening, begged her to read the evening service.

"You have been a good child, my darling, and God will protect you when I am gone," she added, faintly, as Ellen stooped to kiss the pale brow. Ellen read softly and when she had finished, raised her eyes to gaze upon the dead; the pure spirit had fled.

Mary Gordon's mother, as soon as she learned Ellen's bereavement, wrote, inviting her to accompany them on a southern tour, and to make her home with them as long as she could be contented. Ellen gladly accepted, left the home where she had spent so many happy hours, and was soon with her kind friends. The next day after her arrival, Mary came into the room where she was sitting and taking her hand said:

"Please come with me a moment, I have something I wish to show you."

Ellen passively yielded, and without noticing where she was leading her, said, "I hope it is something very beautiful."

Mary suddenly stopped walking, and with a light laugh answered, "Here it is; what do you think of it?"

Ellen looked and saw Mr. Gordon standing before her. The deepest color suffused neck, cheek and brow at the unexpected meeting, but he seemed not to notice it, and she felt while listening to him, she had indeed found a friend.

In a short time they commenced their journey, and Ellen could not quite prevent the feeling of joy being visible when Uncle Robert declared his intention of going with them.

"O, mother!" exclaimed Mary, mischievously, "see how pleased Nellie looks!"

Ellen tried to hide her blushing face, but not before more than one had noticed it, and the

happy expression of Uncle Robert showed he felt pleased also.

Reaching a fashionable watering place, while the weather was quite warm, they concluded to remain there a short time. One morning, as Ellen and Mary were taking an early walk, Ellen observed coming towards them, a lady and gentleman. The young lady she recognized as Fanny Owen; as she passed her she bowed, but received no return, and when they had proceeded a few steps, Ellen heard Fanny's companion say:

"I think that lady-bowed, did you not notice her?"

"Yes," she replied, "a school acquaintance; a very poor young lady, who always gave herself airs; she is doubtless governess in some family here. I never remember such people!"

"O, what a falsehood!" cried Mary, in indignant tones, for she had heard what was said. Leaving Ellen, who in vain tried to detain her, she rushed to her mother and uncle who were coming to join them, repeating Fanny's words, adding:

"She always treated Nellie shamefully, and then took the ring which did not belong to her."

Ellen's flushed countenance showed her feelings had been hurt, and not willing to allow her friends to see the tears which their kind words only made flow faster, hastened to her room.

While she was absent Mary recited the story of the black silk dress, which so served to excite Mrs. Gordon's indignation that she resolved to leave the next day, and proceed on their journey. Mrs. Gordon wished to visit Savannah, so they bent their course that way, stopping wherever there was anything attractive. The beautiful and varied scenery soon banished all unpleasant recollections from Ellen's mind. Uncle Robert did his part towards amusing the orphan, and felt amply rewarded when she gave him one of her sweet smiles.

One day, they had been in Savannah, perhaps a week, as Mary sat beside Ellen holding her hand in both of hers, Mr. Gordon came in and gave her a beautiful fan which he had heard her express a great desire to possess a few days before. "O, what a good uncle I have!" she cried. "Do you not wish he was yours, Nellie?"

The hand which Mary relinquished to exhibit her present, was taken and gently pressed; a whispered voice repeated, "Do you wish he was yours, darling?"

Returning one morning from a ride, Mr. Gordon found a note addressed to him, which he said contained an invitation to a large gathering at the house of a friend of his, a wealthy planter living a short distance from the city. "You will have an excellent opportunity of seeing some of

the southern beauties. I hope you will not allow yourselves to be eclipsed," he added.

"I shall have to be excused," said Ellen, glancing at her sombre colored dress, now constantly worn for her aunt.

"Indeed you will not," they all replied.

Ellen answered by a gentle shake of the head, and left the room.

A long consultation was held by those remaining, and when Ellen again joined them, an answer had been sent signifying their acceptance.

"Do not look so sad, Nellie; I wish you to appear as beautiful as you possibly can," said Mary; "or we shall think you do not love us any."

"No, no, dear Ellen, we shall not think so," spoke Mary's mother, "we know you love us all a great deal."

"Am I included?" asked Mr. Gordon.

Ellen made no reply save a timid glance, which seemed to satisfy the questioner. Mrs. Gordon prevailed upon Ellen to cast aside her black dress for a white one.

"You must submit for once to be guided by our taste," laughingly said Mary, as she prepared to assist Ellen the evening of the party, displaying at the same time an elegant white satin dress. After her toilet was finished she went to the parlor to wait for the others. Mr. Gordon was already there, and approaching her, took a necklace of pearls from a casket, and clasped it round her neck. Gazing a moment upon the lovely vision before him, he drew her gently towards him and imprinted a soft kiss upon her pure forehead.

"Ah, what do I see!" cried Mary, entering the room. "I am afraid I shall have to say Aunt Nellie, soon."

"You may begin now!" said her uncle, leading the way to the carriage in waiting.

As they neared the dwelling, the sound of music came floating on the air, and streams of light as they drew nearer and nearer, showed that the spacious and numerous apartments were filled with wealth and beauty. Strange as it may seem, Ellen had not thought to inquire the gentleman's name to whose house they were going.

The sweet beauty of Ellen as she entered the room, excited much admiration. Leaning on Mr. Gordon's arm, not daring to lift her eyes, she did not notice he was leading her to the centre of the room, where stood an old gentleman, who, as she advanced, said, "I bid you welcome, Miss Graham!"

She could not be mistaken, they had met before. He smiled as he saw she recognized him, and speaking very loudly, added:

"In the presence of these, my friends, I acknowledge my grand-daughter, Ellen Graham, daughter of my son James, banished from his early home by his father, who too late saw his error." Taking her by the hand, he again said, "My grandchild, I bid you welcome!"

Ellen was much overcome, her heart swelled with gratitude to Him who in his mercy had prepared this new joy for her.

"There is a young lady, a ward of mine, to whom I wish to introduce you," said her grandfather, and moving to another part of the room returned with Fanny Owen. Placing her in front of Ellen, he asked, "Do you recognize a 'school acquaintance?' She wears not the faded silk dress, which reminded 'brother Theodore of the days of yore,' neither has she upon her finger a 'diamond ring,' fairly won, but which in her generosity she wished bestowed upon another."

Moved by Fanny's distress, Ellen, laying her hand upon her grandfather's arm, said in her gentlest tone, "forgive her, we will be friends yet," and addressing a few kind words to her, passed into the garden.

"Dear Nellie!" cried Mary, "I could hardly keep from telling you; we knew it all the time."

"It was a hard task for Mary to keep the secret," said Mrs. Gordon, "but here comes Mr. Graham; he cannot lose sight of his newly found child." Seated between her grandfather and lover, Ellen was content to listen, striving to calm her feelings.

"I promised my friend, Robert," said Mr. Graham, speaking to Ellen, "that I would endeavor to persuade you to give my little friend, Mary, a right to the title of relationship which she tells me she already claims; am I likely to prove successful? There is no one I could better trust you to," joining their hands, "though I am selfish enough to wish you to make your home with me. I cannot part with my grandchildren if they will agree to stay," he added, smiling.

Ellen leaned her head against Mr. Gordon's shoulder, encircled by the arm which, henceforth, was to protect her from all rough winds, and found relief in tears.

Returning to the house, they found Mr. Graham had acquainted his guests with what was to follow; the man of God was waiting, and in a few moments the humble orphan was the wife of the handsome, wealthy Mr. Gordon.

Gross and vulgar minds will always pay a higher respect to wealth than to talent; for wealth, although it be a far less efficient source of power than talent, happens to be far more intelligible.

BATTLE SONG OF UNCAS.

BY R. P. OTLEY.

Rouse, ye warriors! rouse to battle!
 Bind the quiver on the back,
 Let the fierce, revengeful warwhoop
 Echo on the foe'sman's track.

Paint the face and scar the features,
 Don the lordly eagle's plume,
 Fix the hatchet in the girdle,
 Shout the foe'sman's fearful doom.

Let the scalping-knife be sharpened,
 That each mighty brave may bear
 At his belt—honored trophies—
 Boasting locks of foe'sman's hair.

Swear to bravely do or perish,
 In our tribe's revengeful strife;
 Blood for blood we will repay them,
 Scalp for scalp, and life for life.

Let the thought of wigwam burning,
 And of squaw and peepooes fair,
 By the foe'sman fired and butchered,
 Nerve the heart to do and dare.

So when our revenge is glutted
 By the heaps of hostile slain,
 And in foe'sman's blood we've blotted
 From our tribe the hated stain—

Obdurate and sagacious of all nations
 At their council fires shall tell,
 How the braves of fair Mohogan
 Fiercely fought and bravely fell.

THE REPENTANT FATHER-IN-LAW.

BY R. F. BOYLSTON.

It was a beautiful morning in the "leafy month of June;" a sunny summer morning, with all that the words suggest of rippling streams, and gorgeous flowers, and perfumed air, and music, light and loveliness. The windows were thrown open in the parlors of a beautiful cottage, situated in one of our pleasant western villages; and by the open casement stand two persons—a young man and his bride. He was speaking earnestly to the lady, who listened to his persuasive tones, now with tears, and now with brighter looks and hopeful smiles.

He was a picturesque looking person; long, dark hair, eager and wonderfully brilliant eyes, regular and delicately turned features, persuasive smiles, noble figure, graceful and expressive manner; and his character was much like his personal appearance—bold, daring, decided and determined, earnest and ardent in his attachments, as in everything else, somewhat capricious, yet always obliging in disposition—a person to interest irresistibly every one who knew

him; one, for whom all predicted a brilliant, if not a peaceful and happy life. This was Augustus Grey.

He had met Eleanor Howard the year previous at a fashionable summer resort, and was charmed with her beauty and intelligence. She was so noble, so gentle, so thoroughly kind and good, that before he knew it, she had won his heart. An heiress, beautiful and accomplished, admired by all, and loved by those who knew her, Nora Howard seemed only formed for joy and pleasure. Yet with all her happiness, no one was more unselfish, more thoughtful for others than she. Augustus Grey was, from their first meeting, her most devoted attendant; and soon he found that all his dreams of future life seemed dreary and desolate. Her face was not there to brighten the picture.

He had strayed one day from the crowd of loungers at his hotel, to seek the cool shades of the forest a mile distant. Threading his way through the winding paths, he came suddenly upon a little opening, where the underbrush had been cleared away, and the sward was green and soft; and for a little space the babbling trout-brook ran still and deep, and the broad trees overhead formed a magnificent canopy of deep green, through which the noonday sun could scarcely penetrate. Here and there a ray found an entrance between the leaves, and bright spots shone on the grass and the dark waters, like eyes looking back to the blue sky above them. Little trout floated to the surface of the water, their speckled scales glistening when the sunlight fell upon them; wild birds would suddenly pour forth a strain of melody, then pause to listen to its answer in the distant forest. And, seated on the bank, watching the ripples, and the fish gliding in the clear depths; now gazing at the waving leaves above, now resting her cheek lovingly on the mossy stone beside her, was Nora Howard.

How beautiful she was! Her rich hair pushed carelessly back from her pearly cheek, a smile parting her red lips; her attitude careless, languid, yet so graceful. Augustus Grey could no longer resist. The summer beauty around him, the new beauty he saw in her he already loved, moved his heart strongly. Words of passion, of the heart's eloquence, rushed to his lips as he threw himself on the grass before her.

"Nora—Nora—love me!"

Could she resist him? It was he of whom she was dreaming when he came. It was the light of his smile, which imagination had pictured brighter to her than the sunlight around her. It was the music of his voice which, still

lingering in her memory, was sweeter to her than the murmur of the breeze, or the song of birds. Smiles, tears, swift succeeding blushes, were the answer to his tale of love, and then, in that silent greenwood, they promised to be all to each other.

O, the happy days that glided over these young lovers, like a dream! Thoughtless of the future, forgetful of the past, the present, all love and beauty, was enough for them. But dark realities will come to chill the brightest dream of romance. When the season closed, Eleanor, with her aunt, returned to her home. Her lover accompanied her, and formally asked of her father the hand of Miss Howard; but was answered by a peremptory refusal. Entreaties, expostulations, promises from Augustus, prayers and tears from Eleanor, were alike ineffectual, the refusal was firmly reiterated, and no reason assigned.

Then Augustus Grey turned to the daughter, and urged, with a lover's sophistry, an elopement. One after another of her objections was overcome; and when she pleaded her gratitude to her father, he answered by telling of his own love to her; and his bright eyes grew so sad, and his voice so touching, that she yielded. They were privately married, and he took her to his own home; then wrote to her father soliciting forgiveness.

"I tell you, my Nora," said he, as they stood side by side in their new home; "your father will forgive you. He can never resist you, darling, if he can me. You are so beautiful and good, you deserve to be, and you must be, happy. Even should your father refuse to forgive you for having loved me, have I no power to make your life's journey a pleasant way? We are both young. I have health, and force, and energy, and fortune. Trust me, Nora; I will protect you; I will strive to make you forget that there is in our English vocabulary such a word as sorrow—at least, that in your heart there has ever been such a feeling. Think of the days of delight before us, my own. I believe I am a true prophet; don't you, Nora?" O, yes! What could his voice utter that she would not believe?

"I shall show you, Nora, and your father, that I am a good husband; at least, one in whom he can feel no shame. Look up, sweet, and smile, and try to be happy. See our beautiful home! Is it not lovely this delicious summer morning? Hear the birds; what wild, exulting hums of melody! Look at the river! How the waves flash and sparkle in the sunlight! Shall we alone be sad in such a scene?

You have surely done no wrong; unless you think it wrong to render me so blessed."

"Are you so happy, Augustus?" she answered, the smiles returning at his bidding; "then I am happy, too."

"What happy things are youth, and love, and sunshine." The bride has sacrificed for the love of one who, but a few months before, was a stranger, the affection her father has shown her from her infancy; yet, under the bewilderment of the spell around her, sorrow is indeed a forgotten word, life is but another name for gladness, the future a long vista of brightness and beauty, yet scarcely thought of; the past, till she knew him, a dream, half forgotten; the present, alone, perfect in itself—a complete happiness.

It was merry Christmas eve. Sleigh bells were ringing merrily in the streets, and bursts of laughter floated forth in the cold, crisp air. The stately city houses were lighted brilliantly, and occasionally, through the parted curtains, at some windows, might be seen the graceful forms and bright faces of some joyous assemblage within.

In a magnificent apartment of one of the stateliest houses, sat an old man. Every article around him—the costly carpets, the heavy velvet curtains, the quaintly carved sofas, the large inviting chairs—spoke of luxury and wealth. One side of the room was occupied by shelves, filled with books; expensive and beautiful pictures covered the walls; a glittering chandelier threw a softening light over the room. It seemed the very home of ease; but, by the haggard face of the old man, not of happiness. I have called him old, yet he was scarcely fifty; but his form was bent, and his hair gray, and his forehead wrinkled; and there was a careworn look upon his thin face, which told of a life of trouble, perhaps of sin. This was the father of Eleanor Grey.

He sat down that Christmas night, when thousands of hearts were beating with pleasure, brooding over his own life. His childhood rose up before him—his gay, careless childhood; his youth, at first so full of hope; then came to his memory a tale of passion, and of wrong; the bitter hour when anger and revenge made his heart their dwelling place; his manhood, when all pleasure palled, and with a cold spear at his own wretchedness, he made ambition his god; the last smile of his broken-hearted wife; her touching prayer as she was dying—"You have never cared for me, but do try to love our little Nora;" his daughter, imploring him to forgive

her rash act of disobedience; and his stern refusal and casting traits; all this came back to him, and bowing his head on the little table before him, he groaned in remorse.

At length, arising, he unlocked an escritoire, and took from it a daguerreotype, and a miniature on ivory. The daguerreotype revealed to him the fair face of his daughter in her girlhood. Long the father gazed on that bright countenance, then with a heavy sigh, restored it to its resting-place, and turned to the other picture. It was the image of his daughter's husband, yet an ideal of female loveliness. It was the mother of Augustus Grey, taken also in her girlhood, when she was the promised bride of George Howard. There was an old story, and one too common. The lover was exacting, the lady was proud, and both were unyielding; they quarrelled and parted. The lady married soon, to please her lover, and he afterwards married a fortune. She became a woman of the world; outwardly, all that was gay and brilliant, even, apparently, a loving wife and devoted mother; but, who shall tell how bitter were her struggles to maintain the semblance of what she could not feel! They never met again, but her memory still rankled in his heart, though he strove to forget her very existence. She was not one to be forgotten; but his love changed to a bitter hatred, and when her son came to him suing for his daughter, he only remembered the woe Alice Chester had brought to him.

"What! my daughter marry Alice Chester's son! Never!" he exclaimed. "I had rather see her dead."

But sitting so desolate that Christmas night, the thought came to him, "was I not rash?" He was so lonely, so wretched—Eleanora had always been so dutiful, so good, so happy—even the memory of Alice Chester was softened; for she was dead, then; and he reflected that Augustus Grey had committed no wrong in loving his daughter. He might have had them with him then, to brighten and enliven his grand house, which was lonely with all its beauty; but instead, there was want, and woe—alas! grief and disgrace; and George Howard groaned again as he thought that in all this his share was not light. His course of madness and folly was constantly before him; he could not forget it.

He had cast off his only daughter; had seen her husband high-hearted and hopeful at first; then yielding to the force of circumstances, to loss of fortune and loss of friends, battling bravely with poverty; finally disgraced for crimes he had never committed; he had seen this wreck of a brave young heart, and madly

smiled as he gazed at the ruined prospects, the brightened life, the crushed hopes, of those whom he might have saved.

Was it now too late? Was there still some reparation he might make? At least, he resolved to try. What he could do now he would. Conscience once aroused would not again slumber. He must make some exertion; and O! joy once more to that old man, if it be not yet too late.

Let us turn now from the residence of luxury and splendor, to another, a far different scene—the hospital of one of our State prisons. Upon a pallet in one corner of the large room, separated from the rest of the diseased and wretched inmates by a paper screen, lay a wasted form. Ay, start and look again! There is, indeed, in those sharpened features, expressive of such hopelessness, very little to tell of the formerly gay, sanguine Augustus Grey. The once strong, graceful figure was stretched helpless on that humble cot—the features like chiselled marble, the proud, daring look gone; the bright eye wild, unnatural, and full of anguish. The kind-hearted minister sat beside him, listening to him, and soothing him as best he could.

"Yes, pray for me," said the sick man, in a sad, broken voice, "that God will forgive me the wrong I have done my poor wife. I knew she loved me, and took advantage of that love to lead her into sorrow, perhaps to sin. Wo for my poor Nora when my wild words persuaded her to forsake her father's home for mine. But yet I have striven to save her from such sorrow. Alas! how vainly—how vainly I have striven!"

"But I tell you," he continued, with something of his old eagerness; "I swear to you—I am not guilty! I am a dying man, but if reason is spared to me, my last words shall be, on oath, as surely solemn as oath can be, that I am not guilty. I swear to you on this holy book; listen to me that you may tell my wife. I swear to you that I never knew of the fire till I saw the flames! It may comfort her a little when the world condemns me! She, who never doubted my lightest word, will hold as sacred my dying oath. O, if I could see her once more!"

"My poor boy, your pardon may yet come, if Judge Howard does not again oppose it; at least, your wife may come again. Hope yet."

"Hope? No! not in this life!—I, who was once so hopeful. Thank God, I have still one last hope left me—that blessed home where the weary are at rest—a home for even Nora and me!"

Heavily the iron door swung upon its hinges,

and attended by a keeper, a spirit-like figure glistened in, and the happiest face beamed there that had brightened that room for many a day. The thick men thence. It as it passed their couches, and Augustus Grey felt a new life in every vein as hatched on it.

"Nora!" he exclaimed.

"My husband!"

"You have come," said he. "Once more I may see. It is all over, Nora; my fate is fixed. I, who was to have been your protector, your happiness, am come to this—to die; and here—"

"No, Augustus! No! Look at me, and see if I am come to say farewell."

"You have good news!" a sudden gleam of hope lighting up those worn features. "My pardon!"

"Here, here, Augustus."

"And I am free! Thank God! thank God!" and he sank insensible on his couch.

Turn now once more to the library at Judge Howard's mansion. It is the same room we have before seen, but now it is enlivened by bright faces and glad tones, loving words, and low, musical laughs. There are happy hearts there to-night. One of the most comfortable sofas has been rolled before the fire; Judge Howard himself has arranged there the softest cushions, and on them is resting the form of Augustus Grey. He is still ill, but freedom and acknowledged innocence seem to have given him new strength and hope. The former brightness has not come back to his face, and the eagerness and impulsiveness are gone forever; but a calm, happy smile hovers on his lip, and a subdued light in his eye, which speaks of hopes higher than earth. His wife—the faithful Eleanor—sits silently beside him; her heart is too full of joy for words to utter. Her idolatrous love has caused her bitter repentance. Now she has learned not to love her husband less, but that there is a Friend in heaven who is better than all others.

Judge Howard sits near at a table, surrounded with books and papers. He gazes tenderly at "his children." A load of care and suffering has been lifted from him. Old feelings, of tenderness and love, long since forgotten, come crowding to his heart again, and his form is more erect, his brow more calm, his eye more clear, and his soul more hopeful, than for many a year.

"Augustus," he exclaims at length; "my son—can you indeed forgive me?"

"Judge Howard, not one word of this. It is I who have wronged you; it is I who must beg forgiveness."

"Let us forget the past with its sin and sorrow, we are so happy now," interposes Nora.

"Rather," replies Augustus, "let us remember it, not for useless regrets, but for future profit; and perhaps in sunny Italy, where our future home will be, I may yet grow strong, and with my father's aid, fulfil my prophecy, and become yet, my Nora, your protector, and your happiness."

A YANKEE MOVE.

A New York paper says a strapping Yankee having got out of employment in that big city, hit upon a plan by which to raise the wind. He is a painter by trade, and goes with his pot and brush to a house and inquires who lives there, and at what time he will be home to dinner?

Having found out, he stations himself at the door just about the time he expects the owner out from dinner, and commences painting the railing around the footstep. The astonished proprietor comes out and finds a man painting his railing.

"Who gave you, sir, authority to paint this?"

"Nobody," says the Yankee; "but you see, squire, I was coming along, and kinder thought, that it would look a little better painted. Don't you think so?"

The proprietor gets a little wrathful, but the Yankee takes it very cool and keeps on his work painting.

"It will never do," says the proprietor, "to let it go so, half-painted."

"I'll finish it very cheap for ye," says the Yankee.

"Well, finish it."

And so he gets a good job. He has been practising in the neighborhood of Broome and Varick streets lately.

RARE HONESTY.

Some years since a man in New Hampshire bargained for a lot of land, and agreed, by notes, to pay \$400 for it; but things went wrong with him, and after some time he left the town suddenly, between two days. The seller of the land, though rather sold, said but little about it, and pocketed his disappointment, though he did not the dollars. He came to the vicinity of Boston, and remained a poor man, the "lot still on hand" making him no richer. A few days since, while passing along State Street, a voice familiarly called his name, and turning, he recognized his old customer in a well-dressed and good-looking man. After shaking hands, the well-dressed man asked him if he would now take the face of his note for the land? "Certainly," was the quick response, "and very glad to get it." "Well," said the man, "come in here;" and taking him into an office in the vicinity, he counted out to him \$1000, telling the astonished note holder that there was his pay with interest, with the assurance that he had enough left to meet any demands that might come up. He had been to California, and had come home to rest on his oars. He was munificent to his creditor because he had been easy—a lesson to all stony-hearted creditors.—*Post.*

BREAKING A MATCH.

BY MRS. E. WELLMONT.

"Of course, Mr. Snyder, if you should marry my daughter, you will expect to maintain her in the same style we have ever observed. Marietta is a dear little pet, and we shall lose one half our enjoyment by acceding to your proposals."

"Certainly, madam, I shall endeavor to keep your daughter in as elevated a position as ever. Her friends will, I trust, never be ashamed to acknowledge me as her husband. To her I shall surrender my fortune, my life, my all."

These words having been uttered by a fastidious bachelor, who had sought for a wife for years, and whose affections had become suddenly enlisted towards Miss Marietta Lee at a watering-place, gave us a shock as they were repeated. We had known something of this said Marietta. She had been the idolized pet of the family since her birth. The choicest nursing was secured for her baby-hood, the best servants for gratifying her freaks, when she advanced to childhood, and the most expensive teachers for educating her in girlhood; but Marietta grew wild and ungovernable, was twice ejected from a boarding-school, and at the age of fifteen "completed her education" under a private governess, who was influenced by a heavy salary to bear with all her caprices, though she often lamented her hard fate.

At the age of sixteen, our heroine was brought out into society. A large ball was made for her, the most elaborate skill was displayed upon her person, and every effort was made that she should become the belle of the season. But yet Marietta Lee "did not take." Young men laughed at the ill-concealed efforts of her ambitious mother, and, as is often done in high life, those who partook most freely of their hospitalities were the first to ridicule her mean and superficial attainments. The next season, therefore, she was introduced to a fashionable watering-place, and thither our friend Snyder was sojourning when he met with the misfortune to fall in love with Miss Lee. Now we had often observed the cautious reserve with which Snyder approached the ladies of his acquaintance, and he always manifested great shrewdness in detecting whatever was opprobrious in matter or manner. We used to think a perfect intuition apprised him at once of what it took us some months to apprehend, and thus we predicted our friend, somewhat a bachelor, would never become ensnared by any wily arts. Judge then of our surprise when we received from him the following announcement:

"MY DEAR MADAM: You are aware I came here for the restoration of my health. I have attained my object in an unexpected manner. I must tell you I have fallen in love with one of the prettiest specimens of budding womanhood that it has ever been my good fortune to meet. She is a little angel; all sweetness, fresh as the morning, and as free from coquetry as her childish simplicity would indicate. She is just brought out, so I am not revelling upon sweets which others have called to satiety. As you are acquainted with this lovely model of female beauty, why have you never pointed me to her as a suitable companion to cheer me in my loneliness?"

"I suppose being really in love, has restored me to health—the secret lying just here, that whereas I thought entirely of myself before, now I think only of another. Truly, I do not know whither my present extatic state will lead me. I would live forever beneath Marietta's sunny smiles, while all my endeavors shall henceforth tend to make her happiness complete. The fair creature is insensible to flattery, and her mother tells me she was never obliged to reprove her in her life. Do you not rejoice that I can bid farewell to testy boarding-house keepers, and in some little sequestered vale inhabit a cottage made verdant by flowers climbing over my porch, while it is vocal with songs of endearment within? Did you think I could muster so much affection? The dormant element has lain so long unawakened, that it now puts forth a strength unknown to me before. I know you will give me your congratulations when I tell you that the object of my affection is no less than *Marietta Lee*!"

"Truly,

G. SNYDER."

It is needless to add it was all over with me for I had known this protege, and watched parental movements, and inwardly hoped no man would be duped by mere blandishments. Horror-stricken with the thought that my worthy friend was thus ensnared, I summoned all my resolution and determined to free myself from countenancing his delusion, and in the part of true friendship, I replied:

"DEAR GEORGE: If I could confine you in a lunatic asylum, I should have a hope that you would regain your reason. As it is, Heaven forbid you should not be made sensible of your indiscretion. Why, you have engaged yourself to the veriest flirt that sports among butterflies. Marietta Lee is a proud, self-willed, untamed, hoydenish girl, without claim to gentility, and the merest creature of fashion and folly. She will tease you to death with her silly wants, and keep you forever among a giddy round of gaieties, herself being heartless, and looking only to you to supply her wishes from a full purse. Think, George, of uniting your destiny to such an one! How will you keep a family together—nay, how will you keep yourselves together, with such discordant tastes? Nonsense! talk about your cottage with such a flower within it, to mock the beauty of those without!"

"I talk plainly, because you are blinded; and with a true regard to your interests, I would un-

seal your vision, and bid you see things as they are. If by this act our friendship is forever severed, I must abide the result with a consciousness that I have discharged my obligations. Yours, as ever, E."

We will suppose ourselves in the drawing-room of the Ocean House. In yonder recess, half hidden by the full drapery, sits Snyder, Marietta Lee, and her mother.

"Georgy," says Marietta, half coaxingly and half pettishly, "what makes you so sad, this evening? Any bad news, hey? Ships lost, crops destroyed, or fires without insurances? Why don't you smile as formerly? I shall be jealous that you are afraid Mr. Quimby will succeed you. Now cheer up; you know Quimby has no fortune, and I marry for riches. O, mama, isn't that a splendid diamond brooch Miss Evans wears? and what a bandeau of jewels encased Miss Rider's forehead last evening? George, a splendid set of diamonds, I am told, costs three thousand dollars. These, added to my other trinkets, will make up quite a little fortune on my wedding day."

"Mr. Snyder, have you seen Count Lutsoff to-day?" inquired Mrs. Lee. "He is such an admirer of our Marietta, that unless you guard her watchfully, she may slip away from you."

"O, mother, what a beautiful hand that count has! Such massive seal rings! and that diamond on his little finger, he tells me, was the gift of a hand who is to make him his heir. I think he is charming."

Snyder thought of the letter he had received.

"Mama," pursued our chattering Marietta, "would it be any way improper for me to ride with the Spanish nobleman this afternoon?" And in an undertone: "I'm sure I don't want to be chained to old Snyder because he is rich."

George Snyder heard the whole, while pretending to read the newspaper, and he soon left the room. Marietta was missing that afternoon, and when she returned from her "enchanted excursion with the nobleman," she found the following *billet doux* upon her table:

"Miss LEE: Forgive me—the spell is broken. I can be no longer yours. I have been deceived in regard to your tastes and capabilities to make me happy. I am confident our short engagement cannot leave any regret upon your volatile heart by having it sundered. By finding out my mistake, I trust we shall both be saved a life of misery. That you may become a discreet, affectionate, sincere, and loving wife, you will be obliged to lay aside much of that duplicity of character which I am forced to acknowledge I have recently detected in you. I trust I have not wronged you by this frank explanation. Be assured, I shall ever remain your well-wisher. GEORGE SNYDER."

With a proud and scornful toss of the head, Marietta Lee threw the note under her tiny foot. Then she seized it and tore it in a thousand pieces. She was thankful thus to rid herself of an old and fastidious lover. Here were "barons and counts," "a world of gaiety," and the free enjoyment of picking anew from her admirers.

Mrs. Lee sought Mr. Snyder, and a long and serious explanation followed. We never knew the opinion with which one parted from the other, but we learned that Marietta flirted the whole season, and at last caught a beau, of which her father could only rid himself and daughter by paying his expenses and sending him back to his native country.

We generally despise interference in match-making; but when we know a friend is profoundly ignorant of the qualifications of a person whose character is carefully concealed that she may win him merely for his position and establishment, we maintain it is criminal not to make known to him the fact. At any rate, we preserved an unbroken friendship by testing the experiment, and will conclude our history by giving the subjoined from George Snyder:

"MY DEAR FRIEND: I feel you have saved me from the brink of a precipice. My love was but a passionate fire that a short intercourse would have consumed, had I not received your timely counsel, which cleared my vision. I shall never dare trust again to my own unguided observation. Marriage makes our weal or woe for this life, and it may be for another; therefore, all inconsiderate haste and rash resolves, if timely rebuked, as in my own case, would save hundreds from future wretchedness.

Your truly obliged, G. SNYDER."

In this case, it seemed pardonable—nay more, a positive duty, to unseal the vision of our friend, because we esteemed him too highly to permit him to be thus imposed upon. Still, it is not usually a safe example to follow.

ANECDOTE OF FORREST.

Forrest, on his first visit to Europe, being one day in Paris, was induced by a friend (long a resident of that capital) to visit the school for actors, attached to the Theatre Francais, to see the pupils perform. After a time, Forrest remarked to his friend: "I see none here of more than ordinary talent, except that one," pointing to a fragile girl of about fourteen years of age. "That girl," said Forrest, "if well instructed, will make a distinguished actress."

Some years after, the friend wrote Forrest: "Do you remember that fragile girl we saw at the school? and do you remember your prediction? She is RACHEL, the great tragedienne." —*New York Express*.

Contentment is of so great a value that it can never be dearly purchased.

THE TIGER HUNT.

BY THE ROXY.

AN echo, that ought to have been ashamed of itself was just counterfeiting the old tinkle of the train's last bell. I had yet some rods of sandy way to traverse, and ran like a lamplighter in the dark ages. But a shriek, look you, most appalling outbreak of agony, as of some sturdy child falling into a furnace, rang through a doorway hard by and brought me to a stand. Bound, it might be, to relinquish my journey at once, what could I do but dash into the building from which the noise came? It was a large machine-shop, empty apparently, but for one vacant-faced boy.

"What in heaven's name," said I, "is the matter here?"

The boy looked stolidly up—"Go way!" said he.—It was all the answer I got.

Pausing yet awhile to assure myself that no tragedy was enacting on the premises, I passed out, but the train was gone! I was at leisure to recover my breath. A loafer in gingham sauntered up to condole.

"Missed the cars, hey? Don't say that all-fired nat'ral's been a foolin' on ye? Dew tell! Been a yellin', haint he? mockin' the engine whistle? 'allers does that! Cal'lated somebody was gitten' murdered, didn't ye? Much matter, you're not goin' on right away, hey?"

"Yee."

"Tew bad, I swan!" and the sympathizing loafer subsided.

The "all-fired nat'ral" had simply hindered me of half a million; balked our concern of a contract which would have netted us a fortune out of hand, in the fairest way in the world, had that morning's train but whisked me, as it ought to have done, to a telegraph station.

I hadn't been dilatory, Mark! No, the intelligence that had set me running, was but just received, not twenty minutes old. It isn't self-reproach, then, that makes the retrospect of the matter so annoying, that I hasten to change the subject.

Apropos, then, of rapids and counter-currents. You're a traveller, John, and have met with such yourself, you've been abroad—were you ever in love? Is it past experience in that robust breast? *Amen!* But isn't it singular, now, that a Polly Angelina of only middling pretensions, (the common case of course, and young no doubt,) that a Polly not deferred to at home, snubbed by mama, "marked" yesterday at school, full of faults, and rather indisposed to be seen before

stirring-time, should exercise such a spell over the right reasonable John?

"Bub" knows her temper for sweet, or perhaps "a pleasant sour," as the market men say; but what possesses Mr. Blank to breathe short, and be foolish at the very sight of one he himself sees every day without the slightest embarrassment!

How tremor should o'er take a whiskered wight,
But warned of her approach— or e'er she came—
How she, by no means in gun-cotton light,
(Rather, against incendiary flame
His own kins lead'ring guardian each night.)
Should fire sky high that Mr. What's-his-name,
Who calls the world without her insignificant,
He can't imagine—for his life he can't.

As little perhaps can the man next door, with a snug Polly of his own. Mighty mysterious, isn't it? and by no means over manifestly at war with the faldlerol of charms, philters, and so forth, current in old times.

Well sir, were you ever jealous? Did the category ever occur to you of having the sweet-heart pounced upon (to be seized and rapt away, doubtless) by some superb interloper, some catastrophe in a D'Orsay "tile," every way but in essentials your born and bred superior? Disagreeable, that? Even if the Jove were a counterfeited, and yet genuine in her eyes, till all was over, the case must remain, I should say, not to exaggerate matters, unsatisfactory.

Now I, sir, by your leave, was once in just such a predicament. It was almost a year after the memorable short-coming by rail, of which I have spoken; on the very anniversary, indeed, and scenic platform of that event, that the green-eyed monster overtook yours truly.

A honey-sweet slip of a girl, the belle (against her will) of all Pumpkinfield, belonged, as I supposed, to me. But anon a buck of a thousand, a statuesque fellow, a Crichton in accomplishments, with Belial's own gift of the gab, saw fit to infest our neighborhood. The intruder came well introduced, forsooth, quartered himself to advantage, went "to church, and all the parties," got acquainted with all the girls, and singled out my own "picked particular" Dulcinea for a prey!

The man, observe, was a scamp; not as having crossed me, but otherwise and altogether; a fellow of no more principle than a Greek god. But such was not the current verdict respecting him; no, the fellow's accomplishments were such that gossip itself was mum on his misdeeds, and on the whole, the town seemed to think itself honored by his presence; nay, to feel quite ashamed to be seen of him, "looking as it did;" strictures, and severe criticism at his hands, being the least the corporate locality expected.

Easy as Old Tilly was he, the while, our *veni, vidi, vici*, practitioner; never under any constraint, not he! the complaint not being incident to a four hundred peacock-power of self-conceit. As for the sex, the formidable sex, it might overawe bumpkins; dazzle us into impotency; but it was his to swoop on, "as the osprey takes the fish by sovereignty of nature."

He had but to fling the kerchief times enough, and all our damsels were done for; lo Pumpkin-field a harem, a mere outpost of Mormondom. But the whet of my particular agony lay in the fact, which I presently learned, that all our Poliorcetes of ladies' hearts discerned in my sometime but of course no longer "true love" was a neat little bag of money! Yes, Polly Adeline—more's the pity—had "expectations." How I wished her well rid of them, insuring as they did a siege the most pertinacious on the general rival's part; for surely Caliban might as well have presumed on old acquaintance to follow up the "come for" Miranda, as I to count upon by-gones with Polly Adeline. Still there was no standing such impudent obtusion. So I fired up, precipitated matters, and in a fit of desperation, "proposed." If she liked him best, let her have him, and him her; and heaven help her! If she didn't, but preferred me, *Io Paxin!* what more could I ask?

Please observe that my overtures were to be answered by letter; so likewise, and at the same time were certain other propositions (I knew all about it in the sequel) on the part of my brilliant co-candidate. No humble suitor he, you may be sure. No, what he had for his part to say, was that Polly must *elope* with him; nothing less; taking her chance of getting subsequently married! nay, rather, when she must do it; for he had written her, less to invite this consummation than coolly to dictate its mode. Clandestine doings, he said, were his aversion, but on this particular occasion there were reasons (true for him, the reasons transpired betimes), reasons for keeping shady. On the whole, our dandy's epistle was a document worth perusing. It mapped out things in edifying detail, and wound up by designating a summer-house in a copse at the foot of a garden walk, very superfluously dear to me, as a rendezvous and point of departure for parts unknown.

But I anticipate. At the time, I knew only that I myself had written to know my fate, and awaited the lady's reply. It was forthcoming at once; ay, and with a vengeance! to the effect, forsooth, that she held herself grossly insulted, and if I presumed again to accost her, should appeal to papa.

Ten thousand thunders! I insult her! Was the girl crazy? I had never overstepped by a hair's breadth even etiquette itself in her company; and much as my few latter interviews with her were fondly meant to compass, had never hovered about her unseasonably. The style, moreover, of my just penned appeal to her heart (if heart she had, or head either), was anything but presuming. I was thunder-struck!

Not so, however, his excellency the buck, who had yet more occasion for surprise had he really known his respondent, at the dainty note he in turn received by the same messenger who had brought me my sentence of excommunication. Short but sweet was the billet he got—one word, no more—a tremulous "Yes."

Neither of us, I will venture to say, had a thought of any cross-purposes in the case. I minded my business thenceforward, and our Lothario devoted himself to his—the spiriting away, to wit, of a pretty, well educated, and well connected heiress.

He was a man of business in his way, our lady trapper, and the night that was to crown his enterprise arrived in a trice. With Tarquin's ravishing strides (if that were the true reading), behold him as best you may by starlight, moving towards his design; his bills paid, his baggage bestowed, his natty "turnout" already *en route*, and lingering only to receive one more article of "plunder," Polly Adeline, to wit.

Lo Lothario! Picture him, please, in your mind's eye! He clears a cropped hedge at a bound, invades the alley, gains the copse, the summer-house, the creeper-curtained haunt paradisaical no more, but henceforth to be desolate as a last year's bird's nest to bereaved father, and to outraged me. Hark! the cloaked ravisher speaks. He whispers hoarsely, "Mary," and again, for there's no seeing in the summer house, "Mary! Now, dearest!"

"Go 'way!" says a querulous voice—not hers, you may bet against any odds. No, sir, it was "that all-fired nat'ral!" A next door neighbor he to the premises, and much accustomed to enrich them with his presence; but how happening in the summer-house at an hour so odd and so opportune, must remain untold. I say only that if Polly herself, who knows the "nat'ral" by heart and can use him, had no hand in the matter, merry maiden that she is, then circumstances have out-circumstanced themselves.

Well, a squeal of some pretensions, elicited possibly by boxed ears and a hearty shake bestowed on the lady's unwelcome lieutenant, (such a *non sequitur*!) makes it expedient for the would

be kidnapper of loveliness to "go way," as directed. If ever he came again to Pumpkinfield, I think it must have been under an alias, in green goggles and a monster cravat.

I was pleased to learn presently, that Polly, on the receipt at one and the same time of both suitors' communications, being flurried at once with long-standing love on the one hand, and sudden indignation on the other (for she, strange to say, didn't admire the gilded vice), had misdirected her answers; the rebuff I had received being meant for Signor Lothario, and the sugar-ed monosyllable—humph! Should you wonder, eh, to find it about me now?

"Feel famished, John? Take a sardine! So—speaking of the archer-godling,—are you anything of a sportsman? What a savage set we are yet, don't you think, to call protracted butchery sport; and teach little urchins to torture little fish for fun. Then look at our kinsman John Bull; eking out agony for deer and hares (for the sake of a 'meet' and a run forsooth! what humbug!) by hounding them to death, when a shot would make provender of them out of hand. What execrable cruelty. And how ugly a blemish in a fellow really brave and not afraid to meddle with tigers in turn. The latter diversion may pass for sport if you please, though the only tiger-chase ever I shared made me nervous."

"You shared! You hunt tigers! Where?"

"In Pumpkinfield, Rhode Island."

"You mean clams."

"No, tigers. Rare, I grant you, now-a-days, in the more populous parts of New England, but the Pumpkinfield hunt, sir, was a genuine tiger hunt, in the opinion of all who undertook it; so announced and so proceeded upon."

"Get out! I beg pardon! I mean get on!"

Well, the first hint I had of aught prefacing or pertaining to the chase in question, was broached in the village blacksmith's shop. It was in the latter part of November; coolish weather, with here and there a sprinkling of snow on the ground. In the snow, look you, were tracks of a wild beast, "panther" tracks, the farmers called them, but the panther, or cougar rather, never skulked, who could boast such pedals as those tracks implied? Then hideous and unaccountable caterwauls had been heard in the neighborhood night after night. There was no little debate on the point, as twilight fell to relieve and recommend the blacksmith's ruddy quarters. The circle thus assembled, being Yankees, were no fools; and the conclusion they finally arrived at was this. Firstly, that the tracks were genuine tiger-tracks, or "tantamount (not catamount) thereto."

Secondly, that the beast that made them was lurking in the neighborhood. Thirdly, that we were indebted for his company to some "grand caravan of living animals" which had spilt one of its ornaments. And fourthly, that farming folks thereabout might as well have an eye to their stock, the young "critters" especially.

The moving, seconding and passing of these resolutions bred a pretty ferment far and wide, I can assure you. Not only live stock, but little children were looked after, and girls and boys, very old in their own eyes, fought shy of outlying spots. Doors were barred that had only been latched since the old French war; and the ominous tracks were traced from spit to spit of snow along the crisp hill-sides, till they vanished in the neighborhood of a cavernous ledge.

The upshot of all was a general turnout of men, dogs, horses, firelocks, pitchforks, pokers, and flails, to *haze* the tiger—an alien, he, a pauper and a thief, not incumbent on the town to support. Let his parish in Asia support him! Let him, at least, "move on."

Of course it behoved yours respectfully, a senior sophister of the college, the expectancy and rose of Pumpkinfield, to be prominent on the occasion; for "Lordymassy," said the old wives, "tigers around! It was s'enamost as awful a thing to have happen, as a revolution."

School didn't keep on the day of the grand battle. Little folks were incarcerated in inner rooms, and put to bed, while mature men who remembered their "American Preceptor," recalled for inward meditation and guidance, the story of Putnam and the wolf.

Well, things ripened apace, and musketeers, flail-bearers and miscellaneous hangers-on, horse and foot, scattered off to the haunted ledge, your humble servant at their head. Pioneer, forsooth, he was welcome to be; few of his fellow-citizens begrudging him on the whole the privilege of closing in with a tiger. To say truth, I had rather committed myself, being neither robust, nor particularly alert, nor much of a marksman. I was in for it, however, pokerish job though it might prove.

Arrived at the rocks, our army came to a stand. An old wood-cutter with a staff of uproarious men-boys reconnoitered, and presently made report.

"The varmints's in old Hairy's grog-shop, there's where he is! I seen his tracks right in the mouth on't! Go raound t'other side, some on ye, and be on hand to 'shut' if he comes through."

"Hooray!" said the boys, "gone to take a nip, haint he? well, he moust nat'rally be dry."

Old Hairy's grog-shop, let me remark, was one of our sights; a cavern of some pretensions, indebted for its dismal designation to the fact, that (not to mention a wild rose bush at its mouth) you had within it the semblance of a bar, and the reality of snakes.

This gloomy refreshment-room was then to be carried. I confess to a feeling of disappointment on hearing that it had a postern by which my prey might escape should tremor seize him at seeing with whom he had to deal. True it subtracted from the enterprise something of its Putnam quality; but then my gentleman was a tiger, Putnam's of yore only a wolf.

On the whole, I was willing that the monster's tracks should owe their bigness to swelled feet (the tiger being presumably out of training), and rather counted on discovering in their owner a used-up affair, weak in the abdomen, and of sedentary habits.

"Is she all ready? Primin' in the pan, eh? flints right?" said the cautious wood cutter, concerned, it would seem, for the serviceableness of my "shooting iron." "Wal, in with ye! here's luck!" and he refreshed himself with biters from a venerable pocket pistol. This done, he shouldered his axe and stood at ease.

"In with me?" O to be sure! Anything that anybody desired! I sustained at least the part of Hamlet in the play, that was some satisfaction; and if I didn't get killed I should come out famous. A pine torch was forthcoming. I took it, and with gun ready cocked, crept in. "The most terrifying darkness appeared in front of the dim circle of light afforded by the torch." Yes, the text of the story of "Old Pat," in Pomfret cave, tallied exactly with what confronted me.

I forged forward doggedly, till a muffled growl quite indescribable, brought my heart into my throat. Too much taken aback to infer from the noise how remote the grim brute might be, I planted my torch in a crevice—not very steadily, no—presented my gun, and listened hard for growl the second. No sooner, however, was the gun levelled, than something began to stir. The tiger, though I could see nothing, doubtless had me in plain sight from his lurking place, and was crouching for his deadly spring.

"Here goes, then!" said I, "for I could stand it no longer. 'Click!' went my fire-lock, and—flashed in the pan.

Prime again, of course I couldn't; for the monster would be on me in the twinkling of an eye. What to do next? I snatched up the torch and sprang forward. He should have it, at least, in his face before he demolished me. So devised,

so attempted, and with happy result. The novel assault might well be too much for the brute nature subjected to it.

"Go way!" shrieked the tiger, and burst out a-crying. It was "that all-fired nat'ral!"

Some ado was now making at the mouth of the cave. Heads intruded warily to inquire, "What progress?"

"All alive thus far," said I. "Just be patient and I'll report myself shortly. Now you, sir," I proceeded, turning to the dismayed ex-tiger, "what do you think will be done to you? A pretty hubbub you've brought about, to be sure! How came you here, eh?" And I raised the gun as a promising note of interrogation to emphasize my question. The simpleton shook and protested with a dolorous whine.

"Who brought you here? you mischievous imp! Speak up, or I'll shoot you."

"Walter gi' me gingerbread!"

The problem was solved. The tiger, let natural history know it, had been coaxed with gingerbread, and was irresponsible. The wickedest wag of the village was at the bottom of it all.

"Oho! Walter did, did he? Walter gave you gingerbread, and us—fits! and where is Walter?" I continued. "Speak!" and again I levelled the gun. Never oracle heaved and set more uneasily or deliberated more taxingly to the patience, than the idiot catechumen; who at length, under duress, gave answer:

"Walter goes a fishin'."

Any further light from the "nat'ral," was out of the question. It remained but to show him the door of the cave, and introduce the tiger to the multitude.

Such a "how d'ye do," as presently ensued, had seldom been heard in Pumpkinfield, or elsewhere. No time was lost in pushing inquiry respecting the delinquent, Walter, the arch pest as I said, of the neighborhood. He had howled but now in the cave, of that I was sure; and the old wood-cutter was "darnedly" mistaken if he hadn't "saw" him cut across lots, five minutes ago, from the back door of Old Hairy's bar-room.

It was moved and seconded to hunt Master Walter himself, according to the strictest statutes of the chase. "I'd 'dror' him like a fox!" said one; "I'd give him to the dogs!" said another.

But Walter, you may guess, was a wary wild beast—already "abroad" on a second class railway train; on his way, indeed, toward a seven years' whaling cruise off Japan. Good-by, John.

We hate some persons because we do not know them, and we will not know them because we hate them.

LITTLE JOSIE.

BY ETHEL B. STRATTON.

What wonder that mother can love thee so dearly,
Little thy!
When those blue eyes peep through their lashes so clearly,
Full of play.
When those clustering curls thy fair brow tressing,
Wave with glees,
As thy tiny arms fold round her, caressing
Tenderly.

How fondly she watches! her heart ever brimming
With love's prayer,
Guarding thee, loved one, so fairly and winning,
With blest care.
Gilding thy trust, that its rays now revealing,
Glow like a star,
And learning thy lips what thy warm heart is feeling,
Love mama.

Sweet little thy! may the shadows ever weaving,
Mid joy's light,
Never sadden, never tune thy heart to grieving,
But as bright
As the arching brow may thy life-path, gliding,
Ever be,
Ever loving, ever pure, true affection ever gilding,
Blessing thee.

MARIAN WILLBY:

— OR —

WORTH AND WEALTH.

BY KATH CLOUD.

The last rays of an autumnal sun gleamed through the tall graceful elms which surrounded the parsonage at L—, and gilded the spire of the old gray church, until it shone like a shaft of gold against a background of cold dark clouds that had settled in the eastern sky. There they stood—the altar and the home—old, gray and time-worn; but he who for so many years had walked forth from that home beneath the shelter of those noble trees, and duly, as the holy day returned, dispensed messages of love and wisdom to his flock, had gone, full of honors as of years, to his last home.

By the low window over which the wild rose and gadding woodbine formed a fragrant shade, sat a fair girl, watching with mournful eyes the waving boughs as they swayed gracefully to and fro in the evening breeze, and listening to their soft and soul-like music. Beyond, gleaming through the trees in the golden sunlight, stands the white marble tablet which marks the grave of her sainted mother; over which with falling tears she has daily scattered flowers since she laid her there. And there, too, is the new-made grave of her revered father, so lately gone, she

can almost feel the beloved hand still resting with a blessing on her head. But now she is alone. The silence, the deserted rooms, all speak to the orphan's heart, and tell her thus.

Since the death of her father, which occurred two months previous to the commencement of our story, Marian Willby had lived in complete seclusion at the parsonage. At length, yielding to the earnest invitation of her uncle, residing in B—, to make his house her future home, she had made her arrangements to leave L— on the ensuing day. Her trunks were all packed, and standing in the little parlor. She seated herself once more, perhaps for the last time, at the favorite window, sacred to so many delightful and sad memories. Here she had received precious teachings and sweet counsels from the lips of her beloved mother, which must now guide her orphaned feet in the pleasant paths of peace. And here, from the rich storehouse of his knowledge, her father had instructed her, and trained her mind to thought and study. These priceless legacies were her sole inheritance, save the precious but dangerous gift of a face of bewildering beauty, and a form tall and graceful as the bending willow.

On the evening of the next day Marian ascended with a beating heart the long flight of steps leading to the aristocratic house of Mr. Irving, her uncle, in B—. She had often before been in B— with her parents, but since her mother's death, the increasing infirmities of her father had confined her almost constantly at home, and it was then four years since she had even seen her uncle. She knew she was expected; but when she entered the splendid drawing-room, where her aunt and uncle were sitting, so unprepared were they for the elegant, dignified young lady, in the person of their niece who stood before them, she was compelled to announce her name before they recognized her. They received her with the utmost cordiality and tenderness. Having removed her hat, her long golden curls, no longer confined, fell in rich profusion over her dress of deep mourning, and formed a most striking contrast with the snowy whiteness of her throat, and delicate bloom that tinged her cheek. Scarcely was she seated, when a child of most exquisite loveliness who had not removed her large black eyes from her since she entered, now sprang forward, and with one bound, lighting in her lap and clasping her waist, and laying her plump, rosy cheek against her, said:

"O, cousin Marian, I know I shall love you, you are so beautiful."

"Then I must love you, too, Lilly, for the same reason, mustn't I?"

"I suppose I must be good, too, else mama says no one will love me."

"It will not be your fault, Lilly, if you have not made a deep impression; your first appearance was sufficiently striking, I imagine," said a young gentleman of fourteen, now coming forward and greeting his cousin with a low bow. "I would not try to jump into cousin Marian's affections."

"I would not try to bow into them, either, brother Neddy," retorted Lilly, mischievously.

"Ah, Lilly, you are a spoiled child," said he; "no one minds what you say."

"Why, Edward," said Mrs. Irving to her husband, while the two children were engaging Marian's attention, "did you not tell me how beautiful Marian was? I was quite taken by surprise; and so lady-like too in her manner."

"For the very good reason, my dear, that I had no knowledge of it myself; I have not seen her since she was a child, and I assure you I was quite as much surprised as yourself. She will be a pleasant companion for you."

"She is a prize. I am quite proud of her already."

It was wonderful how necessary Marian at once became to each member of the family. Mr. Irving suddenly took a fancy to a game of chess in the evening, and no one could play like Marian. Mrs. Irving wondered to herself how she had lived so long without a companion to whom she could confide all her cares, and find that sympathy which their importance demanded; or talk over the little on-dits and bits of news which found their way into their pleasant retired sitting-room; while Lilly could scarcely be separated from her to attend to her studies, and this difficulty she soon contrived to obviate.

All that was now wanting to render the life of Marian calm and peaceful, was some active employment to occupy her mind and charm away sad thoughts, and this deficiency Lilly's plan was admirably calculated to supply. It was no less than to dismiss the prim governess who had never been equal to her task, and substitute cousin Marian in her place. This was at first objected to by her mother, as being too great a confinement for Marian; but as Marian herself strongly advocated it, and as the governess was slightly *passé* in music, she at length consented.

Marian confined herself almost entirely at home, limiting her recreation to a daily walk with Lilly, or a shopping excursion with her aunt; and steadily refusing the many pressing invitations that were almost daily extended to her to accompany her aunt to dinner and evening parties. Still, it was astonishing how rapid-

ly their circle of young acquaintances increased, especially of young gentlemen, who seemed suddenly to have waked up to a most flattering appreciation of Mr. Irving's friendship. Indeed, he remarked, with a sly glance at Marian, he could scarcely walk the streets without meeting with a cordial grasp from some young gentleman whom he hardly knew by what name to address, with the promise that he should very soon do himself the honor to call at his house.

"I think we are all getting young again, since Marian came," remarked her aunt, smilingly.

"That must be the secret, I believe," he replied.

Charles Ellison was the younger brother of Mrs. Irving, and a privileged personage in the family whenever he chose to make himself one of its members. He was gay, social, and handsome, and altogether a most agreeable companion.

It was now more than a year since Marian became established in her new home. Although the memory of by-gone days had saddened many an hour, yet for the most part she had been very happy. She had found the care of teaching Lilly a pleasant employment for her mind, and each day had served to strengthen the tie which bound her to the lovely child.

"It is St. Valentine's day," said Lilly, one bright morning, bounding into her room, her face beaming with happiness. "It is a holiday, and mama says I shall have no lessons to-day, and that I may be out all the morning."

"O, that will be delightful," said Marian. "But where do you wish to go?"

"I am going to send uncle Charles a valentine, and I wish you to go with me and help me to select it; and a dozen other places. Come, dear Marian, let me tie on your hat. When will you leave off this grave, black hat; I love to see beautiful ladies decked with flowers."

"When the weeds of sorrow in my heart are all choked with flowers, Lilly, then I will leave off the emblems of sorrow."

She little dreamed that the events of this day, even, would sow seeds in her life-path which should one day spring up and so fill her heart with flowers that there should be no room for sorrow.

It was a lovely spring-like day, and as they tripped along the street, many a lengthened gaze of the passers-by followed them; for a lovelier vision never blessed their sight.

Lilly's calls and errands were at length all accomplished; the important valentine had been selected and despatched, and they were turning their steps homeward. They were just opposite

Mr. Ellison's store, and Lilly could not repress her curiosity to know if the valentine had been already received. Whispering to Marian to wait for her there, while she peeped in for a moment, she tripped away. In a few moments she appeared again, and in her eager haste, heeded not the scream of Marian, or that a span of horses with the wheels of a carriage attached to them, were dashing towards her with terrific speed. Marian rushed forward, but some one held her back with a strong hand—then darting forward, caught Lilly in his arms, and with one bound cleared the spot where the next instant the sparks flew from the feet of the terrified animals.

Mr. Ellison who had witnessed the scene, but too late to render any assistance, now recognized Marian, and led her half fainting into his store, while the stranger followed with Lilly in his arms, and placing her upon a sofa, was gone, ere any one save Marian had seen his face.

After recovering from the excitement caused by this adventure, they proceeded home.

Some time during the afternoon as Marian and her aunt were quietly seated in the little family parlor, talking over the events of the day, a letter was handed to Marian by a servant, saying that the bearer would wait to see if an answer was to be returned.

"What is it?" inquired her aunt, observing the surprised look that gradually overspread Marian's face as she perused the missive.

"What can it mean?" said she, when she had finished, passing the letter to her aunt. It ran as follows:

"Miss WILLBY,—Passing through — street this morning, I had the extreme pleasure of first meeting you, a circumstance which may, I trust, amount to more than ordinary incidents. After a pilgrimage through life of eight and twenty years, the one whom a fond imagination has often pictured to me, came like a phantom, and as soon departed; not without leaving an impression engraven on my heart that the right one had crossed my path of life. Your, to me, extreme beauty of face and person, attracted my attention, and I was almost like a statue rivetted to the spot in a fond reverie; and fancy pictured happy hours which may or may not come. On inquiry I learned with much satisfaction, that you were yet free—yet your own; in consideration of which, and in justice to my own feelings, I could not restrain the strong desire I had of saying this much to you. I leave to-morrow for the South, shall return again in a few weeks, and if it is not too much, may I ask to be forgiven

for this breach of etiquette, and also to be remembered. With respect.

ERNEST MCGREGOR."

Charleston, S. C.

"A valentine," said her aunt, when she had perused the letter.

"Do you think so?" asked Marian, very thoughtfully.

"Perhaps Charles has done it," said her aunt. "Let me see who brought it. Yes, it must be from Charles; his errand boy is the bearer. What a joke, that the boy should wait for an answer, and thus betray the author. Will you answer it, or shall I?"

"It does not require any answer," said Marian.

"But I wish him to know that he is discovered," replied her aunt.

"Then you may answer it, if you please."

She wrote as follows:

"If Mr. McGregor is not still 'rivetted' to the spot, and will do her the honor of calling at her residence, Miss Willby will endeavor to exorcise the 'Phantom' which has so impressed his imagination, and assure him that it shall never again cross his path in life. ———."

Feb. 14. No. 11, — Place.

Scarcely half an hour had elapsed, when the servant re-entered, saying, that a gentleman waited to see Miss Willby in the drawing-room.

"It is Charles," said her aunt, as she caught a glimpse of her brother in the hall. I was sure he sent you the valentine."

As Marian expected, when she entered the drawing-room, she met the smiling face of Mr. Ellison.

"Good evening, Miss Willby," said he, taking her hand; "allow me to introduce to you Mr. McGregor." Having said this, he passed out and shut the door. Had a ghost stood before her, Marian could not have looked more terror-stricken. Her first impulse was to turn and flee, but there stood the stranger, the hero of their morning's adventure—a tall, elegant looking man, with a strikingly intellectual face and bearing. He was speaking to her, with his hand upon his heart; in a low, thrilling tone, he said, "Miss Willby, we are the creatures of circumstance—"

"Sir," said Marian, all her dignity and self-possession returning, while her face was suffused with blushes, "if through my thoughtlessness I have led you into this error, I most humbly crave your pardon. Had I believed for one moment that the epistle which I received this evening was indeed what it purported to be, believe

me, I never should have returned the answer which you must have received. I supposed it a valentine, or an act of pleasantry from an intimate acquaintance, and answered it as such."

"It was indeed an honor which I had not dared to promise myself, to be permitted to visit you; but inasmuch as I addressed you in sincerity, I had hoped that my words had waked a sympathetic feeling which for once had melted the icy barriers of form and etiquette. But since it is only through a mistake that I am here, which even St. Valentine has seemed to favor, I trust you will accept the good omen, and allow me still farther to cultivate your acquaintance."

"I believe we are deeply indebted to you, sir, for saving Lilly and myself from great danger this morning; are we not?"

"It was then I had the happiness of meeting you, Miss Willby, for which I shall ever bless the hour."

"Will you be seated, sir," said Marian, as she touched the bell, and bade the servant to ask her aunt to come into the drawing-room. "My aunt expressed much regret that we had no opportunity of thanking you for so great a service, for which I assure you we are all deeply grateful."

"It was the happiest event of my life, believe me, Miss Willby, and may it serve as a beacon light to the road of peace and happiness."

After Mrs. Irving entered, and had warmly expressed her gratitude, to which he modestly declined all claim, the event led to the relating of similar adventures and escapes in his own life. Gradually both Marian and her aunt became so interested in the elegance and ease of his conversation and manners, that long ere he rose to depart, they had forgotten the fact, that two hours before he was an utter stranger to them. Just as he was about taking leave, Mr. Irving entered the drawing-room. He was apprised of their morning's adventure, but knew nothing of the afternoon's sequel. When, therefore, Mr. McGregor was introduced to him, as the preserver of his darling child, he expressed the deepest gratitude, and cordially invited him to repeat his visit, which the gentleman gladly gave his promise to do.

Week after week glided away, and still Ernest McGregor lingered. He seemed to have entirely forgotten his purpose of returning South. Scarcely a day passed which saw him not seated upon a velvet lounge in Mrs. Irving's elegant drawing-room, sometimes entertaining Marian and her aunt with stories of his travels, glowing descriptions of the curiosities and wonders of the great world, to which Marian listened with an interest scarcely less intense than thrilled the

heart of Desdemona. Sometimes he brought a book of poetry, or some wild Scottish legend, to read to them, and then the deep, rich tones of his manly voice had a dangerous fascination for Marian's ear.

"McGregor is a Scottish name," said she one evening, after he had finished reading a thrilling legend of Lachin Y. Gair. "Were your ancestors from Scotland?"

"Yes, they belong to the clan of McGregor;

'And there my young footsteps in infancy wandered,
My cap was the bonnet—my cloak was the plaid.'

Yes, Scotia is my home, though it is many years since I wandered over her wild craggy cliffs, and through her classic halls, I love her still; and there I hope to spend the evening of my days."

To all her questions of the many ruins of historic and tragic interest in that land of romance, he could give truthful and glowing descriptions.

Meanwhile Mr. Irving, observing the growing interest which Marian manifested in their fascinating visitor, had mentioned his name incidentally to an intimate friend residing in Charleston, and made some inquiries concerning him, to which he received in reply, that the McGregors were among the highest families in the State—that Ernest was everything that was noble, and moreover the heir expectant to an immense fortune in Scotland. This knowledge he resolved to impart to no one, unless Ernest McGregor should sue for the hand of his niece.

Quite early one morning not many days after, Ernest called to see Miss Willby. He had received letters from Charleston, requesting his immediate return thither. "But, Miss Willby," said he, "I could not go without saying the words which for weeks have trembled on my lips, but which I have not dared to utter. Marian, do you love me? Will you go with me to my home in the sunny South?"

"I can answer your first question," said she, after a moment's silence, blushing deeply; "but for the last I must have time to consider."

"Then I will not ask you to decide that now. My dearest Marian, you have made me very, very happy."

The next morning Ernest departed, bearing with him all the wealth of her young, trusting heart, and her plighted troth. We will pass over the few intervening months ere he returned to claim his bride.

At the close of a warm sultry day in the early autumn, just as the fervid rays had departed, and the deliciously cool breeze sprung up, laden with the odor of a thousand flowers which the

fallen dew had freshened into life, a travelling carriage emerged from the city and entered the avenue leading to the delightful suburbs which border the city of Charleston on the western side. On either side of the way, the tall ornamental trees of palm and pine formed a delightful shade, while beyond, the fragrant orange groves and the flowering shrubs of every brilliant hue presented to our travellers a scene of almost fairy enchantment. There was a soft golden haze from the lingering sunbeams in the western sky, which rendered every feature of the landscape as distinctly defined as if it had been spread for the painter's eye.

"Here is our home, my love," said Ernest, as they entered the wide carriage path leading to an elegant mansion which stood upon a gentle eminence at some distance from the road. It was a spacious building, surrounded by an open piazza, and shaded by hanging vines and trees, while the ground descended in regular terraces on every side.

"Ah, massa Ernest, God bless you and the young missis," said an old white-haired negro, helping them to descend from the carriage, while a troop of grinning boys were busily unstrapping the trunks, and noisily tugging them into the house.

"Well, Rosa, where is your mistress?"

"This way, massa;—bless her sweet face," said she, her eye following Marian as she entered the parlor, where by the long, open window an elderly lady was sitting in a large arm-chair. She was clad in a rich brocade dress, her silvery hair was put smoothly back from an open brow that had once been white as alabaster. A young lady most elaborately dressed, was leaning listlessly upon the lattice, playing with the long tendrils as the soft breeze wafted them against her cheek.

"Ah, Ernest, my son, you are here at last," said his mother.

"Yes, mother, permit me to present to you another daughter; and you, Alice, a sister."

Marian, kissing the cheek of her mother, bowed her head for her blessing.

"God bless you, my child," said she, "you are very lovely, to be sure."

Alice presented the tips of her jewelled fingers, while her eyes rested upon Marian's long, golden curls, with ill-concealed envy.

"Then you are really married, Ernest," said she, "and we scarcely knew it—how strange."

"Strange, indeed," continued her mother, "never before did a McGregor form an alliance with so little ceremony."

The next morning Ernest was obliged to be

absent in the city. After he had gone, Mrs. McGregor asked Marian to come and sit by her, and tell her about herself and family. Marian complied, though she knew the knowledge of her unpretending parentage and life would in their prejudiced minds sink her below the station she had assumed. After an hour of cross-questioning from Alice and her mother, the latter inquired what was the amount of her dowry.

"Nothing," she replied; "my father considered it his duty to spend his salary in acts of charity, and left me nothing;" upon which her mother and Alice raised their hands in astonishment. Marian, unable longer to endure the torture to which she was subjected fled to her room, and burying her face in the pillow, wept until Ernest returned. When he learned the cause of her tears, he besought her to overlook the peculiar prejudices of his mother. "She is kind-hearted," said he, "and will very soon become warmly attached to you."

Months rolled by, and still Marian felt she was looked upon as a presumptuous intruder by the mother and sister; frequently neglected or treated with utmost coolness when visitors came to the house in her husband's absence. An event now occurred which promised to increase her unhappiness. Her husband had received letters from Scotland requiring his immediate departure to that place.

Ernest was but twelve years old when his father came to this country for a temporary residence, leaving all his possessions in the care of a younger brother. Dying soon after, the brother had retained the property, only sending remittances since Ernest had become of age. This uncle was now dead, and Ernest, as the next male descendant, was heir. Such was the law in Scotland, that property could be inherited only by male descendants; therefore, in the event of Ernest's death, all his wealth would pass to the next heir.

Some four months had passed since Ernest's departure, and Marian was beginning to look anxiously for letters. Her position in the family was becoming more and more unpleasant since he left. One morning she and her mother were called into the parlor to see a gentleman from the city on matters of business. He had come to apprise them of the failure of the firm with which her husband was connected. A very heavy failure, that would sweep away all belonging to each member. This beautiful house, their home with everything else, was already in the hands of creditors.

The same day brought letters from Ernest, saying that having concluded the arrangement of

his business, he had taken passage in the Columbia and was to sail in a few days for home, which he hoped to reach in six or eight weeks.

Eight weeks had passed; nine, ten, and still Ernest did not come. Marian waited with a nameless fear chilling her heart. One morning she was sent for to go into the parlor. Her mother was already there, conversing with the same gentleman who had before brought ill-tidings to them. But now he had spoken words which had in one moment blanched the face of the mother and stricken Marian to the floor as if with sudden death. The Columbia was wrecked, and all save one, who had lashed himself to the wreck, were washed overboard and lost; and that one was not Ernest. These tidings were brought by the captain of a vessel that had passed the wreck, and rescued the only survivor.

There is a power in great sorrow to subdue the pride of man, and waken into action all the tenderest sympathies of his nature. And now the bereaved mother clasped the unconscious form of Marian in her arms, and wept bitter tears over her. When at length she awoke to all the depth of their great sorrow, they stood side by side and looked into the dark future. They were penniless. Even now they remained in their beautiful home only through the leniency of the rightful owner. Alice, all unused to care or self-reliance, was helpless as an infant, and sorrow soon prostrated the mother on a bed of sickness. Marian was her comforter. To her they both looked for guidance and support. Sooner than they expected, word came that they must leave their house. The servants were all taken away, with the exception of Rose, whom Ernest had given to Marian soon after their marriage to dispose of as she pleased. Marian had at once given her her freedom, of which Rose now possessed the proof. In Rose's care she left her mother while she went alone to the city.

Her first thought was to seek advice from their venerable pastor. He was a kind, benevolent old man. When he learned that she was the daughter of a New England clergyman, and wished employment in teaching music or a day school, he at once became deeply interested for her and promised her efficient aid. Ere a week had passed, he had obtained a sufficient number of young ladies to encourage her in opening a school. A pleasant, airy hall was obtained in the vicinity of her home, and fitted up. As soon as she had become established in school, and felt confident in her ability to defray the expense, she obtained a lease of their house. Their minds, now no longer diverted by immediate pecuniary difficulties, dwelt constantly on their

loss. Alice, divested of all the consequence of wealth and station, with no resources in herself, gave up to peevish repinings; and but for the tender nursing and encouraging words of Marian, she would have sunk under this accumulation of trouble. Every moment when not engaged in her duties at school, Marian passed by the bedside of her mother.

But such unceasing care and watchfulness added to her own deep sorrow, after a few months, began to tell upon Marian. She had lost the rich bloom, the light step, and the bright smile of happier days; and still the pale face, the feeble voice of her mother nerved her to persevere. Still, through her dark despair there glimmered a faint ray of hope that Ernest was not lost.

"Ah, Marian," said her mother one evening, after many months had passed of suffering and dependence to herself, and of cheerful, patient endurance to Marian, "what a lesson your devotion teaches me. How vain and insufficient is the pride of wealth and name, compared with the noble living virtues which I have found in you. Can you forgive your mother for her cruel coldness and neglect?"

"My dear mother," said Marian, kneeling by her side, "I remember nothing but that you love me now."

"O, Marian, if I could have told my Ernest what an angel he possessed in you—"

"He knew it—he knew it—my mother!—my angel wife!" said a deep-toned voice beside them, and Marian was clasped in her husband's arms.

Ernest had indeed returned. He had been rescued by a vessel bound to the East Indies; and had been compelled to make nearly the entire voyage before meeting with one homeward bound. But now he had come, all their trials were ended. When he learned how nobly Marian had sustained them, and with what devotion she had repaid their coldness and neglect, he pressed her to his heart with an almost idolatrous love.

Their mother never rose from her bed of sickness, but gradually faded away and died in a few months after Ernest's return. One bright morning, a few years subsequent, a gay party were assembled on board one of our noble steamers bound for England. It consisted of Ernest and Marian, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Irving, Edward with his collegiate laurels still fresh upon him, and Lilly, now a beautiful girl just budding into womanhood; and lastly, uncle Charles looking proudly on his new-made bride.

Fine art has nothing to do with imitation, its principle is to produce in the mind the same ideas which the things sought to be represented produce, but always in another way.

IS IT ANYBODY'S BUSINESS?

BY HARRIE F. CARLTON.

Is it anybody's business
If a gentleman should choose
To wait upon a lady,
If the lady don't refuse?
Or to speak a little plainer,
That my meaning all may know,
Is it anybody's business
If a lady has a bean?

Is it anybody's business
When that gentleman does call,
Or when he leaves the lady,
Or if he leave at all?
Or is it necessary
That the curtain should be drawn,
To save from further trouble
The outside lockers-on!

Is it anybody's business
But the lady's, if her bean
Rides out with other ladies
And doesn't let her know?
Is it anybody's business
But the gentleman's, if she
Should accept another score
Where he doesn't chance to be?

FANNY MARTIN AND HER NEIGHBORS.

BY SUSAN H. BLAISDELL.

"WELL, my dear, how do you like your new quarters? rather comfortable than otherwise, it seems to me." And Harry Martin, standing in the centre of his wife's cheerful little sitting-room, with folded arms, glanced contentedly about the pleasant apartment, and then walking to one of the open windows, surveyed the no less agreeable prospect outside.

"O, yes, really charming; the most perfect little nest of a house; everything is as convenient as possible. It is just far enough out, too; one can take so much comfort where there is fresh air to be had, and green fields about, and something over a square yard of blue sky to be seen. Patty declares she can do as much again work, here. She does it up in less than no time, almost, you ought to see her arms fly."

Harry laughed. "And I see, my dear Fanny, that you have lost none of your eloquence. Really, this fresh air has quite an exhilarating effect on you. Your—"

"There! now it's time, Harry—now it's time to stop," and Fanny laid her hand, with an air of merry decision over her young husband's lips. "I dare say you were going to add, that I talk faster than ever!"

"No, I will subtract it, instead, till I get out

of your reach, my dear. But seriously, Fanny, I am quite glad to find you are so well pleased with your new home. You may tell me as much about it, as you like. I shall not grow weary, I promise you."

"Good Harry! indulgent husband! to give his wife leave to talk till she's tired!" and Fanny's bright hazel eyes sparkled saucily.

"Hush, you mischief! Just as though my permission was of any consequence! But let us talk sense, now, Fanny. But I want to ask you if you don't find yourself lonely out here? It is so much more quiet—"

"Lonely? no indeed, Harry. You know I have been too busy with my new house, for that; and besides it is not a lonely neighborhood, by any means. See, there are three—four—yes, six or seven houses, close about here; and such pretty gardens! And I can sit with my sewing here at the window, and look across the sunny fields, and see the neighbors run in and out, occasionally. O, I am sure, it is quite cheerful."

"That is a pretty cottage, yonder—the white one, where most of the blinds are closed," remarked the gentleman, directing the attention of his wife to the house in question.

"Yes, very pretty. But how still it looks! I thought, when we first came, that it must be unoccupied; there seemed so little life about it. But I saw somebody open the blinds and draw up the curtains, both upper and lower, the next morning. A little girl, too, came and played in the yard. I wonder who lives there?"

"I dare say you will know soon enough, Fanny. You won't have to wait long."

"How should I find out?"

"Have you become acquainted with any of the neighbors, my dear, as yet?"

"No. Not one. You know we have been here only three or four days."

"Well, let them take the first steps towards an introduction. Don't put yourself forward, in the least. There is nothing I more deeply dislike, than this running from house to house, for a friendly gossip, which you always see in a neighborhood like this. Don't be too intimate with any of them, Fanny. Treat them politely, and all alike. That will save you some annoyance, perhaps."

"Annoyance! my dear husband, how?" queried the unsophisticated Fanny.

"In several ways, my dear," he answered; "which I cannot enumerate now. But you will have an opportunity of discovering, if you wait, perhaps. Do you know, Fanny, that I am not over-fond of neighbors?"

"Fie, Harry, how unchristian!" said Fanny.

"Don't judge yet, my dear. I trust you will always have cause to like yours."
And here the conversation on this subject ended.

The next evening, when Harry found himself at home again, after a day of close attention to business in town, his pretty wife greeted him in a flatter of even greater cheerfulness than usual.

"Well, how do you get along to day, Fanny?" was his question, as they sat at tea.

"O, nicely as can be. And I have seen one of our neighbors, and spoken to her. She is such a lovely woman!" And Fanny was quite ecstatic over her new acquisition in the way of acquaintance.

"Who is she?" asked her husband, quietly, as he opened a biscuit.

"Mrs. Longley. She ran in this morning, with an easy, unceremonious way that is really quite charming; it makes one feel so much at home! She said she had seen me sewing by the window, and I appeared to be quite alone, and so she longed to have a little friendly chat with me. 'You know, too,' she said, 'it is the custom for people to call on a new neighbor first, and I thought you would actually begin to imagine us all savages about here, if we didn't make some advances towards acquaintance before a great while.' And so," continued Fanny, "she sat with me for full a half hour, and talked so pleasantly that I felt as if she were quite an old friend. I do like her very much!"

"Ah!" said Harry, carelessly.

"Yes. And I shouldn't wonder if I should see some of the other ladies in the vicinity soon. She spoke to me about three or four of them—Mrs. Wells, and Mrs. Carter, and Miss Wickham, and one or two more, I believe. You see I shall not be lonely, at all, Harry."

Fanny had quite forgotten her husband's warning, in respect to the neighbors; and two or three days afterward, found herself, with sewing in hand, seated very comfortably in Mrs. Longley's parlor, chatting very easily and pleasantly with that lady. Mrs. Longley, on her part, proved a most agreeable hostess; and made the time pass so quickly, in the discussion of various subjects of feminine interest, that Fanny was startled to perceive how fast the hours had flown. It was fully time for Harry to be on his way out from town, when she finally looked at her watch.

"My dear Mrs. Longley, I really must go," she said, rising, with a smile; "it is almost six; and my husband will be at home; he will want me."

But Mrs. Longley could not bear of parting with her guest so easily. She would be shocked

to think of it. Fanny must sit directly down again, and the domestic should be sent over, with Mrs. Longley's compliments, to invite Mr. Martin to tea. Yes, absolutely, dear Mrs. Martin must and should stay!

Fanny, however, was obliged to decline her kind offer.

"My husband rarely takes tea away from home," she said; "and though, I am sure, he would be extremely obliged for the invitation, yet he would prefer coming some other time. I did not tell him I was coming in this afternoon, and he will expect to meet me at our own table. But we will try and come some time, Mrs. Longley."

"Yes, so do, Mrs. Martin. I am extremely sorry to lose you this afternoon, so early, but these lords of creation," and she smiled affably, "will have their own way."

"Too bad, I declare!" exclaimed the lady, as soon as her guest was out of hearing—"too bad, I declare. I'll tell you what it is, Mr. Longley, that husband of hers must be a real ogre! his own wife is actually afraid to drink tea away from home, without him. A little too strict, I should say."

Meanwhile, Fanny Martin ran home, and was ready for Harry, with a kiss, when he came. He did not look much like an ogre, certainly, as Fanny would have indignantly declared, could she have heard Mrs. Longley's words.

"Harry," she said, after she had given him a sketch of her afternoon at Mrs. Longley's, "Harry, I know now, who lives in that quiet cottage, yonder, with the high garden wall. The gentleman is named Kingston—Josiah Kingston. Mrs. Longley says she believes they are of an excellent family, and quite wealthy, though nobody knows certainly, because Mr. and Mrs. Kingston never visit in the neighborhood, or receive company. They are very exclusive. Indeed, they have intimated that they do not desire to mingle with the neighbors at all. So they are never visited by the people here."

"Happy pair!" ejaculated Harry, with a sigh.

"Why, Harry, dear!" said Fanny, quite shocked—"but it is so unsocial, you know! Indeed, Mrs. Longley thinks it very unnatural—almost wicked, in them! Because it looks as if they thought themselves so much better than other people. They must be very hard, proud-hearted people, themselves."

Harry drank his tea slowly, and seemed to be meditating; so Fanny fell into a reverie, too; from which she presently roused herself, exclaiming:

"Harry, you have heard me speak of Mrs. Lee, who lives across the way?"

"Yes, my dear. Our friend, Mrs. Longley, has given you an account of their history, I suppose?"

Fanny was slightly perplexed by his peculiar tone; and as she could not exactly understand it, she replied:

"No, not a history, exactly—she told me some things about her. Just to me, you know; she said she wouldn't tell these things to anybody else; but I had just come into the neighborhood, a young married woman, so, and I might want to know something about the people among whom I had come to reside. Well, this Mrs. Lee is a widow, and her husband, who died year before last, was a merchant in town. He failed just five years ago, and Mr. Longley, who happened to have some hundreds of dollars in Mr. Lee's hands, lost every cent of it. Mr. Lee failed just on purpose to make money, too, Mrs. Longley says. Only think—what a dreadful thing! to wrong his creditors out of their honest dues! And Mrs. Longley says, thousands of people suffered from his wicked deeds."

A look, half amusement, half indignation, sparkled in Harry's eye, as innocent little Fanny, putting firm faith in the stories retailed her by her neighbor, repeated them to her husband, with the utmost earnestness.

But he repressed the words that rose to his lips, and instead of uttering them, said, very calmly: "anything else, my dear?"

"And then, don't you think, Harry, Mr. Lee and his wife, instead of giving up that beautiful little cottage, which they lived in, and where the widow lives now, they kept it, and were just as comfortably off as ever; though, to be sure, Mr. Lee was obliged to become a clerk in some counting house—and died not long after. But Mrs. Longley says the cottage is hers, as much as it is Mrs. Lee's; and she ought to be receiving the rent of it this minute, for the money that Mr. Lee defrauded Mr. Longley of."

Harry made no reply to all this, but turned the conversation into another channel. The next morning, when he was ready to go into town, he said, carelessly to Fanny:

"My dear, I would not go out to-day, if I were in your place—that is, to make calls. If you want to take the air, you had better walk out over the fields, or take the omnibus, and come down to the counting-house, and see me."

"Yes, Harry, I should like that, of all things, to come and see you. But why mayn't I make calls to-day? Not that I want to, dear, but then—I should like to know?"

"Yes, you genuine daughter of Eve!" laughed her husband, kissing her. "But never mind now. I will tell you some time." And he went.

During the morning, as Fanny sat alone by herself, sewing, a knock at the door was heard; and immediately, Patty, the neat little housemaid, ushered in two ladies whom the young wife recognized as Mrs. Wells, and Miss Wickham; the former a tall, stately-looking dame, with an impressive and gracious manner, and the latter a good natured, and extremely girlish young lady of thirty. They had come to chat with dear Mrs. Martin a moment, only just a moment! and they really couldn't stay. No, thank dear Mrs. Martin, but they *couldn't* lay aside their bonnets, any way in the world, because they were in *such* a hurry.

"It was a lovely morning—yes; how glad they were she had come to reside in the neighborhood! they had felt confident, from the first, that they should like her extremely. And they were in hopes she would like to reside here; they were sure *they* would do everything in their power to make it pleasant for her." And Fanny was quite overcome with their kindness.

"What pleasant, open-hearted people I have come among!" she said, mentally.

Well, they—the guests—were sure she had a sweet little place here—the loveliest, absolutely, in all M——. But then, after all, it was one half in the taste and means of the occupants, that the real beauty of such an estate lay; and they were sure dear Mrs. Martin had the most perfect taste in the world.

A pause.

Presently—"had dear Mrs. Martin seen Mrs. Bromleigh?"

"Dear Mrs. Martin," had not.

"Ah, Mrs. Bromleigh was such a lovely woman! and, indeed, quite the leader of the *ton* here in M——. They supposed she would share her throne now with Mrs. Martin—if not give way entirely; and dear Mrs. Martin would be so pleased to know her!"

"Then the lady is very agreeable?" asked Fanny.

"O, excessively so; and so aristocratic! Mrs. Bromleigh had spent the last winter in Paris. They say she lived in splendid style there. Very wealthy, O, immensely wealthy!" in an impressive and solemn voice; "though—to tell the truth—if they were quite sure dear Mrs. Martin would never—*never* mention that they told her! the late Mr. Bromleigh was—a butcher!"

They—the guests, again wondered, if the Kingstons had called on "dear Mrs. Martin?"

"No, the Kingstons had not done her that honor."

"O, well, that was not to be minded! for they were such proud, odious people! a great deal too good, in the estimation of themselves, to mingle with their neighbors. For *their* part—that of the guests—they didn't think such exclusiveness looked well, at all!"

And after Mrs. Lee, and two or three other equally unoffending people had been talked over, and pulled to pieces, and "dear Mrs. Martin" had received the proper quantum of flattery, they rose to take leave. And, at the door, they were obliged to add the postscript of morning calls in general, by standing fifteen minutes longer to talk. And, among the rest of the items, they said that Mrs. Martin must be sure to call soon; they should expect her with the utmost impatience; but they believed, at least, they had heard, that Mr. Martin seldom visited. They were so sorry for that! but surely he would make an exception in favor of the M——ites! He must bring his wife to see them, and take tea, and spend a good long evening. He really must let "dear Mrs. Martin" visit just as much as she pleased.

"O, yes," Fanny hastened to say, completely won by their tenderness; "Harry was not at all averse to her visiting as much as she pleased, but he says, you know," charmingly blundered the little wife, in the most innocent way, "he does dread to have me get up these gossiping acquaintances, that a quiet neighborhood like this is sure to have! Harry does hate gossip, that is, ill-natured gossip, as heartily as I do. But I see you are in haste; I will not detain you. Good morning!"

Poor, unconscious little Fanny! how that blind shot struck home!

Tea-time came again, and with it Harry. "Fanny, my dear, you didn't come down to see me to-day?" he said.

"No, Harry, for I had Mrs. Wells and Miss Wickham in this morning, and it was so warm this afternoon."

"More neighbors?" The young man's merry brow slightly clouded. "I hope, if they were more of Mrs. Longley's stamp, that you haven't committed yourself by being drawn into their whirlpool of scandal!"

"Dear Harry, what do you mean?" was her astonished query. "Mrs. Longley's—scandal?"

"Exactly. For Mrs. Longley said several very abominable things about the Kingstons. And who do you think the Kingstons are?"

"I don't know, I'm sure, Harry, do you?"

"This Mr. Isaac Kingston—Josiah, you call-

ed him—is one of my lamented father's oldest friends; and one whom he prized highly. Mr. Kingston has called on me, to-day, and is coming, with his wife, to see us this evening. He only discovered, to-day, what my name was. I spoke something about having heard his name mentioned, and he answered that he did not doubt it; for a greater set of busy-bodies than this place contains, he never saw; and he and his wife have shut themselves out of their reach."

"Only think, Harry!" was all Fanny could utter, for surprise.

"Yes, and that is not all. The story of Mrs. Longley, concerning Mr. Lee and his wife, was almost entirely false. Mr. Lee did fail, it is true; but he owed Longley only two hundred dollars, and paid fifty cents on the dollar at that; while the house which Mrs. Longley claims as her property, was settled on Mrs. Lee by her aunt, long before the failure, with the proviso that she never should part with it at any cost, but keep it for a home for herself and her children, in case misfortune should ever befall them. I met Mrs. Lee to-day, and asked her to come and see you. Who do you think *she* is?"

"More wonders! I don't know, Harry."

"Sister Ada's old school companion, Laura Marsh."

"O, is it possible, Harry?" exclaimed the delighted wife. "Dear Laura! so that was the Arthur G. Lee, whom I heard she married! and I haven't seen her for all these years!"

"I thought last night, when you mentioned the name to me, that it was familiar to me, or had been so, on 'change, and I was resolved to ascertain the truth of Mrs. Longley's story. I inquired of Mr. Grey, and heard all about it from him."

"O, that dreadful Mrs. Longley!" said Fanny. "How can I ever believe what people tell me again! She seemed so honest, and so ill-used!"

"And so confidential," added Harry, with a merry smile. "Let this teach you a lesson, my little wife. Confidences that are so easily bestowed, you may depend upon it, are never worth much; and you may value the one who bestows them accordingly."

"And I thought Mrs. Lee and the Kingstons were such terrible persons, too," said Fanny; "I never could have spoken to them in the world, thinking of them as I did. But O, dear, that dreadful Mrs. Longley! and Mrs. Wells, and Miss Wickham! They both told me—I don't know how much, to-day, about different people whom I have never seen. What shall I

do! I never want to see those women again. And I thought they were so beautiful!" and Fanny was half-crying.

"Well, never mind, Fanny dear—never mind. Let us have tea now, and forget all about these disagreeable affairs; and then you shall sit and talk with me until our neighbors come in to see us; our *true* neighbors, Fanny!"

Our pretty heroine had to pay dearly for those "confidences." In less than a week, she heard from all quarters, that Mr. Martin was a most despotic husband—a perfect tyrant; that he had utterly forbidden his wife to visit a single neighbor, and kept her under his own eye continually; while some even went so far as to say that he was a most desperately jealous man, and that was at the bottom of his treatment. Harry Martin had merriment enough, from this, to last him his lifetime; and though his pretty wife laughed till she cried, at so absurd a fabrication, yet she declared it quite a serious matter, after all. But the best lesson of her married experience, was taken from her neighbors.

CALIFORNIA STYLE.

Not long since, a German was riding along Sansome street near Sacramento, when he heard a pistol shot behind him, heard the whizzing of a ball near him, and felt his hat shaken. He turned and saw a man with a revolver in his hand, and took off his hat and found a fresh bullet hole in it.

"Did you shoot at me?" asked the German.

"Yes," replied the other party; "that's my horse; it was stolen from me recently."

"You must be mistaken," said the German, "I have owned the horse for three years."

"Well," says the other, "when I come to look at him, I believe I am mistaken. Excuse me, sir; wont you take a drink?"

The rider dismounted, tied his horse; the two found a drinking saloon near by, they hob nobbed and drank together, and parted friends. That is the California fashion of making acquaintances.—*California Pioneer.*

A BEAUTIFUL ALLEGORY.

A traveller who spent some time in Turkey, relates a beautiful parable, which was told him by a dervise, and which seemed even more beautiful than Sterne's celebrated figure of the accusing spirit and recording angel. "Every man," says the dervise, "has two angels, one on his right shoulder and another on his left. When he does anything good, the angel on his right shoulder writes it down and seals it, because what is done is done forever. When he has done evil, the angel on his left shoulder writes it down. He waits till midnight. If before that time, the man bows down his head and exclaims, 'Gracious Allah! I have sinned, forgive me!' the angel rubs it out; and if not, at midnight he seals it, and the angel upon the right shoulder weeps."

LILLIE MINE.

BY CHRISTIAN KESLER.

Like placid waters sleeping
In moonlight's pensive glow,
A tender thought is creeping
In brightness o'er her brow,
My Lillie dear is weeping,
Her cheek is all a-glow.

Each moonbeam lightly dances
On features fair and sweet,
And from her blue eyes glances
Sweet—as the arrow fleet;
Like a gazelle she prances
Away with nimble feet.

I scarce believe that sorrow
Could leave its shadow there,
For sorrow's self would borrow
A gleam from every tear;
Would send the coming morrow
A pleasure far more dear.

O, Lillie, wilt thou linger?
O, Lillie, be mine own!
No lark's a sweeter singer;
Thy voice has round me grown
Like thoughts that faintly linger
When melodies are flown.

Come, come to me, my dearest;
The shadows hide thy face,
Thou lovest what thou fearest,
The fondness of my gaze—
Of pleasures 'tis the cheeriest
Thy growing joys to trace.

Come, come to me, my blossom,
And if thou fearest, hide
Thy features in my bosom,
Near to my throbbing side.
Come, come to me, my blossom,
My own, my lovely bride!

THE PRIVATEER.

BY FREDERICK W. SAUNDERS.

"I don't know," said Grummet, as he laid down the paper from which he had been reading "farther particulars" of the foreign news, "I don't know but what it's all right and proper to do away with privateering, but I doubt it. I may be wrong, for an old privateersman, like myself, is apt to be prejudiced in favor of ancient customs; still, it cannot be denied, that private enterprise in time of war is a great saving to the government, and a sharp stick in the side of the enemy, inflicting an immense amount of damage upon his merchant marine, as well as crippling their ships of war, upon an occasion as we did, for instance, when I was in the little schooner *Caroline*. I have told you about that

cruise of the *Caroline*, haven't I? No? Then there is no better time to do so than the present. I take it your time is of no value:

"Soon after the commencement of the last war, it being rather hard times for merchant sailors, I went to work upon a farm a few miles from Newport, Rhode Island, in the employ of a gentleman by the name of Gordon. 'Squire Gordon,' as he was called, had been quite wealthy for the times; but, unfortunately, most of his property was embarked in maritime speculations, which were, of course, brought to an end by the war. His business operations, however, were so extended that it was impossible to close them up at once without an immense sacrifice—indeed, certain ruin—he therefore resolved to risk all upon a chance, and accordingly sent his ships to sea as in time of peace. As might have been expected, they were speedily captured by the enemy, and he found himself in his old age reduced to poverty—the farm upon which I was employed being the only property remaining to him.

"His son, Harry Gordon, was a daring, adventurous young fellow of some twenty-five or six—tall, well built, active, handsome, and withal as good-hearted a young scamp as it was ever my fortune to run athwart. From boyhood, he had entertained a passion for the sea, and at the time of which I speak had been for some years in command of one of his father's ships. The last voyage his vessel made—the one in which she was captured—he had resigned the command for the purpose of fulfilling a matrimonial engagement which had for a long time subsisted between himself and the prettiest, blackest-eyed, rosiest-cheeked little gipsy that ever surrounded and made prisoner of a gallant sailor.

"Everything was progressing favorably towards the consummation of the happy event, when old Gordon's losses commenced; every mail brought tidings of disaster, ship after ship was taken by the enemy, until, as I have said, the family was reduced to poverty. This was a severe blow for Harry, coming as it did at such a time, but like a noble-hearted fellow as he was, he determined, however painful it might be, the marriage should be postponed until he was able in some measure to retrieve his losses, for he had not the heart to take his dear little Carrie from a home of luxury and wealth, to make her the wife of a beggar. True, Carrie's father, a noble-hearted gentleman as you will find between the north pole and the equator, generously offered to make a provision for his daughter, which would enable them to live in comparative

comfort until the close of the war, when he could readily obtain employment in his profession; but Harry was not the man to accept pecuniary assistance from his wife, or her friends, while he lived in idleness.

"I was a sort of confidant of both the lovers, and used to carry an infinity of little feeble-looking notes from one to the other, besides accompanying Harry when he called upon his darling—an event that occurred on an average about six times a day. I consequently had an opportunity of judging as to the state of their affections, and if those two young people weren't as deeply in love as it is possible for human beings, then I'll allow that I'm no judge of the article, and I've done some pretty powerful courting in my day, now I tell you, youngster, and ought to know a thing or two.

"At last Harry made up his mind to strike a bold stroke for fortune. Accordingly, taking me in tow, as usual, he went to communicate his plans, and take leave of Carrie. Their parting was all tears, white handkerchiefs and kisses, and occupied all the forward part of the night. As there was no particular necessity for me to be present, I wandered off toward the shore to await Harry's coming.

"It was a bright, clear, moonlight night, and I was amusing myself by gazing at the sea and whistling the 'Rogue's March in Saul,' when I fancied I heard the familiar sounds of blocks and ropes, as of some vessel underweigh. This was music to my ears, and I listened attentively, but the sounds were not repeated, and I came to the conclusion that it was all fancy. The incident, however, awoke a train of pleasant recollections, and the joyous scenes of a sea life came so vividly before me, that I almost resolved to quit my then course of life, and at once enter the naval service. It was therefore with no ordinary feeling of pleasure that I listened to the proposition which Harry unfolded to me when he had concluded his interview with his betrothed Carrie.

"'Joe,' said he, as he seated himself beside me on the beach, 'how should you like to go to sea again?'

"'Precisely what I was thinking of,' I replied. 'I intend to be afloat in less than a month.'

"'Because,' he continued, 'I shall be in need of a few good men, and I want you to ship them for me.'

"'You don't mean to say that you are going to risk another ship and cargo?' I asked, in surprise.

"'No; something better than that,' said he,

drawing an official looking document, upon which I noticed a broad seal, from his pocket. 'If the moon gave a little more light, you would have an opportunity of reading a commission from government, to cruise for prizes.'

"Privateering, eh? But where is your ship?"

"O, that is taken care of; I have arranged everything. The vessel will be along in season; to-night, perhaps. But will you go with me?"

"Wont I go? Give me an opportunity, and see."

"Harry was proceeding to explain his designs, when the sounds that had attracted my attention before, were heard again, accompanied by the peculiar cry, half song, half shout, of the sailors, as they hauled upon a brace, or other running rigging.

"'By Jove! there she comes,' exclaimed Harry, springing to his feet, as from behind a projecting point of the opposite island a small topsail schooner emerged, ranged rapidly ahead and bore up into the wind, shaking the sails to deaden her headway preparatory to mooring.

"The rattling of hanks and running gear sounded musically over the water, as the heavy fore and mainsails slid swiftly to the deck, and the distant order to let go the anchor was distinctly heard, followed by the plunge of the heavy mass of iron, and the prolonged rumble of the cable, as it rushed through the hause-pipe; then the same sound at short intervals, as the men payed out another range, which the schooner refused to take. At the same time the sails had been snugly stowed, and feeling the check of her ground tackle, she swung gently round to the tide, and all was still.

"The spectacle of a vessel being brought into port, moored and made snug, in a seamanlike manner, is an interesting one, even to a landman; and to us, who were passionately fond of our favorite profession, it awakened emotions of enthusiasm.

"'There, Joe,' said Harry, as the last sound from the vessel died away upon the still night air, 'what do you think of that for a bold cruiser? All we require now is to have her well manned, and for that I must depend upon you. Take the yacht at once, and proceed up the bay as far as Providence, stopping at the intermediate places, and drum up as many good men as you can possibly induce to join us. None but good sailors, mind you; we can't afford to take apprentices at present. In the meantime I will put the schooner in order, and get her armament on board. We sha'n't have much of a battery, certainly; but we must make

the best of what we have. Now go; lose as little time as possible, for remember, I am placing myself entirely in your hands. This vessel is my last hope. If by any delay in procuring men, she is forced to remain in the bay until some British cruiser takes a fancy to look here, I am a ruined man.'

"'Give yourself no anxiety as to my share in the enterprise,' I replied. 'In forty-eight hours I will have half a hundred as good men on board as ever laid a splice or rove a gun-tackle purchase.'

"'Only do so,' said Harry, wringing my hands, 'and I shall owe you more than life.'

"The flood-tide had just began to make, the wind was muddling fair for a run up the bay, and the bright moonlight was decidedly in our favor; for at the time I was not any too well acquainted with the lay of the land. Accordingly starting up Black Tom, one of the farm servants—for whom I entertained a special regard, as he was a daring, go-ahead fellow, and withal a capital sailor—to accompany me, I got the yacht underweigh, and sped swiftly on my course up the beautiful Narragansett.

"My recruiting expedition proved highly successful; but little more than twenty four hours elapsed before I was on my return trip with seventy-five as good seamen as you will find above water. A shorter time would have sufficed to procure that number of men, for sailors were plenty at that time, there being no merchant marine to employ them; but I was particular in my selection, taking none but men with whom I had sailed, or such as could give an unexceptionable account of themselves. I tried hard to get a good and experienced gunner to take charge of the 'long tom,' which I made no doubt would form the principal offensive armament of the schooner; but in this I was unsuccessful, much to the delight of Black Tom, who professed to be as good a gunner with heavy artillery as could be found in the royal navy. Never having witnessed a display of his skill, I was rather disposed to doubt the somewhat extravagant narration of the wonders he had performed. However, as no better person could be procured, I decided that he should be captain of the gun, subject, of course, to the approval of Captain Gordon.

"Embarking my men in such boats as could be obtained, we started to return. Light and baffling winds prevented our making the speed we could have wished, and it was within an hour of sunset before we reached the appointed rendezvous. As we rounded the island, and came suddenly in sight of the schooner, a cheer

of admiration burst from the whole party. She was, indeed, as neat a little craft as I ever saw upon the water. Her long, low hull was beautifully moulded, with a sharp bow and long, lean run. It was evident she would come as near to putting the wind's eye out with her flying jib-boom-end, as any craft that floated, while her great breadth of beam indicated that sail might be carried as long as the canvass held to the bolt-ropes; her hull was painted perfectly black, with the exception of a narrow streak of bright red extending on a line with the water from the bow to the taffrail; her spars and rigging were in keeping with the hull; the masts, larger than usual for a vessel of her tonnage, were of great length; and the lofty topmasts, raking far away aft, were crossed by heavy yards for the immense topsails. The ordinary standing rigging was also of unusual size and strength; in addition to which, preventer-braces were rove and preventer-backstays and guys set up in every situation where their aid could by any possibility be required; in short, the schooner was in perfect order either to go into action or encounter a hurricane.

"The men were evidently highly pleased with their vessel, as indeed they had good reason to be, and having satisfied ourselves with a view at a distance, we pulled rapidly alongside, and sprang upon her deck with as much impetuosity as if we had intended to take her by boarding.

"Harry, dressed in a neat and becoming uniform, was pacing the quarter-deck with the air of an admiral, and looking the very ideal of a bold privateer chief. Having mustered the men in the waist, I went aft and reported myself. Harry grasped my hand with a look expressive of the utmost gratitude; then turning to the men, and assuming a dignified and rather severe air—for he was a strict disciplinarian—he addressed them:

"My lads," said he, "the expedition upon which we are bound will be one of danger, hardship, and probably of death, to some among you. I shall therefore expect each man to be a hero, and to act as if success depended upon him alone. Our object will be to make prizes of the enemy's merchantmen, in the pursuit of which we shall undoubtedly encounter some of their ships of war. As a means of offence, we have the thirty-two pounder amidships, and the carronades upon the side. For defence, we must trust to our heels—and I think the schooner can outsail on the wind anything in his majesty's service—and the skill with which you can use the musket and boarding-pike. The prize-money

shall be fairly and honorably distributed, but remember, it must be captured before it can be distributed. If any of you have the least hesitation about proceeding upon this cruise, now is the time to make it manifest and return to your homes; hereafter you will not have the opportunity, and the first man that flinches before the enemy shall be treated as an enemy, and cut down with as little mercy. Finally, my lads, I wish you to bear in mind that this vessel shall never be surrendered, if escape is impossible. I will blow her into the air sooner than strike my flag."

"This speech was received with cheers by the men, who were not at all displeased with the spirit and sentiments of their young commander, for they saw in his determination an evidence of success. The crew was now divided into quarter watches, the boatswains and other petty officers chosen from among their own number; Black Tom confirmed in his appointment as captain of the big gun, and myself elevated to the dignity of first lieutenant. These necessary arrangements being accomplished, an anchor watch was set, and the men sent below to their hammocks that they might be refreshed by a good night's rest, as it was the intention of Captain Gordon to get underweigh with the first glimpse of daylight.

"As morning dawned, I was awakened by the shrill sound of the boatswain's whistle merrily piping all hands to heave up anchor. Hastening upon deck, I found the men tumbling up the hatchways in high spirits, yet orderly, and with the quiet discipline observed on board a man-of-war. A portion of the crew manned the windlass and hove short, while others loosed the sails and stretched the halyards across the deck. This accomplished, Harry came upon deck and issued the order to 'heave up.' The windlass flew swiftly round to an animated song from the whole crew, and soon the anchor was sighted and fished, the jib was run up and the schooner's head fell rapidly off from the wind, the fore, main, and both topsails were mastheaded, and we began to hear the water rippling under our stern.

"Square the yards! ease off the fore, main and jib sheets!" thundered Harry, who always took command and issued all orders when upon deck, without regard to whose watch it chanced to be at the time. The little craft, gathering headway, dashed off before the wind with all the grace, if not the velocity, of a sea bird, and we were fairly underweigh.

"The sun rose brightly, the sky was without a cloud, the wind was fair, our vessel sailed even

better than we had hoped, and all things seemed ominous of a successful cruise. The breeze freshened as the morning advanced, and in less than two hours Block Island lay broad off our starboard beam. We now braced up, taking the wind—which was a little to the eastward of north—just forward of the beam, and stood out to sea, our course being due east, until we could clear the eastern end of Nantucket, when it was our intention to bear up to the north'ard and east'ard in the track of vessels sailing between Great Britain and the provinces. The greater part of this distance had been accomplished, and two hours more would put us fairly out to sea. This was better fortune than we had any reason to expect; for the British cruisers hovered continually about the coast, and the greatest danger we had to apprehend was in falling in their way before getting far enough at sea to be able to run away from them. Once at sea, and we should be comparatively safe. Harry and myself were leaning over the weather-rail, watching the motion of the vessel through the water, and congratulating each other upon our success thus far, when the lookout at the masthead startled us with the unwelcome cry of 'Sail ho!'

"Where away?" asked Harry, with an exclamation of vexation and disappointment.

"Dead ahead, and coming down toward us," returned the lookout.

"What does she look like?"

"Topsail schooner, near as I can make out; and English at that, judging from her rig. She carries no pole above the eyes of her to'gallant rigging; that's a regular Johnny Bull touch, and is what makes their ships look so squat and chunked."

"The approaching vessel was on the opposite tack, and coming down upon us rapidly. Although there was not much to fear from an enemy no stronger than ourselves, yet it was for our interest to avoid an engagement, for we might be crippled so badly as to fall an easy prey to the first ship we encountered. Had it been possible, we should have hauled sharp on the wind and soon run her out of sight; but to the windward lay Nantucket, and before we could clear the eastern extremity she would be up with us. The only alternative was to keep away to leeward; but to run in that direction was nearly as bad as to fight, for to the south'ard we should be almost certain of falling in with heavily-armed vessels.

"After some hesitation it was decided to keep away, and the order was about being given to square the yards, when the lookout

led us with 'sail ho, broad off the lee beam! Upon looking in the direction indicated, what was our surprise and consternation to behold within a distance of less than ten miles, a heavy square rigged ship, under a cloud of canvases, beating up towards us. Having been so intent upon watching the movements of the schooner, this new adversary had until now entirely escaped our notice.

"By the powers, Captain Gordon!" said I, as I began to comprehend the extent of our danger, 'I think we have managed to get ourselves into rather warm quarters here, with the island on one hand, a ship of the line on the other, and a vessel quite as strong as ourselves coming down upon us in front. I think the game is up with us.'

"Harry made no reply for a moment, but taking his glass he looked long and earnestly at the island and the two approaching vessels; turning to me, with a peculiar smile, he said:

"Joe Grummet, my fine fellow, I don't wish to flatter you, but I will say, no man living has a better heart than beats under that dirty, blue shirt of yours; but for all that you will never make a good commander, never; take my word for it."

"There was no time to question as to what course he intended to pursue, for the schooner was now almost within range, and lowering her foresail, and throwing her fore-topsail to the mast she awaited our approach. We were going at the rate of at least twelve knots an hour, heading midway between the island and the schooner. Without deviating, we kept upon a straight course, with as little apparent concern as if there had been no enemy in sight. For myself, I was at a loss to comprehend what it was his intention to do. It certainly appeared to me that our only safe course was to put the schooner about, retrace our course, and endeavor to make Newport harbor; but he, apparently, thought otherwise, for he still kept on, heading so as to bring us within a mile of the brigantine, which was now laid to with the evident intention of beating us back should we attempt to pass, thereby throwing us in the power of the line of battle-ship, which would be within range in less than an hour, if the wind held, and there was no reason to suppose that it would not.

"Our men, although full of enthusiasm, were evidently anxious and concerned, as with scarcely concealed impatience they alternately turned their eyes upon the foe, now so near, and upon their young commander, in expectation of some order; but he, cool and unconcerned, paced the deck, leisurely, smoking his cigar.

"Our bold advance obviously occasioned no little surprise on board the brigantine, and caused them to change their plan of attack, as they soon filled away their main-topsail, came about, and stood upon the same tack as ourselves, but some three points nearer the wind. Could we have kept to the windward also, all would have been well, and we would soon have run them out of sight; but the island still stretched for a long distance ahead upon the weather side, effectually preventing our escape. A few minutes sufficed to show that our vessel was a much better sailer than the brigantine; but she was still ahead, and upon the course we were then running she would in a short time cross our fore-foot.

"In silence, and with anxious curiosity, we watched the approach of our enemy, who apparently intended to work to windward and lay us by the board. This appeared so evident to the men forward, that no little uneasiness was manifested at the absence of any measures to repel an attack of that kind; indeed, they were upon the point of going aft in a body, to demand an explanation of the course we were pursuing, when a small cloud of white smoke puffed forth from the weather bow port of the brig, and the next instant a round shot sang shrilly through our topmast rigging, and plunged into the water beyond, throwing up a column of spray.

"Just as I expected, by Jove!" exclaimed Harry, rubbing his hands in joyful excitement. 'That fellow will keep away soon, depend upon it, now that he finds himself within range. He thinks to maintain a good safe distance, and amuse himself with cutting away our spars, when he can take us at his leisure; but he'll find himself mistaken in that particular, or I'm no judge of the strength of this good schooner; these spars were never intended to be cut away by carronades at long range.'

"The brigantine, as he had predicted, almost immediately fell off three or four points, making her course precisely parallel with our own. Our superior sailing qualities were now very perceptible, and we were rapidly drawing abreast of the brigantine, when the order was given to clear away the guns. The men sprang to their posts with alacrity, and Black Tom, with his ebony countenance expressive of the most intense enthusiasm, examined, for the hundredth time, every part of the rigging of his favorite piece, that there might be nothing to obstruct its free working.

"The few minutes that elapsed before we came exactly abreast of each other, was passed in breathless anxiety. All eyes were directed

toward the enemy, when a slight commotion upon her deck announced that we might expect a commencement of hostilities. Suddenly a broad sheet of flame burst from the brigantine, completely enveloping her in the thick, white smoke which shot from her ports from stern to stern. Another instant, and the iron storm burst upon us. The crashing of bulwarks, and the dull, heavy plunge of the balls, as they buried themselves in our spars, while splinters flew thick and fast around us, for a moment held us spellbound; then the thundering report, as the sound came slowly up to us from the leeward, was mingled with the cries and moans of our own wounded. Quite a number of our men had been more or less injured by the splinters. While they were being taken below, the state of the spars and rigging was examined. To our joyful surprise we found that very little damage had been sustained; with the exception of a few shot through the sails, and the loss of our fore-topmast backstay, which had been cut away by a chain shot, there was nothing of importance. Several shot had buried themselves in our spars, but as I have before stated, they were of such unusual size that a single shot at long range could affect them but little.

"These facts being ascertained, we had time to look for the brig. The broadside had materially deadened her headway, while at the same time we had been shooting ahead with increased velocity, and were considerably in advance as well as to windward. Our men were burning with impatience to avenge their comrades, and had it not been for the large ship which was doing her utmost to come up with us, I think Harry would have engaged the brigantine at once. As it was, however, it would have been folly to reply to their broadside, it being evident that their guns were of much larger calibre than our own, giving them the advantage of having us within their range, while they were out of ours. Our long tom, certainly, would have bored them through and through, but it would have been worse than useless to deaden our headway by firing, when a few minutes would suffice to place us beyond their reach.

"Could we sustain their next broadside without injury to our spars, we were safe. It was therefore with intense anxiety that we watched their preparations for another discharge. These were quickly completed; the brigantine yawed widely, and a second time was sheeted fore and aft with the death-dealing flame. Our men being so much excited to take any precautions in safety, stood watching the shot as it came down upon us, ricocheting over the

water, or rising high in the air, as they were directed to our top-hamper; but shot after shot plunged into the water short of us, while only two or three came on board, with their force so far spent as to be of little effect. A deafening cheer rose simultaneously from the whole crew, as the last shot passed harmlessly over us. We were now out of range, and, better still, had nearly cleared the island. It was at our option whether to fight or run.

"All eyes were now turned upon Harry; the men were hardly disposed to leave without firing a single gun. Harry read their thoughts in their inquiring glances. For a moment he hesitated; then catching the enthusiasm, he gave the order to clear away the long gun. Never was order more promptly obeyed; Black Tom was in ecstasies. The immense piece was speedily charged and trained to bear upon the chase.

"Do your best, Tom, and try to cut up their rigging a bit," said Harry, as the negro laid his black face upon the breech of the gun, and glanced along its polished surface.

"Ay, ay, Massa Gordon, I'll show 'em how it's done. Dese white trash tink ole Tom don't know nuffin' 'bout a gun; I'll show 'em."

"Having taken what seemed an unnecessarily long time in sighting the piece, Tom stepped quickly aside and applied the match. A jet of flame, a thundering report, shaking the little schooner to her keelson, and we anxiously watched the effect of the ball. It was impossible to tell whether it struck the brig or not; no rigging fell, no splinters were seen; but still we had not seen it fall into the water. The general impression was, however, that it had passed over and fallen into the sea to leeward of the chase.

"An exclamation of disappointment broke from Harry, as he cast a threatening glance toward the poor negro, who seemed completely thunderstruck at his want of success, after the many stories of his wonderful skill. Without raising his eyes to meet the angry looks of his shipmates, he busied himself in reloading for a second discharge. Once more the gun was trained, and Tom stooped to take sight. Glancing along the bright tube for a moment, he fixed his eye upon the brig, when suddenly springing from the piece, he threw his hat high into the air, and yelled out in a perfect ecstasy of delight and enthusiasm:

"Ya, ya! no hit him, 'eh? Ole Tom nobody, aint he? Jis look at dar ar brig!"

"As he spoke, we saw the brig's fore-topmast totter for a moment, then plunge heavily to the deck, carrying in its fall the head of the main

topmast. A more complete triumph Tom could not have wished, and the glance of contempt and conscious superiority which he cast upon us all was something to be remembered for a life time.

"Well done, my black prince—try them again!" shouted Harry; in his excitement hitting Tom such a slap on his back as almost to deprive him of breath.

"Tom once more sighted the gun and applied the match. This time the course of the ball was apparent, as it was fired low, and skipped over the surface, entering the bulwark by the knight heads, throwing the splinters high into the air, and raking the brig fore and aft. By the sharp, metallic ring, as the ball struck, we knew that some of her guns were dismounted. A constant fire was now kept up with the big gun, Tom making splendid practice, every ball telling with great effect.

"What say, my lads, shall we take that craft?" exclaimed Harry, as a more than ordinarily successful shot carried the brig's mainmast close to the deck, leaving her completely helpless upon the water.

"An enthusiastic cheer was the response. The schooner was immediately put about, and with a free wind we ran down toward her. A few minutes brought us within hailing distance. The effect of our fire had been really surprising. Of the twelve carronades which she carried, there now remained but five that were not dismounted.

"Do you surrender?" thundered Harry from his station in the main rigging, as we ranged up alongside the brig.

"A feeble cheer was the only answer. It could scarcely be expected they would surrender with a very good grace when a ship of the line was almost, if not quite, within range, and coming to their rescue.

"Stand by for a broadside!" said Harry, in a tone loud enough to be heard by the enemy. Then once more hailing the brig, he called out: "Haul down your colors, or I'll blow you out of water!"

With a spirit worthy of admiration, the brig replied by giving us the contents of her few remaining guns, which, however, did us but little damage, as they were badly aimed.

"Fire!" shouted Harry; and with a deafening roar our whole broadside was poured in upon them.

"Ready about, and give them the other side!" was the next order; but it was not executed, as a voice from the brig called out:

"We have surrendered."

"Our helm was put hard up, and in a moment we were alongside. Cutlass in hand we poured over her rail and took possession. The captain of the brig advanced and presented his sword; but Harry drew back.

"What have you of value on board, sir?" he asked, in a stern and threatening manner.

"We have our arms, sir," replied the captain of the brig, with dignity, again presenting his sword.

"Your arms, eh?—and is that all?" continued Harry, a second time repulsing the proffered weapon. "Come, I have no time or inclination to parley while yonder ship is overhauling us so rapidly. What else have you?"

"The officer was silent.

"With well feigned rage Harry turned to his crew with the order to convey the prisoners below, close the hatches upon them, and place a slow-match in the magazine, to blow the ship and her company into the air together.

"Had there been any probability of this threat being carried into execution, there is no doubt but our men would have promptly refused to obey the command, but well understanding that the proximity of the enemy's ship was the only reason for resorting to such a desperate mode of intimidation, they sprang with apparent fury upon the defenceless crew, and were rapidly hurrying them below, when one of the men with a fainter heart than the others, broke from the grasp of his captors, and throwing himself at Harry's feet, begged in piteous accents that his life might be spared, offering to disclose where a large amount of specie was stored.

"This, of course, was all we desired, and instead of pitting the prisoners below, a portion of the crew hurried them over the side and into their boats, while the rest were busily engaged transferring cask after cask of the precious metals from the brig to our own deck. While this was taking place, Harry improved the opportunity to apologize to the English captain for his rudeness; but an apology was scarcely required, as he must have seen that, under the circumstances, prompt measures were imperatively demanded.

"Our men worked with a will, and in an incredibly short space of time everything of value was removed, and the brig's crew were pulling away with their wounded toward the approaching ship. All being accomplished, a train and slow match was laid to the magazine, the brig fired in half a dozen places, and we once more braced up our yards and stood out to sea. Nor were we a moment too soon; the ship had come up so rapidly while we were flying by the brig,

as to have us fairly within range, and we were in reality in as great danger at the moment as at any time through the day.

"We had scarcely left the brig when the ship opened upon us with her bow-chasers. Shot after shot passed through our sails and rigging, doing much damage. A single well aimed shot striking any of our spars would have placed us entirely at their mercy; but with our light fore-and-aft rig, we were much more than a match, on the wind, for the cumbrous square sails of the ship, and in a short time we were well out of range.

"The ship perceiving the folly of chasing us farther, laid her main-top-sail to the mast to pick up the boats containing the brig's crew. By this time it had become quite dark, and the bright flames as they shot up from the burning vessel lighted the ocean for miles around. Suddenly an immense and blinding column of flame shot up to a tremendous height in the air, followed by a terrific explosion, and the next moment but a few charred and blackened timbers remained of the gallant vessel.

"Although the damage we had sustained was comparatively trifling, yet in consideration of the prize taken, it was decided to go into port to refit. Accordingly standing boldly out to sea until it became so dark that our movements could not be discerned from the ship, we doubled upon our course, and with a leading breeze stood back toward Newport harbor. At sunrise, next morning, our little craft was lying at anchor in her old mooring grounds, having been gone upon her cruise something less than twenty-four hours.

"When the prize money was distributed, it was found that the amount of treasure very much exceeded what we had anticipated, the brig having a very large amount on board for the supply of British troops. I should be afraid to tell you how much fell to the share of the private hands, but it was a pretty sum. Harry, of course, as owner and commander, took the lion's share, which enabled him to provide a sumptuous entertainment for the whole ship's company, when a week later he had us all up to the house of his father-in-law, to be present at his wedding.

"The little schooner made another still more successful cruise before the close of the war, but as that was the only occasion of her having any very serious brush with ships of war, I have mentioned it to show, that although privateering is now into disrepute, yet they may, and have help to government, while they at the same time make a pretty thing for themselves."

THE MAY-BASKET.

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. SOULE.

A low, silvery laugh came floating down the green lane which skirted the garden of Mr. Herbert, and then there rippled, over the balmy evening air, a song as clear and joyous as the rich notes which gush from the throat of a bird at sunset. Anon a slight, delicate-looking girl came tripping along, her white cape-bonnet slung carelessly upon one arm, and a light wicker-basket hung on the other, from beneath whose cover peeped out the greenest of mosses, long wreaths of ground pine, and here and there clusters of that sweetest and most beautiful of early wild flowers, the trailing arbutus, with its fairy-like blossoms.

In the May of life was that lovely girl, with her sun-colored tresses falling in luxuriant waves over her snowy and finely-moulded shoulders and neck, with her brightly beaming blue eyes, her rose-tinted cheeks, and her full scarlet lips. The sunshine and joy of the elegant home to which she was hastening, was sweet Nell Herbert; and though a shadow for years had trailed its dark, spectre like figure over the hearth-stone, the anthem had blended even with the notes of the dirge.

The crimson lights of the western sky had faded entirely ere the young daughter turned from the gate to enter the house, for a fine manly form had stayed her quick step, while soft, mellow-like tones had whispered a beautiful greeting. But as the firm footfalls grew faint in the distance, she hurried in, and drawing her low rocker close to the fireside, commenced weaving a light, gipsy-like basket out of the pine, binding in tufts of moss with a rare grace and skill, and then wreathing the handle and rim with the crimson edged blossoms which she had so carefully culled from their hill side home. A middle-aged lady, whose cast of face would have charmed a stoic, sat near, watching closely the slender fingers as they flew in their task, while a fine-looking man, whose locks seemed silvered with care rather than years, often put by his paper and glanced tenderly at the flower-maiden.

"Finished!" cried she, at length, with a joyous laugh; "is it not beautiful?" and she proudly passed it about.

"As fair a May-basket as will be hung out to-morrow, I ween," said the mother, as she inhaled the fragrant breath of the blossoms; while the father, pressing a kiss on the sunny brow of the graceful maker, whispered that it made him feel young again only to look at it, and he said

he half wished it were to be fastened to the latch of his own front door.

"Do you, dear father, well—if—" She hesitated, a deep blush making crimson her cheeks.

"If it were not for a certain young lawyer a little way off, the old father should have it," said Mr. Herbert, in a gay tone; and then relapsing quickly into the saddened one that had become habitual to his lips, he added: "No, no, dear Nell, keep not the basket for me. Life, like the year, can have only one May. The blossoms of mine were as bright as your own. Heaven grant that the fruit of your autumn be more golden than mine." He sighed as he spoke, gave an earnest yet troubled look to a painting that hung in a recess, and then bowed his head and covered his face with a quivering hand.

Carefully the young girl laid aside the floral offering, and then as gently stole to his side, clasped her arms about him, and caressed his damp cheeks. The mother, too, stole near, after a little while, and the trio were wrapped in a warm embrace. Then, when all were somewhat calmed, they knelt down, and a voiceless prayer went up to heaven.

With the first golden streak of daylight, the beauteous Nell darted from her couch, and soon, with her May-basket in hand, tripped lightly down the gravelled garden walks, up through the verdant lane, across the narrow path worn in the meadow, and the yet narrower one traced in the bit of woodland, till she came in sight of a home as spacious and elegant as her own. Swiftly she passed up the broad avenue that led to its marble steps, and hastily fastening the gift, the love-token of her guileless heart, upon the silver knob, she bounded off with the fleet step of a frightened fawn. Reaching her own gate, she lingered awhile beside it, watching the brilliant flashes of sunlight which gleamed in the east, and making the balmy air, in the meanwhile, vocal with the joy of her gladsome spirit. Not until the broad golden disk was fairly above the horizon did she turn to enter the house, but a wild cry of surprise then burst from her lips as she beheld, suspended by a broad white ribbon to the knob of the hall-door, a large wicker-basket, covered with a blanket of the finest and softest snowy merino, richly embroidered with a pattern of oak leaves and acorns. Instinctively, Nell touched the delicate covering to draw it aside; then reflection stayed her fingers, and she rushed rapidly towards her parents' chamber.

"Father, mother, come quickly. Here is a mystery. O, do make haste."

Half in terror, half in wonder, they appeared in the hall. Eagerly she led them to the porch.

"A strange May-basket this," said Mr. Herbert, as his eyes rested curiously upon it. "What do you fancy, Nell, lies underneath this princely blanket?"

"May I see, father?" asked she, eagerly, and ere he could answer, drew it aside.

"The innocent, the beautiful, the darling," were the endearing epithets that fell in rapid succession from her lips, as she beheld, quietly sleeping upon a pillow of down, a tiny babe, over whose soft cheeks not more than three moons could have beamed. "You will keep it, wout you, dear father?" exclaimed she, with girlish fervency. "O, do say that you will—it is so fair, so sweet. Dear little one, how could your mother have spared you so early?" And she knelt down and impressed a passionate kiss upon its lips.

Gently did her mother raise it from its little bed and fold it to her heart. "We will keep you, little one, and look upon you, too, as a godsend to the hearth soon to be left so lonely;" and pleadingly she gazed into her husband's eyes.

Just then the babe awoke, and as its first glance fell upon Mr. Herbert, who was standing close beside it, a smile of angelic beauty dimpled its face, and its slender white arms were extended towards him.

"Winsome one," said he, tenderly, as he took it from his wife, "do you, too, say keep me. It would be a hard heart that could resist that mute appeal. I baptize you into my love, sweet babe;" and he pressed his somewhat wrinkled cheek to the tiny one of velvet softness.

And then they sought some clue to its name and parentage. There was a delicate coral necklace about its neck and bracelets of the same fastened upon its wrists. Upon the golden clasps of each, the name "Lily" was inscribed, and upon the linen that was folded over its bosom, was written in fine characters the same saintly word. A small parcel was hidden under the soft pillow. A change of garments, was enclosed within, and a golden locket of exquisite make, on the one side of which was pictured a lovely face, half girl, half woman, while upon the other lay a braid of hair, a blending of two locks, the one of raven hue, the other of pale gold. Further than this, naught could be found. And so the little one was christened "Lily," and ere long was an idol to every member of the household.

To Nell, she was particularly dear, for, like most girls, when they themselves have been the youngest, she had a passion for a babe. "Were you my own sister," she would often say, when toying with the beautiful child, "I could not

love you more. Heaven bless the one that sent us our May basket."

Months passed away, and the anniversary of its birth to its new friends came on. Towards twilight of that day, as Nell sat beside it on the rug, tossing its playthings to and from it in wild glee, a louder, sweeter carol than before, gushed from its lips. Ere the dimples of the laugh had hid themselves, Nell chanced to gaze from the tiny face to the painting in the recess, and a thrilling cry burst from her.

"Mother, mother," said she, "do look at Lily and then at brother Will. Is she not like him? O, how nearly. Strange that I never noticed it before."

"Hush, Nell, for Heaven's sake, hush," said Mrs. Herbert, mildly. "Do not say aught about it, in your father's presence. He worships the babe, as we all do, but I fear he would soon give it another home; did he for one moment guess what I have."

"What you have, mother! What do you—what can you mean?"

"I hardly know, my daughter. Yet there is something in my heart that tells me this child is not a stranger's. Your brother loved a noble and beautiful girl, but her friends forbade their wedding, and I could not blame them, for he was not then one to whom a maiden could safely have been bound. It is three years since we have heard from him, you know. What has happened is all unknown. But the strange, the wonderful resemblance that sometimes plays upon that baby's face, goes to my heart. But say not a word of this to any one. The child is worth our love, whether a stranger's only, or a brother's and a son's."

Dearer than before was the infant now to the heart of Nell, and every day, it seemed to her, the resemblance between its tiny features and those of the noble boy portrayed upon the canvass, grew more and more striking. Many a furtive glance did she direct towards her father, as he sported with their Lily, to note if there was aught in his countenance to testify that he, too, had detected the wonderful likeness of the two. But his whole heart seemed to be absorbed in the babe that nestled on his knees, and Nell could never see that he gave a thought to the portrait of that son, who had been so hopeful in his boyhood, so wayward in his later years. But once, happening to enter the parlor with a noiseless footfall and voiceless lip, she beheld him, with the little one in his arms, standing close beside the painting, turning his eyes rapidly from the living to the pictured face, his own, meanwhile, alternately shadowed and smiling.

Then she saw him clasp Lily more passionately than usual to his bosom, and flood her little face with tears. A new and beautiful hope sprang up in the heart of the loving sister and child, and she went to her chamber and on bended knees blessed God for the ministry of little children.

Four other years, with their sunshine and their shade, passed over the heads of Lily and her adopted relatives; mostly sunshine were those years, for, though Nell in the second of them put on her bridal robe and went away to brighten another fireside, yet she went no farther than that beauteous home to which she had once borne her May-Basket, and every day her footsteps echoed in the parental halls, and her voice lent glee to its spacious rooms. And in the third year, there blended with her own the patter of footfalls of a bright-eyed boy, to whom, to the gladness of them all, the grandparent, when asked what they should name it, clasped it to his heart, and murmured "my bonnie Will." And never did he seem so happy as when he sat in his old arm-chair, dandling the noble grandson on his knees, and telling marvellous tales to the sylph-like Lily who nestled at his feet.

It was the fifth anniversary of their May-basket's gift. The little babe that then slept on its downy pillow had grown to be a very fairy of a child, with ringlets of the golden hue of sunlight clustering over her fair brow and shoulders, with eyes as blue and lustrous as the violet at morn, cheeks like the heart of a wild rose, lips like the scarlet strawberry, and a form which, in fragility and grace, might vie with the swaying stem of the flower whose name she bore.

The afternoon was fast closing, when Mrs. Herbert looked up from her sewing, and observed to her husband that it was growing late and time Lily was at home, adding, after a moment's pause: "Had you not better go and meet her? She will stay gipsying in the cave till sunset, else, and these dews are too chilly for her slender health."

Putting aside his paper, Mr. Herbert rose and walked to the gate. But even as he unlatched it, there rippled on his ear her joyous laughter, and soon she came in sight, holding by the hand, though, a strange, yet lovely woman.

With charming grace, the lady placed the tiny hand of Lily in her adopted father's, and said, pleadingly, in a voice as low and sybil like as the faintest echo of a wind harp: "Pardon me, sir, if I have caused you a moment's anxiety by the detention of your child. I met her a stranger in your woodland, and the resemblance bore to a babe I lost some years ago, pro-

my woman's heart to pour upon her golden head the tenderness so long repressed." She quivered in every nerve with agitation, and could only support herself by grasping at the railing.

Mr. Herbert trembled almost as wildly. A vague fear shot through his heart. "If his darling should be claimed, torn from him!" He staggered under the thought, and would have fallen, but that the lady gently passed her arm within his own and led him to a summer-house that stood near the gate.

For some moments, both were silent. Then the stranger spoke again. "This little Lily is not your own, but an adopted child, I learn?"

There was no answer. The old man only pressed the little one yet closer to his heart.

"Yes," said the lady, "you found her five years ago to-day in a wicker-basket which was tied to the silver knob of your hall-door with a broad white ribbon. She was covered with a marino blanket of lamb-like color, the edges of which were embroidered with a wreath of oaken leaves and acorns. She had corals on her neck and wrists, and the name 'Lily' inscribed on both, and upon the linen that was folded on her bosom, the same name was written in a lady's hand. In a little parcel that lay beneath the pillow was a change of garments and a golden locket. Say," and she grasped her listener's hand with almost maniac eagerness, "do I not tell the story as it was?"

"Ay, ay," muttered he. Then he added, in a loud, firm tone: "Yet this proves nothing. Any neighbor would have told the same."

"Have you the locket, sir?"

"It is within."

"Will you bring it here?" Nay," as she saw he hesitated whether to take or leave the child, "carry her with you. I will not ask her of you—of your own free will you shall give her up, or else keep her forever."

"My husband, my husband," screamed Mrs. Herbert, as she saw him unlock his cabinet with a hasty hand, "what ails you? you are a ghost in color. Say," and she clasped his arm, "what is the matter—what has happened?"

"Come and see," said he, wildly; and she went with him to the summer-house. A single glance at the beautiful stranger revealed the foregoing scene. "The lady of the locket!" she exclaimed, and sunk tremblingly upon a seat.

"Yes, the lady of the locket," said the stranger, throwing aside her bonnet and drawing out the silver combs that were fastened in her hair. In luxuriant waves of raven hue it fell upon her neck, and, save that the face about which it clustered was more womanly than the pictured one,

the miniature was as striking as though the sun had drawn it.

"May I take it for a moment?" said the lady, offering her hand for the golden links. They passed it to her. Lightly she trailed her fingers over the rich chasing of the edge, then pressed a little upon one of the delicate lines. Like an unsprung watch, it opened, and a folded paper dropped. She motioned Mr. Herbert to pick it up, and whispered, "read it aloud."

He did so, she, meanwhile, falling at his feet, and bowing her head upon his knees. For one moment, there was a fearful struggle in the old man's heart. It passed, and the stranger felt his hand laid kindly on her brow, while the words "my daughter, my daughter," fell like heavenly music upon her ear.

"Father, mother, child," she murmured, and rising, clasped them alternately to her heart.

"And William?" asked the mother, all tremulous yet.

"Is there room for him in your hearts?" spake a voice from a cluster of tangled lilacs beside them. Those rich, mellow tones! How eloquent they were!

"Room? *always, ever,*" breathed the father. Ere the words were fairly uttered, there was another added to the group, and upon every face a strange, mysterious blending of tears and smiles. * * * * *

A low, silvery laugh came floating down the green lane which skirted the garden, and ere long, a joyous song rose and fell in notes of thrilling melody.

"Sister Nell," said William.

"Ay, sister Nell," repeated she, a moment after, as she laid her sunny face upon his breast. "Sister Nell and her May basket;" and turning to her husband, who stood outside the lattice work, she took from the wicker carriage he had drawn there, her own "bonnie Willie."

The tableau was perfected then. The crimson lights of sunset have seldom fallen upon one more joyous. "Destiny, out of sadness and darkness, juggled up a sudden tree of Life and Love, and gave them the golden apples of the Hesperides."

YOUTH.—Bestow thy youth so that thou mayst have comfort to remember it, when it hath forsaken thee, and not sigh and grieve at the account thereof. Whilst thou art young thou wilt think it will never have an end; but behold, the longest day hath its evening, and thou shalt enjoy it but once; it never returns again; use it, therefore, as the spring-time, which soon departeth, and wherein thou oughtest to plant and sow all provisions for a long and happy life—*Sir Walter Raleigh*.

SAGACITY OF THE ARCTIC BEAR.

On one occasion, a bear was seen to swim cautiously to a rough piece of ice, on which two female walrus were lying asleep with their cubs. The wily animal crept up some hummocks behind the party, and with the help of his fore feet loosened a large block of ice; this, with the help of his nose and paws, he rolled and carried till immediately over the heads of the sleepers, when he let it fall on one of the old animals, which was instantly killed. The other walrus, with its cubs, rolled into the water, but the younger one of the stricken females remained in its dam; upon these helpless creatures the bear now leaped down, and thus completed the destruction of the two animals which it would not have ventured to attack openly.

The stratagems practised in taking large seals are much less to be admired. These creatures are remarkably timid, and for that reason always lie to bask or sleep on the very edge of the pieces of floating ice, so that on the slightest alarm they can, by one roll, tumble themselves into their favorite element. They are exceedingly restless, constantly moving their heads from side to side, and sleeping by very short naps. As with all wild creatures, they turn their attention to the direction of the wind, as if expecting danger from that quarter. The bear, on seeing his intended prey, gets quietly into the water, and swims till he is leeward of him, from whence, by frequent short dives, he silently makes his approaches, and so arranges his distance that at his last dive he comes up to the spot where the seal is lying. If the poor animal attempts to escape by rolling into the water, he falls into the bear's clutches; if, on the contrary, he lies still, his destroyer makes a powerful spring, kills him on the ice, and devours him at his leisure.—*Voyages to the Arctic Sea*.

NOVEL ARITHMETIC.

An Ohio correspondent becomes sponsor for the following, which as a matter of fact, he wishes to put on record: Whittaker is one of the richest men in those parts, and has made his money by diving sharp bargains. His hired man was one day going along with a load of hay, which he overturned upon a cow. The poor thing was smothered to death before they could get her out. Her owner, Jones, called upon Mr. Whittaker the next day, and demanded payment for the loss of his cow.

"Certainly," said Mr. Whittaker, "what do you think she is worth?"

"Well, about ten dollars," said Jones.

"How much did you get for the hide and tallow?"

"Ten dollars and a half, sir."

"O, well, then you owe me just fifty cents."

Jones was mystified, and Whittaker very fierce in his demand, and before Jones could get the thing straight in his mind, he forked over the money.—*New York Tribune*.

Unbridled youth, the more it is by grave alliance counselled, or by due correction controlled, is less likely to confusion, hating all that brings it from its native state, as the cypress doth all remedies that should make it fertile.

THE MEMORY OF THE PAST.

BY FRANK JOHNSON.

Though the bright light of hope may find
 An entrance in the breast,
 And point us to futurity,
 And smile our fears to rest;
 Yet even the pure smiles of hope
 In clouds are sometimes cast;
 They cannot pierce the sombre veil—
 The memory of the past.

It haunts the heart like spectres grim,
 It wells the light of day;
 It stamps dark furrows on the brow,
 And makes the soul its prey;
 It is the worm that dieth not—
 It gnaweth to the last;
 And none a greater curse can know,
 Than the memory of the past.

THE LETTER AND THE REPLY.

BY MRS. M. T. MUNROE.

"SEE what a mere apology for a letter!" said Mrs. Lewis, holding up a letter she had just received from her husband; "not a word more than is actually necessary, as if the writing at all was a task the sooner rid of the better."

"Yes, that is just it," replied her friend, Mrs. Stuart, to whom she was now on a visit, "just my husband's letters exactly. Before we were married, the letters covered two full sheets of large-sized letter paper; now alas! what a falling off—a small-sized sheet is torn in halves, a few lines scribbled somewhat after this fashion:

"My dear wife:—I shall not be able to return home before next week on account of business. I hope you are well, and all the children. I am doing first rate—went out sailing yesterday.

"Yours truly."

"Now isn't it provoking?" said Mrs. Lewis, laughing at her friend's remarks; "but I will write him as good as he sends. Didn't I send him a good long letter, telling him everything I could think of which I thought would interest him, and now see what I have in return, not even a small sheet filled, and the words sprawled out as if to make the most of them."

"That's right, Susy, write a very ceremonious letter, beginning with, 'Dear sir,' saying you are enjoying yourself very much, and think you will not return at present; sign it, 'Yours respectfully—SUSAN LEWIS.'"

"That would be capital, and I am going to do it. I doubt not he is enjoying himself so much that he cannot find time to write to me. 'Out of sight, out of mind.' Surely these men are careless, heedless beings."

"Ah, they little think of our anxious moments and weary hours," rejoined Mrs. Stuart, in a sentimental tone.

"Pshaw!" said Mrs. Lewis, looking at the letter again and pouting her pretty lip. "Business eternally—just as if it would have taken him much longer to fill the paper, and tell me what he was doing and many other things I wish so much to know."

"He might at least," said Mrs. Stuart, who seemed to delight in making the matter as bad as she could, "he might have told how he missed you and longed for your return; might have been a little more lover-like, might he not?"

"Just so, ah! the difference between a lover and a husband."

"A world of difference surely. Heigho, and most admirably portrayed by letters. Now a lover's letters are things to be treasured up, and thought of, and kept sacred from prying eyes, but a husband's, at least, my husband's, contain nothing, to repay the trouble of filing them away; and should curious eyes read them, they'd learn nothing but his whereabouts, perhaps, the state of his health, and the probability of his return home."

"I am determined," said Mrs. Lewis, "to write him a letter showing him I can be as cool and as brief as he can be. It will be a capital joke. 'Dear sir!' what will he think has come over me? and when he looks at the signature, 'Yours respectfully,' ha, ha!"

So the two friends laughed merrily over the letter that was to be, and then turned the conversation to other subjects.

Mr. Lewis sat in his room before a table filled with papers. Care and anxiety were on his countenance, and he often pressed his hand to his forehead as if in pain.

The door opened, and one of his business friends entered.

"Well, how do you get along, Lewis?"

"Badly enough," said he, gloomily.

"The case is worse than you thought at first?"

"No worse than I feared it might be, though still I hoped it might not be so bad."

"Who would have thought Stafford would have served you such a trick?"

"Ah, we know not with whom we are safe. I have seen the time I would have trusted him with untold sums, and now what is he?"

"But shall you be able to go on with your business?"

"I hope to be able to do so, if my creditors will be willing to wait. I will give them my word that they shall be paid, as indeed they all be, though I should be obliged to work day

and night to do it. However, I am glad for one thing, my wife is not here just now, and will not know of this unhappy affair till it is all settled."

"Still her presence and sympathy might be a comfort to you; you are looking like the shadow of yourself. I should say she is the very person you need."

"But Susy is nervous and excitable, and I fear this affair might prove an injury to her. I wrote to her but the other day, and I suppose she thought the letter cold and hurried, but I felt very miserable, I dared not write what was in my mind, and I could think of nothing else."

A servant entered and gave him a letter. "My wife's handwriting," said he, as he opened it. He read it in a very few moments, for it was very short. Ah! little thought the writer, as in sport she penned that letter, that so sad a face would bend over it, or that those cold, strange words would fall upon such a weary heart.

"What can it mean?" said Herbert Lewis to himself. "How unlike Susy is this letter. I don't understand it."

His friend seeing that something in the letter troubled him, and having too much delicacy to inquire the cause, soon withdrew.

"She says she is enjoying herself, that she has no wish to return, and indeed shall not at present. She seems very cold and strange, quite unlike herself. I cannot at all understand it."

Now there came up to Mr. Lewis's mind the thought, that insanity was hereditary in his wife's family. He was himself nervous just then; having slept but very little for three or four nights, and taken scarcely any food, he was in precisely the state to let such an idea possess him. Yes, his wife was certainly insane; she was of a nervous temperament, something had occurred of an exciting nature, and she had lost or was losing her reason. His gentle, affectionate wife would never have written him such a strange, cold letter, had she been in her right mind. The thought was dreadful to him. What cared he now for the loss of his property, the treachery of his partner! All former griefs were lost in this last overwhelming affliction.

His wife insane! And he had been thinking that day how he wished she would return, for he longed to lay his weary head upon her bosom and tell her all his trouble, he wished her sympathy, her gentle presence and the touch of her cool hand on his burning forehead. And now how could he bear this? The awful idea, vague and uncertain as it at first seemed, the longer it was thought of appeared more probable, till in his weak state it grew to a certainty; and if any

one had asked him that moment concerning his wife, there is no doubt but he would, with tears in his eyes, have informed them of her insanity.

What should he do? He could not go to her at present, and perhaps even if he could, it would not be advisable; he would write to her, taking no notice of her strange letter, and he would also write to her friend, to inquire if she had noticed anything strange in Susy's appearance. No, on second thoughts he would not write to her friend, but he would send his friend, Mr. Jones, whom Susy had never seen, to ascertain personally how she was, and to let him know.

So the next day he spoke to his friend upon the subject, telling him his fears; and his manner was so confident and impressive, that he had not a doubt of the lady's insanity, and promised to do all he wished, to make an excuse to stay two or three days or a week in the town, and to call at Mrs. Stuart's as often as he could.

Mrs. Stuart and her visitor sat in the drawing-room chatting merrily.

"When do you expect to hear from your husband, Susy?"

"I can't say, perhaps he'll be offended and not write at all. Do you know I almost repented writing that letter? Perhaps now he'll feel badly about it."

"O, don't you believe it, it may perhaps excite his curiosity, or he may perhaps write a more agreeable letter the next time, thinking that you were a little offended at his cold epistle."

"I am afraid it was more of a punishment to myself than to him, for I had many things I wanted to tell him which have been troubling me ever since. But I would have liked just to have seen his face when he read 'Dear sir—Respectfully yours—SUSAN LEWIS.'"

And both the ladies laughed. While they were in the midst of their merriment, Mr. Jones was announced. He bowed to both of the ladies, then turning to Mrs. Lewis said: "I am the bearer of a letter from your husband, he wished me to call upon you, and inquire personally concerning your health."

"Had he any particular anxiety in that respect?" said she archly, and glancing meaningly towards her friend.

"O, I don't know," said Mr. Jones, fearful that he might commit himself, "I don't know that he had; he did not say—he merely wished I should call, as I should be in town some days, and as I came directly from your place of residence, he said," and he bowed very politely, "that a call would without doubt be agreeable to you."

Mrs. Lewis returned the bow as in duty bound,

and said she was very much obliged to him for his attention. She then opened the letter, and as she was reading, Mr. Jones watched her narrowly. "She did not appear like an insane person certainly; and if left to himself the idea would never have entered his head. After reading the letter, she turned to her friend, and said rather pettishly:

"It is about the same as ever, but little improvement as I see," and she tossed the poor, offending message into her work-basket.

Don't be too sure, Mr. Jones, of the fair one's sanity. What could the remark, the action, and also the glance towards her friend, what could they all mean?

"Have you seen Mr. Lewis lately?" said Mrs. Stuart, who saw that Mrs. Lewis was not inclined to talk, and who felt that some one ought to speak.

"Yes, I saw him the day that I left."

"Was he well?"

"I thought him not looking so well as usual." Mrs. Lewis made a quick, nervous motion of her head. "He has been more than usually engaged in business of late."

Mrs. Stuart asked a few more questions, and a short, and rather forced conversation ensued, in which Mrs. Lewis took no part, but sat perfectly silent and still, saving a quick, nervous motion of her foot upon the carpet.

"She behaves strangely," thought Mr. Jones, and he began to feel more and more sorry for his friend. He now rose to take leave, and Mrs. Stuart, seeing that her friend was determined not to be agreeable, attended Mr. Jones to the door, and politely requested him to call again.

"Carrie," said Mrs. Lewis, when he had gone, "why did you ask him to come again?"

"Why, Susy, common politeness required me to do that."

"I don't care for common politeness," said she, the quick tears coming to her eyes.

"Why, what ails you, Susy? what was there in the letter to affect you thus?"

"There's not much in the letter," said she, "that is certain; but I can see through it all. Herbert is jealous or something of the kind, and has sent this Mr. Jones as a spy upon me."

"O, nonsense, Susy, that is your imagination."

"It is a fact, Carrie. I wish I hadn't written that foolish letter."

"Don't feel so badly about it; what if he is a little jealous? it but shows that the case is hopeless. I should like it all the better, but really, I see no reason why you should spite poor Mr. Jones in such a manner?"

"It is not what Herbert says directly in the letter, but I can see, for he is of such an open nature it is impossible for him to keep things to himself; and I can see that he is ill at ease about something, and something which concerns me! and I know that he wishes Mr. Jones to call here as a spy upon my actions. Now I don't like to be watched like a child, or as if I wasn't capable of taking care of myself. Now do you wonder that I did not treat the gentleman very politely?"

"If I were you, I should be tempted to get up a little flirtation with him, just for the sport of the thing."

"It wouldn't be a bad idea, but I have no heart to carry it on."

That evening Mr. Jones wrote to his friend, that he had visited Mrs. Lewis. At first he saw nothing to warrant his fears, but after a little while a few words she let fall, and the strange manner she received his letter, led him to think she might not be just right; still a person wholly unsuspecting would see nothing wrong. He would call again to-morrow.

He did call the next day. The ladies had company, and Mrs. Lewis was the gayest of all. Mr. Jones could but admire her. Then she had rather an excited look about her eyes, and her quick and rapid motions betrayed her nervousness. She treated him more politely than she had done the day before, urged him to stay when she found he was going, and asked him to call again.

The report that evening was that Mrs. Lewis was not a hopeless case, she seemed excited and nervous, nothing more.

The next day Mr. Jones called again and found Mrs. Lewis alone. Away from company and excitement she seemed quiet, although with a little constraint in her manner. She did not converse easily at first, but as the conversation turned from commonplace topics to literature and poetry, he noticed that she grew animated, and the old excitement came to her eyes. Mr. Jones was very agreeable, a lover of poetry and painting, and indeed a good talker on most any subject, and they became engaged in a very pleasant conversation.

He saw that the subjects upon which they were conversing excited her, and he should have avoided them, but he was interested and admired the enthusiasm of her manner, and thought if she was insane, she was a splendid specimen of insanity.

So matters went on, and in the meantime poor Mr. Lewis wearied with anxiety, and worried with business, wore himself into a fever. He made out to write to his friend, telling him not

to inform his wife of his illness lest it might make her worse.

Mrs. Lewis wondered that she received no letters from her husband, and attributing it all to poor Mr. Jones, grew cold and distant to him. He felt pained and distressed, though he looked upon the change in her manner as a symptom of her disordered mind.

One day when he met her alone he asked the cause of her treating him so coldly. She was silent. He pressed the question. She answered by abruptly asking him why she had had no news from her husband. He started at the suddenness of the question. She repeated it, and asked at the same time if he had had no letters. He hesitated. She saw her advantage and enjoyed it.

"I understand you, Mr. Jones; it is as I suspected at first."

"Mrs. Lewis, I pray you be calm, do not get so excited."

She laughed aloud. "I am not at all excited, I am perfectly calm, but I see your motive in coming here, and I saw it at first. My husband sent you."

He could not deny it. He put his hand upon her arm, and speaking soothingly again bade her be calm.

She was vexed at his manner, and flung his hand from her.

"What motive he had in sending you I cannot discern, but whatever it was, I have a right to know and must know. Can you tell me, sir?"

Her bright eyes grew brighter as she looked at him. Poor Mr. Jones expected every moment she would go into wild ravings, but she stood there silently waiting his answer.

"Whatever his motive may have been, madam, be assured it was for your good."

"For my good!" said she, scornfully. "Did he think me incapable of taking care of myself, or did he think I was not to be trusted?" And her bright eyes grew moist and liquid in their anger. Mr. Jones wished himself miles away, but he stammered out:

"Be assured he did not distrust you, he only wanted to know—exactly as one seeing you could know—and as he could not come himself on account of pressing business, he sent me."

And here he stopped, for Mrs. Lewis's face was perfectly startling in its scorn and anger. At length she spoke, and her voice was low, but full of passion.

"Wished to know exactly—could not come himself—and so he sent you—a fine mission truly. Business indeed! everything before his wife, even though he feared all was not right."

"Yes, madam," said he, catching at the words, "he feared all was not right."

She brushed away the tears which had been gathering in her eyes, and stood up proud and erect before him.

"He feared it, did he? well it is time then I were at home to prove to him that I am not the miserable being he is so cruel as to think me." And she turned and swept from the room with the air of a queen.

Mr. Jones stood looking after her. "Well, I don't know what will happen now, but she has worked herself into a perfect passion."

The next morning when Mr. Jones with many misgivings called to see Mrs. Lewis, he was told that she started for home the night before.

"Did she go alone?" he inquired.

"She did."

"Was it safe?"

"Why not? She came alone."

"But was she well? I noticed yesterday that she was not so well as usual."

"I saw nothing particular the matter. Her going home was rather sudden to be sure, but she had not heard from her husband for some time, and was rather uneasy concerning him."

Mr. Jones went to his hotel, packed his trunk, and took the next train for home.

"Is Mr. Lewis at home?" inquired Mrs. Lewis of the servant who opened the door for her.

"Sure, I'm glad you are come, marm, for master is very sick."

"Sick," said she, "and why was I not sent for?"

"I can't tell, marm, we wanted you bad enough, but master would not have you sent for, he said it would only worry and excite you."

"'Tis very strange," thought she to herself as she hurried up stairs. The anger which was in her heart when she started for home, all died away at the first news of her husband's illness, and when she went into his room and found him there so pale and sick and feeble, she went up to him, and kissing him affectionately said:

"Herbert, why did you not send for me?"

With his weak hands he lifted her face from his bosom, and gazing at her very fixedly said:

"My poor Suzy."

"She looked bewildered. "What do you mean, Herbert?"

"How do you feel, my dear?"

"Perfectly well," said she. "Don't I look well? But how you must have suffered! only to think of your lying here so sick, and I away. Why did you not send for me?"

"I feared you were not well. Have you been perfectly well since you have been gone?"

She looked amazed. "What could have led you to think otherwise?"

He was silent; she did not like to urge the question, though wondering what all this anxiety concerning her health could mean. He lay for a while gazing at her with a wistful, inquiring look, and at last he spoke:

"Susy, why did you write me that letter?"

"Why just for sport, I was sorry afterwards. It was naughty, wasn't it? But I was a little vexed because your letter was so short and hurried, and thought I would repay you in this way. But what did you think?"

"I was very unhappy."

She bowed her head upon his hands and said humbly, "I ask your forgiveness, Herbert."

"You did not mean to make me unhappy it is true; but just then I was worried and perplexed with business, which I must speak of by-and-by. I had not slept for some nights, and was very nervous and imagined dreadful things. Susy, I thought you must be crazy to write me a letter like that, and I was very miserable. To satisfy myself, I sent my friend to ascertain the truth."

"Well, did he not tell you to the contrary?"

"He said you were nervous and excited, but that one unsuspicious of the case would not guess your insanity. Then I was taken sick and wrote to him not to let you know of it, as it might make you worse."

"That explains then, Mr. Jones's hesitation, and singular behaviour. I judged from your letter that you suspected something, I could not think what, and had sent your friend as a spy upon me, and I felt very angry knowing my innocence of aught wrong. When I did not hear from you I grew uneasy, accused Mr. Jones of acting the spy upon me, got angry with him and left him in a towering passion, no doubt fully justifying his suspicions of my insanity. But I am so sorry, Herbert, that all this should have happened just from this foolish letter."

"But I have other things to tell you, Susy. Promise me that you will bear well what I have to say."

"I will do my best."

"It is this. My partner has gone off, taking with him a large sum of money. By the kindness of my creditors I shall be able to keep on in business; but it makes me poor for the present, and straitened in circumstances. This care and anxiety was the cause of my short and hurried letters to you, it was no lack of affection."

"And this with my hasty letter, was the cause of your sickness. How can I ever forgive myself?"

"I think however, I did wrong, Susy. I should

have been more open and told you the whole trouble. I should have had your sympathy, and you would have had no cause for writing such a letter, but I did not think you would bear trouble so well."

"I never have before had the trial. I can bear a great deal for those I love."

When Mr. Jones arrived, he was quite surprised to find Mrs. Lewis in such a calm and quiet state, watching beside the sick bed of her husband. She greeted him very cordially, saying she hoped he would excuse the impetuosity of her conduct at their last meeting.

He stammered and knew not what to say, not knowing in exactly what light to look upon her. Mr. Lewis took his hand. "My poor fellow," said he, "it was all the effects of my foolish imagination. I am happy to introduce you to my wife, who is I trust, perfectly sane—"

"And," said she, interrupting him, "very sorry for the trouble she has caused her husband and her husband's friend, whom she shall in future respect, and with whom she hopes to enjoy many more agreeable conversations."

It is needless to say that Mr. Lewis's recovery was now very rapid. He found that though one partner had deserted him, he had still one left who would not fail him in the hour of need. A few years re-established him in business, and it is thought he never had cause again to doubt his wife's sanity.

A BEAUTIFUL INSCRIPTION.

In Trinity church-yard, there is an inscription on a tomb, so singularly and affectingly beautiful, we cannot forbear to record it, and the emotions it awakened in the bosom of a stranger. It is an oblong pile of masonry surmounted by a slab stone, on which are deeply cut the following words:

"MY MOTHER!

The trumpet shall sound and the dead shall rise."

There are no other letters or characters to be found on the slab or pile. If there is one inscription in the thousand languages, that are, or have been, of earth, fitted to retain its sublime meaning through every period of time up to the resurrection morning, it is this. The writer seemed aware that names would be forgotten, and titles fade from the memory of the world. He, therefore, engraved the name by which he first knew her who gave him birth, on the stone—and the dearest of all names, that of MOTHER, shall sound a thrill through the heart of every one who may ever lean over this monumental pile. If any shall wish to know further of her, who had a child to engrave her most endearing name upon a rock, he is sublimely referred to the sounding of the trumpet and the rising of the dead, when he may know all.—*New York Mirror.*

Hope is like a bad clock, forever striking the hour of happiness whether it has come or not.

TRUST WHEN THE SHADOWS COME.

BY NETHER D. STRATTON.

There's many a witching, merry eye,
That as Old Time's car rolls swiftly by,
Mirrors the scene of some joyous gleam,
That lives in the heart like a clear, lost dream.
There's many a smiling, curving lip
Life's roses touch with a roguish tip,
That as pleasure's cup the fays hold up,
Taste deep the bliss that o'erflows the top.

Dim shades creep over the merry eye,
Fate throws ill as the gay go by;
This gathered dust soon breaks joy's crust,
The moths creep in, and the heart-gems rust;
Care-lines steal round the curving lip,
And the dimples fair from their niches slip,
Gloom sleeps on the brow, there's no joy now—
Trust was a stranger, its fires burned low.

When joys throng around us, and bright glows
The way, 'tis not hard to remember who strews
The fair boons we are craving, and guides
So carefully onward our barks—if He chides,
If he dim one bright hope our hearts deemed so true,
Then 'tis hard to remember who sends the ill too.
'Tis hard these repinings, these sad thoughts to quell,
To *trust* when the clouds come and say, "It is well!"

It is hard to believe the dark curtain of care
Is swayed by the Power that all blessings are!
We know that fresh showers nature's beauties unfold,
Tho' they darken the skies, with their banners unrolled.
But life's showers, tho' so needful, we scarce look to see
What they are unfolding, so wonderfully!
Ah, how blest the full heart, that tho' veiled with dark ill,
Can *trust* when the shadows come, and say 'tis God's will.

THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE.

BY M. M. BRAYNARD.

THE sun was setting in golden splendor, light-
ing up the village windows and causing the old
church spire to flash and sparkle almost as bril-
liantly as it had done in the days long gone.
Bright flashes occasionally gleamed amid the
ivy that covered the old stone walls, as the last
rays were reflected back from the deep-set, nar-
row windows, almost hidden by their leafy shroud.

That old church was the pride of every inhabit-
ant of the parish of Hollingwood, the almost
sole remaining record of the antiquity of their
beautiful village. The old mansions of the few
nobility that owned the parish had been kept in
repair, and in some instances so modernized that
it would have been difficult to decide when they
had been built. The old church, alone, had
escaped the destroyer's hand, and still rejoiced
in its heavy whitewashed arches, stone pavement,
tall pulpits and square pews, above which the
heads of the congregation were just visible.

On either side of the chancel stood the large
monuments of the family of the great man of
the parish, great gloomy-looking figures, sur-
rounded by innumerable angel faces, garlands
and harps, all discolored and dusty, but plainly
displaying the old-fashioned inscriptions, which
told the visitor the name and age of the Dame
Judith, or of her father, Sir Norman, and many
others of the family which nobody would feel
much interest in, as the said Dame Judith and
her sister were maids of honor to Queen Eliza-
beth, and died some two or three hundred years
before you or I was thought of, dear reader.

There was no organ in the old church of Hol-
lingwood, and the congregation were allowed to
join their voices in praise to their Maker with a
strength and devotion that would have astonished
the inanimate worshippers of more refined
churches. There were many fair faces and
sweet voices in that congregation, but fairest
and sweetest were the face and voice of Alice
Brooks, the adopted daughter of the village
blacksmith, the fairest maiden in Hollingwood.

Many were the admiring glances cast toward
the high oaken walls of the pew above which
that sweet face was visible, in strong contrast to
the dark complexion and homely looks of old
John Brooks and his wife; but Alice never
raised her eyes from her book, unless it was to
fix them on the old white-haired minister, so the
young men of Hollingwood decided that with
all her beauty Alice Brooks had no heart, and
very wisely turned their attention to the more
sociable if plainer beauties of the village.

But Alice had a heart, and a warm one, too;
and if she treated their advances coldly, it was
not through any disdain for the honor they
would bestow upon her, but simply because she
loved with her whole heart one who was the re-
alization of all her maiden dreams of a lover.

Sad hour was it for thee, sweet Alice, when
Henry Castleman came home to his father's,
and sadder still when he wooed you under the
shadow of the old willow, until your heart was
no longer your own, and in your ignorance, you
rejoiced that it was so, and gave no thought to
the future.

The father of young Castleman was the rich-
est farmer in Hollingwood, respected and be-
loved by his tenants, but feared in his own house
and disliked by the neighboring farmers. In his
capacity of church warden, he had always been
the friend of the poor; and not content with the
yearly charitable distributions that were made,
he was always proposing some improvement or
repairing that gave work to many, and helped to
make him popular.

This would have been all very well, had it not attracted the attention of the great man of Hollingwood (every parish in England has its great man), who, pleased at the comfort and cleanliness everywhere apparent among the villagers, felt much satisfaction in showing Mr. Castleman how he appreciated his endeavors to improve Hollingwood, by frequently inviting him to his table, sending for him to give his opinions on any new farming experiment, and, in fact, doing much more than was necessary to insure the ill will of the less fortunate farmers in the neighborhood.

Mr. Castleman was a proud man, and looked with supreme indifference on those who sneered at his intimacy with the Earl of H.; and, in spite of the many predictions that it would soon end, he continued to visit at the Park and dine and walk with his lordship, and also to cherish some ambitious plans that, had they been known, would have made him still more disliked.

His wife, a pale, delicate woman, a sincere Christian, and a most affectionate wife and mother, took no interest or part in the plans of her worldly-minded husband, but strove to bring up her children in the right way as far as she knew how, and submitted with the best grace she could when her husband's opinion differed from her own, which was very often, and he always had his own way.

Henry, their only son, was not quite twenty at the time our story commences; he had come home to spend his college vacation, had met Alice Brooks, had won her heart, and given her his own, and only waited a favorable opportunity to ask his father's consent to receive her as his betrothed. Not a doubt of approval had crossed his mind until he opened his heart to his mother, and even then he could not believe that her fears were well grounded. His father had always been so kind, was so rejoiced at the letters received from those under whose care he had been, was, in fact, so confidential and kind, evidently treating him as a man, and no longer a boy, that with the blindness of young love, Henry could see nothing in the future but happiness and his Alice.

The poor child loved him with a strength and depth far greater than he ever imagined; for, naturally shy and reserved, she was not one to lavish caresses on one she looked up to as her superior in every way, and he, boy-like, though he would have been enraptured at a sisterly kiss or fond caress, was checked by her reserve, and though he almost worshipped her whom he knew was so gentle and good, he doubted, at times, the love that was so timid and shy.

Sixteen years before, Alice, then an infant of a few months old, was left at the door of Mr. and Mrs. Brooks one cold winter's night. No clue to her birth had ever been discovered, and the only explanation of her sudden appearance in Hollingwood was the report of some gipsies having been seen on the outskirts of the parish. The general opinion was that the child had been stolen, a conclusion that the beauty of its dress and the value of a small cross, suspended from its neck, went much to strengthen; but then why did they give her up? and why not have kept the cross? were questions easier asked than answered, and so her birth remained a mystery, and the little foundling was adopted by old John Brooks and his dame, and grew up to be their pride and joy.

The old minister and his wife had been much interested in the little stranger, and had spent much time and pains in instructing her in those things that seemed more fitted for her elevated and intelligent mind, than for the lowly station in which she was placed.

She was passionately fond of music, and Mrs. Lockwood, herself an admirable musician, took deep delight in seeing her favorite master difficulties with a patience that bid fair to place her in the highest ranks of musical talent.

The instructions of her kind friends were improved on by Alice, and when she was sixteen, there was not a better educated young lady in the parish, not excepting the daughters of Lord H. They were accomplished and brilliant girls, but it was a false show, and beneath the outward glare of fashion and wit they hid dispositions anything but good. They were not beautiful, and the extraordinary loveliness and grace of the beautiful Alice caused her to be disliked to a degree that at last prevented their visiting at the rectory, where her praises were sure to be sounded, and where they had frequently met the minister's favorite pupil. Alice had always treated them with the respect their high station demanded; but she shrank from the sarcastic speeches and disdainful looks of the haughty ladies, and never left their presence without a painful feeling of humiliation at their contemptuous treatment. She was kind and pleasant with every one, but made no associates in the village, and was considered a rather proud girl by those who were the equals of her adopted parents.

The few weeks since her acquaintance with Henry Castleman had seemed like a bright dream, and as the time approached when he must leave her, the heart of poor Alice was filled with sadness at the prospect of lonely hours uncheered by the presence of him who had become so dear.

It was the night before his departure, and they had met for the last time for long, weary months. She had vainly tried to smother her grief, but when the parting came, restraint was useless, and with bitter sobs and tears she clung to him who had so suddenly disturbed the even current of her life.

His kind heart was deeply touched by this evidence of deep feeling in his usually calm and bashful Alice, and with renewed vows of love and faithfulness, a mutual promise to write often, one long embrace, the first and last kiss, trembling and gentle, but thrilling through every nerve, and they parted, parted for years, but with hope rising high in each bosom, and with fond anticipations of a happy meeting not far distant.

Alas for the hopes of youth ! How rarely are they fulfilled ! How little did they dream, that young man and maiden, that long, weary years would pass before they met, and that trouble and care would come and crush those light hearts, to whom sorrow had hitherto been a thing unknown !

It was with a light heart and step that Henry Castleman sought his father on the morning of his departure from Hollingwood. He had spent an hour in his mother's room, listening to her loving words of advice and motherly caution, and had told her his intention of communicating to his father the new hopes that had risen in his breast, and also ask his consent to receive Alice as the future wife of his son.

She had not entered into his plans with that approval that he expected, but he thought it was quite likely his fond mother felt a trifle hurt that a strange love should so quickly usurp the place she had so long occupied in his heart, and abruptly changing the subject, he strove to do away with the impression that she was second in his thoughts.

Sitting at her feet, with his arm round her waist, and her fingers softly disturbing the dark curls and pushing them back from his forehead, Henry felt how dear his mother was to him, and how much he owed her for all her care and anxiety for his welfare. Again he promised to remember her advice, to shun evil company and exciting pleasures, in fact, to be all she wished him to be ; then, with a kiss and a fervent blessing, he left her to seek her closet, and there pour out her full heart and implore the protection of Providence for that dear and only son.

Mr. Castleman received his son with a kindness that augured well for Henry's hopes ; but the mood changed when he, with some little hesitation and awkwardness, made known his re-

quest, and with a black frown and lowering look he listened to his story and the history of this, his first love. There was a moment's silence, and then Mr. Castleman, with a flushed face and angry voice, turned to his son and bade him forget all such childish nonsense, and never let him hear a word of it again.

"Is it for this that I have toiled and striven, to have my plans destroyed, my dearest hopes blasted, by an ungrateful boy, who fancies he loves a pretty face, and would sacrifice all his bright prospects to marry a gipsy beggar ?"

"Father," and the young man rose up before his angry parent, "father, you know my Alice is no beggar, and for aught we know, may be of better birth than ourselves. I have told you that I love her ; I have promised to marry her, and that promise I shall keep, with your consent, if you will give it, but with or without it, I shall certainly marry her."

"Boy, do not provoke me," was the hasty answer. "I have chosen your wife, and as such I insist on your regarding the Lady Harriet H. Forget this boyish passion, and all will be well ; persist in it, and I will disown you, and your only inheritance shall be your father's curse."

"Father, father, do not say such bitter words ;" and then, as the recollection of the many insults poor Alice had received at the hands of the ladies H. crossed his mind, he exclaimed : "I cannot marry that haughty girl ; sooner would I leave home and friends, sooner would I die, than bind myself to such as her."

"Return to your studies, boy, return to your studies ; you are not capable of judging what is best for yourself. Think on what I have now told you, and when next you visit your home, come prepared to render that obedience to your father's orders that it is your duty to pay and his right to receive ;" and without another word the stern old man left the room, to give orders for the carriage to be got ready for his son.

Stunned and heart-sick, poor Henry stood leaning against the window-frame, trying to collect his thoughts and to realize the utter disappointment of all his hopes. "Alice, my poor Alice, how will you bear this ?" was the first despairing thought. Then came the humiliating recollection of his father's last words, and Henry roused himself to resist such cruel tyranny. "Never, never will I be made the tool of another's ambition, even if that other is my own father ;" and strong in this determination, he left the room with a firm, proud step, kissed and embraced his mother and sisters, who were waiting to bid him "good-by" in the hall, shook hands with the old servants, sprang into

the carriage, and in a few minutes was out of sight.

It was with a bitter pang he looked on the old ivy-covered church, within whose walls he had first been attracted by the beauty and devotion of Alice, and where, Sabbath after Sabbath, he had listened to her sweet voice and joined in the responses so earnestly whispered by those innocent lips, until her seriousness checked him for his want of attention to the sacred duties, and he recalled his wandering thoughts and strove to make amends for his past neglect. The splendid mansion of Lord H. recalled his mind from these pleasant recollections, and as he gazed on its marble pillar and imposing front, he shuddered at the thought of sacrificing his gentle Alice, to wed the high-born lady whose heart was as cold and polished as the marble of her father's mansion, and renewed his determination never to consent to such a marriage, let the consequences be what they might.

After his son's departure, Mr. Castleman immediately set about the removal of Alice Brooks from Hollingwood. To effect this, he gave Mrs. Lockwood permission to tell old Brooks and his wife that a friend who felt interested in Alice had offered to send her to school, at the same time strictly forbidding her to mention his name, and putting a sum of money in her hands more than sufficient to defray all expenses.

His plan worked well, and when, at the end of a week, a letter came for Alice, it was with unmixed satisfaction that he took it from the office and placed it for safe keeping in his own desk. Six weeks after Alice left home, her adopted father was taken ill, and after lingering a few days, to the great satisfaction of Mr. Castleman, died, leaving his wife dependent on the kindness of some distant relations, and poor Alice to make her way in the world as best she might.

She had long wished to be a governess, and now the time was come when her wishes would be gratified. Mrs. Glover, the head of the establishment where she had been placed, felt much interest in her beautiful pupil, and promised to use her best endeavors to procure a situation for her. Mrs. Lockwood also promised to interest herself for her, and in her sorrow for the loss of her parents, Alice yet found comfort. It is true, she was pained and surprised at Henry's silence; and he, unable to account for his unanswered letters, at last ceased writing at all. Neither could account for the broken promise of the other, and coldness and distrust threatened to destroy the warm affection that had once filled their hearts.

Henry would have asked his mother to send

him some explanation, but knowing that his father read all letters, he feared to involve her in any trouble with him, and so made up his mind to endure the uncertainty, until he could clear up the mystery himself. Alice had never told her secret, and she guarded it with scrupulous care as the thought would cross her mind, at times, that her love was thrown away, that Henry's had been a boyish passion, or the amusement of his idle hours.

She was much beloved by her companions, and as the time drew near when she was to part from them, each one strove to show some new kindness to the gentle girl who always listened so patiently to the history of their troubles, explained difficult lessons, was equally successful in curing a head or heart ache, and in fact had made herself so necessary to all hands, that Mrs. Glover offered her very good terms to remain and assist her in her duties; but Alice was weary of the sameness of a school, her heart ached, and she longed for change. It is also possible that another motive might have some influence in inducing her to enter the world, in preference to remaining in seclusion.

Her history was known to all her companions, and they, with the romance that school-girls are so fond of, had always tried to persuade Alice that she would yet prove to be some great man's daughter, a very pleasing fiction founded on the elegant cross she always wore, and which they said clearly proved her respectable origin, setting aside the superbly embroidered robe and shawl in which the little infant had been wrapped. Added to all this, "no one ever saw such long white fingers as Alice had, and as for her foot, it was delicate and beautiful enough to have proved her of Spanish birth."

Mrs. Glover's young ladies were not far wrong when they tried to impress on their companion the fact that she was evidently of no common parentage. Her hands were moulded in the most exquisite form, white, soft and beautiful, her foot matched her hands, and there was an easy grace in all her movements, that was vainly imitated by her young companions.

Alice longed to solve the mystery of her birth, and was happy when the time arrived that freed her from the restraints of the school. She entered the family of Sir James Henry as governess to his little daughters, of the respective ages of eight and ten. Here she was received with kindness and treated with respect and consideration, and soon won the affections of Lady Henry, who learned to love and value her as a dear sister.

In this family, Alice appeared to feel quite at

home, adapting herself to their habits with a facility and ease extraordinary in a girl brought up in a country village, as she had been. Wealth and luxury appeared to be her proper atmosphere, and Lady Henry again and again declared her belief that her beautiful governess was born to occupy a much higher station.

Henry Castleman returned to Hollingwood to find it dreary and dull. He soon learned that Alice had left; and after visiting their favorite walks, listening for her voice in church, walking round the deserted house of poor old Brooks, and performing various other romantic but useless feats, he came to the conclusion that his native place was the most wretched spot on earth, and surprised his father one morning by coolly informing him that he intended to travel. Now, if Mr. Castleman had one antipathy greater than another, it was to foreigners and their habits. That a son of his should visit those hated French, or even worse despised Italians, was something more than he could think of with patience, and he very quickly gave his son to understand that he need not expect consent or assistance from him, in his foreign plans. To put a stop to these wandering fancies, he renewed his old project of a marriage with Lady Harriet H., and taking the moody silence of his disappointed son for consent, he proceeded to lay a proposal before the earl for the hand of his youngest daughter. After some little hesitation, and a great many questions and answers, the old nobleman's consent was obtained, and Mr. Castleman returned home with the pleasing consciousness of having succeeded in the one great purpose of his life.

Henry's feelings may be better imagined than described; his first impulse was to refuse to agree to his father's wishes, but calmer consideration decided him to let matters take their course for the present, and though he sighed bitterly when he thought of Alice, he tried to persuade himself that she was false, and it mattered little what became of him, or whom he married, as long as he had to give up all hope of her.

Lady Harriet received her father's commands with the most admirable composure and refined indifference, much to the surprise of the old earl, who had dismissed a favorite lover of hers some two years previous, a younger son, penniless, and with a very indifferent character, having the reputation of being both a dissipated youth and an expert gambler. Lady Harriet had expressed her determination at that time never to marry any one but Lord Charles S., and it was with much satisfaction that her father listened to her languid assurance that she was quite willing to

receive the addresses of the rich Mr. Castleman's son and heir. She listened with attention to her father's plans, and expressed her approbation of the project uppermost in his mind of getting young Castleman into Parliament, thereby raising herself fifty per cent. in his estimation, and securing his consent to a great deal of extravagance that she meditated displaying on the important occasion that would soon approach.

Lady Harriet was soon the most important person at Hollingwood Park. Weddings were of rare occurrence in the H. family, and of course this was to be celebrated with all due solemnity and pomp; and the bride elect assumed the most consequential air, and was waited on and consulted by her sisters, and admired and flattered by her new French maid, and almost worshipped by old Mr. Castleman, all which offerings she received with the greatest coolness and as her just due.

Poor Henry paid his daily visit, and always left with the conviction that he was of far less consequence, in the eyes of his bride, than the white satin wedding-dress, or French bonnet, with its delicate plumes, or any other of the numberless fineries that engrossed her attention, to the utter exclusion of all other objects. He sometimes felt inclined to shake off the indifference that allowed him to be led forward to make engagements that his heart abhorred, but he felt so entangled that he did not know which way to clear himself, and so the months passed on, and Lady Harriet's birthday approached, the day which she had chosen for her wedding also. On that day, she came of age, and Henry, much against his father's wishes, had insisted on having her property settled on herself. He felt bound to marry her, but nothing would induce him to take any control over her property. She, herself, appeared quite indifferent about it, and never took the least notice of the proceedings until the pen was put in her hand, when she hastily signed her name, and hoped "there would soon be an end to such tiresome proceedings."

She showed no such indifference, however, to a paper presented to her by her father on the morning of her marriage. It made her mistress of a large legacy, bequeathed to her on condition that she should marry with her father's consent, and was by far the largest half of her property. She was evidently much pleased to know that it was all her own now, and more than once called Mr. Castleman aside and made him explain it to her, which he did with evident pleasure, rejoicing at this unexpected addition to the fortune of his fair daughter-in-law.

There was some delay, and a great deal of confusion ; but at last the carriage started, and Henry Castleman had a vague idea that he was a criminal on his way to execution, and looked very pale and sad for a bridegroom. And Lady Harriet grew very uneasy, and looked frequently out of the carriage windows, and the village girls strewed flowers, and the crowd round the church stared with open mouth and eyes at the gay company that alighted from the different carriages, and they entered the church, and Henry felt that the long dreaded time was come.

There was the bishop, and on either side of him the rector and curate of Hollingwood ; and there were others there, quite an addition to the wedding party, in the shape of four young men in handsome military uniform, who were quite unknown to the assembled company, and who favored Henry Castleman and his friends with some very inquisitive looks. The bride soon made her appearance, leaning on her father's arm, and followed by her train of bridesmaids, with their white satin dresses and wreaths of white roses.

The solemn service commenced that was to join those two young people together, and as the first words fell on his ear, Henry heard his heart beating so loudly that he almost feared the others would hear it too. Slowly and solemnly the old white-headed bishop repeated the opening passages of the service, but when he finished the sentence, "or else hereafter forever hold his peace," there was a quick movement among the strangers, and a loud voice exclaimed, "I can." At the same moment, Lord H. recognized the young nobleman he had so summarily dismissed, in the dashing looking officer now clasping the bride in his arms.

The clergymen closed their books, shocked at such disorderly proceedings, Henry stood stunned and overcome with his excited feelings, the young officer resisted the attempts of her father to take Lady Harriet from him, and with his arm round her, commenced to explain the cause of his sudden appearance.

"Release my daughter!" was the impatient interruption of the excited old man.

"Your daughter is my wedded wife!" was the astounding answer that proclaimed the downfall of all Mr. Castleman's airy structures. On Henry, this speech had an electrical effect ; grasping the hand of the young officer, he shook it warmly, then, with admirable coolness, he set about arranging the broken up party. When Lord H. comprehended that his daughter was already married, he raved like a madman ; but the persua-

sions of his friends and above all, the composure displayed by Henry, calmed his excited feelings, but he insisted on the service being performed again, which was immediately done, and the party left the church, the bride clinging to her husband's arm, and Henry assisting his mother with the old joyous look on his countenance.

The Castleman family returned to their own house, each one differently affected by the incidents of the morning. The explanation of the mystery was so little to Lady Harriet's credit, that Mr. Castleman congratulated his son on his lucky escape. She had married Lord Charles privately, and had managed with consummate art to get her fortune into her own hands, by making her father believe she intended marrying Henry. There was also a little revenge in the way in which she brought the disclosure about, partly to punish her father for his previous refusal, and partly to annoy old Mr. Castleman, whom she hated for his presumption in attempting to bring about a match between her ladyship and his son. This unlucky affair caused a great deal of talk and no small amusement in the circles in which the parties were known, and various were the comments made on it by the papers that had already announced the "approaching marriage in high life."

Henry underwent much annoyance from all this, and again expressed his wish to travel, a desire that his father no longer opposed. His darling plans destroyed, Mr. Castleman felt too much disappointed to offer opposition to his son's wishes, and even felt some slight touches of remorse when he thought how cruelly he had interfered with Henry's enthusiastic plans of marriage, not even the recollection of Alice's poverty could prevent feeling he had done wrong.

It was now nearly four years since Henry had seen Alice, but since his escape from Lady Harriet, he had thought with renewed love of the fair and gentle girl who had twined herself so closely round his heart, that not even time and suspicion would destroy the impression.

He had completed his preparations for spending several years abroad, and had successfully combated all his mother's fears and all his father's prejudices, when the idea of seeking Alice suddenly occurred to him. He was apt to act on the impulse of the moment, and without stopping to deliberate, he sought the rectory, questioned Mrs. Lockwood (much to that lady's astonishment), learned all she knew about Alice, which was unsatisfactory enough, she having been from home for several months, and knowing nothing of her fate since her engagement with Lady Henry.

She expressed her intention of writing to her, and would be most happy to deliver a message or make any inquiries for Mr. Henry Castleman, but that young gentleman preferred making his own inquiries, and after warmly thanking Mrs. Lockwood for her kindness, took his leave. He did not delay his departure now, and as his time was his own, he resolved to call on Lady Henry and either see Alice or find out where she was. This resolution was immediately acted on, and the second day after his visit to the rectory he was seated in the elegant parlor of Sir James Henry's country-house in deep and earnest conversation with the lady of the mansion.

Her easy kindness soon banished his slight embarrassment, and he stated the object of his visit with such evident anxiety, that her feelings were much interested, and she proceeded to give him the desired information with all possible despatch.

The first and most startling piece of news was that Alice had found her friends, through the constant inquiries and unceasing exertions of Lady Henry and her husband.

She was no longer Alice Brooks, but Emily Blackburn, the only daughter of Colonel Blackburn, who had returned from India with a large fortune, a ruined constitution and a broken heart. Nineteen years before, Captain Blackburn had married the last frail scion of a once noble and stately house, a portionless orphan, whose sad history first attracted his attention, and whose beauty completed the conquest of a heart already half won by her misfortunes.

Their union was one of perfect happiness, and no cloud darkened their bright sky until his wife's failing health alarmed the captain and plainly showed the necessity of her return to England, the trying climate of India, whither he had been obliged to take her soon after their marriage, was evidently killing her, and with the most distressing apprehensions and grief, he forced himself to part from her who had become dear to him as his own life.

The poor young wife never lived to see her home; she died on the passage, leaving a helpless little babe of a few hours old, to the care of her servants. On the arrival of the vessel the nurse took charge of the child and the property of the dead lady. For two months they lived in London, waiting for orders from the father, when all at once the nurse and infant disappeared, together with the money and jewels of Mrs. Blackburn. Where she went, or what was her motive, could never be ascertained, but from her leaving the cross on the infant's neck, it was most probable that she hoped it would be recog-

nized and the child restored to its father, while she had time to escape with her plunder which was of considerable value.

Captain Blackburn had come to England immediately on hearing of the death of his wife, where the sad news of the loss of his child almost drove him to despair, and after three years spent in unavailing search, he left the country, as he believed, forever, but after fifteen years of loneliness and ill health, he once more visited his native land, and Sir James accidentally hearing his sad history, and always interested in any story that might throw light on the mystery of Alice's birth, cautiously made such inquiries as he deemed necessary and then tried the experiment of inviting Colonel Blackburn to his house and leaving it to nature to decide the rest. His plan proved successful beyond expectation; at the first sight of Alice, Colonel Blackburn was so overcome that he almost fainted. Questions were asked and explanations given, and as a last proof the diamond cross was produced, which he recognized with tears as one he had given his wife on the morning of their marriage.

The shock and excitement were too much for his shattered health, and the physicians recommended the air of Italy as the only chance of prolonging the life that had so suddenly become of value in his estimation. Lady Henry had cordially assented to this, as she had noticed that Alice was becoming pale and thin, and she thought the change would be beneficial to her as well as her father. They had been on the continent several months at the time Henry heard all this, and he felt undecided what to do, whether to seek them there, or to write and ask an explanation from Alice. At last he decided to make a confidant of the kind lady who so evidently felt interested in his anxiety, and who could perhaps give him advice as to the best course to pursue in the matter. After hearing his story, Lady Henry admitted that she had long suspected that Miss Blackburn had some secret grief. That it was not alone the anxiety respecting her parents, was clearly proved by her increased sadness after discovering that she was a rich lady, and receiving all the lavish fondness bestowed on her by her delighted father. She also mentioned her having fainted one morning while perusing the morning paper, and though Lady Henry had examined the paper with attention she could never discover the cause of such evident agitation.

She had kept the paper and at Henry's request brought it to him to look at. The secret was explained; there, conspicuously displayed, was one of the unfortunate paragraphs that had so un-

noyed Henry, a flourishing announcement of his intended marriage with the lady Harriet H.

This last discovery decided him in his first intention of immediately leaving England and seeking an explanation with his long lost lady-love. Again and again did he thank his kind informant for her politeness and sympathy, and with her best wishes and a promise not to betray his secret, he once more started on his journey.

In an elegant cottage on the margin of a beautiful little lake, is seated a young and lovely lady. Everything around her bespeaks luxurious comfort, from the delicate silk morning wrapper and tiny, embroidered slippers, to the softly cushioned couch and velvet carpet. Books, birds and flowers adorn and enliven her room, but in vain are all these attractions placed before her eyes. Through the open window she gazes on the still lake where the beautiful blue sky is reflected in all its cloudless purity, and a heavy sigh proclaims the sad fact, that wealth and splendor cannot purchase happiness. The sweet, soft Italian air brings the perfume of the flowers into the room, filling it with fragrance; the birds sing their sweetest songs; everything looks cheerful and happy but the fair young mistress. Her long curls are pushed back carelessly from her face and hang heavy on her shoulders, and are scattered over the back of her chair by the gentle wind. Her eyes look sad and heavy, and the once rounded cheek is thin and pale. Can this be the light-hearted Alice Brooks, who was so cheerful and happy, the beauty and pride of Hollingwood? Great must have been the suffering, to cause a change like this.

Her father's health had improved much since their departure from England, and for his sake she forbore to speak of their return; but she pined to be again in the same country with the loved one, and vainly struggled with her feelings when she knew he must be the husband of another.

Sadly she dreams over the past, and tears fall fast on her thin, white hands that lay so listlessly in her lap. Gently a curtain is raised behind her and with surprise and sorrow Colonel Blackburn beholds the grief-stricken appearance of his child. He had long observed her failing health, but had had no idea that sorrow was the occasion of it. The delicate constitution of his lost Emily was, he thought, bequeathed to her daughter, and it cost him many sad hours, and much anxious care; but he never attributed it to the right cause, and was astonished beyond measure that his darling child on whom he had lavished every luxury that money could procure, whose slight-

est wish he had studied to gratify, whose confidence he had so anxiously sought, should have any painful secrets hidden from him.

Seating himself beside her he drew her head gently to his breast, and with soothing words sought to learn the cause of her tears. It was long before she could summon resolution to tell even her kind father the long hidden trouble that was destroying her life and clouding all her bright prospects. Fearful of ridicule, and with an acute sense of shame at the humiliating revelation of unreturned love that she had made, her distress after opening her heart to her father occasioned him no little trouble to appease; but when once convinced that he felt sympathy and pity for her, she was glad she had told him all, and her mind relieved of its burden of secrecy, she became calmer and more contented than she had been for many months. Long they talked together, that kind father and his gentle daughter, and many were the lost hopes his cheerful anticipations renewed in her bosom. He left her calm and quiet, and sought by exercise to still the painful feelings in his own heart, so forcibly revived by the sorrowful tale of his child's wasted affection.

Through those beautiful flowers he wandered, all unheeding their loveliness, his mind agitated with many different feelings, and in painful uncertainty what course to pursue for the benefit of his daughter. To return to England was worse than useless, to travel further she was not in a fit state, to see her pine away before his eyes was more than he could bear. His only hope was to write to Lady Henry, and make inquiries concerning young Castleman's marriage with Lady Harriet. It might be that when his child knew he was the husband of another, she would strive to overcome her love.

He had determined on doing this immediately, when his meditations were interrupted by the appearance of a young man, who requested to be shown the residence of Colonel Blackburn. The stranger was evidently a gentleman and spoke with the self-possession and ease of a well-bred man. He was English, also, but when the colonel, thinking it was some one from home who had brought him letters, made himself known, and invited him to return with him to his residence, the young man's self-possession failed, and he plainly showed the embarrassment he labored under. After an ineffectual attempt to recover his composure, he stammered out an explanation, the only intelligible part of which was, that his name was Henry Castleman and he wished to see Miss Blackburn.

Explanation soon followed this announcement

and after half an hour's earnest conversation together, they parted, the colonel to pursue his walk, and Henry to seek his lady love.

Alice, or Emily, as her father called her, was sleeping calmly on the couch where he had insisted on her lying to recover from the effects of their painful conversation. Very pale and thin she looked, and Henry tried in vain to keep back the tears as he bent over her pillow and kissed her cheek; then whispering her name he clasped her in his arms, and she woke to find herself pressed to that faithful heart she had so long deemed false.

None can understand the joy of such a meeting but those who have experienced it themselves. The past years were as nothing, the sorrow gone, the mystery at an end, nothing but happiness in the future, the present, a delightful mingling of surprise, pleasure, hope and love. She could scarcely realize the truth that she was once more beside him, answering his questions, and listening to his explanations and joyous self-congratulations that she was once more all his own.

Again and again he pressed her little pale hand to his lips, and drew her closer to his side, and when weary of talking and excitement he made her lean her head against his breast; and so they sat in silent happiness when her father returned.

Our story is done, nor needs there to tell how old Mr. Castleman confessed the cruel part he had played, and sent the long missing letters, the loss of which had been the occasion of so much misery to those two young loving hearts, but which they read together in their beautiful Italian home with heartfelt thankfulness for their present happiness. Emily's health improved rapidly, and under the sunshine of her young husband's care and love, her spirits resumed their elasticity. Her books and her music had double charms when shared by him, and her neglected flowers once more received the attention they had so long missed. Their life was unclouded by a care until the death of her father, which took place two years after their marriage. After this event, they returned to England. Years afterwards they spent some months in Florence, during a summer tour, and met with Lady Harriet, now a heart-broken, forsaken wife, living in retirement and poverty; and Henry could have almost worshipped his beautiful Alice when he saw her comforting and assisting the woman who had always ill-treated her and had been the cause of all her sorrows.

He that has spent much of his time in his study, will seldom be collected enough to think in a crowd, or confident enough to talk in one.

FANCY.

BY MERVIN DAMON.

When the heart is buoyant, check it not,
Forbear the cruel ruin
That mars for aye its upward flight,
And draws to earth again.

Earth is at best a scene of woe,
That strikes with chill and gloom
The youthful heart—in all its scenes
Fond fancy finds a tomb!

Forbid not then her happy child
To turn, whilst his heart beats high,
From earth, to study the world he has clothed
In the tints of the evening sky.

Boundlessly wide is fancy's realm,
With her shadowy horses three,
The present, the future, the past, in the ear
Of the muses rideth she!

On him to whom earth is a dreary waste
She looks with a pitying eye,
And whirls him away to her cloud-built halls,
And her bowers amid the sky!

THE JOURNEY OF A DAY.

BY E. G. BARROWS.

ONE morning in September, about a year ago, I left my caravansera, not, like Obidah, the son of Abensina, to journey over the plains of Hindostan, but to journey from St. Paul to Hudson, a distance of some twenty miles. There was little direct communication between the two places, for they were rather apt to regard each other as rivals, although the growing village of Hudson is on the Wisconsin side of Lake St. Croix, and St. Paul is the capital city of the Territory (pretty soon to be the great State) of Minnesota.

It was a dry, sultry day, and the prospect of a hot, dusty stage ride was not particularly inviting; and as we rode from place to place picking up here and there an additional passenger, till the coach was full inside and out, before and behind—even the driver was constrained to admit that there was not "room for one more inside"—I gradually settled down to the conclusion that we would have a sweeter time of it. There is little chance for choosing seats or companions in a crowded stagecoach, and I found myself squeezed in by the side of a man whose appearance did not prepossess me in his favor. His dress was not over clean, and his "luggitch," like that of Chawls Yellowplush on his foreign "voyitch," was contained "in a very small hank-

ercher." He was a foreigner, but whether French, Dutch, or Irish, I could not tell; and his general appearance is best expressed by the word sneaking. As we were about starting from the stage office, a big stout man, in shirt sleeves and palm leaf hat, came up, puffing, who was recognized by the stage agent as the sheriff.

"Hold on a minute," said he, "I want to look in here;" and came directly towards the corner I occupied, directing his attention, and of course that of the passengers, to myself. I began to feel awkward—I said nothing, but like Paddy when he got kicked down stairs, "kept up a powerful thinking." I had paid my board bill that morning in as good money as the currency averaged—it couldn't be that. I didn't relish the idea of being taken for a rascal, or as a rascal, nor did I care about being searched just then, as I had a snug little handful of gold stowed away in my pockets, with which I was intending to negotiate for one of Uncle Sam's farms. I felt guiltless of any crime—he had evidently "waked the wrong passenger;" but what business had the sheriff of St. Paul in studying my portrait when the stage was in a hurry?

• By the time I had got thus far in my thinking, he had concluded his survey of my person and turned to my companion, who sat demurely by my side, looking as innocent as a lamb—at any rate rather sheepish. The sheriff reached over me and touched his arm, and he looked up with a start.

"Come—I want you," said the sheriff, in a grum, decided voice.

"Me!" exclaimed he, in much perturbation.

"Come along!" was the short reply.

He had looked around anxiously—there seemed to be no chance of escape; so he jumped out with his budget in his hand, and the last I saw of him he was sneaking along up Third Street close by the side of the sheriff.

As I settled myself into a comfortable seat, made by putting his and mine together, I tried to feel sorry for the man, but couldn't help feeling glad that I had a better seat; and while endeavoring to pity his unfortunate condition, I selfishly found I was congratulating myself that my own condition was so much improved. "All right!" queried the driver, whip and reins in hand—"all right!" replied the agent, shutting the coach door, and with a crack and a whirl we were off in a cloud of dust.

Most of the passengers inside soon settled themselves to sleep, the only wide awake individual who was up to fun being on the top. He was a stout, red-faced young Michigander, "off

on a time," and contrived to keep the outsiders in a roar of laughter, thus preventing me from napping it with the rest. After a while, for a person may ride a long time for his money on the St. Paul and Stillwater stages, over a road not particularly interesting in scenery, we drove up at the "Half Way House," a small hotel where the "stage took dinner" invariably, and most of the passengers something to drink.

After doing full justice to the excellent dinner provided by mine host, the driver complacently waiting a half hour after the last man had finished eating, the stage rattled off towards Stillwater, and I started on another and more direct road to Hudson. The road was new and little travelled, a mere cartpath through the oak openings, a good part of the way. There were two such roads which came out together near the hotel, looking very much alike, and I thoughtlessly took the one at my right, and rambled on two or three miles, till I was first convinced that sometimes the *right* road is wrong, by coming to a house which I knew did not stand on the road I ought to have gone.

It was a cheap, simple affair, half house, half shanty, and had been inhabited; there were evidences of woman's presence sometime, but it was now empty—the calico curtains were tightly closed, and the wasps buzzed about the cobwebs in the crevices of the locked door. Some twenty rods in the rear was a little picketted enclosure. I well knew what it meant, and curiosity led me to it. It occupied a spot about fifteen feet square on the summit of a grassy mound, in full view of the house. It was a lovely spot, but lonely now—not another human being probably within a distance of miles. Around were scattered burr oaks, beneath which the long grass and many colored flowers were beginning to pale before a September sun, and away in the east sparkled a silvery lake. In the centre of the enclosure was a recently made grave, carefully banked up, and on its top were blooming flowers, beautiful flowers—not like those scattered all around me, but of a different kind, transplanted by the hand of affection from some choice garden—and there they blossomed, opening their rich colors to the sunlight, and pervading the air with their sweet perfume, on a lone grave hidden away in the beautiful wilderness.

I wondered what was the tearful history of that mound, so carefully guarded and as fittingly ornamented—that mound scarce long enough for her. What a story of humble love and wedded happiness; of long journeying to the far distant Northwest, where fortune's smiles are not confined to the favored few, but free to him

of the strong arm and willing heart; of patient toil and perplexing difficulties in their new, half-made home, yet cheerful and happy with hope and each other; and then suddenly the dear, gentle one stricken with disease, the sorrowful watching and assiduous care of him who would but could not arrest the dark shadows of death, soon left alone, young and in the fresh vigor of manhood, to find his plans and hopes all swept away, his heart crushed with grief, and he going forth from the grave of all he loved to commence anew the hard battle of life—what history of a lifetime, of which this prairie grave was the finis, was not known to me, and I walked slowly back to the road.

Just then along came a Dutchman and his "guten frau," laughing and chatting gaily, and seeming as merry and cheerful as the birds, though what they said was "all Dutch" to me. They were riding on a load of their household goods, drawn by two stout horses, and as I gathered from his broken English, they were moving to a better farm and were much delighted with the prospect. I explained as well as I could that I had got on the wrong road, and as soon as the good-natured Dutchman comprehended the case, he readily invited me to find a "goot place" on his wagon, already heavily laden, cracked his long whip and trotted me back to where I could see my path plain before me, refusing my offered compensation with some astonishing Dutch expletives, and seeming all the happier for doing such a positive kindness to a stranger.

I walked on and on for several miles without seeing another human being, over bluffs and across stretches of prairie, occasionally passing along the edge of a lakelet dotted with magnificent lotuses, and sometimes starting up a flock of wild ducks, geese or prairie chickens, till I became weary and thirsty, when I came upon a small unfinished cabin, the only one from one end of my road to the other. Neat it was a hearty young Dutch farmer, with his blooming "frau" in a broad-brimmed straw hat, getting up a stock of hay for the coming winter. Mynheer wielded the pitchfork, while his plump, rosy cheeked spouse drove the oxen.

I asked if I could get some water or milk to drink. He shook his head at the milk, and pronounced the water "no goot;" but, "woman give coffee" and so she did. She threw down her whip, ran smiling before me to the unfinished cabin of logs, stilled the dog who growled at the approach of a stranger, prepared me a basin of excellent coffee, and served it in her best cups. Her husband soon came in, appearing as

much pleased as his pleasant wife at the opportunity of showing kindness to a travel-weary stranger. We attempted conversation, but it was like "broken China"—we couldn't make it go. He mastered English enough, with the aid of signs, to inquire if I resided in Hudson; and as I shook my head and said "no—New England," his long drawn "Oh h-h!" and open-mouthed expression of astonishment was ludicrous enough. I drank heartily of the coffee, and praised it honestly, for it was indeed good; and went on my way rejoicing, thinking it worth an afternoon's walk to meet with two such instances of genuine kindness so cheerfully rendered, as by these two honest young Dutch farmers.

By-and-by I came out upon the bluff which overlooks Lake St. Croix and its fertile shores. Just before me ran a road parallel with the lake and bluff. Inside of the road, in the edge of the oaks, were, at intervals of a half mile or so, a row of neat white cottages or farm houses, with their gardens, yards and outbuildings, nestling under the woody bluff. Across the road, in front of these houses, occupying the second shelf of land from the water, that is, above one bluff and below the other, were the farms—a level stretch of rich mellow land, about a mile wide and several miles long, being one continuous field of heavy ripened corn, and such corn as I had never seen before. I thought of the old Illinois farmers who say "Yer can't raise cawn in Minnesota—it's too cold," and thought that would be a glorious sight for them. Behind the field ran a strip of green prairie, on which were herds of cattle and horses grazing. Beyond all this, and on either side for many miles, the clear blue waters of Lake St. Croix reflected the rays of the setting sun; above, on the opposite there stood the flourishing, New England-like village of Hudson, while the high green bluffs rose in many fantastic shapes, to form a suitable background for this magnificent landscape.

I hastened on down to the ferry, shot smoothly across the lake as the sun shot quietly behind the western bluffs, and as the shades of evening began to fall, sought my hotel and rested from my journey.

THE WORLD.—Though the world is crowded with the scenes of calamity, we look upon the general mass of wretchedness with very little regard, and fix our eyes upon the state of particular persons, whom the eminence of their qualities marks out from the multitude: as, in reading an account of a battle, we seldom reflect on the vulgar heaps of slaughter; but follow the hero with our whole attention, through all the varieties of his fortune without a thought of the thousands that are falling around him.—Johnson.

A THOUSAND TIMES AND MORE.

BY ANNIE E. HIGHT.

O, a thousand times and more,
A thousand times and more,
I've danced beneath the birchen boughs,
On the mossy, grassy floor.

O, a thousand times and more,
A thousand times and more,
I've chased the sheep from the sanded shade,
Before the cottage door.

O, a thousand times and more,
A thousand times and more,
I've heard the song of the noisy brook,
While straying on the shore.

And over the pebbled shore,
Over the pebbled shore,
I've danced to greet the lad I loved,
Where I've often strayed before.

And I thought when to his home,
I thought when to his home,
He'd carry me o'er the western waves,
I ne'er would wish to roam.

But a thousand times and more,
A thousand times and more,
I've wished to haste to the rustic group
Left on the cottage floor.

But I ne'er will see them more,
I ne'er will see them more—
Father, mother, brothers, all,
That I left on the cottage floor.

He, I ne'er will see them more,
I ne'er will see them more,
Nor the birch, the brook, nor sanded shade,
Before the cottage door.

MR. SNICKERS'S MISADVENTURE.

BY JOHN THORNBERRY.

UNCLE ISAAC SNICKERS, citizen of Gossip-pee, a charming little village some ways back in Connecticut, had finally made up his mind that it was high time for him to go to New York. He had been once, when he was a boy in a satin-jacket and bone buttons, and never since. From that day forward to this very important one of his resolution, he had kept himself quite at home, while the great metropolis had gone on growing like a monstrous giant, as it is.

He bade his family a very hearty adieu, and jogged away out of the dooryard with the gray mare, to reach the distant railroad station. Everybody he met he wanted to tell of his projected trip, and at least to half of them he did. The cars took him to the boat,—one of the magnificent steamers that plough the length of the

Sound,—on which he duly embarked not far from ten o'clock at night, prepared, carpet-bag in hand, to undertake a thorough survey of the premises before "turning in."

It is needless to follow him about the decks of the steamer, smiling pleasantly at his efforts to observe all there was worth observing; certainly would it be improper to follow him into the ladies' cabin whither he made a successful sally, in his innocent eagerness to "find out just how the hull concern was managed." We will suffer him to go to bed and get up again, just as he was in the habit of doing at his own quiet home in Gossippee.

Early the next morning he was out of his berth, had washed himself thoroughly, and made his appearance on deck just as the sun began to foreshow signs of its ruddy coming in the east. He looked in the direction of sunrise with one eye shut and a corner of his large mouth elevated to match, and took out his big silver watch to set himself right to begin upon. And then he commenced the proper investigation of matters and things by daylight.

One after another the passengers came from their beds, numb and half-awake, looking as if neither the night's sleep nor the morning's wash had done them any good whatever. Some paced to and fro, passing Uncle Isaac continually. Some gathered in knots at the guards, and talked about the sloops in the stream, the houses on the shore, the white looking fortifications, or the islands. In the distance lay the city, an undistinguishable mass. Mr. Snickers generally kept his eyes fixed there, while his heart was wholly overwhelmed with the strange sense of its greatness.

In time the decks were black with the awakened passengers. Hell Gate was close by, and the shores were very near on either side. All began to crowd now at the guards, eager to see what there was worth their inspection. Few spoke at this juncture, for each one was wrapped in the silence of his own thoughts.

Preseptly there was a loud cry which startled every one. All looked round to understand the trouble.

"I'm robbed!" shouted a man, with every look of terror depicted on his countenance.

Everybody instantly clapped his hand on his own pocket, to see if his condition was any better. It appearing pretty generally that no one else was in so unfortunate a predicament, all eyes thereupon began a survey of faces of their neighbors. A more suspicious congregation of individuals it would be difficult to find.

"I'm robbed of a pocket-book that contains

seven hundred and fifty dollars!" exclaimed the loser, elevating his voice.

Everybody's attention having been thus momentarily turned again to the unhappy traveller, a well-dressed man in black improved the opportunity to slip a bulky pocket-book that might have held exactly seven hundred and fifty dollars, into the coat skirts of Mr. Isaac Snickers! The most unfortunate gift of money he probably ever had in his life.

The alarm was given to the officers of the boat, and just as she came into the stream and made ready to enter her berth at the dock, her engines were stopped, and a small boat went ashore to bring an officer on board. He came up the gangway, looking grateful for such an opportunity to display his fine qualities at rogue catching.

"Search the passengers!" called out the captain, while the steam blew away at its highest force.

Some remonstrated,—others muttered; but all finally gave in. Of course an honest man would have no fears. Innocence always holds up its head, and looks you straight in the face.

The officer went around, and the passengers severally turned their pockets inside out. As they were one by one disposed of, they were passed over to the other side of the boat, where they awaited the result in anxious silence. During that interval, it is fair to believe that every man's countenance underwent quite as thorough a search as his pockets.

At last the man with the big star on his breast came to Uncle Isaac. There were many behind him, whose turn was yet to come, in case nothing was found upon him.

"O, you may sarch me," said Mr. Snickers, holding out his arms as if he was about to be measured by the tailor, and looking with one eye over at the Jersey shores; "I aint got no money that don't belong to myself,—I can tell ye!" And he could not help laughing with inward delight at the mere thought of the thing. He fancied it would be a good joke to repeat to the folks at home.

"What's that, then?" demanded the officer, holding up the identical pocket-book which he had just picked out of his skirt.

"What's that!" exclaimed Uncle Isaac, thoroughly terrified,— "God knows; I don't!"

"My pocket-book," cried the man who had lost it. "Seven hundred and fifty dollars in it, besides notes and papers! It's mine, for I know it by the outside!"

A hasty examination proved the man's ownership, and his property was duly returned. All

the passengers now began to crowd around the unhappy victim. The officer took him in his charge and the wheels of the steamer began to revolve again. There was a jam of persons, and a confusion of voices. Above them all could be heard the voice of Mr. Snickers,— "I never took that man's pocket-book! You can't say I ever did such a thing! My name's Snickers,—Isaac Snickers; and I live at Gossippee in Connecticut."

"I can't help what your name is," said the officer, gently trying to work his prisoner off into a corner. "You'd better try and keep a little quiet, my friend."

"I shan't keep quiet, for I'm not the man you take me for. Good Christopher! to think o' my bein' taken for a thief!"—and he tore his hat from his head, and threw it in a mad passion down upon the deck. The spectators laughed. He stamped and cursed a little; though no one heard what he said, for again they set up a roar. "Served the old fellow right," some of them remarked to some others.

"I'm a respect-er-ble man!" he said, extending both hands. "I'm an honest citizen! my name's Isaac Snickers,—as I told you before; and you'll find it in my hat there on the floor!"

Some of them picked it up, and found it was so. Strange that a regular thief should wear his name in his hat. But possibly not his own name. Ah, very likely.

At this juncture, just when wretched Uncle Isaac was thinking of the dear old delights of home, and wishing for his soul he had never thought of leaving it, the boat touched the wharf, and the long plank was thrown to its deck. The passengers made haste to rush over. Among the foremost of them, too, the well-dressed man in black, whose ready ingenuity in an emergency had brought Uncle Isaac into his present misery.

The report of the robbery had of course become spread around, as soon as it was known for what purpose the officer had boarded the boat; and the moment the passengers began to come ashore, there was another officer—a sly detective—in the crowd, unnoticed, but watching every face that passed him.

Suddenly he sprang from his position, and laid his hand on the shoulder of our interesting friend in black. "You're my prisoner," said he.

The rogue fell back, turned pale, and tried to look the detective in the face.

"They've found the money on another fellow," said the villain.

"Who said anything about any money?" returned the detective. "Let's go and see."

The vigilant detective knew nothing of the

success of the search, and he therefore had a right to conclude that any suspicious person who came ashore might be the guilty party. So he improved his earliest opportunity to reap what handful of harvest was offered him, and grabbed our quiet friend as aforesaid.

A crowd followed. The rogue was carried into the presence of his victim.

"Hallo, Sour!" saluted the other officer, seeing the gentleman in sable before him. "Did you come on in this boat?"

"I did," he answered, with dignity. "What if I did, sir?"

"Then you robbed our friend there," pointing to the owner of the pocket-book; "that's all there is about that. I'm convinced that this man here is the wrong person. You took that money, and slipped it into our friend's pocket, to screen yourself! I only wish I'd seen you when I first came on board!"

The rogue was dumb. He tried to look innocence, but it was nothing but blankness. He shuffled, and bullied, and evaded, and swore; and then he held up his wrists for a pair of steel bracelets, and was led away to the great delight of everybody in general, and Mr. Snickers in particular.

"Take that, then!" said honest Uncle Isaac, stepping up briskly to his turned back and delivering a vigorous kick with his new cowhides. "Next time, learn to let an honest citizen alone!"

The policemen interfered, and the crowd cheered. And Uncle Isaac, gathering up such "duds" as he had supplied himself with for his long contemplated trip, stepped with a light heart off the boat, and placed himself on board the early train from the foot of Canal Street for home; shaking off the very dust of his feet against the town, and hurrying back to old Connecticut again with all the speed of which steam is capable.

He declared that Gossippoe is just the quietest and pleasantest village in the created world; and advises all his friends to avoid New York as they would — well, the old fellow who never stops to leave his card among his gentlemen acquaintance. New York will never see Mr. Isaac Snickers again.

The passions of men, when directed by their reason, are the sources of the most ennobling virtues, as well as the means of the greatest enjoyment; but if they are permitted to become the masters instead of the ministers of human conduct, they are the suicidal destroyers of happiness.

MY OLD HAT'S STORY.

BY JOHN K. THOMAS.

O stay thy foot, ungentle youth,
Have pity on my worn-out age;
Canst ever thou forget the truth
I screened thee from the weather's rage?

Art thou possessed of gratitude?
Or dost thou lack that quality,
That thou shouldst in an angry mood,
Spare me with such a cruelty?

Know, proud man, if you force the tale,
I've been where you can never be,
I've gazed on diamonds in my trail,
So brilliant, they would dazzle thee.

Ay, once was I called graceful, fair,
When roaming through my native dales;
Then was I happy, free, and there
I fearless walked in flowery vales.

But ah, alas how changed those scenes,
Naught lives but my remembrance new,
Too dim to mirror such bright beams,
Reflected from the landscape's brow.

'Twas on a gentle summer's day,
The bright, unclouded sun broke forth
Among the trees, whose thick array
Studded the green, unbroken earth.

Unconscious as I lay beside
A murmuring, mossy, forest stream,
Recalling happy days, with pride—
A yell awoke me from my dream.

Instinctively I fled away,
With hurried footsteps urged by fear,
And hiding, in a covert lay,
Till soon I found my foes were near.

Then quicker than before I fled,
With all my speed the dreadful spot,
But quicker, with its poisoned head,
An arrow to my heart was shot.

And now I've little more to add,
Except to ask thee once again,
To give me to some helpless lad,
And thus add lustre to thy name.

For generous deeds will last for aye,
In bold relief on memory's page,
They'll cast their sunbeams in our way,
To warm us in our wintry age.

USE MINUTES.

If asked, says Channing, how can the laboring man find time for self-culture? I answer, that an earnest purpose finds time or makes time. It seizes on spare moments, and turns fragments to golden account. A man who follows his calling with industry and spirit, and uses his earnings economically, will always have some portion of the day at command. It has often been observed that those who have the most time at their disposal profit by it the least.

A FISH STORY.

BY SALMON FINN FRY.

There was never a more honest heart in all the "Old Bay State" than that which beat for sixty years beneath the homespun frock of Deacon —. A general confidence was reposed in his integrity, as was manifested by the various offices of trust he had been called upon to fill, not only in town and church affairs, but he had several times enjoyed all the "honors and emoluments" pertaining to some petty positions which he had been permitted to occupy through the favor of old Governor G.

The deacon was by no means a man possessed of an *undue* amount of pride; he "bore his honors meekly;" yet he was especially conscious of these gubernatorial benefits and was very desirous of expressing his appreciation of the governor's kindness. In fact, the deacon grew nervous as year after year slipped by without an "available" opportunity presenting itself for accomplishing his desire in this respect, for he was a man of but moderate worldly endowments, and was well aware that unless his testimonial should be in accordance with his means, the governor who was a practical economist would regard it as inappropriate.

One morning in autumn the deacon had completed his category of domestic duties, and was engaged in securing his winter's supply of fish from the waters of the "Merrimack," on the borders of which lay his farm, when the "trap" which had so long been set, was sprung, and he "caught a sunbeam," in the shape of the finest salmon that had for years been taken from that beautiful river. This fish, rare and then considered a great luxury, was to the deacon an undeniable god send, and the first thought that popped into his exulting cranium, was, that this should be the medium of his acknowledgement to the governor. But little time was lost in apprising his delighted spouse of his good fortune and of his determination; and her cheerful smile beamed an acquiescent approval of his happy thought.

As at that time no railroad had been introduced into New England, his mode of procedure was plain, the deacon was to be his own "master of transportation," and was to devote his "express" attention to the matter of its safe presentation to the governor. While the deacon was having an eye to his personal deportment, in the way of performing sundry evolutions with his Sunday wardrobe, his better half had the salmon snugly ensconced in a napkin, then carefully de-

posited in a neat box, while their only son, John, was endeavoring to illustrate the "fitness of things," by adjusting a jaded old mare to an ancient green wagon, whose *greenest* days had long since passed away.

It is nearly noon when the deacon is ready and off. In due course of time we find him bringing up and alighting at the half way house in the little village of —. He enters the tavern to enjoy a quiet custom of *those* days; in which he finds himself not alone. He soon becomes communicative, gives an inward chuckle, then the whole story, of the capture and destination of his prize, to three jolly looking listeners whose curved line of conduct, and highly colored countenances ought to have assured him that the spirit they were so much enjoying, was *not* the spirit of his recital, and that they were utterly incapable of appreciating the beauty of the complimentary service upon which he was engaged.

One of the company rose from his chair, gave a significant wink and walked to the door, "here," said he, "is a subject!"

Having that day bought a small, lank, bony pollock, he raised it from the grass where it had been quietly reposing, went to the deacon's wagon, removed the salmon from its box, and carefully substituted the pollock.

The deacon's pipe and story being concluded, out he walks from the tavern and in all his blissful unconsciousness remounts his wagon, "bound," as he says, "for the governor's."

Upon reaching B. he drove directly to the governor's house, dismounted, ascended the steps, rang the bell and requested to be permitted to see his excellency.

The governor received him with his usual urbanity and the deacon was "all right." After disposing of the customary preliminaries in such cases made and provided, the deacon commenced a set speech, in which he enumerated the various kindnesses he had received at the hands of the governor, of the consciousness of his own obligations therefor, and of his long desire to in some manner make known to him his appreciation.

"I have brought for you, sir," said he, "the finest fish that has been caught in our noble river these ten years. I have brought it myself, sir, fresh from the water this morning."

The governor duly thanked him for his "very agreeable but unnecessary" attention, and immediately requested the servant to bring the box from the wagon. It was soon opened, and lo! in lieu of the extraordinary salmon that had been represented as occupying that snug apartment, what should be unfolded to view but the "lone, lorn" pollock!

"What," said the governor, "do you mean to insult me, sir? Are you not aware, sir, that this is a *pollock*? the meanest fish that ever swam?" Then addressing his servant, "remove the thing immediately!"

The poor deacon whose eyes upon first beholding the metamorphosis, had become distended to such a degree that they would have done capital service as *hat-peg*, stood perfectly dumbfounded, then taking his box he quietly backed out, jumped into his wagon, turned his horse's head and started for home. When he reached the "half way house," his sad and woeful countenance revealed to his three listening friends, who were awaiting his return, the effects of his misfortune. They welcomed him, and inquired into the particulars of his visit. At first he was disposed to evade their questioning, but as they insisted upon knowing how he had been received by the governor, there was no alternative, and he related all that had happened. The fact was declared to be most extraordinary, and the commiseration apparently excited in his behalf seemed but to render the deacon the more sore. A favorable opportunity presenting itself, again was the box opened, the *pollock* was removed and the salmon replaced.

The deacon soon started for home. The shades of evening had already fallen, and it was not until the sounding of the "nine o'clock bell" that the deacon returned to his waiting spouse.

"Sally," he shouted at the top of his voice, "see what you've done! look in that box! Why did you put in that—" (here, the deacon hesitated, not having indulged in expressions of profanity since he had become a "better man," but swelling with rage soon the check rein of his patience broke loose, and out he belched), d—d old *pollock*!"

"What!" shrieked poor Sally, in a tone of voice containing a mixture of mortification, surprise, indignation and other ingredients that would require the undivided attention of an alchemist for an indefinite period to satisfactorily analyze, "what do you mean!"

Again he gave his order, and Sally tremblingly obeyed, for her "heart was not of stone." (Lucy?) She opened the box and raised up—the salmon.

Again was the deacon transfixed. An expressively quiet deliberation ensued, when, he, walking towards the box, raised the fish by the tail, (and simultaneously his boot), made a short pause, and shouted:

"D—n you! I'll teach ye (illustrating his remark with his foot), I'll teach ye to be a salmon in —, and a *pollock* in Boston!"

THE SIEGE OF BADAJOZ.

On more than one memorable occasion in his career in the Peninsula, the Duke of Wellington employed similar means, and staked the fate of his army on their success, and especially on the third siege of Badajoz, in 1812. Contrary to all calculation, the Picurina, an outwork of the town somewhat resembling by its position the Mamelon or Kamschatka Redoubt before Sebastopol, was forced without being battered, and Badajoz itself was carried by storm before the counter-scarp was blown in or the fire of the place silenced. No man who has ever read it can have forgotten the language in which the historian of that great contest relates the most terrible action of the war. The ramparts, crowded with dark figures and glittering arms, just illuminated by the glare of flames from below; the red columns of the British, deep and broad, coming on like streams of burning lava; the sudden arrival of the Light Division and the Fourth Division on the brink of the yawning chasm, into which they dashed with incredible fury, some to be smothered in the wet ditch beneath, some to be dashed by the shot against the strong palisade, some to be torn upon the jagged range of sword-blades fixed in ponderous beams which defended the top of the breach. For two hours did our men persevere with indomitable courage in the attempt to force their way through this scene of slaughter, and it was not until hundreds of the boldest and bravest had perished that they were compelled to acknowledge that the breach of the Trinidad was impregnable. It was past midnight, and 2000 men had already fallen, when the Duke of Wellington ordered the remainder to retire and reform for a second assault. Even that order was executed with difficulty, and the fate of Badajoz might have been undecided that night if other portions of the troops had not found means to scale the castle and to carry a bastion, and enter the town at a different point. Out of the Anglo-Portuguese army of 22,000 men, no less than 5000 fell at the siege of Badajoz, and 3750 at the assault alone.—*London Times*.

HINTS ON HOUSEHOLD MANAGEMENT.

Have you ever observed what a dislike servants have to anything cheap? They hate saving their master's money. I tried this experiment with great success the other day. Finding we consumed a vast deal of soap, I sat down in my thinking chair, and took the soap question into consideration, having reason to suspect we were using a rather expensive article, where a much cheaper one would serve the purpose better. I ordered half-a-dozen pounds of both sorts, but took the precaution of changing the papers on which the prices were marked before giving them into the hands of Betty.

"Well, Betty which soap do you find washes best?"

"O, please, sir, the dearest in the blue paper, it makes the lather as well again as the other."

"Well, Betty, you shall always have it then."

And thus the unsuspecting Betty saved me some pounds a year, and washed the clothes better.—*Rev. Sydney Smith*.

LEONORE.

BY MRS. SARAH R. DAWES.

She sat like a statue calm and white,
In the dear old seat of old,
Where oft they sat in the clear moonlight,
When his deep, fond love he told.

The teardrops dimmed her lustrous eyes,
Those orbs of midnight hue,
And oft there burst low, stifled sighs,
From out her heart so true.

"He's gone! and O 'tis over now,
The cruel words are spoken;
I've heard my doom, and I must bow—
The ties of love are broken.

"He ne'er shall know the crushing wo
That fell upon my heart,
When he bade me from his presence go,
And said that we must part.

"Ay, let him seek the halls of pride,
Where fashion holds her sway,
And choose him there a nobler bride,
Than her he's spurned to-day.

"O why did he seek our humble cot,
And win my virgin heart,
And vow in this dear, sacred spot,
That nought our souls should part.

"Henceforth alone the life-path here
With prouder step I'll tread,
And none shall know the gloom so drear,
My heart hath overspread.

"I'll teach my face to wear a smile,
I'll be so wildly gay,
Although my heart is wrung the while
With grief I ne'er may say."

They found her sitting there at morn,
Like a statue calm and white;
For her soul had sped ere the early dawn,
To the realm that knows no blight.

CATCHING A BOOBY.

BY EDGAR S. FARNSWORTH.

VESSELS cruising on the Pacific coast, anywhere from Cape Horn to California, frequently fall in with a species of bird known among the sailors by the certainly not very poetical name of booby. These birds sometimes follow a ship several days in succession, and frequently alight on the rigging, where they may easily be taken by hand. They are a large, black bird, and as stupid as they are black—for they will most generally allow themselves to be caught rather than fly away; and to this fact, I suppose, they are indebted for their name.

At the time my story opens, I was before the

mast, in the good ship *Carioca*, bound up to Acapulco. We were then on the Chilean coast, and for several days our youngsters had been having fine sport catching boobies, which had come aboard in great numbers, but that afternoon they had all disappeared.

After everything had been made snug for the night, our men collected, as usual, on the top-gallant fore-castle, to smoke their pipes, and spin their yarns to while away the time till eight bells.

One of our number had just commenced "a stretcher," when he was interrupted by one Joe Driscoll—said Joe, by the way, was a great practical joker, and was always ready to play a trick upon a shipmate, whenever an opportunity offered.

"Hark! boys, I believe I hear a booby screeching!"

We all listened attentively, and heard a sort of screeching noise aloft, similar to that made by one of the aforesaid boobies; nothing could be seen of one, however. As the noise still continued, I approached the foremast, and after listening attentively for a few moments, I ascertained that the noise was occasioned by the starboard fore-topsail sheet grating in the sheave-hole, at the end of the foreyard. I reported the result of my investigation to the men on the fore-castle, and the man was about resuming his yarn, when Joe Driscoll again spoke.

"I tell you what, shipmates, if you'll only keep mum, when the boy Jim comes from the wheel we'll have some fun. I'll make him think there's a booby aloft, and he'll go right straight up after him; when he gets up there, though, and finds there's no booby there but himself, won't he blow, though? It's as good as a month's wages any time, to hear Jim sputter when he gets a little riled."

If Joe Driscoll could only have known how the joke would in the long run be turned upon himself, we fancy he would not have been in quite so much haste about it; for, although he got the laugh upon Jim at the time, years afterwards, Jim turned the tables upon him in handsome style, as our story will soon show.

Joe had hardly ceased speaking, when four bells struck, and in a moment more, Jim came from the wheel. When he was abreast the fore-rigging, Joe hailed him, thus:

"I say, Jim, there's a booby somewhere aloft there for'ard."

"Where is he?" said Jim, all excitement. "Just show him to me, and I'll be up after him quicker 'n ever I went up to furl a royal."

At that instant, the screeching noise was again heard.

"By Jupiter!" said Jim, "there is one up there; just hear him!" and before Joe could say more, he was half-way up the lower rigging. He paused a moment at the foretop, and looked about, but seeing nothing in the shape of a booby, he was about descending to the deck, when Joe again hailed him.

"I say, Jim, I've got my eye on him now; there he sits, on the fore-topgallant yard."

Jim looked up, and sure enough, there was something on the yard, that now it was nearly dark, looked like the identical bird; though it was nothing more nor less than a grummett (a piece of rope in the form of a loop), that belonged on the yard—but it stood erect—which gave it very much the appearance of a large bird, sitting on the yard.

Jim crept cautiously up the topmast, and topgallant rigging, and stopped a moment at the crossrees before going on to the yard, so as not to frighten the bird away by a too sudden approach; then laying slowly out on to the yard until he was within a foot of the so-supposed booby, he made a desperate grasp at the critter's legs, and caught hold of the aforesaid grummett!

As Jim started to come down, Driscoll sung out:

"I say, Jim, don't come down without that booby; there he is, on the fore-topgallant yard; catch him quick, or he'll be gone."

Joe had had a hard matter before him to keep from laughing, all the while Jim was in the rigging; but now that Jim had discovered how he had been sold, there was no longer any cause for keeping mum (as he called it), so he burst into a loud laugh, and all hands on the fore-castle followed suit.

The boy Jim did not appear at all vexed by the joke that had been played upon him, but although we were seven months longer on the voyage, he did not speak to Joe Driscoll in all that time.

Years after the events recorded above, Joe Driscoll, now Captain Driscoll, arrived in Boston from China, in command of a fine brig. As it would be a considerable length of time before his brig would again be ready for sea, not wishing to remain idle so long, he began to look about him for something to do, in the meantime. A few mornings after his arrival, he saw the following advertisement in a New York paper:

"WANTED—A master for the ship Stormy Petrel, for a short cruise only. Apply to the owner at the Astor House.

"JAMES D. REYNOLDS."

The next day, when Captain Driscoll called on Mr. Reynolds, to offer his services as master

of the Stormy Petrel, little did he dream that Reynolds, the ship owner, was once the "boy Jim," on board the ship *Carioca*—but it was even so.

"Did you wish to engage a master for your vessel, sir?" said Driscoll.

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Reynolds. "I advertised to that effect. I have had a number of applicants for the berth, but none that suited me; the present captain of my vessel is just recovering from a dangerous illness; it will be some little time, however, before he will be able to take command of the ship, and I thought that while the ship was waiting for him, I might as well, provided I could get a suitable man, take a cargo of something round to Boston."

In a short time, a bargain was struck up between the two. Captain Driscoll agreeing to take the Stormy Petrel to Boston, for a certain sum of money. The day came for sailing, and Captain Driscoll upon going on board, was surprised, by not finding a living soul on board the ship—and no signs of a crew. Ten o'clock was the hour to start. Ten o'clock came, but no seamen with it.

"Confound it all," said Driscoll; "here 'tis time that anchor was up, and not a man aboard yet. I'll work 'em up, though, to pay for this, when they do get aboard, the lazy beggars!"

Captain Driscoll did not dream in all this time but what Mr. Reynolds had engaged a crew for his ship; but such was not the case, however, as the reader will shortly see.

Just as the ship's clock struck the hour of eleven, Mr. Reynolds stepped over the gangway of his vessel, and accosted Captain Driscoll.

"How's this, sir?" said he; "I thought you were to be off at ten o'clock!"

"So I was," said Driscoll, "but the crew have not come aboard yet."

"What's that to you, sir?" said Reynolds. Did you not agree to take my ship round to Boston?"

"Most certainly, sir; but how am I to do it without a crew?"

"That's not my lookout! you agreed to take this vessel to Boston—you said you could take her round quicker than any other man—now, sir, I want to see you take her round."

"There must be some mistake, here, Mr. Reynolds."

"None at all, I assure you, sir; it is all perfectly plain. You said you could take my ship to Boston, and I engaged you accordingly; and now, sir, will you take her round, or will you forfeit your agreement? one or the other, sir, I wish you to do immediately."

"Mr. Reynolds, I demand an explanation."

"That you shall certainly have."

"Joe Driscoll," said Mr. Reynolds, straitening himself up, and looking him full in the face. "Do you recollect, a good many years ago, of having sailed in the ship *Carioca*?"

"I do," said Driscoll.

"And do you recollect sending the 'boy Jim,' aloft to catch a booby?"

"I do," said Driscoll; "but what has that to do with you and me?"

"I will tell you, in a very few words, and then, sir, I wish you to rid my deck of your presence, as soon as possible. I am the boy, Jim—you sent me aloft to catch a booby. I found none, consequently I caught none. But I have at last, both found and caught a booby! When I went on to that yard, and found there was no booby there, I inwardly resolved never to lose sight of you, until I had paid you off in your own coin. I knew you the moment you called on me at the Astor House, and acted accordingly. I have now no further need of your services, for you have forfeited your contract, and *I have caught the booby!*"

THE LATE EMPEROR NICHOLAS.

We read in the *Abéille du Nord* the following: In the month of July, 1853, the Emperor Nicholas was passing along the English quay, when he noticed a hearse traversing the road, followed only by one person, an official from the hospitals. Surprised at seeing neither the parents nor friends of the deceased following the remains to their last home, the emperor stopped his carriage and asked who it was to be buried. 'A poor employee of the hospital,' said the man.

At these words, the emperor left the carriage, removed his helmet, made the sign of the cross, and followed the hearse, his head uncovered. A crowd of people, including some distinguished personages, hastened to follow his example, and it was not long before the cortege became most imposing. Then, turning to the crowd, the emperor said, in a loud voice:

'Now, gentlemen, I hope that you will render the last duties of a Christian to this poor deceased, and that you will accompany the body to the tomb.'

RUSSIAN MECHANICS.

The manual dexterity of the Russian mechanics is said to be almost marvellous. The favorite implement of all workers in wood is an axe with a broad blade and short handle. The workman wields it with one hand, and he will smooth a board with it as well as with a plane, or make a joint that defies the closest scrutiny to detect it. Though as yet no great work of art, no wonderful creation of genius, no striking discovery in science or invention in mechanics, has been produced by a Russian, yet in everything that requires accuracy of eye, delicacy of touch, and minute imitation, he is unsurpassed.

THE VARNISH TREE.

The very best Japan varnish is prepared from the *rhus vernicifera* of Japan, which grows in great abundance in many parts of that country, and is likewise cultivated in many places on account of the great advantages derived from it. This varnish, which oozes out of the tree on being wounded, is procured from stems that are three years old, and is received in some proper vessel. At first it is of a lightish color, and of the consistence of cream, but grows thicker and black on being exposed to the air. It is so transparent when laid pure and unmixed upon boxes or furniture, that every vein of the wood may be seen. For the most part a dark ground is spread underneath it, which causes it to reflect like a mirror; and for this purpose recourse is frequently had to the fine sludge, which is got in the trough under a grindstone, or to ground charcoal; occasionally a red substance is mixed with the varnish, and sometimes gold leaf ground very fine.

This varnish hardens very much, but will not endure any blows, cracking and flying almost like glass though it can stand boiling water without any damage. With this the Japanese varnish over the posts of their doors, and most articles of furniture which are made of wood. It far exceeds the Chinese and Siamese varnish, and the best is collected about the town of Jassino. It is cleared from impurities by wringing it through very fine paper; then about a hundredth part of an oil called *toi*, which is expressed from the fruit of *bigonia tomentosa*, is added to it, and being put into wooden vessels, either alone or mixed with native cinnabar, or some black substance, it is sold all over Japan. The expressed oil of the seeds serves for candles. The tree is said to be equally poisonous as the *rhus venenata*, or American poison tree, commonly called swamp sumach.—*Agricultural Division of the Patent Office.*

AN ACCOMPLISHED BLIND MAN.

The *Journal of Chartres* gives an account of a water-mill, in the hamlet of Olsleme, near Chartres, built entirely by a blind man, without either assistance or advice from any one. The masonry, carpenter's work, roofing, stairs, paddle-wheel, cogs, in a word, all the machinery pertaining to the mill, has been made, put up, and set in motion by him alone. He has also, the above journal asserts, made his own furniture. When the water is low, and the mill does not work, our blind miller becomes a joiner and also a turner, on a lathe of his own invention, and so he makes all manner of utensils, and pretty toy wind-mills for the juveniles. He lives quite alone, sweeps his own room; his mother, who has fifteen children to care for, lives a mile off, and does not trouble her head about "her blind boy," for "he earns his bread now," she says, "and does not want her." In 1852 this blind miller was rewarded with a medal by the agricultural society of the arrondissement, for a machine serving the double purpose of winnowing corn and separating the best grains from the common sort.

Perseverance fails nineteen times, but succeeds the twentieth. Never give up.

TO AN ABSENT ONE.

BY EMIGEN APTON.

Far away from the heart that is true to thee,
Wilt thou, my love, be as true to me?
In thy lonely watch at the dead of night,
Does my image come in the calm starlight,
To soothe thee with memories of the past,
And with hopes of joys that may come at last?

I have waited and watched for thy coming long,
Till my heart grows sad at the sea waves' song;
O soon may it be that I'll watch no more,
And we wander together o'er this bright shore;
For then will my doubts and my trials end,
When our spirits in holy communion blend.

O! I list to the storm-flood howling around,
As he wakes the broad billows' lonely sound;
Then my heart is wrung by many fears,
And thy safety prayed with the prayer of tears—
Save thou, O God, that fragile bark!
Be thou its shield in the tempest dark!

But if grief should come with a darkening cloud,
To throw o'er my heart its gloomy shroud,
And chase from my life those visions bright,
Leaving it silent and dark as night—
Ah no! hope whispers it cannot be,
And I may still fondly dream of thee.

When the tempest is wandering all abroad,
I will give thee up to the care of thy God;
For he who wisely rules above,
Can keep and protect the life I love;
And a white-robed angel cometh to tell,
Thy God and thy Maker doeth all things well.

TEMPTATION OF CARL VON LAGERBIER.

BY FREDERICK S. WARREN.

THE setting sun, whose level beams shone warm and glowing through the soft haze of a summer afternoon, gilding with dazzling brightness the palaces and spires of the royal city of Berlin, fell with an equal blaze of glory upon the high attic-window of an unpretending house in an obscure quarter of the metropolis, lighting up with an unwonted splendor the mean apartment to which the window belonged.

The interior of the room—like most students' apartments—contained nothing but a couple of chairs, a table, several large sized and well smoked pipes, a bed, and a pair of *schlagers*, or duelling-swords. I have said this was all the room contained, but upon closer examination, an easel, brushes, colors, and the paraphernalia of an artist, would have been seen huddled together in a corner, as if they had been kicked there by their irritable proprietor in some ebullition of passion or disgust, as in reality was the case.

Striding from end to end of the little room,

with all the calm and quiet resignation you would naturally look for in a newly caged lioness, was a young man of strikingly prepossessing appearance, who seemed to be laboring under an excess of emotion, which, to judge from the expression of his countenance, and the energy with which he kicked out of his way everything that interrupted his progress, was far from being pleasant. Suddenly checking himself in his rapid walk, and kicking one of the before-mentioned pipes violently through the window, he broke forth:

"Well, this is delightful, certainly! well worth living and striving for! Here am I, Carl Von Lagerbier, without a guildler to bless myself withal; and what is worse, have been insulted, kicked, yes, kicked, and that, too, in the presence of Marie, without being able to obtain redress, for her own father committed the assault. What am I to do? yes, truly, what am I to do? That kick not only lowered me in the eyes of Marie, but at the same time deprived me of the means of existence. Let me review my life for the past two or three months, for I have been living in such a state of excitement and bewilderment, for that period, that, to say the truth, I hardly know what has taken place.

"Let me see. In the first place, then, up to three months ago, I had lived along in this attic, painting my pictures in contentment, and selling them, for little enough, Heaven knows, but still sufficient to enable me to rub and go; when, in an evil hour—yes, it was an evil hour, for how, how can I ever hope to aspire to the hand of Marie?—the Count Von Conigsberg comes to me with a proposal to instruct his daughter in drawing and painting, for which he was to pay a liberal salary. I, of course, accepted at once—fool if I didn't—went to the count's palace, and was shown for my pupil a seraph, an angel, a—in short, Marie Von Conigsberg. Heaven knows how I ever succeeded in teaching her anything, for I was over head and ears in love with her from the first minute, and—undeserving dog that I am—she, in a short time, began to experience similar feelings toward me. Each knew and felt the sentiments of the other's heart, but committed not our thoughts to words, until this most accursed day, when, fancying ourselves alone, I precipitated myself at her feet, and poured forth my tale of love. She, poor flitting, trembling dove, threw herself sobbing into my arms, vowing to be mine, and only mine. For a blissful moment, I pressed her to my heart, when that diabolical count, her father, rushed into the room, and overwhelmed me with a

torrent of abuse, calling me a villain, thief and robber.

"Well, well, it is all folly, this thinking of the past; the present has stronger claims to my attention. What the deuce am I to do? I ask again. I've no money, not a dot; for, although the count, to do him justice, paid me promptly and liberally, yet, fool that I was, I laid out every stiver so soon as I touched it, in clothes and adornments for my—rather prepossessing, I flatter myself—person, so that now I am penniless. I would go on painting, but before I can finish a picture and sell it, I shall starve, to a dead certainty. What an idiot I have been, not to improve the opportunity this past three months, when I might have painted half a dozen pictures, at least, the sale of which would now place me in a decidedly comfortable position; but then I need not reproach myself with idleness. How could I paint? Didn't I try? With Marie continually in my mind, it was impossible to paint anything but her sweet face, and I'd sooner cut off my right hand than paint her portrait for any blockhead that chose to buy it.

"O, Marie, Marie, were it not for breaking thy dear little heart, I would precipitate myself from the heights of the Brocken; but that would involve the expense of travel, and is consequently impossible. Shoot myself; that would require a pistol, equally unattainable. O, the miseries of poverty; too poor to commit suicide in a gentlemanly manner. By all that's miserable and unlucky, I could find it in my heart to sell myself to the adversary, as churchmen call him. Better men than myself have done as much, according to all accounts."

A low, ringing laugh resounded through the room, as Carl pronounced the last words.

"What the deuce is that?" said he, starting suddenly, and gazing in every direction; but as nothing beside the bare walls met his gaze, he resumed his walk, and his soliloquy.

"Well, it is folly repining. Something must be done, and that speedily. So far as I can see, there is but one thing I can do; go to the museum and study the pictures until I can get something into my head besides Marie, then return and paint incessantly, and trust to fortune to finish a picture before I quite starve. Gad, there is half an hour of daylight yet; I'll go at once."

With these words, he left the room, descended eight or nine flights of stairs, and took his way toward the Royal Museum. It was quite late when he entered the picture gallery, and but a few loiterers remained of the crowds that had thronged the place through the day. Passing to

the farthest extremity of the hall, he was soon completely absorbed, apparently in the contemplation of an Albert Durer, before which he stationed himself, though in reality his thoughts were with the fraulein, Marie Von Conigsberg.

A long time he stood motionless before the picture, in such a state of abstraction as to be wholly unconscious of the lapse of time. The moon, which was at its full, rose bright and glorious, pouring its silvery flood through the great windows of the gallery, giving a strange, fantastic aspect to the forms and faces that looked out at him from the numberless paintings that adorned the walls of that abode of art. A couple of hours, it may be, he stood thus still and statue-like, while in thought he was living over again the hours he had passed in teaching his beloved Marie to draw and paint, and something more, when, having reviewed in regular order every scene of which he formed a part, from the commencement of their acquaintance, he arrived in due course at the point of time in which that most unfortunate kick had been administered. The degrading recollection roused him from his reverie, and starting suddenly, he cast a look around, and for the first time became aware of the lateness of the hour. Muttering to himself, in an uncommonly energetic manner, a few words, the purport of which I could not exactly make out, he turned on his heel and strode rapidly toward the door.

The hall was completely deserted; the last straggler had long since taken his departure, and our hero's footsteps, as he hurriedly paced the dim gallery, sounded singularly loud and distinct, awakening strange echoes, which reverberated along the high arched roof, and among the lofty pillars, until they died away in the distant aisles with a sound like low, mocking laughter.

"Sacrament!" muttered he, when, upon reaching the entrance, he found the ponderous doors closed for the night. "Was there ever such an unlucky dog born into this detestable, disgusting world? By all the infernal powers, I verily believe the fiend himself is enlisted against me, and takes pleasure in making me miserable. Now if it were only the reverse, if I could only enlist his sulphureous highness in my favor, wouldn't it be glorious? It's no such dreadful thing, after all. I can't be much worse off than I am at present, and, as I said before, better men than myself have done as much. There was Faust, and what's name, and the Count de Saint Germain, and what-d'ye call him, and a host of others, only I can't think of their names, all of them men by no means to be sneezed at, who bettered their worldly condition very mate-

rially by a little business transaction with old square toes. By Jupiter, I wish I knew how the thing was done."

The same low, ringing laugh that he had heard in his attic, a few hours before, sounded through the deserted hall, very low and soft, but distinct and prolonged, as if caught up and echoed by a thousand mocking voices.

"Eh? Hallo, who's that?" called our hero, looking around in every direction. "Imagination, I suppose, or an echo, or something;" and he retraced his steps towards the window where he had first stationed himself.

As he approached the spot, he observed, pacing slowly along in the moonlight, a tall figure, enveloped in a long black military cloak, and with a slouched hat, ornamented with a long, jet black plume—set jauntily upon his head, after the manner of those gallants who think no small things of themselves.

"Hallo, here's another unfortunate individual fastened in for the night," thought Carl; "he doubtless is the unmannerly scoundrel who saw fit to laugh at my remarks, but a moment since. By Jove, he'd better not repeat the experiment, for I feel savage as a hyena to-night, and would like nothing better than to give somebody a good serviceable thrashing. I wonder who the deuce he is, and why I haven't seen him before? But what do I care who he is? I don't care for him; I don't care for anybody, not I—except Marie, dear little Marie. Impertinent scoundrel, what business has he to intrude upon my privacy? I selected this place to walk in myself, and I want to be alone, I do, and I'm going to be alone. Confound the fellow, he's been trying to light his cigar here, too; there's a diabolical smell of brimstone. If I catch him smoking, I'll cram the cigar down his throat."

With these, and similar belligerent thoughts chasing one another through his brain, he continued to walk toward the window. The stranger, being somewhat in advance, reached the wall first, and turning, passed our hero, midway the aisle, but without speaking. This was repeated several times, Carl, all the while, working himself into a furious passion, until, in passing the fourth time, he could contain himself no longer. Accordingly, confronting the stranger, and assuming a look and manner intended to annihilate him upon the spot, he addressed him:

"I say, who the deuce are you? Is the building so small, that you can find no other place to walk but this? I wish to be alone! d'ye understand? *alone*. Your society is far from being enchanting, and you'll accommodate me by taking yourself out of this, as soon as you can possibly make it convenient."

"Why, really, this is very unhandsome treatment, I must say," returned the stranger, in a courteous manner. "I assure you, I should not have intruded upon your solitude, except upon the repeated and pressing invitation from yourself."

"Invitation from me? What, in the name of Beelzebub, do you mean? The fellow is insane, clearly."

"Not at all. If you will have the kindness to remember, you have twice, to night, intimated your desire to make a transfer of a trifling piece of property, upon which you would find it extremely difficult to effect a loan from any pawn-broker, but which, in the benevolence of my heart, I am willing to purchase at a truly magnificent figure. You understand me?"

Carl was a brave fellow, and not easily frightened; but it must be confessed, he was not a little startled at discovering who was his companion. The stranger, during the conversation, had stepped back into the moonlight in such a position that it fell upon his face, thereby disclosing a set of remarkably fine, not to say pleasing features, and had his dark eye been a little less piercing, no one would have hesitated to pronounce him the handsomer man of the two.

"Hem, yes. I understand," replied Carl, who had taken a good look at the stranger, and somewhat recovered himself. "In plain language, then, you are the —," and Carl executed a series of downward motions with his thumb.

"Why, really, my friend, you flatter me," replied the stranger, evidently pleased with the compliment. "No, to tell you the truth, I am not the —," and he hesitated, imitating at the same time, Carl's thumb language. "I am not the —, I am simply a —."

"O, ah, yes, I see, you are simply a —. Well, simply a —, I suppose, from what you heard me say to-night, you expect I will sell you my soul at the first offer. 'Tis no great shakes of a soul, to be sure, and never has been of much benefit to me, that I know of; but, poor as it is, I assure you, most solemnly, you won't get it. That, I believe, terminates our business for to-night. Now, sir, I have the honor to wish you a very good evening, and you will accommodate me by going right straight to—any place you choose."

"Quite the contrary, my friend. Our business, so far from being concluded, has not yet commenced," returned the stranger, with a bland smile, at the same time drawing from the rear inside pocket of his coat, a long, smooth,

caudal appendage, terminating in a peculiar harpoon-shaped conformation at the extremity, which Carl had not before observed that he was provided with, so snugly was it coiled away, when expedient that it should be kept out of sight; and which the stranger, holding the bight in his hand, flourished gracefully, as any less gifted individual would a cane, occasionally tapping his boot with the end, to give force to his remarks, or switching at some rakish fly, returning to his quarters at that late hour, and whose loud and irregular buzzing denoted that it was no good that kept him out till that time of night. "Quite the contrary. If you will listen to me, for a few minutes, I think I can convince you that our business has by no means been brought to a close. In the first place, then, Carl Von Lagerbier, you are poor, very poor."

Carl nodded affirmatively.

"And for my part, I can't see how you are to better your condition. In the next place, you are up to your ears in love with Marie Von Cohnsberg, and she with you."

"You are an impertinent scoundrel."

"Possibly—and she with you. Now then, Carl, I will talk to you like a brother. O, don't start; like an uncle, then, if that suits you better. Yes, uncle, nothing could be more proper; for, as I expect to grant you a loan on collateral security, I most certainly have as good claim to be called 'uncle' as any mortal pawn-broker in existence;" and the stranger chuckled gleefully at the conceit. "Well, then, the case is just here. On the one hand, we have a life of poverty, misery, and disappointed affection, not only for yourself, but for Marie; don't you think she'll suffer, too? I happen to know that she does suffer, and that, under the present circumstances, you will never see her more. On the other hand, there is boundless wealth, and a title, too, if you like it, Marie for your wife, and a long life of happiness."

"For all of which, you merely ask my eternal misery? cheap, certainly. It's of no use, I tell you; you only waste your time, if that's of any value."

"Peace, my impetuous young friend; my tale is not yet half told. I do not ask a fraction of the price you seem to take for granted. The fact is, I have taken a fancy to you, and am disposed to give you a fortune, dog cheap. Now, listen to me, I say, and I will inform you as to the price I do in reality ask. To give you a proper understanding, then, you must know that business has been dull with us, I may say very dull, for the last hundred and fifty, or two hundred years. The resident assistants have had

nothing to do but to grow fat and lazy, while the travelling agents have worked themselves to a shadow, without accomplishing much of anything. Now, as previous to the period I have named, business had been brisk, as it is now the reverse, we came to the conclusion, after much deliberation, that our terms were too hard, and that people had become alarmed at the harsh manner in which we treated our patrons, on their exit; as, for instance, that deplorable affair of Faust's, what could have been more impolitic or unbusiness-like, than for the agent, who had Faust in charge, to souse him into the crater of Vesuvius, when his time had expired? That circumstance we have never ceased to deplore, though, to do ourselves justice, the agent in question had never been entrusted with any business of a like character before, and was consequently perfectly green, which accounts for the unfortunate occurrence.

"For these reasons, I say, we have effected a thorough reform in that department whose business it is to negotiate with living mortals. Not only have the prices been reduced, but, in certain cases, a substitute will be allowed. You will see, by this tariff of prices, that your humble wants can be supplied upon very reasonable terms;" and the stranger, taking a neatly printed card from his vest-pocket, and tucking his tail under his arm, began running his fore finger down a column of figures.

"Hum—yes, your wants, which are moderate, can be supplied at a very low figure indeed. Now, if it was revenge you wanted—to take life, or anything of that kind, then, indeed, there would be some reason to find fault with the terms; but as it is, bah! 'tis a mere nothing. Let me see, I think I know your wants. You will require a considerable sum of money, say a million—no, two; yes, a young fellow, with your talent for spending money, will require two. Then you want to wed Marie Von Cohnsberg, of course; and you'll want a title, perhaps? No? then it will come cheaper still. Then we'll say thirty years to enjoy yourself; thirty will answer, wont it? Well, then, we'll say forty, I'm not disposed to be hard with you, forty it is; and all that you can have—wealth, station, the woman of your choice, and forty years of happiness—for what? I'll bet a hat, you'll be surprised at the low price I'll name; and all this you can have by merely signing a bond for the truly insignificant term of twenty thousand years in purgatory."

"Purgatory, eh?—then it's not eternal?"

"O, by no means; that is to say, you will have to answer for your own acts, in the same

manner as if this bargain had never been made ; which will be over and above the term due me ; but being rich, you can easily get a dispensation from the pope, relieving you from everything except this one debt, which—being a man of honor—you, of course, will not attempt to shirk, unless,—as I will provide for in the bond—you furnish me a substitute.”

“Twenty thousand years, eh—? only twenty thousand!—a trifle, truly, a mere nothing—”

“You are right,” muttered the stranger, a shade of melancholy flitting for a moment over his fine features—“comparatively speaking, it is nothing ; it is less than nothing. But come,” he continued, cheerfully, “time is passing, what say you, shall we complete the bargain at once ? here is the bond already drawn up, and only requires your signature.”

“What if I refused ?”

“Then you may starve, or at best drag out a precarious existence ; vegetate in your garret ; while some bolder and more manly spirit supplants you in the affections of the woman you are afraid to win. By Jove, but she is a splendid creature,” continued the stranger, placing his glass to his eye, and regarding with the air of a connoisseur, a picture which stood but a few feet from them.

“Marie’s portrait here !” exclaimed Carl, in astonishment ; gazing enraptured at the glorious beauty of the fair being there depicted. “O Marie, Marie, what will I not do for thy sake ?”

“Will you sign the bond, if you please ?” asked the stranger in a winning tone, at the same time presenting a small parchment with one hand, while with the other he held an ink horn and pen.

“Give me the bond,” muttered our hero, with a determined air, bending over the parchment and dipping his pen into the ink. “But hold, what am I about to do ? sign a compact with the devil ; no, I’ll not sign it,” and he dashed the pen to the floor.

“O, just as you please, just as you please ; I don’t wish to have it said that I overpersuaded you. Sweet creature, sweet creature,” continued the stranger, again fixing his gaze upon the portrait. “I wonder at you, Carl, I do, ‘pon my honor. How any man can be so chicken-hearted, with such a divinity to urge him on, is beyond my comprehension. However, perhaps, it is quite as well that our business should not be hurried too fast. I will give you another day to consider my proposition. To-morrow night I will see you again, when I am inclined to think you will be disposed to accede to my terms.”

“I think not ; but where will you see me ?”

“O, wherever you are, it matters little to me ; but it is a good sign that you inquire, you will come to your senses after passing another twenty-four hours in your attic. Now then,” he continued, folding up the bond, which he placed, with a number of others, in his pocket-book, and began carefully coiling his tail into the inside pocket of his coat. “I suppose you would like to leave this place, and return home ?”

“I should, most decidedly, but how the deuce is the thing to be effected ? we are fastened in as tight as a beer barrel.”

“O never question as to the means of accomplishing a desirable object, the end is everything. Just grasp my arm firmly,—so—and be careful you don’t let go, or I cannot be answerable for the consequences.”

Carl complied with his directions, there was a whiz ; a sensation similar to that experienced in falling ; a sudden rush of air ; and lo—he stood at the door of his own lodgings.

“Till we meet again,” said the stranger, bowing politely, but before Carl could answer he had disappeared.

“Queer fellow that ; I may be permitted to say, devilish queer,” muttered Carl to himself, as he stumbled up the eight or nine flights of stairs that led to his room. “What a temptation I have had ; shall I sign his infernal bond, or not ? However, I’m sleepy now, and there’ll be time enough to decide to-morrow.”

So saying he tumbled into bed, and in a moment was fast asleep.

The fraulein Marie Von Conigsberg—of whom we have heard something in the preceding chapter—was in tears, and in her room, with her beautiful Madonna countenance buried in the soft cushions of the window seat, and her soft golden hair flowing in unrestrained luxuriance over her snowy shoulders ; she was sobbing convulsively. More than twenty-four hours had elapsed since the only man whose look and voice ever caused her foolish little heart to accelerate its pulsations by a single beat, had been ignominiously kicked before her eyes, and violently expelled from the house. Nor was this all, her father, who was never kind, and often harsh, had visited her with the most fierce and cruel displeasure ; venting his rage upon her defenceless head, and overwhelming her with a torrent of opprobrious epithets, such as no father should use towards a daughter. And more, he had threatened terrible vengeance against Carl ; only the more terrible to her, that she was left in doubt as to what that vengeance would be.

All her own wrongs and insults were forgot-

ten in her anxiety for her lover. A dozen times since the—to her—terrible event of Carl's expulsion, and her father's explosion, had she made up her mind to seek the stern tyrant, and without asking anything for herself, to plead for her lover; for knowing the power and unforgiving disposition of her father, she imagined that nothing less than a dreadful death would satisfy his wounded pride. But to her dismay he had been absent the whole day, and now the second night had come, what could have happened to him?

But hark! a carriage enters the court yard, and her father's well known voice is heard blaspheming at a furious rate, because one of the carriage lamps happened to burn a little higher than the other, or some equally important matter. He was evidently in a savage temper, but that very circumstance gave her hope; for—she thought—had he succeeded in exterminating and blotting from the face of the earth her adored Carl, surely he would be in a pleasanter mood.

Notwithstanding the ugly reception she was sure to meet with, the brave girl determined to at once put her plan in execution. Accordingly making a hurried toilet, she descended with a half-eager, half-frightened step, the broad stairway that led to the hall of the palace, where she felt certain of finding her father, for he invariably passed his evenings there, and of late the greater part of the night. Arriving at one of the side entrances, she hesitated a moment, to strengthen her wavering resolution, and frame an address that should meet with favor from her dreaded father. Peeping between the folds of tapestry which closed the entrance, she was surprised and shocked at the change that had come over the count since their last meeting. His face was deadly pale, almost livid, as with a rapid and irregular step he strode from end to end of the apartment, occasionally giving vent to some incoherent exclamation or grinding his teeth violently together.

This unexpected scene put to flight the little remaining courage Marie had until that moment kept up; but for some cause she could not explain, her limbs refused to bear her away from the spot, and she stood as if spell bound, with her eyes fixed upon her father, who was evidently expecting some one, as he ever and anon threw an anxious, inquiring glance around the vast apartment.

Suddenly, and without appearing to have entered by any of the usual passages, there stood in the centre of the floor, a tall figure enveloped in a black cloak, and holding in his hand a hat

and plume of the same sombre hue. His features were noble and eminently handsome, yet from some undefined cause a thrill of horror ran through her frame as she gazed upon him, and instinctively leaning forward she listened attentively to the conversation that ensued.

"Well," said the stranger, confronting the count, "I have come punctually."

"I see you have," returned the count, apparently not in the least surprised at his sudden appearance.

"Have you succeeded with the substitute you spoke of?"

"I have not; but is there no possibility of obtaining an extension for a short period?"

"Without the substitute is forthcoming, there cannot be the minutest fraction of a second granted further; for, to say the truth, count, you have already had so many extensions that your credit is getting decidedly below par, and it is high time something more tangible than bonds and promises should be given. Just consider, if you please, it is now one hundred and sixty years since our first interview; at that time we bargained for forty years, for which you was to give the usual term of twenty thousand; and very cheap it was too at the time. When that period expired, we made a new bargain extending over a series of years; that too expired; and since that time there has been nothing but extensions, you all the while putting off with promises of substitutes; which promises, it is needless for me to say, have not been fulfilled; until now you are in debt for various items to the extent of a million and a half of years. I regret to say it, but permit me to observe, count, I rather doubt your having tried to obtain a substitute. There, for instance, is the young lady whom you have brought up as your daughter, and who is not your daughter; it appears to me you might have made something out of her attractions. It is not your affection that has prevented, I'm certain; but you failed to make the attempt; besides there are numerous other instances in which I am inclined to think you might have succeeded, had you been disposed to try."

"Granting all that to be true, you know there is yet another chance. If we succeed to-night in persuading Carl Von Lagerbier to sign the bond you proposed to him yesterday,—in that case I shall have a further extension of forty years."

"So the bond reads."

"And if we fail?"

"In that case you must be content to go with me, when the last stroke of twelve sounds to-night. And permit me to say, count, I think

you should be perfectly willing to accompany me, considering the immunity you have had. With the exception of the Count de Saint Germain, I never granted so long a period to mortal before."

"Notwithstanding which, I have a decided aversion to leaving just at this time. I have arranged none of my affairs; in fact, made no preparation whatever, for such a sudden departure."

"And yet you knew the time expired to-night."

"True, but I had, and still have great hope of young Lagerbier. The overwhelming love he bears to the young woman I call my daughter, can, I think, be turned to good account, to say nothing of the wealth I will offer him."

"I'm not so sure of your succeeding," returned the stranger. "I offered him last night precisely what you will offer, and he refused peremptorily. The fact is, he has some confounded notions in his head concerning the propriety of having any dealings with me, whatever. And as for the young woman, I think you have overhot the mark. The love sort of affection he entertains for her is peculiar, so pure, in fact, that he would think himself unworthy of her, did he gain her by any such means. Could we get her to persuade him to it,—then indeed; but that is out of the question entirely, she would sooner persuade him the other way; indeed the very presence of a wholly innocent being like her, would mar the whole proceedings and prevent my operating at all. The fact is, count, you should have begun sooner with young Lagerbier, and have worked his mind up to the point before this. I fear you are now too late. By the way, how soon before you shall expect him here?"

"Ten minutes from this time was the hour appointed. But why, let me ask, are you so much more anxious to get him into your power, with only twenty thousand years to serve, than myself with a million and a half?"

"O, the reason is obvious; it is but natural that we should prefer a young impulsive spirit like his, to a tough, weather-beaten, old soul like yours; beside, we are sure of you, and we are, by no means, sure of him; in fact, if he resists to-night, I am middling certain we never shall get him. I think, upon the whole, count, it would be quite as well for you to see the young fellow alone, and try your powers at persuasion. I will be back in time to execute the deed, should he consent, or to accompany you, should he refuse. In the meantime, I have several little matters on hand that require my attention.

Let me see; I'll run over to Sebastopol, and take a look at our affairs there; have a word or two with Louis Napoleon, in passing; then slip across to America, and see that the steam fire engine is prevented from being put into operation at Boston; and some other little matters thereabout, all of which I can accomplish in season to attend to our business here."

So saying, the stranger bowed politely to the count, set his hat jauntily upon his head, and lo —he was not—

Poor little Marie was almost frozen with horror at the very peculiar style of conversation adopted by the two worthies, and the diabolical plot to swindle her lover out of the immortal part of himself. What was she to do? Rush into the room so soon as Carl made his appearance, and inform him of his danger? No, that would only save him, and in the expansive love of her heart, she wished to save the count also, although he was not her father, and had always been harsh to her.

What could she do? alarm the house? But of what avail would be any amount of force with a gentleman who possessed the peculiar faculty of rendering himself invisible at any moment, and could travel from Berlin to Boston, and back in five minutes? A dozen different projects presented themselves and were as speedily banished. What could she do? She was almost in despair, when a brilliant thought entered her pretty, foolish, little head. Leaving her station at the door, she rushed up stairs to her room and armed herself with a large crucifix, to which was appended a relic of marvellous virtues, and with this spiritual weapon, she quickly returned to her post at the door.

She had been at her station scarcely a minute, when a servant announced Carl Von Lagerbier. How her heart fluttered as he entered the room, looking—she thought—handsomer than ever; and with what eagerness she bent forward to listen, drinking in every word that was uttered.

"I have sent for you at this hour, young man, because we have some business to transact that cannot be so well done at any other time," began the count, when Carl stood before him. "You probably know to what I allude; as there is no time to spare, we may as well proceed at once, without any circumlocution. To be brief, then, you love my daughter?"

"Passionately, devotedly."

"She shall be thine. You would be rich?"

"Yes, that Marie may have no want ungratified."

"You shall have two millions—do you hear, young man? two millions, and a title. You

shall be my heir; but only upon one condition, that you sign the bond my friend presented you last night. You understand? If you refuse this liberal offer, poverty and wretchedness shall be your lot, and my vengeance shall pursue you to the ends of the earth."

"It is in vain, count," replied Carl, suddenly, but firmly. "I have thought well of this matter, have repented sincerely the rash and foolish words of last night, when for a moment I dared harbor the fearful thought of risking my eternal welfare. No, I will live and die in poverty and wretchedness. Will even give up Marie, and could she hear my words, she would approve them—but never, never, will I sign a compact with the devil."

"No, not sign?" gasped the count, growing deadly pale, while his eye wandered towards the clock, the hands of which were fearfully near the hour of twelve. "You must, you shall sign," he continued fiercely.

"Never," replied Carl, firmly.

"You can procure a substitute before the time expires."

Carl shook his head.

"By all the infernal powers, you shall sign that paper, or never leave this spot alive," roared the count, drawing his sword and rushing upon him. As he spoke, the person we have thus far called the stranger, but whom we will henceforth call the demon, stood before them. "Hold," he cried, "there must be no compulsion; either he signs the paper of his own free will and accord, or it is of no effect. Prepare yourself, Count Von Conigsberg," he continued, in a terrible voice, fire flashing from his eyes. "The hour draws near, in one minute more, the clock now strikes."

"O, spare me, spare me!" faltered the miserable man, sinking helpless into a chair.

"There is the bond, the bond," continued the demon, with a fiendish laugh, as he laid the parchment on the table, and strode across to where the count was sitting.

The clock began striking the hour of midnight. "One" clanged forth from the bell's brazen throat.

"Are you ready, Count Von Conigsberg? Ho, ho, only a million and a half," roared the demon.

"O mercy, mercy!"

Two—the words of the bond which lay upon the table, flashed out brighter and brighter as the clock struck, until every letter seemed a flame, while the count's signature was the color of blood.

Four—with the rapid motion of a startled

fawn, Marie, seeming like a very angel in that presence, darted from her hiding-place, and flying with the speed of light across the hall, laid the precious crucifix upon the very centre of the parchment. The demon shuddered from head to foot.

"Where now is your claim upon the count, foul fiend?" cried Marie, exultantly. "Lay your impious hand upon that sacred emblem if you dare."

The letters of fire faded from the bond immediately as the cross touched the parchment, leaving it a perfectly blank sheet, except where the count's signature was written; that still remained, but no longer the color of blood.

The demon gazed as if bewildered, at the holy symbol, until the last stroke of twelve had sounded, then with a fearful imprecation, that shook the building to its foundation, he disappeared through the roof. The fatal hour was passed. Marie lifted the cross from the parchment, when spontaneously igniting, it was soon consumed.

"Count, father," said Marie, laying her hand upon his arm, "the hour is passed, and you are saved from the consequences of your error."

"Is it indeed so? is it possible there is hope even for me?"

"There is hope for all men, count," said Carl, approaching and taking his hand.

"Heaven bless you, my child!" said the count, laying his hand upon Marie's head. "And for you, Carl," he continued, turning to him, "you have proved yourself strong enough to resist the temptation to which I fell; take this child, therefore, protect her, for she is an orphan, and may you be happy. For my title and estates, I leave you my heir; to-morrow I shall quit the world and enter a monastery, where amid prayer and fasting, and in the communion of holy men, I will endeavor to atone, in some measure, for my misdeeds." So saying, he left the room, while Marie, folded in Carl's embrace, wept for joy upon his bosom; and here we'll leave them, as indeed we should do, for it always makes me terribly provoked to have any one spying round when I am in a like situation.

CONTENTMENT.—Fit objects to employ the intervals of life are among the greatest aids to contentment a man can possess. The lives of many persons are an alternation of one engrossing pursuit, and a sort of listless apathy. They are either grinding, or doing nothing. To those who are half their lives fiercely busy, the remaining half is often torpid without quiescence. A man should have some pursuit, always in his power, to which he may turn gladly in his hours of recreation.—*Helps.*

THE LAST APPEAL.

BY HENRY STINE.

When you, beside the bed of death,
 Shall stand, and see my eyelids close,
 Shall watch depart my latest breath,
 My weary frame sink to repose,
 Bow not in grief,
 'Neath the heavy stroke so early given,
 But turn to Him who reigns in heaven,
 And seek relief.

When 'neath the ground you've seen me laid,
 And home return, in grief profound;
 No place to hear, no smile to meet,
 Come to wander up and down—
 Not hopeless be,
 Nor let escape those bitter tears and sighs,
 But hope with me to spend, beyond the skies,
 Eternity.

When you shall wake at early morn,
 And seek in vain my form to clasp,
 And gaze around the room forlorn,
 No smile to meet, no hand to grasp—
 Not heart-sick moan,
 As your sore affliction comes to mind,
 Nor think none worthy you can find,
 To call your own.

When many lonely days have passed,
 And you another heart have gained—
 Another form your arms have clasped—
 The cypress for the orange changed,
 Not quite forget:
 Though your love for her most true shall be,
 Let memory live, and your love for me
 Keep sacred yet.

THE BANISHED SAILOR.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

CAPTAIN ROBBINS told us the next story. He was a stout, powerfully built man, and had been a ship-master over twenty years.

"Well, boys," he commenced, "my story has but little of the thrill to it, but it has a curious sort of a winding up, as you shall hear. Some ten years ago—I had command then of the same ship which I now own—I cleared at Boston for Calcutta. About half of my crew were furnished by a shipping-agent, and they were certainly good-looking men. I had no reason to complain of them on the score of seamanship, for they were good seamen and understood their profession. For a week all went on well, and I had begun to flatter myself that we should have no trouble on the voyage, when one of the men commenced to exhibit traits of character which I did not much fancy.

His name was Mark Lofton. He was a stout,

broad-chested fellow, strong as an ox, and with a set of limbs which looked as though they were made of twisted ropes. His first exhibitions of evil were among the men, where he seemed inclined to provoke quarrel and fighting. I called him aft and bade him let me see no more of his mischief. He made me no reply, and went forward with a sullen, dogged look.

"Matters passed on for a week longer, and at the end of that time, as I came on deck one morning, I found a row going on upon the fore-castle. I hurried forward, and found that Lofton had been kicking up a muss as usual. I inquired what had caused the disturbance, but received no answer, so I turned to a foretopman named Anderson, and ordered him to explain to me what had happened.

"Why, sir," said he, casting a kind of fearful glance towards the evil man, 'Lofton came up a little while ago, and found Bill settin' on his ditty-bag, an' he shoved him off. Bill told him not to do that again, an' at that Lofton up and hits him a kick, and was goin' to pitch into him, when me an' Tom interfered. Lofton swore 'at he'd murder us if we didn't let go of him, but we swore 'at he shouldn't harm Bill, for Bill was only a boy compared with him. That's where we was, sir, when you came.'

"It's a lie!" said Lofton, with his fists doubled up.

"Be careful," said I, looking him sharply in the eye. I suppose he hated to have the men see him cowed, so he thought he'd show me a little of his spunk. At any rate, he turned full upon me, and said—and he looked savage, too, when he spoke:

"Don't think I'm afraid of you."

"That startled me. 'Look out,' I said, 'or you'll find yourself in rather rough hands.'

"At that he shook his fist in my face. I wasn't a very weak man then. I was taller than Lofton, and not so stiff, and my fist was heavy. With a movement so quick that he couldn't avoid it I gave him a blow upon the side of the head, just below the ear, that felled him to the deck as though he'd been struck with a cannon ball. At first I thought he was dead, but he soon began to move, and ere long he got upon his feet. The first word that escaped from his mouth was an oath, and directed to me. I struck him again, in the same place, but heavier than before, and he fell again like lead. When he next got up he seemed inclined to fear me, and he kept his tongue to himself.

"'Lofton,' I said to him—and I spoke rather more kindly than I would have believed it possible for me to have spoken—'there is no need of

my saying much, for you are sensible enough to know what order and subordination must be on board a ship. It gives me more pain to punish you than it can possibly give you to receive it. I want you to understand this. Now why can't you behave as you should? you know what your duty is, and you know how much happier you will be if you make yourself pleasant.' I went on in this way some time, and when I went aft again I left him with his head down. I made no threat of any kind, but I talked just as though I didn't believe that he would act so any more.

"After this I fairly thought that Lofton would behave himself. He was sober and regular at his duty, but he had little to say to the rest of the crew. He was sullen most of the time, and I don't think he spoke a dozen words a day, that he wasn't obliged to speak. His peculiarities attracted my attention, and once I tried to get at the secret of his strange behaviour. One night, when he had the wheel, I stood by his side and asked him how long he had followed the sea. He told me, ever since he could remember, save at intervals which he had spent on shore. I next asked him if either of his parents was living. He said, no. I was then going to ask another question, when he looked me in the face, and said he:

"There, capt'n, you'd better stop where you are. I see your drift, and I a'n't fond of telling my own affairs."

"But you are a strange man, and I cannot see through you at all," said I.

"Well, an' what's the need of yer seein' through me?" he growled, giving the wheel an extra spoke a-port, and heaving it back again.

"I said no more to him, but went about my own business, satisfied that he would do best to be left alone.

"We had reached the Cape of Good Hope, and thus far Lofton had maintained a dogged, sullen subordination since the scene to which I have referred; but after we had doubled the cape, he commenced once more to show his evil pranks. One night he knocked Bill Cookson down, and kicked up a general row. I hurried forward and put a stop to it as soon as possible; but this did not stop it, for the next day he had another fight. I told him if he did so again I would put him in irons, but he took no notice of my threat. He seemed to have become utterly reckless of all consequences, and at enmity with the whole crew. In fact, he appeared to take a sort of fiendish delight in feeling that we all hated him. We had now got so that there was no safety with him, and I carried my threat into

execution. I put him in irons, but I had to knock him down first. I kept him confined a week, and then I let him free, but after that I went armed, for I knew not what he might do.

"But even this seemed to have no influence but to make him more ugly. The men all feared him, for he was powerful; and more than that, they feared that he would not hesitate to use a knife if provoked to it. At length I got out of patience, and I found that the peace of the crew was destroyed while he remained on board. I tried to reason with the fellow, but he would only snarl and scowl at my persuasions. I was puzzled, I had tried every sort of means, and yet not a particle of impression could I have upon him. I had urged him with all the power of which I was capable. I had pointed out to him in every conceivable form the real joys of life he was throwing away. In short, no father ever talked more kindly and feelingly to a child than I did to him.

"But finally I gave up. One day Lofton had been worse than usual, and as he gave me a threatening answer, I simply said: 'Now, Mark, I've come to the last resort. Let me see one other act of evil from you, and I will set you ashore upon the first land we see! I will do it as true as there is a God in heaven!'

"He looked at me sharply as I spoke, but I could not see that it affected him any. However I let him rest at that. On the very next day the men were sent aloft to shake the reefs out of the topsails. I heard an oath from the main topsail yard, and on looking up I saw that Lofton was having a spat with Bill Cookson again. Lofton was on the Flemish horse casting loose the earing, and Cookson was next to him. 'Let me alone,' I heard Cookson say, 'I want to do my duty.' On the next instant I saw Lofton spring in and give the youngster a blow that knocked him from the yard. Quick as I could I ordered the men in from the yard, and hove the ship to. Bill was picked up though 'twas a narrow chance, for the blow he had received had almost stunned him. As soon as the men had come down, I went forward with some irons and ordered Lofton to give me his hands, but he refused. I called on my men to help me, when the fellow drew his knife, and swore he'd run the first man through who placed a hand on him. The words were hardly from his mouth when my mate struck him down with a belaying pin, and in a few moments more we had him ironed. I spoke not a word, but confined him under the top-gallant forecastle.

"Three days from that time one of the look-outs reported land on the larboard bow. We

steered for it at once, and found it to be a small island, not more than three or four miles in diameter, and well wooded. I ordered the boat to be lowered, and then put Lofton into it. It seemed hard to leave a human being in such a place, and I made up my mind that if he would only beg for mercy, and promise to behave himself, I would recant. But he did no such thing. I went to the shore with him, and he was sullen and silent, and even after we had landed him he spoke not a word until I had spoken first.

"You won't repent, will you?" I said.

"His answer was only a volley of oaths, and I came off and left him, and ere long afterwards my ship was on her way again. I turned to look back upon the island and saw Lofton standing nearly where I had left him. He was gazing after us, and then I determined that if he would only make the least sign towards the ship I would go about and get him. But as soon as he saw that I was looking at him, he plunged into the wood. We stood on, but I must confess that the face of that lonely man haunted me. The run to Calcutta was made in safety, and on the way back I meant to stop at the island and see if Lofton was still alive, but I could not find it again. I did not know its name, though, of course I had its latitude and longitude, but when within a few days' sail of the island a storm came upon us, and we lost the place, so I saw him not.

"But many a time did I wish that I had not left Mark Lofton on that lone island. Yet how could I have helped it? I could not have kept him under guard all the time, and had he been loose, there was danger of his killing good men. Thus I argued with myself, and gradually the thing ceased to trouble me.

"Time passed on, and nine years rolled away. Once afterwards I found the little island—it was nearly on the southern tropic—and went all over it. It was five years after I had left Lofton. I found a hut made of boughs, and other signs of humanity, but there was no human being there. I forgot to tell you that after we had set Lofton on shore, I put after him a package containing a gun, a knife, and some powder and ball. In the hut there was a rude fire-place, and the ashes and coals were still there, though caked down by the rains which could now come through the broken roof. As I could find no further traces, I of course supposed the man must have found some means of leaving the island.

"Last November I anchored my ship in Port Phillip, at Australia. I went there to take out provisions and clothing for the miners, and also to carry passengers. I remained at Melbourne

a month. One day, after I had got all loaded up for my return voyage, and was only waiting for some passengers to come down from the mountains, I received a message requesting me to call at the hotel and see a sick man. I went up at once, and the clerk of the house, who knew me, and knew what I had come for, conducted me up stairs, and showed me into one of the best rooms in the establishment. There sat a middle aged gentleman, who arose as I entered and asked if I was Captain Robbins. I told him I was, and then he turned towards a heavy curtain which formed a complete partition, and motioned for me to follow him. In there I found a bed, and upon it was a man whom I soon recognized as one I had seen before. His features were sunken and death-like, and the skin as dark as an Indian's. The hair was gray; but 'twas the great black eye I recognized.

"Ah, captain," he uttered, trying to raise himself up, but failing, 'don't you remember John Wallace?'

"I was upon the point of replying that I had forgotten the name, when he made a sign for the physician to leave. As soon as the man of medicine was gone, a strange light shot athwart the sick man's features, and in a low tone he said:

"But you haven't forgotten Mark Lofton?"

"You may believe I started. I recognized him in an instant, but how fallen and faded. He extended his hand, and I took it.

"Mark," said I, 'I am glad to see you once more, but sorry to see you so. But you've caused me many unhappy moments.'

"How so?" he asked quietly.

"In wishing that I had not left you on that island."

"Tut, tut, say no more about that. 'Twas the making of me. But you mustn't expect to talk much, for I've but precious little life in me, and must say what I've got to say first. Yes, you made me, and I've sent for you now to see you, and tell you. I knew when you first came into port, and then I hoped I should get well enough to go to the States with you.'

"I told him that he might get well as it was, and that I would wait for him, even though I was now ready to sail.

"But suppose I couldn't pay you?" he said.

"I told him he shouldn't pay me if he could.

"Well, well," he uttered in a hollow tone, 'you won't be burdened with me. But listen: I say leaving me on that island was the making of me. For the first week of my being there I only prayed that I might at some future time get near enough to you to murder you, and dar-

ing that time I lived on berries and roots. After that I began to feel lonesome, and my anger cooled down. Then I resolved to open the bundle you had done up for me, and when I found the gun, and ball, and powder, the first feeling of gratitude that I had experienced for years came to my soul. You may now know what I never would tell you before. When I was young I loved a gentle girl, and she was snatched from me—ruined—by another. I met her seducer, and I shot him. I was taken up and broke jail, and from that time I allowed my heart to sink into a hatred of everything. My parents were both dead, and I knew of no relative on the face of the earth. Ugliness became a disease, and my baser passions I ever nursed. So had I lived for many years when you first knew me. But new feelings came to me in my banishment. When I had no human being to converse with, then I began to realize how necessary companionship was to even life itself. As I became more and more lonesome I remembered the good lessons you tried to teach me, and then I began, too, to acknowledge to myself that you had been forbearing and kind, even beyond my deserts.

"And so a year passed away, and at the end of that time I had actually learned all your lessons word for word, and had now come to wish continually that I had profited by them. Prayer followed next, and then came the resolution that if I ever could get free from the island I would be a better man. You may think it strange, but I had now come to look back upon you as the only guide to my reformed life. Your lips were the only lips that had ever, since my boyhood, spoken one kind word of counsel and advice, and upon your sayings my whole superstructure of character was founded. If I ever for one moment blamed you for leaving me there, the thought of how you bore with me, and how I trampled upon your kindness, drove such thoughts away. Ah, you have little idea what thoughts will come to a man in such loneliness.

"Four years passed away, and during that time I lived on fowl's eggs and fruit, and in a hut which I built of boughs. At length a brig was becalmed off the island, and I got on board. I gave my name as John Wallace, and professed to have been cast away four years before. That brig came here, and I at once made my way to the mines, which were then just opened. I followed up my resolution, and have been fortunate. But I've met one enemy now that can't be overcome. Yet, what is that?" He spoke this in a loud voice, and fairly sprang up to a sitting posture. "What is that?" he repeated, while a

bright fire burned in his eye. 'But for you I should have died a miserable, degraded being, but now I am happy and contented. The lesson has been a hard one, but nothing else could have turned a heart like mine. I have seen my God, and in my soul I know all my sins are forgiven; washed away by the blood of the Lamb!'

"He fell back exhausted, and at that moment the doctor came in. Lofton tried to speak again but he was too weak. The physician told me to come again in the morning. I returned to my ship, and on the next morning I went back to the hotel. I met the doctor, and he told me my friend was dead. I went up to look at him, and those dark, sunburnt features did wear a smile in their last, silent repose.

"'He was a noble, good man,' uttered the doctor, as we stood looking at the sleeper.

"'He was,' I returned.

"'And yet a strange man,' the doctor added. He had told me all, and his attachment to you is surely a singular one, or, at least, fostered under singular circumstances.'

"So we conversed some time on the strange subject, and at length, as I announced that I must return, the doctor took me to the adjoining apartment, where there was a large trunk with my name on it.

"'There,' he said, 'that trunk is yours. And, there is a letter, which, you will observe, was signed in the presence of a justice and three witnesses.'

"I opened the letter, it was quite long, and had been written by his attorney, at Lofton's dictation. It iterated the thanks he had already bestowed upon me, and informed me that the trunk, and all that was in it, save one small package, was mine; and that upon that package I should find directions for its disposition. And last, I was forbidden to open the trunk until I had passed the Cape of Good Hope. I waited to follow Mark Lofton's remains to the grave, and then I set sail.

"I have been many times anxious to leave the Cape behind me, but never so anxious as then. But the time at length came, and on the morning that my ship struck the Atlantic, I opened the trunk. I found a lot of old papers at the top, and below them I came to a Bible. Next I came to a lot of canvass bags, and—they were filled with gold! At the bottom was an iron-bound box, and upon it was a letter directed to me. I took it up, and saw, upon the top of the box, written, the name of 'WILLIAM COOKSON.' Bill was at that moment within three feet of me, my first mate! We read the letters together—one for him, and one more for me—and in them

Lofton hoped that the remembrancer here bestowed, might at least be some little sign of his well wishes for an honest man whom he had once so deeply wronged. In my letter I was desired to get the box to Cookson if he was living, and if he was dead I was to divide it among such of the crew of the old ship as were known to me.

"I will only add, that Mark Lofton had left me forty-seven thousand dollars, and to Bill, twelve thousand. My mate and I had some strange feelings at that moment, and when we spoke the name of him who had thus enriched us our hands involuntarily met in a tremulous embrace, and warm tears trembled upon our lids.

"You now know why I have given up going to sea any more. You can see, too, how natural it was that Cookson and I should enter into partnership in the shipping business; and you also will understand why we have called our new ship the 'MARK LOFTON.'"

"ALL ALONE, DARLING."

So said an agonized mother to her infant, that lay on her lap dying. Sadly and tenderly she gazed on its pale face. O, how thin and pale disease had made it! And when the little wasted hands would be feebly reached towards her, and the sharp pain would distort the lovely features, and the dear eyes would look up to her so imploringly, the mother's heart bled as none but a mother's heart can. It was not only the dying agonies of her child that she dreaded; after a few more hours of suffering, a few more struggles for breath, a few more looks of love and pain, its eyes would see her no more. It would pass away from her sight. The timid babe must go from all that it knew, all that it had seen, into a world where all would be strangers.

"All alone, darling; you must go *all alone*." That was the bitter thought to that tender mother. But that was the voice of nature. Soon faith whispered, "He who prepared your heart to welcome the little one so loving when it came a stranger into this world, cannot he endow some fair and gentle spirit with love and skill to meet the little stranger as it enters that world, to embrace it tenderly, and gently introduce it to the happy scenes of its new existence?"

"Your Saviour is there; he who said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me.' You have trusted his grace for your child's redemption, can you not trust your child in his care? 'He shall gather the lambs with his arms, and carry them in his bosom.' Your little one will be safe in that bosom, and 'quiet from fear of evil; more safe, more quiet, more happy than in your own.' Faith allayed the anxiety, and soothed the anguish of nature. The weeping mother believed and was comforted.—*American Messenger*.

He whose wishes, respecting the possessions of this world, are the most reasonable and bounded, is likely to lead the safest, and for that reason, the most desirable life.

TO CARRIE D. H.—

BY H. EDWIN HAYDEN.

Remember me.

Not—I entreat—at the festal board, while all around thee,
The light sounds of joyous mirth, in pleasant thoughts
have bound thee;
Not the gay and lively dance, where busy feet are prancing,
Nor in fashion's brilliant bowers, where happy eyes are
glancing— [thee,
But at twilight, when the stars are shining bright above
And all is still and lone—if no other tho't then move thee,
Remember me.

Remember me.

Not in the busy maze of life where all is bright and glad;
Not in the silent gloom of night, when all is dark and sad;
Not in the brilliant circle, where light wit and mirth
abound,
Nor yet in homelier circles, where sweet tones of music
sound,
But in thine own lone chamber, when from worldly cares
thou'rt free, [knee,
And, dearest, when thou offer'st up thy prayers on bended
Remember me.

THE INHABITANTS OF THE WRECK.

BY CHARLES CASTLETON.

OUR ship, the old Delaware (line of battle), was homeward bound. We were twenty days from Gibraltar, and had thus far had quite respectable weather. On the morning of February 15th, 1844, we discovered what appeared to be a wreck on our weather bow. Word was sent to the captain, and he issued orders at once to tack and stand for it. Accordingly the ship was put about, and as we neared it we found it to be a small craft with the mainmast standing, and the foremast sawed off within about four feet of the deck. The main shrouds were standing, while the mainstay had been secured to the stump of the foremast. In addition to this a stay was run from the mainmast head to the end of the bowsprit. This was all the standing rigging in sight from our ship. A boat was lowered, and I was called to go in it with one of the lieutenants. The wreck lay with her starboard rail at the water's edge, while the larboard side was well out, and the sea was breaking over her continually.

We passed around under the stern, and there we stopped a few moments to make out her name as she rose from the water. We had no difficulty in doing this, for the name was plainly painted: the "HALIFAX, of Halifax." Then we hauled up under the quarter rail, and three of us boarded her. Her deck was swept clean, save of such rigging and standing stuff as was securely made

fast—the hatches were gone, and part of the bulwarks on the starboard side carried away. One life line was still rove, leading from the taffrail to the windlass. We went to the main hatchway and looked down, and we found her to be loaded with shingles and staves—probably bound for the West Indies.

Of course we first searched for any living thing that might have been left upon the wreck, but we could see no signs of such.

"Guess they got off somehow," said the lieutenant.

"If any ship had picked them up," I returned, "I should have thought they would have taken some of this rigging, for surely it is worth saving."

"But it may have blowed too hard," suggested the officer.

I was about to reply, when one of the men, who had made his way forward, suddenly uttered a cry of alarm.

"What is it?" the lieutenant asked.

"I heard somebody groan down here, just as sure as you're alive," the man returned.

We hastened forward, and found that the hatch of the fore-castle companionway was on, and that it was held in its place by a line made fast to a bolt on the outside, and then passing in, between the hatch and the combings, as though some one had pulled it down after them.

"Hallo! Anybody there?" shouted the lieutenant.

We listened, and I distinctly heard a groan. Quick as thought we tore the hatch from its place, but at first we could see nothing but wood and water. The hulk lay with her stern down, and the bows were so high out of water that the two forward upper berths were clear of the flood. The water was up above the lower bunks, but these two were clear, and these alone. The ladder was in its place, and I went down. I looked into the bunk upon the starboard side, and there I saw a human being. It was a man, seeming stark and stiff, for he noticed me not. A groan from behind me startled me, and in the opposite berth I saw another man. I called at once to those on deck, and two of them came down. As soon as we could fairly collect our reason we called for a rope's end, and by this means we succeeded in getting the men on deck. The one who had uttered the groans was able to sit up, though he looked more like a thing of the grave than like a living man. His face was all sunk away till the bones seemed almost in sight, and his eyes had the cold, glassy stare of a frozen man. The other was senseless and inanimate, but there was not only warmth about the region

of the heart, but I was sure I could feel its pulsations with my ear. I had a small pocket-mirror with me—one of those circular things set in a little brass case—and this I opened and held to his lips. I watched it narrowly, and I saw moisture gather upon it.

"There's life there," I said.

"Yes," returned the other—the one who had attracted us by his groans, speaking in a forced whisper; "he spoke to me sometime in the night."

We at once commenced to chafe the fellow's breast and brow and temples, and ere long his eyes were partly opened. But we knew that the sooner we could get him into the hands of the surgeon the better it would be for him, so we wrapped him up as warmly as we could, and then got them both into the boat, and having made sure that there was no other living thing on board, we put off. In twenty minutes from that time both the men were in charge of our surgeon, and by the help of such restoratives as he knew well how to apply, they were brought back to active life, though it was some days before the weakest one could even sit up.

Five days afterwards I asked the stoutest of the saved men to tell me the particulars of the wreck.

"Ah," said he, with a dubious shake of the head, "it's a curious story. My name is John Lamber, and my mate's name is Philip Worthen. We belong in Lunenburg, which is on King's Bay, just to the southward of Halifax. Five of us owned a small schooner, and came out on the Banks after codfish. About a fortnight before you found us we got caught in a northwester. We tried to put back, but we couldn't do it—nor could we lay to. We found that we must scud or sink, one of the two, and we chose to scud. Away we went for two days like a frightened dolphin. Our craft was an old one—an old coaster we had bought cheap—and she couldn't stand such knocks; so on the third day, just as the blow was over, she sprang a leak. We manned the pumps, but 'twas no use. A dozen seams were open, and the water came in like mad. We found that the old thing must go, and we got our boat out, and as quickly as possible dumped in what provisions we could get at. We had just got in one beaker of water, when we found the schooner was going, and we made a rush for the boat. We had all got in, but when we came to the shoving off we had no oars. I jumped back after them, and had just got into the boat again, when the schooner gave a heave ahead and went down. Of course she made a whirlpool where the sea closed over her, and the boat went into it, and down we all went together.

"For awhile I was struggling under water, but I came up after a spell, and had sense enough to make for the first thing I saw afloat. It proved to be the main-hatch. As soon as I had secured it, I looked about me. The water was covered with the stuff that had been on the schooner's deck, and it was floating about in all directions. Of course I looked first for my companions, and by-and-by I saw Phil Worthen clinging to the hencoop—for we brought out a lot of hens with us. But we two were all that ever came up alive! We looked for the boat, but it was not to be found.

"Phil and me got close together, and we soon had sense enough to try and find some provisions. We did find one bag of bread floating on the water, and this we secured. That was all we could find. This we secured to the hencoop, and then we began to think of making a raft. We found some rigging floating about, and after a hard siege of more 'n three hours, all the time swimming about—we got the hatch, the hencoop, the binnacle and a part of the caboose, all lashed together, and on this we took our stations. We picked up a wooden kid after this, and of course secured it, and also one oar. We picked up all the old tarpaulins we could find, and these we wrapped around the bread-bag to keep the salt water out.

"Night soon came, and, as luck would have it, it commenced to rain. We pulled off all our clothes, and as soon as we had got them rinsed clear of salt we began to gather fresh water. We let 'em soak, and then squeezed the water into the kid, and before morning we had it full. Two days we were on that raft, and on the next we fell in with the wreck on which you found us. We found no living thing on it, but we resolved to board it. So we put our kid and bread-bag on board, and then secured the raft to her stern. But on the next night the raft got away somehow. That noon our water was gone, and we had only ten biscuit left. On the next day our bread was gone, and we were parching with thirst. In our agony of thirst we drank salt water, and it made us sick. That night we watched for a sail as long as we could see, and then we crawled into the fore-castle, and having hauled the hatch down after us, we crept into the only two bunks that were clear of water. Phil was weaker than I was, for I had to help him into his bunk. But when I had laid down it didn't seem as though I could ever get up again.

"I went to sleep—or, rather, sort of fainted away—and sometime in the night I was started by hearing Phil groan. I asked him what was the matter—and he said he was dying. I tried

to get up, but I couldn't move. A sort of stupor came over me from my efforts, and I fell away again. The next thing I remember was hearing you on deck. I tried to cry out, but could only groan. I at length made out to groan pretty loud, and I knew when you heard me. Of course you know the rest. I don't think I could have lived till noon if you hadn't found us as you did."

"Then you know nothing of the former crew of the wreck?" I said.

"No," he answered. "I knew the craft. She was a morph'dite brig, and belonged in Halifax; but I don't know who was in her; nor what became of 'em."

Three days after that we spoke an English barque bound for Halifax, and as the two saved men wished it, they were put on board. They shed tears of gratitude as they went over the side, and even after they had reached the Englishman's boat they uttered their thanks for the service we had rendered them.

BURIED ALIVE.

Pliny mentions the case of a young man of high rank, who having expired sometime, as it was thought, was placed upon the funeral pile. The heat of the flames revived him, but he perished before his friends could rescue him. The great anatomist, Vesalius, had the unspeakable misfortune to commence the dissection of a living body, apparently dead. Less unhappy was the fate of the Abbe Prevost, who fell into an apoplectic fit, but recovered his consciousness—too late—under the scalpel. Preparations were made to embalm the body of Cardinal Somaglia. The operator had scarcely penetrated into the chest when the heart was seen to beat. Returning partially to his senses, he had sufficient strength to push away the knife; but the lung was mortally wounded. In one of our journals is recorded the strangely interesting case of the Rev. Mr. Tennant, of New Jersey, who lay three days in his shroud, and was saved interment almost by a miracle. We find a collection by Bruhier, of no less than fifty-two cases of persons buried alive; four dissected prematurely; fifty-three who recovered after being confined; and seventy-two falsely considered dead.—*Saturday Eve. Gazette.*

A GENEROUS BELLE.

At a festival recently held in Newark, N. J., a lady came up to a table on which was every delicacy in the way of fruits, candy, or cake, and intimated her desire to purchase something.

"Mr. R." said she to the young lady in attendance, "paid for my coming in, and also treated me to ice-cream, and I'm determined to buy something now I'm here."

She took her purse from her pocket, and whilst seeking with her fingers in its recesses, ran her eyes over the table, and settling them upon some almonds, inquired:

"How many do you give for a cent?"

"Four," was the reply.

"Then give me two cents' worth, for I am determined to buy something."—*New York Pic.*

EDITOR'S TABLE.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

THE NEW YEAR.

In the present number of Ballou's Dollar Monthly, we come before the reader with number one of volume third. It will be seen that we appear upon nicer paper than heretofore, and that we present the same abundant feast of intellectual food for our vast list of subscribers. We have added, for the coming year, to our already extensive list of contributors, and can promise the readers of our Dollar Magazine much gratification in the perusal of its numbers for the year before us.

To secure the work complete, it is all-important to subscribe at once, as we can only print up to the demand, and it will be remembered how many we were obliged to disappoint last year, who were late in sending in their subscriptions, the demand being so great as not to leave a single back number to send to those who desired unbroken sets.

We shall continue to make each number complete in itself, and to fill the *hundred pages* which we send out each month with such pleasant and readable tales, sketches, miscellany, and poems, with records of all that is new and curious, as to make the Dollar Monthly a charming and acceptable visitor, and still prove it to be, what it really is, the *cheapest magazine in the world*.

AMPLE ROOM.—The largest reading-room in the world is now nearly completed in the British Museum. It is circular, 140 feet in diameter, and 106 in height. The tables will accommodate nearly four hundred readers. The wrought iron book-cases will contain 102,000 volumes. The cost of the room will be about \$500,000.

BINDING OUR DOLLAR MONTHLY.—We are prepared to bind up neatly in cloth covers the last year's numbers of our Magazine, for all persons who will bring them into our office, and return them in one week, at a charge of *thirty-seven cents*.

A NEW BRADING.—The eleventh commandment is read by defaulters: "Thou shalt not be found out." This was the Spartan, but should not be the Christian version of the law of *meum and tuum*.

A BOLD DANCER.

It appears that an English danseuse—a Miss Thompsoon—has been acting with great audacity to the Austrian authorities in Hungary. We have heard of this affair before, but the correspondent of the New York Herald furnishes full and authentic particulars: "While in Pesth she made herself mistress of the 'Czardas,' the national dance of Hungary; and, wishing to pay a proper deference to the feelings of the country in which she danced, gave orders that a dress should be prepared displaying the national colors. The tailor, however (for in these regions the *modistins* are represented by men), informed her that he dare not make such a dress, as it was strictly forbidden by law. Accordingly it was decided that the green should be left out, and Miss Thompson appeared in white and red. She determined, however, not to be beaten; and upon her arrival in Temesvar she donned a green sash, which she had provided on purpose. With this she appeared in a true woman's spirit, in spite of the remonstrances of the police. On her return to Pesth, a gendarme was appointed expressly to watch her on the stage, who, after remonstrating in vain with Thompson (who pretended that she did not understand German), threatened to remove her by force. As the menace would actually have been carried into effect, Miss Thompson was forced to take off her sash, but carried in its stead, to the disgust of the officials, a bouquet, whose predominant color was green, thus exhibiting to the audience their much loved national colors—white, green and red."

KIDNAPPING CHINESE.—The Chinese Governor-General of Fuh keen and Chekiang has issued a proclamation in which he says that it has come to his knowledge that female children had been bought at Ningpo for the purpose of being shipped to foreign countries, supposed to Cuba.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.—Any of our Magazine subscribers who are not acquainted with Ballou's Pictorial, will have a copy-forwarded to them as a sample, by sending us a line requesting the same.

WANTED—A SUBJECT.

How many a writer, with a head full of general information, with no lack of humor, wit and eloquence, with a determination to immortalize himself, has been arrested on the threshold of his effort by the want of a theme! In vain he gazes moonstruck on the ceiling—in vain plunges the steel into the bottom of his inkstand, as if he would “pluck up drowned subjects by the locks;” for though he may “call spirits from the vasty deep,” they will not answer him. Yet let but the key-note, the word, the idea suggest itself, and his faculties flow forth in their bright play, like a stream when the dam has been removed. The want of a subject is a frequent complaint of professional scribes, and yet wits, starting without any solid foundation, or writing on the absurdest themes, have been generally most successful. Rochester's happiest poem is “On Nothing,” and nothing can very well be better. Jules Janin's “Dead Donkey” is one of his most felicitous works.

Alexander Selkirk, on his desolate island, was “monarch of all he surveyed;” but he had no subjects. Many a poor penny-a liner has been in the same predicament. To the Grubstreet scribbler, who is paid by the job, the want of a subject is a direful calamity; it is bread out of his mouth. And here let us relate an actual adventure that chanced to one of the scribbling fraternity, and let us call the hero Gabriel Crowquill, lest, peradventure, should he be living, his feelings might be wounded at the recital.

Gabriel was a ready writer when his subject was furnished him, but was very slow to originate themes. He made no secret of this deficiency, and once, in the public room of a hotel, declared to a group of his brethren of the quill, that he would give fifteen dollars for a “good flesh subject.” The offer created a laugh, and soon passed from the memory of his immediate auditors, though one man, a stranger, dressed in rusty black, and smoking a cheroot, was wonderfully struck by it.

That night, as Gabriel Crowquill was seated with a blank look before a blank quire of paper, gnawing the feather of an inkless quill, there was a knock at his door.

“Come in!”

The invitation was obeyed. A grim-looking individual, in rusty black, with a red nose, and a dingy white felt hat, with a wisp of crape round it, entered, and carefully closed the door behind him.

“Honor bright?” said the doubtful visitor.

“Of course,” answered Gabriel, in a very foggy way.

“You're in want of a subject?”

“Terribly.”

“And you offered fifteen dollars for one this morning?”

“I did,” said the desperate editor.

“Make it twenty.”

“I will.”

“It's a bargain,” said the red-nosed man.

“Where will you have it?”

“Here.”

“When?”

“Now.”

“All right, squire,” said the man; “I'll be back in five minutes. You've got a bargain. The medical college would give me twenty-five.”

“Stay!” cried the author, a sudden light flashing on his mind; “what's your business?”

“Body snatching!” answered the professional, in a hoarse whisper. “I've got *sich* a prime subject!”

“Avaunt!” shouted the author. “Thy bones are marrowless!”

“Aint you a doctor?”

“Not a bit of it.”

“Don't you cut folks up?”

“Yes; but only in the newspapers; figuratively—not physically.”

“It's all a mistake, then. But you wouldn't betray an honest fellow that has a family to support?” said the Ghoul, with a piteous whine.

“No, no!—only begone. I'm busy.”

The spectre vanished.

“Eureka!” shouted the scribe, as he dashed his pen into the ink. “I have found a subject!” And forthwith he produced that brilliant essay on “Violations of the Grave,” which made such a tremendous sensation in the columns of the “Columbian Globe,” ten years ago, and won for Gabriel the applause of the public, and the hatred of the surgeons.

UNCLE SAM.—Our respected uncle's money-box is full to overflowing. He has a couple of scores of millions of loose change. Don't little Vic. and the Emperor Nap. wish they had it? Of course not.

COCHINEAL.—The cochineal insect, from which a beautiful scarlet dye is obtained, is imported into Great Britain to the extent of 1000 tons annually, valued at £140,000.

PEARL BUTTONS.—Great Britain imports 1600 tons of pearl shells, the whole of which are manufactured into buttons and studs.

ORIGIN OF THE FAN.

A Chinese legend relates that the beautiful Kenzi, daughter of a mandarin, during the Feast of the Lanterns, finding herself overcome by the heat, took off her mask, and while protecting her face, agitated it in such a way as to precipitate the undulations of the air. The ladies were so struck by the grace of this proceeding that many of them dropped their masks and imitated the bewitching Kenzi. We suppose this account of the origin of the fan is about as authentic as Charles Lamb's story of the discovery of the delicacy of roast pork by the Chinese. But the fan is undoubtedly of great antiquity. Its use was allied to the religious practices of the ancient Egyptians. Euripides, Longinus, Lucian, and many other Greek and Latin authors, make mention of the fan. We even see it represented on some of the old Etruscan vases. It is difficult to tell at what period the fan was introduced into the west of Europe. The Crusaders, on their return from Palestine, introduced it extensively among the French ladies. In the commencement of the sixteenth century it became general in Europe. The materials employed in the manufacture were commonly gold, silver, ivory, ostrich and peacock feathers.

The fan makers of Paris formed a distinct corporation before the time of Louis XIV., in whose reign the revocation of the Edict of Nantes drove many fan-makers to Great Britain. Paris is now the great centre of the business, and French fans are exported in large quantities to Buenos Ayres, Montevideo, the Antilles, Rio, St. Thomas, New York, Baltimore, New Orleans, Porto Rico, Havana, Constantinople, the East Indies, Smyrna, Persia, and Spain. But if the French make the finest fans in the world, it requires Spanish ladies to use them as no others can do. In the fair hands of a belle of Madrid or Havana, the fan becomes eloquent—as eloquent as the bright eyes that give emphasis to its language, or the coral lips that murmur the most musical of tongues. The fan can be made to express encouragement, aversion, love, hate, and all the nicer shades of sentiment. A Spanish coquette would be completely disarmed if she lost her fan. No wonder that the French manufacturers do a great business.

SPECULATIVE.—Sir Humphrey Davy said he had often heard of a flight of steps, but had never been able to discover whither they migrated.

TRUE.—Dress and devotion go together. "A love of a bonnet" must be seen at church.

WAR DATES.

The following dates of the various operations in the Crimea will be found worthy of preservation:

Sept. 4, 1854... Embarkation of the French army (25,000 men) and the Turkish army (8000 men) at Varna.

Sept. 9... The fleet carrying the British army (25,000 men) joins the Turko-French fleet at the Isle of Serpents.

Sept. 14... Debarcation of the allied armies at Eupatoria, near the old fort. This operation is not interrupted by the Russians, and lasts six hours.

Sept. 20... Battle of the Alma.

Sept. 27... The allied army, after having crossed the Alma, the Balbeck, and several other streams, reaches the heights of Balaklava by a flank march. The English take possession of the town, and make it the base of their operations.

Sept. 29... Reconnoissance of Sebastopol.

Oct. 9... Opening of the trench at 2100 yards from the place.

Oct. 17... Opening of the fire against the place. The combined fleets take part in it.

Oct. 25... Battle of Balaklava.

Nov. 6... Battle of Inkermann.

May 22, 1855... Taking of the cemetery.

May 24... Expedition to Sea of Azoff completely successful.

May 25... The allied army occupies the line of the Tchernaya.

June 7... Taking of the Mamelon Vert.

June 18... Unsuccessful assault on the Malakoff.

August 16... Battle of the Tchernaya.

Sept. 8... Capture of the Malakoff.

Sept. 9... The enemy evacuates the south part of the city and retires to the north. ♦

Sebastopol was bombarded and cannonaded for 322 days.

NEW STEAMER.—The steamship *Adriatic*, now being built for the Collins line of steamers, will be, when completed, the largest and most magnificent vessel afloat. She will measure five thousand six hundred tons; her length will be three hundred and forty-five feet on the broad line; depth of hold, thirty-three feet; breadth of beam, fifty feet.

QUEER FESTIVITY.—A Scotch paper says: "Some whiskey having been procured, the 'brave armies of the Crimea' were drunk." They have been in that condition, but is it right to boast of it?

WAYS AND MEANS.

Almost every one can manage to pick up a living, and even to get rich, if he sets out with a determination to do so; to be cast down by no discouragement, and daunted by no failure. A man who would get along, must be no stickler for a particular calling or line of business. How few successful men are prosperous in their chosen pursuit! Most men have to 'bend to circumstances, for it is only really great men who can make circumstances bend to them.'

When Grant Thorburn, who came to this country as a nail maker, was without a resource, passing a flower-stand one day, he rubbed his fingers carefully over the leaves of a shrub, and was pleased with the fragrance they emitted. This trifling occurrence led him to entertain the idea of selling plants, and he soon became the leading seedsman and florist of the United States, possessor of a vast establishment, and on the road to fortune. We do not mean to hint that it is judicious for men to be constantly making experiments, abandoning one pursuit for another—by no means; but that no one should despair when one string fails. When one plank has fairly sunk from under you, then it is time to look out for another, and that instantly, if you would keep your head above water.

Nil desperandum should be every true man's motto. "Hangin's vulgar," as old Weller says. To the man who is true to himself, "something will turn up," as Mr. Micawber says. Every man, though not necessarily a "Jack-of-all-trades," should know how to do more things than one. It is this universality, this general aptitude, so characteristic of that type of the Anglo Saxon race, nurtured on this shore of the Atlantic, which has given the great Yankee nation its unexampled success, and rendered destitution and pauperism so rare a thing among us. That universality of ability, which in the old world has characterized only a few great men, who stand like beacon-lights along the line of centuries, is here the characteristic feature of the people. There are few successful men among us who have not "in their time played many parts." We have scores of admirable Crichtons.

As an instance of Yankee ingenuity that occurs to us at this moment, we may mention (though we do not hold him up as an example) our friend, Mr. Neutrum Tink, the portrait painter. He was something more than a dauber, but he found that his profession here, in Boston, would not support him and his large family, and he accordingly moved to New York. The last time we visited that city, we noticed a very elegant private carriage in Broadway, and on

asking who owned so splendid an establishment, were informed that it belonged to Mr. Neutrum Tink, the artist. Chancing to meet Neutrum at Taylor's shortly afterwards, we asked him the secret of his success. He told us in confidence.

"My dear sir," said he, "it's all owing to an idea I hit upon. I live by manufacturing ancestors for *parvenus*."

"Manufacturing ancestors!"

"Exactly so. Only to-day I received an order from Mr. Sordid Pelf, who has just built a palace up-town, for a whole family gallery—you are aware he was a foundling. We trace back to Sir Wynkin de Pelf, who came over to England with the Norman conquest. I have just dead-colored him—a fine, brawny rascal in armor, receiving knighthood from the hands of William. But this is in confidence. But you must excuse me now, for I have half a dozen great-grandfathers and great-grandmothers in my smoke-house—original Vandykes—who will be done a little too brown if I don't make haste to air them." Neutrum Tink will probably die a millionaire.

A FORMIDABLE WORK.—An immense unpublished MS. of Rev. Dr. Mather, the eccentric Puritan divine, embodying his "Illustrations of the Sacred Scriptures," is stored in the library of the Massachusetts Historical Society, where it is shown in six volumes folio, of rough-edged, whity-brown foolscap, written in the author's round, exact hand, in double columns; its magnitude and forgotten theology bidding defiance to the enterprise of editors and publishers.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.—The rapidity with which this illustrated weekly journal has grown into public favor, and the immense circulation it enjoys, in the homes of the wealthy and refined, as well as in the humblest backwood settlements, illustrates the fact that it is a paper for the people, calculated to gladden each and every fireside. BalloU's Pictorial wields a powerful influence for good in the pure morality of its pleasing contents.—*Christian Freeman, Boston.*

FATAL FOLLY.—In New Haven, an Irishman, named Eagan, "died as the fool dieth," in consequence of drinking a quart of spirits, on a wager. Men who will be guilty of such folly, ought to die.

CHURCH CHOIRS.—Several of our Boston churches pay from \$1500 to \$2000 a year for their music, and many other parishes appropriate from \$1000 to \$1500 for the same purpose.

A TRIBUTE.—Napoleon said a handsome woman was a jewel, a good one a treasure.

HOAXES.

These sort of practical white lies have been current from time immemorial. The pleasure that mankind experience in being cheated always incites individuals to cheat them. The morality of deceiving people, even in fun, is questionable; and yet some successful hoaxes are so stupendous, such "gigantic jokes," that even stern moralists forgive them for their magnitude. Such was Richard Adams Locke's famous moon hoax, wherein he deceived thousands of persons by a narrative coined from the imagination, but dressed up with all the minutiae of accurate science. Of similar magnitude was Theodore Hook's imposition on the London tradesmen, to some hundreds of whom he wrote orders for large quantities of the articles they dealt in to be sent to a certain house in Tottenham Court Road. Never was such a throng congregated, even in London, for all the goods were ordered at the same hour of the afternoon. But this hoax wanted the redeeming quality of good nature, for it involved great expense, injury, and severe disappointment to the victims.

Another gigantic hoax always struck us as the neatest and most inoffensive of its kind. It is the well known story of the invalid who was to fire the twenty-second gun at Paris announcing the birth of the king of Rome. Twenty-one guns, fired at intervals of a few seconds, signified a daughter—twenty two, a son born to Napoleon. The old soldier suffered a long interval to elapse after the twenty-first gun; the vast crowd began to disperse in disappointment; then, when these were completely "sold," the veteran applied his match, and in a flash the murmurings were changed to rejoicings.

In Addison's time, hoaxes were called "bites," and the inferior sort of wits practised them as extensively as they are practised now-a-days. One of them is recorded in the *Spectator*, and serves as a specimen of its class. A criminal sentenced at the old Bailey to be hanged, sells his body to a surgeon for five guineas, payable in advance. The moment he has the money in his hands, he exclaims to the discomfited man of science: "A bite! I'm to be hanged in chains." The Yankees are fond of hoaxes, and are adepts in conducting them. They are perpetrated with a "total disregard to expense." Witness the ovations to Shales, the "great American tragedian," to Mellen and to Pratt. The cleverness of hoaxing a sharp wit, or the public at large, palliates its immorality; but there is little credit over half witted victims, and such are most generally selected as butts.

Garrick, the great English actor, was con-

stantly quizzing and hoaxing people. An intimate friend of his, Dr. Monsey, gave Tom Taylor a great many instances of this mischievous propensity. One day, when Garrick was with Monsey, at the joyful sound of twelve at noon, a great many boys poured out of school. Garrick selected one, whom he accused of having treated another cruelly, who stood near him. The boy declared that he had not been ill-treated; and Garrick then scolded the other still more, affecting to think how little he deserved the generosity of the boy who sought to excuse him by a falsehood. The boys were left in a state of consternation by Garrick's terrific demeanor and piercing eye; and he told Monsey that he derived much advantage from observing their various emotions.

While he was walking with Monsey, on another occasion, he saw a ticket-porter going before them at a brisk pace, and humming a tune. They were then at old Somerset House. "I'll get a crowd around that man," said Garrick, "before he reaches Temple Bar." He then advanced before the man, turned his head, and gave him a piercing look. The man's gaiety was checked in a moment; he kept his eye on Garrick, who stopped at an apple-stall till the man came near, then gave him another penetrating glance, and went immediately on. The man began to look if there was anything strange about him that attracted the gentleman's notice, and, as Garrick repeated the same expedient, turned himself in all directions, and pulled off his wig, to see if anything ridiculous was attached to him. By this time, the restless anxiety of the man excited the notice of the passengers, and Garrick effected his purpose of gathering a crowd round the porter before he reached Temple Bar. Such jokes as these we consider quite unworthy of a man, and wags who are perpetually practising them, deserve to be indicted as public nuisances.

CHINA.—When clay is mixed with flinty earth, and afterwards baked, it forms a semi-transparent mass; and as this compound was first known in China, and imported from that country into England, the ware thus made received its name.

SEVERE OPINION.—Lord Chatham, speaking of a statesman of his time who was in place, said: "That man would not be honest if he could, and could not if he would."

THE FRENCH IN TURKEY.—A French theatre is to be started at Constantinople, and is to perform comic opera, vaudeville, and ballet.

SPARRING OF WITS.

Outsiders are not aware how little actual ferocity there is in the public squabbles of editors and other professional men. Prentiss, of the Louisville Journal, and the editor of the Louisville Democrat, used to abuse each other like pickpockets in their daily papers, and yet they would sup together at night with all the cordiality of Damon and Pythias.

In London, it used to be the custom for actors and literary men to walk in the piazzas of Covent Garden in the middle of the day, and then adjourn to dinner at one of the neighboring coffee-houses. Murphy, the author, told Tom Taylor that he was one day witness of the following scene: Foote, the wit and actor, was walking with one party of friends, and Macklin (the "Jew that Shakspeare drew"), with another. Foote diverted his friends at the expense of Macklin, whom he not only turned into ridicule, but whose character he attacked at all points. Macklin was as active in abusing Foote. The reciprocal attacks seemed to receive an additional stimulus as they passed each other. At length, all the friends of both parties went away, and Foote and Macklin were left masters of the field; but Murphy lingered, after he had taken leave of Foote, merely to see how the combatants would treat each other. To his surprise, Foote advanced to Macklin, and said, in an amicable manner: "Macklin, as we are left alone, suppose we take a beefsteak together." "With all my heart," said Macklin; and they adjourned to the Bedford, as if they had been the best of friends. Both gave public readings, in which they abused each other without stint. On one occasion, Foote expressed his surprise that Macklin should have had a Latin quotation in his advertisement. "But I have it," he added. "When he was footman to a wild, extravagant student at the university, and carried his master's books to the pawnbroker's, he probably picked up the quotation on the way." After a pause, Foote added: "No, that could not be, for the fellow could not read at that time." It need hardly be said that Macklin never served in such a capacity.

Quin said of him: "If God writes a legible hand, that fellow is a villain." And at another time, he had the audacity to say to Macklin himself: "Mr. Macklin, by the lines—I beg your pardon, sir—by the *cordage* of your face, you should be hanged."

SHOOTING BULLETS.—The amount of metal thrown into Sebastopol by the allies during the last of the siege, was full 9,000,000 pounds.

COURAGE.

Courage is generally a resolution to face dangers with the extent and character of which we are acquainted. "All men are cowards in the dark." A gallant sailor will show fear, the first time he mounts a horse; and a cavalry officer would be likely to show the white feather in a naval engagement. The readiness with which a man will face danger and death in one form and shrink from it in another, was strikingly exemplified in Junot, one of Bonaparte's generals, who won promotion by his coolness at the siege of Toulon. He was writing a despatch, by order of Bonaparte, when a bombshell burst near him. He promptly observed that he wanted sand, and it came just in time. Yet Sir Sydney Smith said that when Junot came on board his flag-ship, the Tigre, he was so frightened in mounting the ladder, that it was found necessary to hoist him on board through one of the port-holes.

A NOVEL VERSION.

John Kemble used to relate many whimsical anecdotes of provincial actors, whom he knew in the early part of his life. He said that an actor who was to perform the character of Kent, in the play of "King Lear," had dressed himself like a doctor, with a large grizzle wig, having a walking-stick, which he held up to his nose, and a box under his arm. Being asked why he dressed the Earl of Kent in that manner, he said: "People mistake the character; he was not an earl, but a doctor. Does not Kent say, when the king draws his sword on him for speaking in favor of Cordelia, 'Do kill thy physician, Lear?' and when the king tells him to take his 'hated trunk from his dominions,' and Kent says, 'Now to new climates my old trunk I'll bear,' what could he mean but his *medicine-chest*, to practise in another country?"

CURIOUS CHURCH.—Dr. Bellows's church, New York, is built in alternate layers of red and yellow brick, which gives it a resemblance to mutton chops, or raw pork, says the New York Mirror. Some of the finest churches in Italy are built in this manner.

ROUTE TO THE PACIFIC.—The survey of the Mesilla valley secures to the United States both passes to the Pacific, and the new territory abounds in precious metals. Really, Uncle Sam is growing rich.

BRIGHT.—A chap in at Phillips & Sampson's said he thought Shakspeare "pooty good."

Foreign Miscellany.

The restrictions on the importation of salt into Russia have been abolished.

The Anglo-French contingent will go to Trebizond, and be placed under the command of Omar Pacha.

The London Illustrated News has a genealogical sketch, proving that Louis Napoleon is a cousin of Queen Victoria.

The Russian treasury has received large sums of money through Berlin. English war material was constantly passing through Prussia for the army.

The London Times quotes several of the New York Tribune's theatrical criticisms, at full length, under the head of "Splendid Writing in America."

A return was recently issued, which represents that on the first of January, 1855, the number of registered steam vessels in Great Britain was 1480.

Louis Napoleon is about to enter upon the same measures of free trade which have contributed so much to strengthen the commercial position of England.

Prince Frederick of Prussia, it is said, is really betrothed to the eldest daughter of Victoria and Albert, but the wedding is postponed, as she is considered to be "o'er young to marry yet."

One of the superstitions of France is that a fire kindled by lightning cannot be extinguished, and that he who attempts to extinguish it will die within the year.

Queen Victoria, in her visit to France, did not escape the petitioning fraternity, for it is asserted that no fewer than 100,000 petitions or begging letters were forwarded to her.

It would be a curious chapter in history if the present Murat should become king of Naples. During the reign of Louis Philippe this individual kept a boarding-house in the United States.

David Solomons, a Jew, being senior Alderman below the chair, will be Lord Mayor for London next year. No opposition is expected. He will be the first Jew who has ever filled that office.

M. Pouillet, of the Academy at Paris, has an apparatus determining the height of clouds by the aid of photography; and at St. Petersburg, the camera has been made to do good service in the reduction and reproduction of large topographical maps.

New companies have been formed for increasing the amount of the French merchant navy. All the ship builders at Marseilles, Bayonne, Nantes, and Saint Malo, have received orders for building ships that will take more than two years to complete.

In Australia, New Zealand, the Friendly and Feejee Islands, there are 46 Wesleyan ministers, besides a number of native assistant missionaries. There are 19,897 members, of whom 7190 are Europeans, and the rest native converts. There are 481 chapels, 80,000 hearers, and 35,576 Sabbath and day scholars.

There are fifty cotton mills in Russia, employing, altogether, six hundred thousand shuttles.

Alexander Dumas is writing a series of articles entitled, "Great men in their dressing-gowns."

Moscow advices state that 193,000 men have been added to the military force of Russia.

A letter from Revel estimates the Russian marine forces in that part of the Baltic at 40,000 tons.

The Espana announces the death of Donna Isabella Maria, who was Regent of Portugal from 1826 to 1828.

Pelissier, it is stated, will, in addition to his marshal's baton, be rewarded with the title of Duke of Sebastopol.

The loss of life from snake-bites in Scinde has become so serious, that Government has taken measures for the destruction of these reptiles.

The revenue returns of Great Britain show an increase of nearly eight and one half millions sterling, owing chiefly to the additional income tax.

Mlle. Bosio, Lablache, and Tamberlik have quitted Paris, *en route* for St. Petersburg, where the grave events of the war are not allowed to interfere with the public amusements.

Baron Alexander de Humboldt recently celebrated the 86th anniversary of his birthday, but notwithstanding his age, he unremittingly continues his important labors.

Mr. Bates, the late town clerk of Belfast, has died of a broken heart, it is stated, in consequence of the law proceedings carried on against the bankrupt corporation of that town.

English papers express the opinion, founded on careful examination, that Great Britain will only require an importation of 20,000,000 bushels of wheat, to supply every possible deficiency.

In some places on the Austrian military frontiers one-fifth of the entire population has been carried off by the cholera. In the village of Lukovod one-third of the inhabitants fell victims.

The Pope is suffering from an incurable disease, and it is said Louis Napoleon has his eye upon the Papal chair, for his cousin, Lucien Bonaparte, son of Charles Louis Bonaparte, who is to be made a cardinal.

General Canrobert was offered the dignity of Marshal of France, when that rank was bestowed on General Pelissier, but declined to accept it, that he might not detract from the lustre of the achievements of his brother officer.

The returns of the Registrar-General of Agricultural statistics for Ireland shows that there has been, this year, an increase of 87,293 acres on cereal crops, of 25,513 on green crops, and of 53,873 on meadow and clover, whilst there was a decrease of 54,297 on flax.

The British government is just now seriously engaged with the question of a new national gallery. Ministers feel that the present mode of exhibiting the national pictures—at Windsor, Hampton Court, the British Museum, the National Gallery, and Marlborough House—is eminently unsatisfactory. Plans are before them for consolidating these galleries.

Record of the Times.

A cattle-train, five-eighths of a mile long, lately came over the Boston and Montreal Railroad.

Wickliffe, Bishop Taylor, Bishop South and John Knox all wore mustachios.

In 1793, Capt. Seymour arrived at New York from Holland in nine weeks, a quick voyage then.

In the last century, the news used to fly from Boston to Philadelphia in ten days.

The Grand Duke Constantine has written a complimentary autograph letter to Lieut. Maury.

A Mr. Joseph Post was lately married to Miss Martha Rails. Strange, but true.

E. Merriam, the Brooklyn meteorologist, says the Arctic zone is full of coal.

A Maltese protested he was an English subject because he drank and swore.

A poet, who wrote very strong lines, was required to furnish one to catch a shark with.

A splendid pair of chandeliers have been sent to the Japan emperor as a present from the U. S.

The Chicago Times says that the First Presbyterian Church in that city has been sold to a gentleman who intends to convert it into a theatre.

A manufacturer in Plainfield, Conn., has been fined \$20 and costs, for employing a boy under 12 years of age, for 12 1-2 hours a day, in the Union Cotton Mill.

In Dr. Alexander's church, Fifth avenue, New York, the choir has been dismissed, the fine organ has been removed so as to face the people, and the singing is performed by the congregation.

The Board of Education in New York city, estimates the sum which will be required for school purposes the coming year, at \$1,023,354 36. The number of pupils last year was 128,608.

A wedding lately came off at Memphis, Tennessee, which was the ninth occasion on which the bride had been made happy by matrimony, reminding classical readers of the story of the Turkish princess.

A fine boy named Frazer, fell upon his knife while running a race with other boys at Bigbee Valley Mississippi; the blade entered his heart, and he died before his father, who was one of the umpires, could reach him.

The Troy Times says Mrs. Robinson is behaving badly at Sing Sing. She conducted herself properly for some time, but latterly she has become as frantic and as ungovernable as ever, so that the matron has been obliged to confine her in a cell.

The forthcoming work of Agassiz contains interesting comparisons of the geological condition of America with that of the Old World, illustrated in a remarkable manner by the existing species of living animals in our country. Mr. Agassiz is greatly encouraged by his success.

A nervous gentleman whose regard for personal comfort is paramount to his sense of national honor, and the importance of the Arctic researches upon commercial affairs, says: "After all, the grand achievement of Dr. Kane was in finding a place where mosquitoes have never been seen."

Some farms in Vermont are so steep that they require ploughmen with one short leg.

A poor pianiste makes a dead march of every one she plays—she murders 'em.

People "of a certain age" will be sorry to hear that they are growing *dates* in Georgia.

Parson Etting, in speaking of a churchyard, said he wouldn't be buried there as long as he lived.

"Poor rule that wont work both ways," as the boy said when he threw the rule back at his master.

Why is a New York omnibus like the heart of a flirt? Because there is always room for one more to be taken in.

Within six months, it is said, eleven postmasters have been arrested in Ohio for robbing the mails.

The average duration of human life throughout the world is 33 years. One-quarter die previous to the age of 7 years—one-half before reaching 17.

The youth who left his home because his mother would not allow him to wear a standing collar, is now acting as corresponding secretary to a caravan.

Here is a fine specimen of New York criticism: "Rachel rose last night to the full height of her talent. She clasped the star of her genius, and placed it, in all its splendor, on her brows."

Punch says one of the assistants in the reading-room of the British Museum has published a pair of new boots that are making a deal of noise, just at present, in the literary world.

The Hartford Courant is informed by several correspondents, that there are no less than twenty faro banks in full operation in that city, and that there is more gambling carried on there than in any city of its size in the Union.

Immense beds of soapstone have been discovered within a few years past in Walcottville, Conn., on the Naugatuck railroad. A company has been formed for the purpose of carrying on the quarrying business.

Nathaniel Cummings, who runs the accommodation train between Waukegan and Chicago, Illinois, is said to be the oldest engineer in the United States, having driven the first locomotive placed on a railroad in this country.

It is said that the executors of the estate of Mrs. Emily C. Judson, have made arrangements with the Rev. Rufus W. Griswold, D. D., to prepare a memoir of her life and letters. It is expected the book will be published next spring.

The Philadelphia Ledger says that the umbrella men in New York have been compelled to fit out a dozen whalers for the purpose of getting whalebone enough to keep up their business. The ladies have put the whole stock on hand into their petticoats.

The manufacture of paper from numerous kinds of grasses, straw and wood, is by no means a new thing. Jacob Christian Scaffers, a German theologian, printed a book in 1772, on sixty specimens of paper, made from as many substances, such as straw, wood of various kinds, willow, beach, etc., and a number of grasses.

Merry Making.

Capillary attraction—the moustache.

He who writes what is wrong, wrongs what is right.

Wanted—to hear a piece of music executed by a quire of bank notes.

When Louis Napoleon muzzles the press, can the act be called a sample of *paper muzzlin*?

An English paper thinks it is the first duty of totallers to get the duty off from tea totally.

A brother lawyer once told John G. Saxe that a beard was unprofessional. "Right," said Saxe, "a lawyer cannot be too *barefaced*."

On a child being told, the other day, that he must be broken of a bad habit, he actually replied: "Pa, hadn't I better be mended?"

A lady advertises in the Glasgow Herald that she wants a gentleman for breakfast and tea. The cannibal!

A California jury in a suicide case lately found the following verdict: "We, the jury, find that the deceased was a fool."

The Geneva Fireman's Journal has for its motto: "Out with the mashreen." Wouldn't "Out with the *fire*" be a little more appropriate?

"Truth is stranger than fiction," said the man, when told that his daughter had eloped with a negro beau.

Astonishing what a difference in looks a suit of clothes or a coat of paint will make—but neither will increase the worth of what they cover.

Contrasted Proverbs—"In a multitude of councillors there is wisdom.—*Solomon*. In a multitude of councilmen there is folly.—*P.c. anyone*."

They have got a pig in Ohio so thoroughly educated that he has taken to music. They regulate his tune by twisting his tail; the greater the twist, the higher the notes.

If the Queen of England were obliged to support her eldest son, in what respect would she resemble a well flogged urchin? Ans.—She would have the Prince (prints) of *Wales* on her hands.

An Irishman being asked why he fled from his colors, said his heart was as good as any man's in the regiment, but he protested his cowardly legs would run away with him, whatever he could do.

A lawyer, being sick, made his last will and testament, and gave all his estate to fools and madmen! Being asked the reason for so doing, he said: "From such I got it, and to such I return it again."

Boughton painted a dog, the other day, with such perfection that, on the passage of a sausage wagon up Broadway, he broke his chain, and rushed down Maiden Lane as if he had been pursued by four pie pans and a policeman.

"I find, Dick, that you are in the habit of taking my best jokes and passing them off as your own? Do you call that gentlemanly conduct?" "To be sure I do, Tom. A true gentleman will take a joke from a friend."

A contemporary thinks Barnum ought to offer a prize to the homeliest woman.

Why is Sebastopol like money paid? Because it has been shelled out.

When is the weather favorable to hay making? When it "rains pitchforks."

When are writers like cattle? When they are absolutely driven to the pen.

Do fish ever sleep—and if not, what was the use of making a bed in the sea?

"Sea serpent oil" is said to be a sure cure for consumption.

A bad thought and corrupt molar are alike in this respect—the sooner both are out of your head the better.

The Rochester American thinks young ladies should never object to being kissed by editors; they should make every allowance for the *freedom of the press*.

"Well, Jemmy didn't quite kill you with a brick-bat, did he, Pat?" "No. By the piper, I wish he had." "What for?" "So I could have seen him hung, the villain."

"It is not proper for you to play school, my dear, to day, for it's Sunday." "I know it, mother," replied the little girl, "but it is Sunday-school that I am playing."

A remarkably hard drinker, who was expiring, begged one of his friends to bring him a goblet of water, telling him, "On our death-beds we must be reconciled to our enemies."

A certain sign-board has the following classical inscription: "All persons what are found fighting or trespassing on this ground will be executed wid the utmost wigger of the lawr."

An old sea captain used to say he didn't care how he dressed when abroad, "because nobody knew him." And he didn't care how he dressed when at home, "because everybody knew him."

The following is an exact copy of a note handed a few days since by a little French boy to his school mistress, as an excuse for absence from school: "Adolph he couldn com becous he didn't fel vel."

At Springfield lately, Frederick Dwight, who had inflicted a large amount of poetry on Miss Eunice E. Culver, of Blandford, and threatened to marry her, was mulcted in \$2500 for marrying another woman.

Mrs. W., walking on one of the wharves in New York, jocosely asked a sailor why a ship was always called "she." "O, faith," says the son of Neptune, "because the rigging costs more than the hull."

A Mr. Bachelor, of Upton, Mass., advertises for a wife of "forty-five or fifty." Mr. B. is a widower in good condition, though a bachelor by name; he has some property, but his best recommendation as a husband is that he is stone blind.

An ignorant candidate for medical honors, having thrown himself almost into a fever from his incapability of answering the questions, was asked by one of the censors how he would sweat a patient for the rheumatism? He answered, "I would send him here to be examined!"

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A ROMANCE OF THE NOTCH.

BY MAURICE SILLIMANT.

After visiting all the watering places of note, and becoming alike disgusted with each (Newport was tedious, Cape May was monotonous, and Saratoga, with all its perplexing incongruities, was just a trifle too artificial and calculating for a poetical temperament), Diedenbache formed the romantic determination of taking a "trip" to the White Hills, where he might have a quiet opportunity of enjoying Nature, unmolested, not omitting the "Old Man of the Mountain," that guardian genius of the solitude, to whom he would pay his *devoirs* immediately on arriving.

He started in company with a friend, who was to serve him both as compass and chart during his wanderings; he having first drawn breath just at the eastern extremity of the Notch, and the old stone face, as it had stood there for so many ages, frowning down upon the pass; or perchance the solitary traveller, who looks up curiously into those immovable features, where the storm-cloud often gathers, and not unfrequently the forked lightning is seen to play around his shaggy and contracted brows, was numbered among the very earliest of his early recollections.

On arriving at the quiet farm-house, which smelt strongly of clover, sage—and here I cannot help introducing that pertinent query of Pope's: "Why dies the man whose garden eyes affront?"—and of deliciously immatured cheese curd, Diedenbache found himself, through the mediation of his friend, undergoing a very

spirited introduction to three blooming, grown-up sisters of the latter, ranging from sixteen to nineteen, who forcibly reminded him by their blushing cheeks, of so many luscious peaches, growing on the same bough, and ripening all together.

Diedenbache was in raptures—say, if we may so speak, he was from the first moment he set eyes on them, completely intoxicated with their overpowering loveliness.

That evening, while Diedenbache amused himself in playing whist with the three sisters at a small table, he could not resist the temptation of listening himself to some eastern prince in the midst of his seraglio. He had studied "the female face divine," both at Newport and Saratoga, and the fashionable bazaar in town, but never was he so completely enthralled. He was in the midst of nature, uncontaminated by art; not a shadow of conventionalism had ever crept into that quiet household. Every look, every movement of their little bodies were equally unstudied. He fancied they needed no glittering mask; the face was an index of their thoughts; and he saw no deformities to be covered up.

And yet Diedenbache, like every one else, had his preference. He preferred Sophia, the eldest of the sisters. He thought her even more lovely than the rest, and decidedly more queenly in her step and gestures; but to his great disappointment, he very soon discovered that she was the object of another's regards. He thought of Walter and Charlotte, and, although he imag-

ined his own situation as very similar to the former, he could not but admit that he had always entertained a natural horror of suicide, and could not think of sacrificing himself in any such tragical way, after having passed safely through so many trials in the court of Cupid.

Diedenbache was sensible, before retiring to rest that night, that, in spite of any former contracts or betrothals between herself and her boorish lover, that his image (Diedenbache's) had left a most decided, unerasable impression on Sophia's heart, if, fortunately, the younger, and remaining two, had escaped his fascinations unscathed, which he doubted.

The next morning Diedenbache enjoyed an animated romp in the orchard with the girls, and later a romantic ramble with Sophia through an adjoining clover field. On returning to the house the young lady was horror-struck by the bodily appearance of Mr. Peleg Brown, her affianced husband, a gigantic, mastiff-headed fellow, in loose homespun, with long, yellow locks dangling about his shoulders. Diedenbache drew his white beaver jauntily on one side, and with a devil-me-care air, strolled leisurely forward in the direction of Mr. Brown.

Mr. Brown bristled up like an overgrown hedgehog, and glancing ferociously down on the delinquents, gave vent to his pent-up emotions in a prolonged grunt. Sophia endeavored to pacify him, but Mr. Peleg Brown was not the man to be so easily pacified.

"He had seen the world, he had, and wasn't to be hoodwinked in any such way. He knew what human natur' was, he did, and 'twasn't no use talkin' soft!"

Sophia expostulated; Diedenbache was her brother's friend, a great traveller and scholar, a searcher after the curious in nature and art, and consequently too elevated in his ideas of perfection (that is female perfection), to be considered at all dangerous.

But Mr. Brown was inexorable! He snuffed the air like a war-horse, and favoring them with a repetition of the delectable grunt, cleared the intervening space with a bound, and the next moment was far away in the clover field, crashing under his huge feet, at every step, whole legions of blossoms.

"Pleg is a strange fellow," said Sophia's brother. "He was always an odd fish; one of the 'unaccountables,' so to speak; but he is rich."

Diedenbache drew a long breath, and mopped his forehead with a gay handanna.

"A perfect bear! a human rhinoceros! For heaven sake, who ever saw such a specimen?"

cried Diedenbache, rolling up his eyes in astonishment. "It would be a blessing to the world to acquaint Barnum of his whereabouts. He wouldn't be over three minutes in electrifying Gotham and the principal cities of the Union with an elaborate account of the most wonderful, the most remarkable zoological curiosity ever discovered; a *rara avis*, more marvellous, indeed, than Joice Heath, the woolly horse, buffaloes, sea-serpents, miniature Niagaras, pollywogs, and prize baby shows; not excepting the pompous little 'general,' himself, who has always exhibited, like the fore mentioned *non-descript*, a decided preference for pretty women!"

Here Diedenbache glanced wickedly at Sophia, who laughed at first, and then blushed when she perceived the allusion. The brother and sisters ruled that Peleg should henceforth be known only as Sophia's Bear, and so after much merriment at the expense of the absent bruin, they retired into the kitchen, and sat down to a plentiful luncheon of sweet apples and milk.

The night before they had planned for the afternoon's amusement an excursion to the other side of the Notch, where resided several cousins of the family, and one or two uncles and aunts. Accordingly, after dinner, Diedenbache, in company with his friend, and the three sisters, the girls occupying the hind seat of the wagon, and himself and friend the front, started on their expedition through that world-renowned pass, rendered famous long ago by the great stone face, over whose rugged brow the gray-shod centuries have left no trail, though the crisp moss may have grown thicker, within the memory of men, around its massive temples. It was one of those lovely afternoons in autumn (early autumn, I should have said), when all nature is bursting into mellow ripeness, and peach, and apricot, and golden pippin, turn up their round cheeks to the sun, or, peradventure, shrink blushing behind the sheltering leaves, that the little party sallied forth, drawn by a staid old mare, named "Debby," which had gladdened her master's eyes with many a promising filly, that ultimately became a great traveller.

Their road lay directly past the residence of Mr. Brown, and when they came in sight of the house they discovered the bear seated grimly on the wall of the roadside. He turned up his disconsolate eyes when they came opposite his lair, and gave expression to a low growl of discontent. Sophia bestowed on him a friendly nod of recognition, but bruin only displayed his huge masticators, and contracted his shaggy brows till they exhibited a most fantastic aspect.

Old Mrs. Brown, a masculine-looking old lady, attired in a Massey-woolsey gown, with a blue handkerchief around her neck, crossed neatly in front and pinned, a checked apron, iron-bowed spectacles and antiquated mob-cap, stood erect in the door-way, and sufficiently formidable in her size and general appearance to have served every purpose of a giantess.

As the little party moved past, she shaded her eyes with her hand, and peering down curiously into the road, gave vent, through an amusing combination of base and treble, to the following quaint observations and queries:—

"Lor sakes, Pleg, if there aint Moll, and Ming, and Tim, and your Sophia; an' 'strue's I'm alive, there's that white livered chap what you jest tell'd on, on the farder side, with a basket aween his legs. Lor sakes, now, what is that he's holdin' up to his eye?" [Diedenbache had just taken the liberty to quiz the old lady through his eye-glass.] "If he is larned, then, he's a mean, sassy pup!—I don't care who says it—to stare in sich an onchristian, impudent, disrespectful sort o' way at an old buddy like me!"

Bruin, from his perch, uttered a low, muttered growl of impatience.

"Lor sakes, Pleg, where you s'pose they're gwain for to go?" cried the old lady, in a disappointed tone, as the party drove safely past. "It's all your fault, now, that they aint a gwain to stop!"

The bear turned his gloomy eyes full on his dam, exhibited two rows of massive ivory, and gave utterance to a sharp, querulous snarl, which betokened that he had suffered nearly to the extent of brute endurance, and that bearish self-government must necessarily soon desert him.

After a couple of miles, the little party entered the pass, and Diedenbache was surprised at the sudden change of temperature which pervaded it. He saw before him a deep chasm, which extended quite through the mountain, on a level with its base, and faced on either side with stupendous ledges of solid granite, towering one above the other, till they seemed to prop up the very heavens, shutting out the sun, moon, and stars, and favoring them through the mellow heat with a delicious, uninterrupted twilight. But to Diedenbache, the old stone face seemed to loom up like some vasty giant of a mythical era, the most wonderful of all created things.

At length the gorge was passed, and they came out among pleasant farms, and soon drew up to a pea-green house, with two spacious elms

in front, a cluster of lilacs, and a goodly quantity of columbine creeping over the ample porch. At the door they were met by a troop of romping cousins, who dragged them into the presence of their aunt and grandmother—a venerable and benevolent looking old lady, with silver-bowed spectacles and frilled cap-border. Dabby was quietly taken out of the fills, and led into the best stall to receive her complimentary peck of oats (double the usual quantity being given her in consideration of her age and the decayed state of her grinders), and presently left by herself to do all the honors of so sumptuous a feast.

The general bustle and hilarity which now ensued, the romplings back and forth, and the pleasant confusion of a dozen happy voices, all blended together, gave Diedenbache a most excellent opportunity of rendering himself agreeable to Sophia; and by turning his whole attention that way, he soon had the satisfaction of knowing that his talents were at least fully appreciated by that young lady; he flattered himself that he stood deservedly popular with all the rest; but he was positively sure of Sophia. He knew that his image, surrounded by the purest lustres of regard, lay softly enshrined in her heart. He compared it to some precious ruby, or diamond, richly imbedded in mother-of-pearl, and evermore to be regarded as the choicest of Cupid's impressions.

Diedenbache amused himself by talking largely of the beauties of nature, poetry, sculpture, religion, and railroad stocks, not omitting to mention the anticipated value of certain shares which he held in a certain coal mine, which had sunk more capital for the stock-holders than the most sanguine of their number had ever dreamed of sinking shafts. Sophia was enthusiastic in her veneration of religion, nature, poetry and sculpture, but the fluctuations of stocks she was not so familiar with; indeed, she knew but little of such things.

Diedenbache admitted that stocks were indeed of secondary importance when compared to nature. Poets had never been prevented from scaling Parnassus's heights by the weight of any such earthly inconvenience, and why should he? Poets were the purest and most elevated of mortals; the prophets and interpreters of nature. They possessed but few of the grosser propensities of the plodding herd; their fingers were rarely, if ever, contaminated by the touch of gold. The poet, or the lover of nature, would behold the Old Man of the Mountain, for instance, with a feeling of sublime awe, while the grosser-minded mortal would only calculate

how many granite palaces, or stupendous warehouses of trade, could be dug from his huge ribs, and how much it would cost for the transportation of the same.

Sophia hinted that there was something about the old man too formidable for her taste. It always seemed as though he was preparing to leap into the pass, and demolish everything before him. She preferred the fountain and cascade; the scenery was less grand, but more varied and beautiful.

Diedenbache was overwhelmed with the force of her description, and readily admitted that such a sight would be worth a day's pilgrimage to witness; and Sophia, who well knew that he might be gratified by half an hour's brisk walking, could do no less than offer herself as a guide to this interesting feature of the picturesque. Accordingly, with the addition of Tottie Meg, a juvenile miss of ten years, the little party sallied off across the fields, in the direction of the "gorge," and soon after entered one of those dark, wild ravines which force themselves deep into the sanctuary of the hills.

As they advanced the scenery grew grander, and more terrifically picturesque as it narrowed or expanded before the eye. Huge rocks, heaped one above the other, or hanging in shelving formations, as though they had been soberly prepping for centuries to slide down into the ravine. Amid all this, a deep, cool fountain, apparently scooped from the solid rock, threw up its crystalline shower, and then went leaping from rock to rock with splurge, and gargle, and tinkling sound, and was presently lost to view in some hollow cavern of the earth.

Forty feet above the surface of the fountain, rested an enormous table-rock, occupying an area of several yards, and covered with thick green moss and dwarf firs. Diedenbache and Sophia, with each a chubby hand of Tottie Meg's clasped in their own, stood thoughtfully silent in the midst of this wild scene of nature, each with thoughts too big for utterance.

Diedenbache, in the meantime, had indulged some poetical reveries, and was just preparing to dislodge some highly accomplished metaphor, which the hour and scene had given rise to, when they were all three suddenly electrified by a sound overhead, resembling the sharp growl of some strange animal, and on looking up they beheld Mr. Peleg Brown, the bear, seated on a loose, overhanging rock, with his sturdy legs dangling down the side of the precipice, as though preparing to spring upon his prey.

Sophia gave a short exclamation of surprise, and then motioned brain to descend; but the

bear only responded with a malignant grin, that ended in a chuckle of mingled rage and malice. Presently he arose, shook his brawny sides, and broke off through the upper ravine with the force and speed of a buffalo. This scene, so quaintly ridiculous, changed the whole tenor of their thoughts, and the little party retraced their steps to the gorge in silence.

On arriving at the house, they found supper awaiting them, and Debby, who had already been harnessed, was quietly cropping the grass by the fence. After supper, and the usual compliment of farewells, the little party started on their way home. An hour's sharp driving distanced the pass, and brought them to the residence of Mr. Peleg Brown, but nowhere was the bear to be seen.

When the little party reached home, the girls had their allotted tasks to fulfil, which consisted in feeding the pigs, milking the cows, and turning Debby out to pasture. The pasture lay about a quarter of a mile from the house, and the path conducting to it ran through an extensive grove of sugar maples, which crowned the summit of an intervening hill; and Sophia, being the eldest and most darling of the girls, was selected to chaperone old Debby a-field.

Diedenbache proffered himself as an escort on the occasion, and proposed attaching a pillion to old Debby that Sophia might ride, while he should walk by her side after the fashion of Arcadian peasants. When they entered the little bridle-path, the shrubbery became so dense on either hand that Diedenbache was often obliged to stoop, or thrust aside an intrusive bough, in order to preserve his host from dislodgement, or premature destruction.

At length, without meeting with any decided adventure farther, they at last reached the field where the staid Debby was accustomed to be tethered in her younger days, when she was far more mischievous than now, and before sober age had brought that degree of reflection which was necessary to ensure repentance of her evil ways.

On reaching the fence, Diedenbache let down the bars, assisted Sophia to alight, and removing the pillion and bridle from Debby, turned her adrift without any further regard to her physical wants. After replacing the bars, and complimenting Sophia on her skill in horsemanship, they started on their way home, Diedenbache being entrusted with the pillion, while Sophia carried the bridle.

When they reached the arbor, Diedenbache was necessarily somewhat exhausted, and begged Sophia to be seated a while, as the pillion was an awkward thing to carry, and his arm, though

by no means deficient in muscular power, was nevertheless grown somewhat disabled by the exercise. Accordingly, after some timid show of hesitation on the part of Sophia, they at length seated themselves in the arbor, and Diedenbache threw the pillion on the grass at his feet. The moonlight was streaming down through the tree-tops, tipping with silver the crimson leaves of the maple, and lighting up the open space in front with a ghost-like indistinctness. The hour was auspicious, and the situation was certainly one of romantic interest, and the moment they were fairly seated, Diedenbache felt a sensation creeping over him more overpowering than anything which had yet been recorded in the history of Platonic attachments.

Diedenbache glanced tenderly at Sophia, and broke the silence by a timely allusion to night. "I look up," said he, "and behold myriads of stars peering down from those far-off regions of space, and throwing us their unbought wealth of twinkling light. The sun, when he brushes aside the mists of morning, or rises in the full strength of his meridian splendor, looks down on mother earth, and we recognize in his smile the light of her existence. The moon is nearer, and is content to watch over her for the night, with the sober affection of a sister. . Yes," cried Diedenbache, soaring into the ecstasy of enthusiasm, "everything, in our little world and out of it, is governed by the same unalterable laws of sympathy and love. It is all love! The world is filled with it to overflowing. It is in me; it is in you; it is everywhere.

"Yes, it is here!" cried Diedenbache, tapping his forehead with poetic frenzy; and then recollecting himself, and that the divine sensation, instead of the head, is supposed to originate in the heart, (a slight mistake, which has often happened in matrimonial alliances), he clapt his remaining hand against that part of his elegant person, where the susceptible organ is said to be located, and sighed in a most furnace-like and persuasive manner.

Sophia, who had become wrought up to the highest pitch of excitement by this extravagant dash of bombast, sighed too; which was no sooner observed by Diedenbache, than he fell on his knees before her in the most perfect and love-like attitude, and seizing her hand in a frenzy of rapture, devoured it almost instantly with kisses. At first she attempted to withdraw it, but observing, with that instinctive perception granted only to the fair, the suicidal expression which stalked into his hitherto radiant countenance, her self-sacrificing consideration prevailed; and she suffered it to remain; the little thrilling,

delicate prisoner, which so often acts as a mediator between Cupid and the heart, throwing open the doors of the citadel at some unguarded moment, and brushing conscience quite aside.

"Dear, dearest Sophia!" cried Diedenbache, with increasing raptures, "this is a bliss which angels might well envy! Compared with it, stocks, princely revenues, and every species of earthly fame must shrink into utter insignificance. It sweeps down upon the heart like an avalanche of 'wildering sweets, and we find ourselves feebly struggling against the tides of 'this mighty sea of love.' Never, dearest Sophia, never, in my wildest imaginings, did I ever expect to enjoy a moment of such holy, uninterrupted love—"

Here he was rather unceremoniously cut short in the middle of what he intended to say, by a sound somewhat resembling the snort of a wild horse, when suddenly surprised by danger, causing the prostrate lover to bound to his feet, as though no such thing as the "tender passion" had ever agitated him.

The next moment a heavy step was heard on the outside of the arbor, and the massive form of Mr. Peleg Brown was next seen to tower up before him like some threatening genius of evil. Sophia gave a short shriek of alarm. Diedenbache threw himself on the defensive, and awaited the onset of the bear.

"What's the fuss?" he at length demanded, in a hoarse whisper; and folding his brawny arms across his breast, he contemplated, for a moment the subject of his wrath. Had he been clothed in the proper costume, he would have looked the genius of tragedy. "Are you dumb?" he at length cried, stamping his huge boot-heel quite through the green sward, and working it as though he had his victim there, and was slowly grinding the life out of him.

"I am dumb to such as you!" cried Diedenbache, tossing his head defiantly. "I wouldn't be guilty of bestowing my patronage on as gross a madman for the world!"

The bear responded with a low growl of contempt, and then turning to Sophia, who had already abandoned her seat in the arbor, and was standing tremblingly in the path, where the moonlight, flooding her, gave to her pallid face almost an ethereal look, said:

"You agreed to be my wife; can you deny it? And art'n't you in the sight of Heaven the same as if you was? If this new chap you've got dares contradict me, and say you aint, I'll kill him before your eyes, and then kill myself!"

There was a resolute straight-forwardness in Mr. Brown's despair, which caused Diedenbache, in spite of his forced bravado, to feel a little

shaky in the region of the knees, while contemplating, as was quite natural, his present insecurity, with an itching inclination to be out of the bear's way as speedily as possible.

Sophia was frightened by his sanguinary look, and insisted on going immediately home; and actually started on alone, so great was her agitation and fright. Diedenbache, who was greatly charmed with this discretionary movement (feeling that it might be the only means of insuring his own safety), caught up the pillion, partly as a shield, and partly as a weapon of defence, should the urgency of the case demand it, and started in hot pursuit after the fair fugitive, leaving the valorous Mr. Brown undisputed master of the field, though by no means so of the young lady's affections.

The remainder of the evening, on reaching home, was employed by Diedenbache and his friend in making preparations for a grand fishing excursion on the morrow, which was to consume the greater part of the day.

"Did you encounter the bear anywhere on your travels?" demanded Tim, looking up from his work, and glancing at Sophia, who was sitting very quietly near the window.

"Yes," answered Diedenbache, laughing, "we were gratified with a most excellent view of this Sir Bruin, or the bear, as you call him, just after parting with old Debby, on our return."

Just at this moment Sophia gave a quick start and pointed in the direction of the window.

Old Mr. Nightingale, who was quietly smoking his pipe in the corner, sprang to his feet and rushed towards the door, hotly pursued by every member of his little family. Nothing, however, was visible, worthy of creating so much alarm.

"What did you see?" cried all of them, at once appealing to Sophia for an explanation.

Sophia, who stood trembling all over from head to foot, assured them that she had been frightened by something which had suddenly risen up and darkened the window; she could not tell what it was, it disappeared so quick from the time she first saw it.

"I'll bet you a peg," growled old Mr. Nightingale (this was the highest the old gentleman was ever known to bet), "if the truth was known, it was nobody after all but Peleg. He has acted like a precious fool ever since Mr. Diedenbache has been here!"

"I'll bet you more than a peg," cried Tim, "that if it was Peleg whom Sophia saw, that you'll find him now secreted behind the old button-wood tree yonder. I've half a mind to go and look."

Just then the sound of hastily retreating steps

was heard in a direct line with the tree, and when the wall was reached, they were also amused by a still more substantial proof of the existence of a nocturnal visitor, from the fact that some portion of it was heard to tumble around him with the utmost profusion.

The next morning, even before the sun had brushed the dew from the earth, Diedenbache and his friend started on their trouting expedition. The stream which they proposed following, flowed through a dark wooded valley at some distance from the house, having its rise among the hills. A little before noon, having had but indifferent success, they arrived at an abrupt fork in the stream, where it became nicely divided at the foot of a little promontory, a portion of it passing around the base of the hill on either side, and so bearing tunelessly away, for a distance of two miles, before the burthen of its song became again united.

At this particular point it was arranged that the anglers should separate, each taking a stream, and so fish round the entire promontory. After parting company with his friend, Diedenbache kept on for some distance through belts of woodland, with here and there an open space, where the warm sun was at liberty to pour in his golden radiance for a few hours each day, when he was startled in the very midst of one of those dreamy air-castle frescoings, the flimsy mirages of our ill-regulated fancy, in which Sophia was made to figure in a very conspicuous manner, by the sound of approaching steps, and an attempt on the part of the intruder to force an opening through the bushes.

Hastily wheeling about, though at the cost of a fine trout, which had just made a hasty lunge at the hook as it rose temptingly above his reach, he beheld the huge head of Mr. Peleg Brown overtopping the bushes, and glaring down on him in a manner not calculated to add greatly to his stock of courage.

"Well, now," growled Mr. Brown, "what do you think of yourself? Come, talk now, for you've got ter, and no mistake. I don't watch a feller like you for two whole days and nights, for nothin', I can tell yer. I aint no such kind of chap as that, I aint, as you'll soon find to yer cost, unless you're the strongest, which I don't think yer be!"

"Come, now, I know it's natur' for a gal to love fine close, and everything that's in 'em, no matter how darnd mean they be, or whether they aint worth a cent to their backs of not; that don't make no odds, not a bit! Gals are fools, that's what they be, an' they may think what they like on't—I don't care! I say they

can't tell the difference 'twixt that that's genuine an' that that aint, an' I'll stick ter that sentiment like a tick; yes, yer white livered pup, it's my own idee a thing that you never'll have, I can tell yer, an' I shall stand to't, an' hug to't, like a bear!"

Here the bear forced an entrance through the brush-wood, and now stood face to face with his adversary. In his hand he carried an ugly-looking cowhide of most formidable length.

"Now," cried Mr. Brown, drawing an ancient and venerable looking "bull's-eye" from his pocket (by the way, an heir-loom in that gentleman's family, it having descended to his father from his grandfather, and so on), "I've got just one thing to say to yer, an' that's flat!" [Here he observed Diedenbache looking suspiciously at the raw hide.] "This aint no walkin' stick, this aint, now I can tell yer! This is the ra'al stuff, now, this is, an' will fetch the skin every time, I'll warrant ye," added Mr. Brown, doubling it up in his hand, and letting it flap back again. "Now I'm just gwine to give ye yer choice, and just three minutes to cry-baby in, as I know yer will; an' that is, yer must either have them store close cut clean off on ye, and every inch of hide inter the bargain—an' I'm woth enough to pay the bill if I don't quite kill yer—or else leave the house of Squire Nightingale afore to-morrow noon, and quit this part of the country! Now take yer choice!"

"My dear friend," cried Diedenbache, making a tremendous effort to look unconcerned, "I think you are a little hasty, I do; now, don't you, yourself?"

The bear gave a surly growl, and kept his eyes fixed steadily on the watch.

"I don't think there is any need of me, or any one else, standing in your light, if you only just stop where you are, like a reasonable being," (he came very near saying *bear*, through mistake), "and consider. If you do you will see—"

"That's just what I mean. I don't want ye in my way. One minute!"

"Your proposition," cried our hero, tremulously, "places me, if I may so speak, in a rather delicate situation in respect to my engagements with the son of this same family to which you have alluded. There is no need, I think, of all this 'rant and fustian.' I think we may safely compromise the matter, and you will soon find—"

"Two minutes!" growled the bear with increasing impatience. "One minute more, and then—"

An awful and concluded the remark.

Diedenbache seemed to feel the marrow con-

gealing in his bones. The perspiration oozed out, and stood in great drops on his forehead. His knees knocked together, and he showed some symptoms of not being able to bear up under so severe a castigation as Mr. Brown had generously promised him.

"Three minutes—all told!" said Mr. Brown, replacing his watch in his waistcoat pocket, and then looking sternly down on the romantic little champion of the night before, expressed himself in two words: "Your choice!"

"If nothing else will answer your turn," cried Diedenbache, feebly, "I will agree to leave before the expiration of the time you mentioned, on one consideration."

"What's that?" demanded Mr. Brown, looming up before him like some fabled ogre, and shutting his teeth with a strong snap, like a jack-knife.

"It is simply," answered Diedenbache, "that you keep this meeting to yourself; never reveal it to anybody, and especially to the Nightingale family."

"An' will you stick to't, and not play the sneak when you get out of my reach, and safe among the gals?"

"Most certainly; you may rely on me. I promise you upon my honor."

"Wal, then, I'll do it; dang me if I don't; it's a bargain, an' no flummux!" And with this poetical expression, Mr. Peleg Brown cleared the bushes at a whoop and a bound, leaving our unfortunate friend, Diedenbache, more excited than hurt.

That evening Diedenbache informed the family that some business of importance, which had not occurred to him at starting, would necessarily call him away on the following morning; and accordingly the next morning he went, in pursuance of the call, as fast as a respectable sized locomotive would carry him.

When his friend returned a fortnight afterwards (Diedenbache had intended to have stopped as long), he informed him that Sophia and the bear had adjusted their differences and were published the Sunday before, and were to be married, as near as he could find out, as soon as the term of publishment had expired.

As to Diedenbache, the last time we conversed with him, we thought he was in a fair way to recover from the shock of disappointment, for he laughed quite heartily several times, while repeating his exploits, and finally ended by admitting, in a most spirited and manly way, that Peleg Brown was a "trump."

Beauty, unaccompanied by virtue, is as a flower without perfume.

THE DISTANT LAND.

BY E. E. CANNON.

Then the wicked cease from troubling, and there the weary are at rest.—*Jon 3: 17.*

Tossed on the surging billows,
Wearied in the storms of life;
Exhausted by the world's commotions—
Earthly struggles—earthly strife;
With throbbing hearts we turn our gaze
Towards the regions of the blast,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

Fair to the eye that angel home—
Bright and dazzling forms are there,
And o'er the plains of heaven they roam,
Happy beings—free from care;
Children of the King of kings,
Of a land are they possessors;
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

Though we be doomed to years of toil,
And trials ever hard to bear;
Still, 'tis but naught—for are there not
Angels ever pointing there?
Lifting up to us the veil
From off that land, of all lands best,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

And when the sands of life run low,
And the parting hour is near,
Pilgrim, sigh not, on that shore
Again thou'lt meet those friends so dear.
Let not vain regrets o'ertake thee,
Be hope the anchor to thy soul,
And make ready for thy journey,
To that land, thy future goal;
Then calmly lay thy body down,—
Hands folded meekly on thy breast,
And pass to where all cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

THE PAINTER'S CHRISTMAS.

BY FRANÇOIS A. DURIVAGE.

It is Christmas day, and a finer one never dawned upon creation. The sun arose without a cloud, and now his cheering beams are gradually melting the fanciful frost work on the windows, which, in the beauty of its arabesques and their wonderful intricacy so mock the handiwork of man. The day has been ushered in with joyous demonstrations. The young, in whose breasts the founts of hope and joy are ever springing, have been the most expansive in their manifestations, while the aged, often the prompters and ministers of this delight, have been wafted back to the past by the glee around them which sheds a soft sunset ray on the evening of life.

And now the forenoon is wearing on, and the

huge bells, swinging in the steeples, are sending forth their deep tones, like a chorus of musical giants, and summoning the people of New York to prayer and praise and thanksgiving, in temples converted into bowers and groves by the wealth of their sylvan decorations.

But this glorious sunshine! How it fills the air! The fine particles of snow, drifting from the housetops and the window-cappings, catch the golden radiance, and the whole atmosphere seems filled with diamond-dust. Glorious sunshine! Smile of God! how welcome would earth be without thee! The bright sunshine is equally the poor man's heritage with the rich man's. But the latter excludes it from his princely halls by jealous draperies. It fades the carpet on the floor, and the pictures on the walls, and cracks the costly furniture. But into the poor man's window it pours a welcome radiance. Into the prison cell it streams sometimes, like a ray of hope gliding into a lonely heart. Let us follow the course of a pencil of its rays through the windows of an upper room in Lispenard Street, and see what it will reveal.

From this particular window the sunshine is commonly excluded by a thick, green curtain, but now the curtain has been removed, and there is no barrier to the broad light of day. It is a painter's studio.

The piles of canvases covered with glorious heads, with lovely landscapes, with stirring battle-pieces, attest industry and talent, but indicate, alas! a lack of patronage. Before a blank canvas on the easel, sits a figure, a pale, slight and handsome young man, with the porte-crayon resting idly in his hand, as motionless as the lay-figure in the corner.

"To what end," thus ran his thoughts—"do I pursue these trains of ideas? To what end transfer to the canvases the images that crowd my brain? To my eyes they seem bright and attractive—but the world views them not in the same light. Have I mistaken my vocation and produced deformities where I thought to create beauties? Or is art itself ignored in the absorption of other pursuits, and doomed to discouragement in this favored land? Who of the seeming thousands of this city whose hearts are now leaping at the strike of the joy-bells, wastes a thought on the poor artist who is spending his Christmas in a lonely garret?"

A low knock at the door disturbed Harvey Ashton's reverie.

"Come in!"

The answer to the invitation was the entrance of a young man rather below the median stature, wrapped in a rich furwed cloak, his dark hair

appearing in clusters beneath his cap, and a heavy, black mustache concealing the contours of his mouth.

"Mr. Ashton, I presume?" said the stranger, in a low, musical tone.

"At your service, sir," replied the artist.

"Perhaps I am intruding?"

"Not at all—I have no engagement."

"Then you will permit me to look at some of your performances?"

"Willingly."

The stranger passed in rapid review, a dozen of Ashton's finished works, making such remarks upon them as convinced the painter that his visitor was a connoisseur, while the accent and idiom in which he expressed himself showed that he was a foreigner. A remark that he dropped touching a picture in the Dresden Gallery induced Ashton to exclaim:

"O, if I could only visit Dresden, Paris and Rome and Florence!"

"You will go there, of course," said the stranger.

"There seems no chance of it. I am dependent on my profession, and I am either unskilled in it, or the public do not appreciate me—my pictures do not sell."

"Are you aware of their value? What, for instance, do you ask for that large landscape, with the skirt of wood and the broad river in the foreground?"

"I have asked a hundred dollars for it."

"Fie! it is you who are ruining your profession. As pictures go, it is worth five hundred. The arts should have a proportionate value. Don't you know that Signora Rosara gets five hundred dollars a night for singing in opera?"

"Yes, and Mlle. Ellsler a thousand for dancing. But Rosara sings like an angel."

"And you paint like Claude. Do not blush, my friend, I am a judge. But you will never make your fortune if you undervalue your own productions. Suffer me to appraise them for you. The landscape, then, we will set at five hundred dollars—that recumbent Venus at three hundred. To make an end of it, the twelve pictures you have shown me are well worth four thousand dollars. Now, are you not a richer man than when I entered the room?"

"Your remarks have encouraged me, certainly," said Ashton. "And you have set a higher value than I dared to place upon my pictures. But after all, what benefit is that to me? We return to the same point. Nobody will buy my pictures."

"There you are again mistaken. I have underrated your pictures, and from selfish motives—

for I take the landscape and the Venus at the prices I named, eight hundred dollars."

"Have a care, young sir," said the painter; "it is ill jesting with starving men."

"I am not jesting, I assure you," said the stranger. "And in proof of it, I request you to make out and receipt a bill for these pictures, at eight hundred dollars, that is my ultimatum."

"To whom am I indebted for this generous patronage?" asked the painter. "In whose name shall I make out the bill?"

"In whose name?" asked the stranger. "Let me see—this is Christmas day. Ah, I have it. The name is Santa Claus."

"Santa Claus!" The painter smiled at the absurdity, but wrote as he was requested.

"Very good," said the stranger. "Now just count those bills, and see if the amount is right?"

The painter took the roll of bills and began to turn them over with trembling fingers.

"You'll never get through at that rate," said the stranger, laughing. "Give them to me; I'll count them out, and you keep tally. There, five! ten!" and in this way the reckoning was soon accomplished.

"And now I must be going," said the stranger, "for my time is as valuable as I trust yours will be hereafter."

"But where shall I send the pictures, sir?" asked the painter.

"To Lacquer & Megilp's No. — Broadway—they will frame them according to my directions. Remember to ticket them Santa Claus. And now, good-day, my dear artist, and a merry Christmas to you!"

With these words the mysterious stranger vanished. Need we say, that Ashton was overwhelmed with his sudden good fortune? He drew forth the bills, almost fearing to find that like fairy gold they had changed to ashes. But there they were—legitimate current money. Falling on his knees he poured forth his thanks to that great Being from whom all blessings proceed, and he rose from his devotions, calmer and happier for the act. The bells had not ceased tolling. He hastily donned his cap and cloak and sallied forth to church. No one in the congregation with which he worshipped, entered more fully into the spirit of the day. As he was coming out of church, he was accosted by Mr. Marland, a tradesman in prosperous circumstances, whose daughter Harriett was hanging on his arm.

"Here is our runaway, Harriett," said the old gentleman; "the deserter, who has perseveringly cut us for the past six months. And you never returned an answer to my invitation to dinner, to-day. I suppose you had forgotten it."

"If the invitation be not rescinded," said the painter, "I will answer it in person."

Harriet Marland blushed with pleasure as she heard this answer. The little family party was a most pleasant one, and did not break up till a very late hour of the night.

The next day Ashton sent the pictures as he was requested by his unknown patron. Two days afterwards a leading journal of the city contained an elaborate laudatory notice of them, occupying an entire column. Another paper followed the example. Fashionable people flocked to the painter's studio. In a week he had sold all his pictures, and had a multitude of orders on hand. In a word, his reputation and fortune were made. He was compelled to engage a studio in a fashionable part of the city. Envy and detraction he encountered, of course; but he steadily pursued the even tenor of his way, and showed that he was as industrious as he was talented. At the expiration of just one year from the visit of the stranger—on a happier Christmas day, if possible, he was united to Harriet Marland. In the following spring, accompanied by his wife, he sailed for Italy, to pursue the study of art—for like every great artist he was always a student—in its glorious home.

One morning at Florence he received a billet, couched in the following terms:

"The Signora Giulia Rosara would be happy to receive a visit from Signor Ashton and his lady, at 11 o'clock this day at her apartments, No —, Piazza de —."

"Will you go, Harriet?" asked the painter, after handing the note to his wife.

"I shall be delighted. This is the Rosara, who created such a *furor* in New York, in Italian Opera."

"True, I had forgotten her name."

At the appointed hour they went to the Piazza. The stranger, who was a beautiful and accomplished woman, received them with great grace and kindness.

"I can never forget," she said, "the patronage I received at New York. My success in America has given me a position in my own country to which my friends thought me entitled, but which no *impresario* would accord me here, until he knew I did not stand in need of it. Such is the way of the world. I am always happy to see Americans, and I am truly grateful for the service they did me."

The conversation turned on art.

"When I told my Italian friends," said the signora, "that I had brought home paintings by American artists, they shrugged their shoulders at the absurdity—but no one repeated the im-

pertinence after having seen them. They are not only fine, but I bought them at a bargain."

"Might I be permitted to see them?" asked Ashton.

"Certainly—it was partly to show them to you, that I solicited the honor of your company," said the signora, rising. "I have hung a curtain before them, for I am very choice of them."

She drew aside the curtain she alluded to, and displayed a sylvan landscape and a recumbent Venus. Ashton instantly recognized them as his own. He seized the hand of the signora, and pressed it to his lips.

"My noble benefactress!" he exclaimed. "I would have sacrificed ten years of my life for the pleasure of this moment—of thanking you again and again for having made my fortune, my happiness!"

"Hear the foolish fellow!" said the singer, to Mrs. Ashton, though her lips quivered, and her dark eyes moistened as she spoke. "I bought his pictures under price—cheated him, signora, like a roguish Italian as I was, and now he calls me his benefactress."

It was Mrs. Ashton's turn now to weep and invoke blessings on the head of the beautiful Italian.

"Cease! cease!" cried La Rosara, "or you will make me ruin the fine eyes that are to dazzle Florence in Romeo to-night. There—there, let me go, you foolish people. Only when you hear poor Rosara maligned by her rivals, at least remember that she has a heart; and you, Signor Ashton, when you are overburdened with your feelings of gratitude, remember that the happiest moment of my life was that in which having casually heard of your genius and your misfortune, I stood in a cavalier's dress within your studio, and counted out the money for those pictures, on that merry Christmas day, in New York."

CHARACTER OF NAPOLEON.

Napier, in his history of the peninsular war, makes the following excellent and just remark on Napoleon: "Self had no place in his policy save as his personal glory was identified with France and her prosperity. Never before did the world see a man soaring so high and devoid of all selfish ambition. Let those who, honestly seeking truth, doubt this, study Napoleon carefully; let them read the record of his second abdication published by his brother Lucien, that stern republican who refused kingdoms at the price of his principles, and they will doubt no longer." This is from a British writer who studied the affairs of the times in which Napoleon flourished, with more than ordinary fidelity and intelligence; and who, withal, is as regular a specimen of John Bull as ever put pen to paper.

WE HAVE PARTED.

BY R. P. SMITH.

The first—the last—the only kiss
That thy lips pressed on mine,
Shall be returned as warm with love
As when it first was thine.

The parting sigh thy bosom heaved,
The low, sad wail I hear,
And ere the lingering echo dies,
It murmurs, thou art dear.

The last embrace, when thy fond heart
With mine responsive beat,
Thrills through my blood, and tells a tale
Of love, fond, true and sweet.

Enchained within my mourning heart,
To dwell forever there,
And nourished by each heaving pulse,
Is thy loved image fair.

No parting token do I ask,
No gift from thee to keep,
Thy love is mine, and silently
My soul for thee shall weep.

We're parted from each other now,
And perhaps forever;
The love which bound our hearts before
Shall be parted—never.

THE EMIGRATION.

BY FRANCIS F. PEPPERELL.

CHARLEY CLARE, as all the village gossips said, was the greatest rogue in the county, and the delight of all their hearts. If any piece of mischief had been done—if the parson's nag was tied all day at the widow's garden gate, if the squire's knocker was muffled in black crape, or if a white kid glove was found attached to some virgin spinster's latch, they all laid the blame on Charley Clare, and all but the squire forgave him. For they all knew well, who it was that brought the first bunch of violets for the sick woman's pleasure; who, when baby Nell was nearly drowned, jumped into the running river, and bringing the child ashore, gave it to its half-distracted mother; who found the collect for pauper Mag every Sabbath; and who always helped Tom hunt his eggs. But the squire was deeply offended with Charley, for when he had been paying his second addresses to Miss Dolly Hobbs, and in his earnest, beseeching way, started to assist the exit of ideas by rubbing his head, he found it as bald as a baby's, and unhesitatingly made for the door, well remembering, how, when an impudent fellow knocked him down in the street, as he hurried past, Charley Clare had

picked him up, replaced his hat, and doubtless stolen his well-brushed peruke, at the same time; and as the squire, after his discomfiture at Miss Dolly's, strutted indignantly up the street, it was not long, ere some officious neighbor informed him, that when Charley brushed the dust from his back, he fastened a placard there, on which was written, "The squire's in love with Dolly Hobbs."

But courting and wedding are two different jobs. Charley had several times endeavored to repair the breach, by paying particular attention to the squire's ward, Rose Grey, but strange to say, all his politeness in that quarter only made matters worse. At last he was sent off to Oxford, and when he came back from study and travel, the elders declared him, as he ran his fingers through his curly, brown hair, more mischievous and handsome than ever; and little Rose thought so, too.

Sir Charles Bayard, the uncle of Charley Clare, was a fine, warm-hearted uncle as ever took home an orphan nephew, and therefore, shortly after Charley's return, he waited on the squire, as he told him, to propose a match between the two families.

"A match, sir!" cried the irascible squire. "Do you mean to insult me, sir? Do you suppose, sir, that I'll have that unmitigable scapegrace enter my family and make mischief between me and my ward, sir? Do you presume, sir, that when that young blade spoiled a match for me, sir, I'll make one for him? No sir! and what's more, if I catch Rose at word with him—I'll skin her, sir! I will."

"Now Squire Brown, don't get into a passion. It is nothing serious. I don't know even, if the young people are thus inclined. I have not yet spoken to my nephew concerning it. I thought, only, that as our estates are contiguous, and as Charley is my heir, and Rose yours—"

"Not a bit of it! Not a farthing shall she have, if—"

"Well, I spoke to you first, thinking with your approval, to throw the children in each other's way, before they looked at others. Nothing like opportunity, you know, for young folks to fall in love!"

"Children! Rose is a woman grown! Now if it had been yourself, Sir Charles, proposing for Rose, I shouldn't object, although I've promised my influence to Jack Manning!"

"I'm afraid I'm a little too young!" answered Sir Charles, slightly provoked, and giving the whole affair a settler, as he added, "when I select a wife, I think it will be Miss Dolly Hobbs."

If Sir Charles had not spoken to the "child-

dren," they had spoken to each other, very shortly after the first Sunday, when Rose, in the great square pew, looking behind her fan, out from under her cottage bonnet, wondered if dear Charley would remember her; and Charley, glancing slyly across, felt as if it would be a relief to give an eye as black as his beard to the great fellow in tremendous knee-buckles, who held a prayer-book jointly with Rose. The person thus selected for severe treatment, was Jack Manning, the ship's mate of Sir Francis Drake, who, having been the scourge and terror of the Spanish Main, had recently circumnavigated the globe, and returned with innumerable treasures, and Squire Brown had invited the mate down to Cheswick, for the very ostensible purpose of making love to Rose. Of course, Rose and Charley agreed to be as amiable as lovers ought to be, and Charley would have taken his uncle into his confidence, but Sir Charles declared he would have nothing to do with it, they must manage it all themselves, and when they were married, he would forgive them. But the squire with all his eccentricities had been very kind to little Rose, and though she promised never, *never*, to marry Manning, yet she couldn't be Charley's wife, unless her guardian should consent, and thus affairs remained in *statu quo* while Manning vigorously pressed his suit.

At last it was more than Charley could put up with, and stepping into a leather dresser's, he purchased as stout a hide as could be bought for ten shillings, and prepared to break it over Manning's back. He had not gone far, ere he met his adversary, a strong, muscular man, and of great size; but Charley was his superior in lightness and activity, and catching him by the collar, he cried, "Hark ye, Mr Jack Manning! I promised if you didn't cease your manoeuvres, that I'd thrash you within an inch of your life! and I'll keep my word!" which accordingly he did, only ceasing when his arm was tired, and his weapon broken.

"I'll have you before the queen!" cried the thoroughly beaten individual, "I'll have you arrested for assaulting a queen's officer! You'll sing a different song, my young-villain, when I have you up at the mizen mast, three hundred miles from shore!"

"Wait till you get me there," answered Charley; "meanwhile I'll have you taken up for carrying concealed weapons!" and throwing aside Manning's broken rapier, he left him.

Manning directly deserted the place, much to the joy of every one but the squire; for all the village believed Charley had done right; and his uncle, clapping his shoulder, declared him to be

a boy of spirit. ~~Appearance~~ began to be desperate. It was certain that Charley Clare would never succeed with the squire, and so, in despair, he, too, left town, for the continent, Rose and Sir Charles Bayard said.

Shortly after, a black haired, black-bearded gentleman, bearing the foreign title of Monsieur Le Prince de Valskoff, taking lodgings, with a retinue of servants, at the inn, sent letters of introduction to Sir Charles, who, exhibiting them to the squire, prevailed on him to show the prince what *insular* hospitality was. When they called together, they were politely informed by the prince, in a very slight foreign accent, that desirous of travel and recreation, he was making himself acquainted with the English, and should spend the summer at Cheswick.

The squire was delighted, extended the courtesies of his mansion to his highness, introduced Rose, and suffered her to entertain him with her light conversation, her sweet playing on the virginal, and her fine housekeeping. At all this, and especially at "*Miss Rose*," the Prince de Valskoff appeared to be charmed; he sent her bouquets and pictures and books, he took her to drive in his pony phaeton, and rode with her across leagues of country. All the village shook their heads, called Rose a coquette and a good-for-naught, and pitied poor, absent Charley; but still, while she went among them, the same as ever, smiling and happy, they loved her from their honest hearts and blessed her for her own sake.

Little Rose, was evidently forgetting Charley, and the squire, chuckling inwardly, indulged himself in building romantic castles, which he deemed to be golden realities. Rose, the princess of a foreign court, almost on an equal footing with good Queen Bess, whom God save. Himself, with Rose at court, rich, certainly, and honored, doubtless titled; would it be Lord Brown, on the Duke of Cheswick, or perhaps, Lord Chancellor Brown! He would show the whickerandoes what an Englishman was. And he saw himself, in imagination, decked with the broad red ribbon of some visionary order, and revisiting his native place among lackeys, grooms and lords of his chamber. "Precious green in Sir Charles to introduce me to his highness, that is, if he cared anything about that rascal of a nephew of his," he soliloquized. "But, to be sure, the prince would have seen me and of course requested to be made acquainted, so it was but making a virtue of necessity!" and he began to peruse the court calendar.

Not less happy was the squire, when the prince, declaring his affection for Rose, requested her

guardian's permission for their alliance; his friend, Sir Charles Bayard, would attend to the settlement, he said, when the ready consent had been granted; but the squire was far too much flustered and delighted to take heed of such potty details, and the wedding day was fixed.

About a week previous to this last day of courtship, Sir Charles Bayard entered the squire's parlor, bringing with him a gentleman of most noble and elegant appearance, of a quiet and gallant manner, though somewhat haughty, whom he introduced as his friend, Sir Walter Raleigh. The old squire, too full of enjoyment to risk much conversation, moreover rather dignified, as became his future rank, sat silent according as the conversation fell in and out of his drift, while the others whiled the evening away with gay and sparkling wit and sentiment. Sir Walter had drawn near Rose, and seating himself by her, "Miss Rose wisheth me to inform her about America, whither she and her lover will follow me?" he said, in a low tone.

"Ay," she answered, falling unconsciously into court phrases, "did Sir Charles inform thee of our wish?"

"Sir Charles hath told me all," he said, smiling, "and thou thinkest thou canst endure hardship?"

"With those who share it!"

"It is a many days' ay, many weeks' journey over dangerous waters, through winds and tempests; there are strange tides, and rocks and shoals, but at last, on our windward side, setteth a mighty current, on whose bosom riseth and falleth perpetually dark sea-weeds, bearing round berries of divers hues; a line of shore riseth slowly far away, blue hills join it to the sky; we enter a mouth of land and sail up a river, richly wooded and filled with gorgeous bird and insect life. If now and then, a dark, savage face peer at us from among the slender stems of trees, as we glide along, be not terrified, it is an Indian of a friendly tribe. A day's slow sailing and we land where I have already planted a colony. Thou wilt find a different life from this, but I doubt not, happier, and Sir Charles and thy spouse will attend thee! It is Virginia, the land of our queen. Natives, whose manner of life is fantastic, dwell in the interminable woods beyond. The air is always mild and balmy, the sunrise vernal, the soil rich, the scenery sublime, the freedom exquisite. Many friends are domesticated there. Perhaps," he added, turning to the squire, "good master Brown hath seen the valuable esculent I introduced into the island from America, the potato!"

"Have I not?" cried the squire. "I cultivate

it, sir. We owe Sir Walter countless thanks for it! I love it at the bottom of my heart!"

"I, rather," said Sir Charles, "love it at the pit of my stomach!" and here supper was announced.

Still the prince continued his wooing, and at last came the marriage morn. Peasant girls strewed flowers, from their osier baskets, in the lovers' path, as they drew near the church, allegoric forms of Spring and Pleasure, sang them songs along, Hope and Virtue addressed them at the door, and they stole gently up the aisle, as if fearful of waking echoes. The old squire, with his gold-headed cane at his lips, and looking more important than ever Persian monarch did, followed behind, and Sir Charles Bayard with Sir Walter Raleigh, brought up the rear. The ceremony had just begun, when a struggle seemed taking place at the door between the warden, with other villagers who understood the matter, and two boisterous intruders. "I tell ye, I am an officer of the queen's justice!" cried one, and they finally entered. It was Jack Manning and a warrant officer. The disturbed wedding group stood at the altar, and advancing towards the Prince de Valshoff, Jack laid a heavy hand on his beard and well-curled black peruke, and tearing them away, he displayed the laughing face and brown curly head of Charley Clare, to the thunderstruck squire. Where was Lord Chancellor Brown? where the Duke of Cheswick, now? Gone! gone! and what was worse, Rose was gone too, or nearly so. As he stood straight and stolid as a tenpin, "O, ye old cove," cried Manning, "that couldn't see daylight with a light astern! Ye're of no more avail than bare poles in a fine-tail wind! and so, fine fellow," he added, facing Charley, "off to America with your bride, are you? Well, I'll whistle that broom for ye! You are going to the queen's prison along with me, and then you're going to do my bidding aboard ship, and here's her majesty's sign and seal for it. I haven't taken the world at a trip for naught, so come, my hearty; you wont be so dainty after a year's salt junk!"

Charley laughed lightly, as he stepped forward and said, "I'm your man, Mr. Jack Manning! But Sir Walter Raleigh and my Uncle Bayard will attend us to London, and when I come back to finish my part of the marriage ceremony, I fancy I shall have left you in my shoes at the Queen's Bench Prison! Meanwhile, Rose, do thou go on and be wedded!" But Farson Langley, not agreeing to this last proposition, the whole party, with the squire still in a maze, left the church; Charley, his friends and enemies to the city, Rose and her guardian to the hall.

At last, when they were alone, the squire became vigorous once more, locked little, weeping Rose up in an attic, and betook himself to a vehement superintendence of his tenants and his workmen.

Meanwhile the travellers had arrived in London, and Sir Walter, detaining Manning and the justice at his lodgings with him, sent to obtain an audience with the queen, which at last was given. Taking his whole party, whether they would or not, first Charley and his uncle, having fitted court suits upon themselves, Sir Walter entered the presence of Elisabeth. "Tush, man!" she cried, "I granted thee an audience, not half London! This is no presentation day!" But Sir Walter, kneeling, and gallantly kissing her hand, replied: "Lovely lady! it is no common affair that I bring before thy majesty. It concerns nothing less than thy precious life." The queen sat in all her most regal magnificence, with Cecil at her table and Leicester by her side, and other attendants about the room. Dismissing all but the two mentioned, she bent her head forward and commanded Raleigh to proceed. "A little prologue is first necessary, thy majesty," said Raleigh; and he forthwith sketched the courtship and rivalry of Charley Clare and Manning. Now and then, during its recital, Cecil, looking up from his grave state papers, gently smiled, and the queen cried, as she struck her hands together, "Yea, it is as excellent as a play! a veritable masquerade! May that be the young man?"

Obedient to his instructions, Charley knelt and carried her hand to his lips, till she bade him rise again. "Yot, young man, though thou mayest have the girl," said the queen, "thou didst wrong to assault yon seaman in so bloody a manner, and he, too, in the employ of one who has done us good service; that was against all authority!"

"It was very excusable, an' it please thy majesty!" said Cecil, smiling.

"Ay. We comprehend that, yet cannot suffer our laws to be thus infringed upon. We think Master Clare must pay the penalty!"

There might have been something about the frank manliness of Charley's handsome face and something about its fitting expression of boyish roguery, that made the queen's heart lighter to him than her words. Had a woman stood in his place, the queen had not been so lenient in threats nor sparing of oaths. Manning began to look triumphant, and glanced at the unheeding Charley like a tiger at his victim. But Sir Walter, waving his hand, said:

"Thy majesty has heard but the prelude."

"Proceed! proceed!" replied the queen.

"A week ago, my liege, as I before remarked, I was called by Sir Charles Bayard to examine into the feasibility of a new colony in thy majesty's recent settlement, Virginia. I gave it my hearty approbation, as I had already opened a similar plan, and had about one hundred and sixty colonists collected. Some arrangements we made, and Master Clare and myself started for London to conclude them. Delaying in the half-way village at eve, we sallied out by moonlight and came upon a bosky field, where once the old Romans fought and fell. Two persons sitting nearly motionless upon a slab, might have been taken for ghostly Romans, had they not emitted low murmurs, and had not Clare declared one to be Manning. The conversation of Manning and his companion, thy majesty will find in this paper," and he handed the document to Cecil. "It was no less than a plot to take thy sacred majesty's most valuable life, Manning being in league with the wretched Duke of Norfolk, to place the conspiring Queen of Scots upon thy throne."

Manning stood aghast, pale, trembling, guilty. He would have turned to flee, but durst not. Cecil stepped calmly to the door, exchanged a few low-toned words with the page, and shortly entered with a body of the yeomen of the guard, who bore Manning into custody.

"We will examine this matter," said the queen to Sir Walter, "and if true, shall deal accordingly with the villain. Not that our own life is of the value of another, but that any one should dare again disturb our quiet nation with conspiracies, and endeavor to plunge us into new broils!"

"Thy royal life is of more importance than thy majesty will admit!" was the reply. "Thou keepest thy people in peace, in commerce, in happiness, in maritime wealth and power, in civilization, and in glory! Villanous is he who would alter these conditions!"

"It will please us, do our people so consider, my brave Raleigh. Thou hast done well, and thy friend. Go! we pardon thee, young man. Wed Rose Grey and people Virginia!" And the party withdrew.

The charges having been thoroughly proved against Manning, he would assuredly have expiated his crime on the gallows, had not the influence of Sir Francis Drake been exerted on his behalf, and he obtained leave to hang him at the yard arm, a more sailor-like death. Then, substituting a cunning mannikin, that struggled manfully, as if in the last agony, before the eyes of a

vast concourse, Sir Francis had Manning, too valuable a coadjutor in the plunder of the seas to be lost, and soon sailed away from the coast with him, while Charley and his friend returned to Cheswick.

It was twilight next day when the Squire and Sir Charles entered the hall, and found Raleigh and Charley Clare already seated there, in company with little Rose, who had been released from confinement. Charley stood up at the squire's entrance, and frankly offered him his hand. "Squire Brown," said Charley, "when shall that wedding be concluded?"

"Never! with my consent! Never, with my consent, Master Charles! I've had a little too much of your trickery to suffer any more, sir! No, sir! When you marry Rose, sir, you'll find eagles flying with their eyes shut, sir!" The squire was growing violent in the sudden and indignant memory of his wrongs, and he wiped his profusely perspiring forehead vehemently.

"Sit down, Charley," said his uncle, in a low, pleasant tone. "Squire Brown, I owe you and little Rose beside me here a confession. Pray listen kindly to it, and be seated, while in the growing dusk I recite it." He drew Rose closer to him and commenced. "You may not know, Squire Brown, but my cavalier friend, Raleigh, will remember, that in my youth I became attached to a beautiful and penniless girl. All my family opposed my passion, but idly. I married her, and we lived quietly together for a space of two years, during which my father neither forgave nor relented. At length my mother and my sister (Charley's mother), came to see us, and then at last, one of them sent my father.

"It was a warm, starry evening, the taper within the cottage just suffused us with a soft light as my wife sat on the low door-stone and danced our baby, little Rosalie, in her arms, while I stood trifling with the woodbine, and gazing on this scene of domestic enjoyment. We were obscure, secluded, and nearly happy. Some one lifted the wicket latch and came slowly up the walk. The intruder, whoever it was, could see us perfectly. 'Who is it?' I asked after a time. 'Charles,' said my father's well-known voice, as I sprang forward, 'I see it all, now. I have staid. Forgive me, my boy! Come to an old man whose home is bereft, and bring your treasure with you!' He took us home to his empty house, for my sister was married and away; and the grass had had time to grow on my mother's grave since I saw her last. It was the time of the great controversial wars on the continent. My father purchased me a commission, and I departed, leaving my darling-wife

and daughter at home. When, after five years, I returned, I found fiendish detractors of my wife's fair fame had slandered her to my father's ears, and he, having sent her a mile away from him, to dwell in a cottage by herself, had died suddenly and almost immediately. The steward of the estate, knowing nothing of the circumstances, had ejected her from the cottage, and she had gone forth to wander, no one knew whither.

"Long and indefatigably I sought traces of my wife; at last I found—her grave; knew that some one had taken our Rosalie, and that was all. Last week, while in London, pure chance led me to a miserable hovel, where I heard the dying confession of the woman who gave my child to you, Squire Brown, my daughter, whom your warm heart adopted and nurtured as your own. I myself soothed the dying woman and closed her eyes, thanking Heaven devoutly for my blessing to be restored. Many a time in looking on our little Rose, has a resemblance struck me. Now, I am certain, my kind friend, that she sitting by my side, clasped so close to my heart, is my child, my little Rose."

The tears stood in Squire Brown's eyes; he was, after all, a noble old gentleman. "She's your daughter, I've no doubt of it, Sir Charles!" he half sobbed, taking his friend by both hands, "and you're worthy of her, for she's a treasure!"

"Here, Charley, my boy, take her! take her. I'll make no objections," said Sir Charles. "If that uncle brought you up, you're as true as steel, and almost deserve Rose! Not quite, though, not quite. Little one! hast thou no love or kiss for him who thought never to lose thee, always to call thee his child?" Rose flew to his arms, kissed away his honest tears and soothed him into gentleness, her heart overflowing with love and gratitude towards the guardian of her youth, while filled with a deeper, stiller, holier joy and tenderness, in the presence of her much suffering father.

When Charley Clare and Rose Bayard again stood at the altar, no miserable ship's mate broke in on the sacred quiet of the ancient shrine, but all the village gave them their love and blessings as the married pair re-issued into sunshine, and long the village gossips remembered the light-hearted Charley and his sweet, loving wife.

The day for departure had come, and though all proper and tender adieus had been spoken, while Charley, his wife, and uncle were sitting on the deck in company with Sir Walter Raleigh, there came bustling on board, with trunk and chest, and furniture, and provision, and timber, none other than Squire Brown.

"I thought I couldn't stay!" said he, wiping his forehead with his red handkerchief, "so I sold out, and tumbled down, and here I am, and I'm going with you, wherever that may be!"

The vessel weighed anchor, the white sails spread, slowly the chalky cliffs became like clouds on the distant sea-line, and the ship, with its freight of joy and hope, was far out at sea.

When Sir Walter Raleigh, not many years after, brought another emigration to the western shore, the loveliest of Virginian dames was proud to do him honor, to time her little feet on their high, red pedestals, in the stately minuet with his, and to afford him rest and shelter in the hospitable mansion of her husband, on either side of which was another structure, where dwelt two "old English gentlemen," as warm-hearted, as generous, and delighted to receive him as their junior. For here, amid the bounties and joys of a Virginian home, which they themselves had reared, with father and guardian by their side, surrounded by groups of happy, loving faces, within doors, and without greeted by sunny smiles and cheerful salutes, master and mistress of every heart in the colony, dwelt Rose and Charley Clare.

CAT CONCERTS.

Putnam's Magazine gives the annexed amusing description of a "Cat Concert." "Cats, also, have their amusing, but by no means melodious concerts. Gravely and majestically sits the most valiant of beaux in the midst of an admiring circle of bettes. He utters a deep, solemn note; they answer in all kinds of voices, but not exactly in pure or clear accents. Louder and wilder rises the chorus, fiercer grow their passions, blows are dealt with little forbearance, and at last a row ensues ludicrous in the extreme to the eye, but to the ear torture. Stranger still, and as yet unexplained, is their conduct when, like true toppers, they get drunk from eating the root of valerian. On moonlight nights of early spring they have often been seen under the intoxicating influence of this well known poison. They caper and shriek, they scamper and scream, they leap and kick and tumble about like genuine madmen. Hence the significative though barbarous word of the Germans, 'Katzenjammer,' so expressive of the dread feelings that follow a night of debauch. Unmelodious as the voices are, they differ not only with sex or age, but in every individual cat. This led some rascally courtier or other to the outrageous idea of a cat organ. He confined a large number of cats with different voices in a large box, arranging them carefully according to musical notation. In front was a key board, and as the hand touched a key, a pin entered the tail of the corresponding victim. The cats mewed, and—for a shame—the world laughed."

When our vices quit us, we flatter ourselves with the belief that it is we who quit them.

A WOMAN OF THE REVOLUTION.

Mrs. Margaret Martin, of Troy, New York, now ninety-eight years of age, is one of the remarkable women of the Revolution, who took part in the memorable occurrences of the struggle for American independence. Her husband, Gilbert Martin, was a sergeant in the army of Gates, and was engaged in the battle of Saratoga. Mrs. Martin, then a very young woman, was on the field during both struggles constituting this battle, and terminating in the defeat of the splendid army which Burgoyne had transported with such immense labor and expense from Canada, confidently anticipating that he would be able with it to divide the army of the patriots, and secure Sir Henry Clinton in possession of the southern line of defences. Mrs. Martin represents the struggle as most terrific. She says that toward evening when Burgoyne, maddened by the consciousness that all his splendid schemes were about to be defeated, directed his whole reserve and cavalry upon the feeble army of the patriots, the contestants stood within half musket range of each other) and poured in their deadly volleys, while whole files on either side fell in their tracks, and still neither gave one inch.

Toward evening, Mr. Martin was wounded in the shoulder, and while his wife was in the act of affixing a bandage, she herself was wounded in the hand. She says: "Gilbert sprang like an infuriated lion. 'Peggy,' said he, 'I'll go and teach those cowardly dogs better manners than to shoot a woman,'—and I saw him no more till the fight was over."

Of such material were the men and women of the Revolution. We can readily imagine that the field of Saratoga was a strange place for those of the "softer sex." Mrs. Martin, however, has evidently been a woman of uncommon energy of character. Her frame still exhibits evidence of strength, and her eyes sparkle as she recounts the deeds of that day, or speaks of that "coward Gates, who staid safe and sound all day in his tent, and cared not for the men who were falling like sheaves in the harvest." One by one the survivors and landmarks of the Revolution are fading away.—*Troy Whig.*

POWER OF IMAGINATION.

A Vienna journal records a new instance of the extraordinary power of the imagination. A medical man, with the permission of the authorities, proposed to a notorious criminal undergoing punishment in one of the city gaols, that he should be pardoned, provided he consented to sleep in the bed of a patient who had just died of cholera. The man, thinking cholera a contagious disease, hesitated some time, but at last consented, on the promise being made that if he were attacked, every possible means of saving him should be employed. In a few hours after being placed in bed, the prisoner had a regular attack of cholera. The usual treatment was applied, and he recovered, owing, however, in no small degree, to the extraordinary strength of his constitution. The man's astonishment was unbounded on being told that his attack of cholera was entirely owing to imagination, the bed in which he had been placed not having been occupied by a cholera patient.

DEATH.

BY SURRY STEWARD.

Death in his onward march spares not,
He cannot be bribed with gold,
He visits alike both palace and cot,
And levels both young and old.

The miser's gold cannot buy delay,
Or prolong his fleeting breath;
With the labor of years he cannot stay
The onward march of death.

The gold he has hoarded in years gone past,
Now loses its magic power,
And cannot even serve at last
To lengthen his dying hour.

The king, on his throne, turns ghastly pale,
When the steps of death draw near,
And he who made millions quail,
Is now a slave to fear.

The peasant, in his lowly cot,
Must feel his wasting breath;
Tears and prayers avail him not,
For he must sleep in death.

All things on earth soon pass away
At the approach of death,
And we must all return to clay,
Beneath his chilling breath.

All things on earth teach us to die,
To improve the time that's given,
And when in his cold arms we lie,
He'll bear us safe to heaven.

THE TWO ACRE LOT.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

WHEN Andrew Merriam died, it was found that besides the little cottage in which he lived, and its simple furniture, he left absolutely nothing. His widow and only child Frank had but little time to indulge in grief. They were compelled to devise some plan by which they might be enabled to support themselves, without, if possible, being compelled to move from the cottage which, though far enough from being a sumptuous home, was endeared to them by many associations.

Frank was a fine, manly boy of twelve, with strong and generous impulses, and an affectionate disposition, which made him a universal favorite. He had been kept at school from an early age, and was more than usually advanced for his years.

The mother and son sat in the little sitting-room, a few days after Mr. Merriam died, discussing their prospects.

"Mother," said Frank, earnestly, "I don't

want you to feel troubled. You have labored so long for me that it is now my turn. I only want something to do."

"My dear child," said the mother, "I do not need to be assured of your willingness. But I am sorry you should be compelled to give up your studies on my account."

"That will not be necessary. I can study in the evening. But what do you think I can find to do?"

"I know so little about such things, Frank, that we must consult some one who is better qualified to advise—your Uncle Moses, for instance."

"What sort of a man is Uncle Moses, mother?" asked Frank. "He never comes to see us."

"No," said his mother, with some hesitation; "but you know he is a business man, and has a great deal to attend to. Besides, he has married a lady who is fashionable, and I suppose he does not care to bring her to visit such unfashionable people as we are."

"Then," said Frank, indignantly, "I don't want to trouble him with any applications. If he doesn't think us good enough to visit, we won't force ourselves upon him."

"My dear child, you are too excitable. It may be that it is only his business engagements that have kept him away from us. Besides, you are only asking advice; it is quite different from asking assistance."

Finally, in the absence of other plans, it was thought best that Frank should go to his uncle's house the next day, and make known his wants.

Moses Merriam was an older brother of Frank's father. Early in life he had entered a counting-room, and had ever since been engaged in mercantile pursuits. At the age of twenty-eight he had married a dashing lady, who was more noted for her fashionable pretensions than for any attractive qualities of the heart. She was now at the head of a showy establishment, and did not fail to bring up her children in the same worldly manner in which she had herself been bred. She knew little and cared less about Mr. Merriam's relations. It was enough that they were not in a position to reflect credit upon the family. When Mr. Merriam had communicated to her at the dinner-table a week previous, that his brother Andrew was dead, she said, "Ah, indeed!" in the most indifferent manner, and that was all.

She had one son, Edgar, of the same age with Frank, but he was far from having the good qualities of the latter. His mother's indulgence and example made him selfish and arrogant, and

in particular filled him with an unbounded contempt for the poor.

The town of Clifton, where Frank and his mother lived, was six miles distant from the city in which his Uncle Moses did business.

Early one morning, Frank having dressed himself as neatly as his modest wardrobe would permit, started to walk to his uncle's place of residence. There was a communication by stage, but it was necessary to study economy, and Frank fortunately possessed a stout pair of legs which would answer the purpose quite as well.

Two hours found him knocking at the door of his uncle's residence. It was a tall, brick house, with a swell front, and to Frank's unpractised eyes, looked magnificent enough for a nabob.

"Well, what's wanting?" asked the servant, who answered the bell, in rather a supercilious tone.

"Is Uncle Moses at home?"

"Who's Uncle Moses?"

"Mr. Merriam."

"No, he isn't."

"Where is he?"

"At the store, I expect."

"Is Mrs. Merriam at home?"

"I don't know, I'll see. Who shall I say wants to see her?"

"Frank Merriam."

Frank was shown into the drawing-room, which displayed an amount of splendor that quite dazzled him.

He was mentally comparing it with his mother's quiet sitting-room, and thinking that in spite of its simplicity, it was far more pleasant and comfortable than his aunt's drawing-room, when his meditations were interrupted by the entrance of a showily-dressed lady, who sailed into the room with a majestic air, and fixed a cold stare upon Frank.

"Are you my aunt?" asked he, somewhat disconcerted.

"Really I couldn't say," she returned, "never having seen you before."

"My name is Frank Merriam," he replied; "and I live at Clifton. My father," here his voice faltered, "died lately. He was Mr. Merriam's brother."

"Ah, yes, I believe Mr. Merriam mentioned something about it."

Mrs. Merriam said nothing more, but seemed to wait further communications.

Frank sat in silent embarrassment. His aunt's coldness repelled him, and he easily perceived that he was not a welcome visitor. But a touch of pride came to his aid, and he resolved that he would be as unsociable as his aunt.

Finding that her visitor was not disposed to break the silence, Mrs. Merriam, growing tired of the stillness, and wishing to put an end to the interview, rose with the careless remark:

"You must excuse me, this morning, as I am particularly engaged. I suppose you know where your uncle's store is? You will probably find him there."

Mrs. Merriam went up stairs and resumed the novel whose reading had been interrupted by Frank's call—that being the important engagement which she had alleged to excuse her withdrawal from the room.

Frank, his warm heart considerably chilled by his cool reception, and a little indignant also, descended the front steps and inquired the most direct way to his uncle's store. He was not long in finding it. Entering, he looked about him to see if he could not recognize his uncle, whom he had never seen, by his resemblance to his father.

Mr. Moses Merriam stood behind a tall desk at the extreme end of the store, with a pen behind his ear. He looked up as Frank approached.

"Are you Mr. Merriam?" asked our hero.

"That's my name," was the reply.

"Then you are my Uncle Moses?"

"And you, I suppose, are my brother Andrew's child?" said Mr. Merriam. "Have you any brothers and sisters?"

"No, sir, I am the only child."

"You may be surprised that I should ask, but we have not met as frequently as brothers should. I am so occupied by my business that I have little time for other things. Were you named after my brother?"

"No, my name is Frank."

"Your mother is still living, I believe? I hope my brother left her well off?"

"My father left us the house we live in, and that is all."

"And I suppose you have come to ask help? I am sorry, but my family expenses are very great, and trade is dull. If I were able—"

"You are mistaken," said Frank, a flush rising to his brow—"I do not come for assistance. I am old enough to work, if I only knew what to do. Mother told me that I had better consult you."

Mr. Merriam looked relieved when he ascertained that his nephew's visit threatened no demand on his purse, and regarded Frank more favorably than he had done.

"Ah, that's well. I like your independence. Just what I like to see. I suppose I could get you into a store in the city, if you would like."

"How much could I earn?" asked Frank, anxiously.

"Well, ahem! as to that, they are not in the habit of paying anything the first year, as the knowledge of business obtained is considered a sufficient recompense."

"Then it won't do for me," said Frank. "It is necessary for me to earn something at once, to support my mother."

"Then I don't know," said his uncle, "what can be done. There are very few things that boys of your age can do, and it is so easy to obtain them, that people are not willing to pay them wages."

Frank looked crestfallen, and his uncle embarrassed. He feared after all that he might be compelled by fear of the world's opinion to extend pecuniary assistance. At length an idea struck him.

"Do you know anything about farming?" he inquired of Frank.

"Yes, sir," said Frank, "a little."

"I asked for this reason," pursued Mr. Merriam. "When your grandfather, and my father died, he left me a two acre lot in Clifton, which has always been used as a pasture, when at all. The land was not very good, and I have been so much occupied with other things, that I could not look after it. Perhaps you may know something of it?"

"Yes," said Frank, "it is only half a mile from our house, and is called the two acre lot. But I didn't know that it belonged to you."

"Yes," said his uncle. "What I was going to say is, that although I am unable to give you such assistance as I should like, I will, if you like, give you the use of this lot rent free, so long as you like. Perhaps you can put it to some use."

Frank's face lighted up, and he thanked his uncle, giving him credit for much more benevolence than he really possessed. He was already building castles in the air, and was anxious to return to his mother to communicate his good fortune.

His uncle congratulated himself on getting off so well, and invited Frank to dine with him; but the latter was not tempted by his morning's reception to go again, and accordingly set out homewards.

Early the next morning Frank went out to inspect his "lot." He had passed it hundreds of times with indifference, but it was with an entirely different feeling that he regarded it now.

It was pasture land naturally good, but had been much neglected. Frank decided that it would be a good plan to have it ploughed up, and planted with potatoes and other vegetables, which would not only give their small family a

sufficient supply, but enable him to sell a large quantity at market.

These plans he unfolded to his mother, who approved them, but feared the labor would be too severe for Frank's strength.

He only laughed, stretching out his stout arms in playful menace towards his mother.

"But," said she, a doubt occurring to her mind, "you will have to get it ploughed, and buy seed. That will cost something."

"I have thought of that," said Frank; "but although we have no money to pay for these things, people will be willing to wait till the harvest, and then I can pay them easily."

During the day Frank called on Farmer Norcross, who had two pair of oxen, and asked him if he could come the next day and plough up his two acre lot."

"Your lot!" exclaimed the farmer, surprised. "Why, you don't mean to say you are going to farming? It's a good idea," he said, heartily. "I'm glad to find you've got so much spunk, and I'll help you all I can."

"I don't know," said Frank, hesitatingly, "as I shall be able to pay you until autumn. But the first money I get for the potatoes I'm going to plant, I'll pay you."

"Never trouble yourself about that, Frank," said the farmer, kindly. "I shan't charge you a cent for ploughing the land."

"But," said Frank, "I don't want you to take so much trouble for nothing."

"It won't be for nothing," said Farmer Norcross. "Your father has done me more than one good turn, and it's a pity if I can't do something to help his son, especially when he's such a good boy as you have always been, Frank."

Frank walked home with a glow of pleasure lighting up his face. He was more fortunate than he had hoped. The favor to be conferred was, he knew, no trifling one, and would tend materially to increase the profit of his crop.

Farmer Norcross was true to his promise. The next day he appeared on the ground, and by sunset the two acre lot was ploughed. He did not stop there, but gave Frank much useful advice as to how he should apportion the land to different purposes, and also supplied him with seed, consenting at Frank's request, to take pay in kind when the harvest time should come.

One day as he was at work in the field, his attention was drawn to a man, who after watching him for a while, climbed over the wall, and approached the place where he was standing.

"Pretty hot work, isn't it?" he inquired, with a pleasant smile.

"Yes, sir, rather," said Frank, wiping his brow.

"Who are you at work for?" continued he.

"Myself," said Frank.

"You are quite a young farmer. Does the land belong to you?"

"No, sir. To my Uncle, Moses Merriam."

"Then your name is—?"

"Frank Merriam. My father was Andrew Merriam."

"You say *was*," said the stranger, with some emotion. "Is your father dead?"

"Yes, sir," said Frank, sadly.

"And where does your mother live?"

"In a little cottage about half a mile distant," was the reply.

"My name is Thompson," explained the stranger—"Edward Thompson, and I used to know your father many years since. I have been in foreign parts for twenty years past, and have just returned. I am intending to pass some time in this village, and if you think your mother would be willing, should like to board with her."

"I'm afraid," said Frank, hesitating, "that—that we live too plainly to satisfy a gentleman like you."

"No fear of that," said Mr. Thompson. "I am somewhat dyspeptic, and my physician orders me to live simply. Come, I'll wait till you have hoed through this row, and then you shall go home and introduce me to your mother."

Mrs. Merriam, although she had no remembrance of Mr. Thompson as one of her husband's friends, was pleased with his appearance—and agreed to take him as a boarder, at his urgent request.

"As to the price of board," said she, "we live so simply that it will not be worth very much—perhaps two dollars."

"Two dollars!" interrupted Mr. Thompson.

"Or if you think that too much—"

"Too much, my dear madam! Far too little, rather! Do you know I have always been accustomed to pay seven, and I am sure they did not give me such a pleasant room as this. As to the living, I shall live just as well as the doctor will let me, and that is enough. So it's agreed, and I will pay you seven dollars a week."

Mrs. Merriam objected, that this was enormous, but her new boarder insisted that he should be a great deal of trouble (a mere fiction, as it proved), and, saying that it was customary to pay in advance, placed twenty-eight dollars in her hands.

The bright sun of prosperity seemed all at once to rest upon the widow's cottage. Mr. Thompson proved to be not only a profitable but an agreeable boarder. He would often go out and assist Frank in his labor, and in the evening

when the three were gathered about the table in the little sitting-room, would entertain Frank and his mother with accounts of what he had seen in his travels.

The summer passed away, and autumn filled the fields with plenty. Frank's lot exceeded his anticipations. After reserving a sufficient quantity of vegetables to keep them through the winter, he sold enough to bring him fifty dollars. In addition to this, Mr. Thompson had now been with them fourteen weeks, and his board, of which the greater part remained untouched, amounted to ninety-eight dollars. Actually, Frank began to feel rich.

One evening, Mr. Thompson announced abruptly, that he had purchased one of the finest estates in the village, and that he intended soon removing there.

Frank and his mother looked disappointed.

"Then you will leave us?"

"No, I hope not. I mean to have you come and live with me. I haven't the least idea of keeping bachelor's hall. Had too much of that in India. Well, will you go?"

There could be but one answer to this generous proposal. After a pause, Mr. Thompson said:

"For whom was Frank named?"

"For a brother of Mr. Merriam—who disappeared many years since, and who is presumed to be dead."

"And yet I have the fullest assurance that he still lives."

Mrs. Merriam looked at him in astonishment.

"It cannot be that—"

"That I am he? Yet it is so. My dear boy," said he, addressing Frank, "you must learn to look upon me as your Uncle Frank, who having been tossed about the world for many years, has at length returned to his native country, to enjoy the competency which he has accumulated, and to bestow a portion upon those of his relatives who need it."

Little more need be said.

Before winter set in, Mr. Frank Merriam, as we must now call him, with his sister-in-law and nephew, were established on the estate he had purchased. Frank has resumed his studies, and will enter college next fall. He always meets with a flattering reception now from Mrs. Moses Merriam. It is strange how much prosperity changes one for the better. His Uncle Moses has even generously bestowed upon him the two acre lot. Frank never regrets his brief season of adversity. It has strengthened in him the conviction that "God never fails to help those who help themselves."

THE MOUNTAIN OAK.

BY J. MANLY.

Upon the mountain-top it stood,
 "As born to rule the storm;"
 It braved the tempest-shock and stood,
 Nor bowed its mighty form;
 Age after age had passed away,
 And nations rose—declined,—
 Yet 'twas as but a single day
 To the grand oak, ivy-twined.

The woodman lived and died beneath
 Its shade;—here he was born,
 He lived;—here the chill hand of death
 Fell on his age-bent form.
 Thus centuries rolled on;—the oak
 Still crowned the mountain's brow;
 So calmly still, and nought awoke
 The slumbering echoes now.

The scene has changed;—all lowly lies
 The noble forest-king;
 And now we hear, with mute surprise,
 The glittering axe's ring.
 But climb with me the mountain-height,
 And view the landscape wide;
 Behold below a city's site
 The river-bank beside.

Swift sailing o'er the heaving sea,
 A noble ship glides merrily.
 See here the oak in another form—
 The oak that was of the mountain born;
 'Tis a gallant bride of the wave,
 The home of the free and the brave.

Then hurrah for the oak and the ship so free,
 The mighty monarchs of the land and sea!
 And never may the skimmer of the wave
 Become the noble-hearted sailor's grave!

HELEN WORTHINGTON:

—OR,—

FAMILY GOVERNMENT.

BY SUSAN H. BLAISDELL.

"I MAINTAIN," said my lively friend, Helen Maywood, "that family government is not by any means the difficult work you make it out to be."

"Did I say it was difficult, Helen?" I asked.

"Why, no—not exactly, I believe; but something very like it."

"I said that there are thousands upon thousands of women, and many among our own acquaintance, who have never yet discovered the proper method of family government."

"I don't see the reason, I am sure. Just look at Mrs. Archmann, and Mrs. Grey, and I don't know how many others—who ever saw better regulated families than theirs? Such perfectly

well-behaved children, and such models of servants, and everything about their large households going on with such perfect order and harmony!"

"And so you think it the easiest thing in the world for Mrs. Archmann and Mrs. Grey, and the others, to keep an excellently regulated household?"

"You needn't laugh, Mary. You must acknowledge that it is easy to them."

"They are certainly models to be studied. That is all I can say."

My friend Helen has been married five years, and I have scarcely seen her, for she has lived at the West. Returning to reside near us, however, I went one afternoon, some two weeks ago, to see her. It was more than two months after her return. A domestic, in rags and curl-papers, ushered me into the parlor, where Helen, reading a novel, was ensconced in a rocking-chair, and a morning wrapper.

"Well, Mary, this is delightful!" she exclaimed, laying down her book, and rising, with a smile, to salute me. "You have come to pass the afternoon?—that's right. Now just let me untie your bonnet, do; and take off your shawl," suiting the action to the words, "and sit down here with me. It is just an age since I saw you last! You mustn't mind my dress, Mary," she said, as we took our seats, to enjoy a friendly chat together, "you mustn't mind my dress; I had a slight headache this morning, and hardly cared how I looked, and after it began to leave me, I got interested in that delightful book, 'The English Orphans,' and then, you know, it was just an impossibility to throw it aside. Then after dinner, for which I was obliged to leave it, I took it up again."

"And I have made you put it down again," I said, laughingly interrupting her. "Really, I think I shall run home directly."

"No, no, not for the world!" she said, holding both my hands, as I half rose. "I don't mean you shall do any such thing. Hear what I was going to say. I was thinking, just before you came in, that I really ought to be mending some of Harry's collars, which are sadly in want of buttons, and his wristbands, too, and not be sitting here with a novel; but I could not leave the book, it was so attractive. Thus, you see, you have been of actual benefit to me in coming. Have you brought your sewing?"

"Yes, you know how old-fashioned I am," I replied, laughing. "I like to keep my hands busy."

"That is good. Now I will run and get my collars, and we will talk and work too."

In five minutes she came back, in a different dress, with her work-basket in her hand, and sat down by me.

"How is the little one?" I asked, alluding to her pretty four-year-old boy, whom I did not see anywhere about.

Helen laughed. "Well, I scarcely know, but I suppose he is out in the back garden somewhere. He was so troublesome and noisy that I could not have him in the room with me, and sent him out, about an hour since, to find amusement by himself. Between my headache and the uproar he made, I have been almost distracted. He is so unruly, I can't govern him at all, half the time. Ah, Mary," and she sighed, "you don't know anything about the care that children give—anything whatever!"

"But they are a great comfort and pleasure in a house, also," I returned; "and little Harry must be so much company for you, when his father is away."

"Yes, he is; but then if I am not attending to him and his wants continually, he does nothing but fret. Sometimes I do get so tired and worn out!"

The work-basket engrossed her attention now to such an extent, that she forgot all about Harry. Thread, silk, edging, lace, etc., tangled together in sad confusion.

"O, dear, what a sight all this is!" she exclaimed, in a tone of distress; "do look, Mary; it has been just so for weeks, and I haven't had the courage to attempt to put it in anything like order."

"It is not such a dreadful affair, Helen; an hour's work would arrange it, I should think. Make a business of it, at once, and you will find that it don't take a great deal of courage."

At that moment, the door-bell rang, and the girl came up stairs to see what was wanted. A package of dry goods had been sent to Helen, according to order. The girl brought them in.

"Katharine," said Helen, impatiently, "do not go to the door in that dress again. You look like a fright. Your hair not combed, either! How many times have I told you to change your gown as soon as the morning's work was done up? Positively, I will discharge you, if you are not more tidy. "I don't know," she added, when Katharine had gone, "what people will think! but certainly, I think that I have the greatest slatteris for servants! And I can't make her do differently, try as hard as I may. She disobeys me as coolly as can be; and that is the way with them all. Really, I have no more command—no more government, over my own servants, than if they belonged to somebody else."

"Poor, unfortunate Helen!" I laughed; "was ever any one so distressed? I pity you from the bottom of my heart!"

"Ah, you may make sport of it, Mary," she returned, shaking her head, yet, despite herself, laughing, too, "but just wait till your turn comes, missy!"

"Which will not be in a hurry!" I said, quietly; "but what have you here, Helen? Dickens, 'The Step-Mother'—that is good. Have you read it?" and her thoughts were turned into a more favorable channel.

An interesting discussion was commenced, concerning books, authors, and so on, which lasted for at least an hour; and a very pleasant hour it was. But it had hardly expired, when a tremendous stamping was heard in the hall, and into the parlor rushed little Harry, his face smeared with mud, his clothes torn and soiled, and his boots leaving their tracks at every step.

"Mama!" he shouted, tossing away his cap; "mama, I want some bread and butter!" And then, seeing me, he stood still, rather ashamed.

"O, dear," sighed Helen, rather despairingly, "there again! You naughty boy," administering a slight shaking to the child, "how dare you come into the parlor with those dusty shoes! and such a looking character, too! What do you suppose Mary will think of you? Go directly out of the room."

"I want some bread and butter!" he repeated, standing and pushing a spool of cotton along the carpet with his foot, without minding her.

"Then ask Jane for it. And don't you come in here again till she has put some clean clothes on you, and washed your face and hands. You have been digging in the garden again, and I expressly forbade your doing so. Why didn't you mind me?"

"You told me to go out in the garden and play, and of course it's playing, to dig," he said, with a most firmly convinced air.

Helen could not help laughing, as she turned to me. Harry saw it, and his merry bright eyes sparkled. Helen spoke to him again, assuming a sober face.

"Now, Harry, go and tell Jane to wash you, and give you your bread and butter."

"No, you come, mama!"

"I shall do no such thing, Harry. What do I hire Jane for, but to take a little trouble off my hands. I do—"

"Well, I do give her all the trouble I can," interrupted the young gentleman; "but she don't seem to mind it, lately. She says she's got used to it; so it's no fun. Come—you must come!"

"Did ever anybody see such a child?" Helen appealed fretfully to me. "Well, it's of no use. I can't make that child mind, Mary, any more than if he were a stick of wood."

Which assertion, of course, Harry heard, as doubtless he had heard fifty times before, and remembered to act upon the suggestion they presented. He gained his point, by persevering where Helen weakly yielded, owing, to his very face, her want of government over him. She went with him, and attended to his wants, and then came back again, with lament over the tyranny of boys in general, and hers in particular. I said nothing.

Presently, Harry came in once more, and I called him to my side. I had not seen him much, during three years, until now that I had come to live in Helen's new neighborhood, and he was somewhat shy; but we got on good terms before long. As soon, however, as I began to converse with his mother again, Master Harry climbed up to the table, with his feet on the seat of one of the best chairs.

"Mama, may I look at this?" he asked, holding up an elegant little annual.

"No, indeed; put it down directly," she answered.

"But I won't hurt it, mama—only just let me look at the pictures!" he pleaded.

"Anything, for the sake of peace. Yes, do take it, and let me be quiet; I am almost distracted," said Helen. "What were you saying, Mary?"

And so, "for the sake of peace," Harry was allowed to do as he pleased, and the book was soiled in a few moments, with his greasy fingers, and one of the exquisite illustrations torn half way across, for which the young man was sent away up stairs, to stay alone till supper-time, with the promise of a severe chastisement before he went to bed.

When he was out of the way, Helen seemed to be once again in a state of content. "He surely can't get into mischief up there," she said; "and I shall let him come down in a little while."

Our conversation was resumed, and continued till an hour later, when the tea-bell rang. Helen's husband was not to return home until evening; so we sat down at the table alone. Harry was permitted to join us, on condition of good behaviour.

"His father likes to have him eat with us, always," said Helen; "it seems so much better than to put him at a table by himself;" and she helped Harry to seat himself in his high chair.

"I want some cake, mama," he said, directly, in a tone of modest assurance.

"Then wait," she said, quietly, her cheek flushing a little. At that moment, fortunately, a favorite kitten came purring about his chair, and attracted his attention.

"Harry," said Helen, presently, "where is your eating-apron? you will soil the one you have on, and it was put on only an hour ago. Why did not Jane put on the other before you came to the table?"

"Because I wouldn't let her, mama," was the matter-of-course answer. "I'm getting too big to wear aprons. I'm three feet three in my boots; papa said so." And the young hopeful leisurely made way with the biscuit on his plate.

I came near laughing outright at his lofty air, and Helen, passing a napkin over her lips, studied her tea-cup very closely.

"I'm not going to sit in a high chair after I get to be a man, either," he continued. "Mama, pass the biscuit, please."

She did so. "Be careful, Harry," she warned again, "not to soil your clean apron. You are very careless with that butter. If you do so, I shall certainly send you away from the table."

He made no answer, for he did not hear her. He was intent on something else. Drawing the preserves towards him, he helped himself, and spattered the front of his apron with crimson stains.

"Now, you naughty boy, get directly down from the table," said Helen.

"No, mama, I don't want to;" and he continued his supper.

Helen rang the bell, and the girl appeared.

"Take Harry away, and carry him up stairs," said Helen.

But Harry knew better than to believe he was to lose his supper. "I want go with you!" he cried, as the girl approached, in order to remove him.

"You must go, Harry," said his mother, firmly. "I will be obeyed."

But Harry struggled and screamed so violently, that Helen, with a sigh of despair, exclaimed: "There, let him be; you can do nothing with him. Harry, be a good boy, now, or you shall certainly be punished when your father comes."

Of which promise, as a matter of course, the child knew just how much to believe. He had triumphed over his mother's feeble authority, and, as is generally the case with children, enjoyed the satisfaction of the present moment, without troubling himself about what was in store for him. Every fresh victory of his, in this way, only made him more confident in his own power, and less mindful of his mother's com-

mands. He was, plainly, fast learning to despise and set at naught her weak government. He evidently believed as little in the promised punishment as I did, for I clearly saw that he would evade it.

He behaved as he pleased, during the remainder of the repast, and though Helen and I had been friends from childhood, and she "didn't mind me," yet I knew she was vexed and ashamed that I should be obliged to behold all this.

After tea, we went to walk in the garden, while Harry remained in the house, with his playthings. Helen was her old self, as we found ourselves talking once more of our school-days; happy, animated, and young as ever. Then the conversation turned to her after-life.

"How have you found it, Helen?" I asked, without alluding to *that* debate which we had held six years before, on the subject of family government.

"O, pleasant enough, yet hard enough, too, Mary," she answered; "but servants are the greatest torment! I never can manage mine, somehow. They rule me pretty much as they please, and I am obliged to submit, for good domestics are not found for the seeking, every day. I am no more fitted to keep house than a child, Mary, and there is the end of it!" and her tone was a mingling of sorrow and vexation. "I can't make things go on exactly as they should. The house is scarcely ever in really good order, and often, if I want anything done, I am obliged to do it for myself, although I am sure Katharine and Jane could do it better. And then Harry—he's a darling, Mary; and so *old*—you can't think. We are laughing half the time, husband and I, at some of his odd speeches. But he is so unruly! such wild spirits! and I do believe he rules us all. But there it is—I can't help it," and she sighed. "I am no more fitted to govern a family than a mere baby."

I was near laughing, as I remembered her former opinions; and some merry allusion to Mrs. Archmann and Mrs. Grey rose to my lips. But I checked it. For all our old acquaintance, I could not take it upon myself to tell Helen where I thought the fault seemed to lie. How could I tell her that she was lacking in firmness, in strength of purpose, in that mild, gentle, yet firm authority, which she so much needed? If she knew that she was ever so much right on her side, and could understand that she should give her commands in a reasonable way, she never had the courage and steadiness to enforce them; and her domestics, seeing through her nature completely, were perfectly reckless of her author-

ity—though, to tell the truth, she might have had better ones. As for Harry, he was master of the house. He had been petted and indulged to a terrible extent, during his babyhood, because he was the first and only child; and now he had outgrown his mother's control. Poor Helen! I could not but pity her. Especially, when we were summoned to the house in haste, by a dreadful scream from Master Harry, and found that in climbing the banisters, he had fallen headlong down the staircase, and lay kicking and crying in the hall below. Fortunately, no bones were broken, and no remarkable injury sustained; and we had hardly arrived at the "scene of action," as the reporters say, when Jane, the girl who had been hired to take care of the child, very leisurely walked out from the parlor, with an open book in her hand, wanting to know what "was to pay now?"

"Go up stairs, Jane!" said Helen, in a tone of quiet firmness which I was surprised to hear her use. "But give me that book, first."

The girl had endeavored to hide it, on seeing her mistress, and now, with a very red face, produced it, and walked away.

Helen, with a look, handed it silently to me. It was the very novel, "The English Orphans," which she had herself been perusing that afternoon, and which Jane had quietly possessed herself of, as soon as Helen was out of sight, leaving the children, who were *not* orphans, to take care of themselves.

"This is getting beyond everything!" said my friend, impatiently. "I will either make that girl know her place, and do her duties, or discharge her at once."

"The very thing you ought to do," I said. "My dear Helen, why have you never tried it before? Why not try it with—*yourself*?"

She has tried it, since. This afternoon, I went in there again. Helen says "she has been thinking." I do not doubt it in the least. The domestic who attended the door, was neatness itself. Harry was learning his a-b-a-b's, at his mother's side. Jane was sewing busily in the sitting-room, and I thought, after a most agreeable and quiet call, that Helen was beginning to find out something about family government.

VISITING—How many people there are in the world who have no tact in determining the length of a visit. It is a somewhat difficult matter, to be sure, but when there are frequent pauses on the part of your hostess, glances at the clock, orders given to servants, *sotto voce*, etc., it is about time to make your bow. If you continue to stay on, after these hints, you will be mercilessly classed among the bores.

THERE'S REST FOR ALL IN HEAVEN.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

Should sombre clouds of sorrows rise,
And shadows o'er us fling;
And hopes that once have taken root,
Die in their early spring;
Should every joy and bliss of life
Fade like the hues of even;
We still have this sweet solace left,
There's rest for all in heaven.

If life's pathway should seem to us
A dull and beaten track,
And all our deep and holy love
By grief be driven back;
If we are like the wearied dove,
O'er shoreless ocean driven,
O, let us raise our eyes above,—
There's rest for all in heaven.

Should sickness pale the rosy cheek,
And dim the radiant eye,
And every pulse that faintly throbs,
Tell of a time to die;
O, then indeed unto the world
Our thoughts should not be given;
For we must ne'er forget the truth,
There's rest for all in heaven.

THE UNCONQUERABLE CONQUERED.

BY MARIA M. MOORE.

It was with swollen and still streaming eyes that Hattie sought her room, in accordance with a peremptory order from her father, whose presence she had just left; and who now, with angry looks, paced with rapid strides the softly carpeted floor of his handsome and luxuriantly-furnished parlor.

"I will teach her obedience and submission," he muttered. "Too long have I permitted her will to sway my own; until now, she expects my happiness to yield to her caprices."

Just then the door opened, and the face of her who entered bore too strong a resemblance to the face of the occupant of the parlor not to be recognized as his sister. Her countenance was troubled in its expression, and she would have advanced close to her brother's side, but he stepped back, and fixing a stern glance upon her, said:

"Ellen, I am not pleased. Many have been the remonstrances I have offered to induce you to use your influence to curb my daughter's strong and, too often, selfish will; but I have felt them all of no avail, and this evening I have had evidence that even her father's happiness is of no consequence to her, when in opposition to her own selfish desires. My kind, affectionate and persuasive arguments

have proved of no avail, and I have sent her from me angry and obstinate. But this time, I am determined my will shall rule. I will attempt no more expostulations, but I command that she prepare cheerfully to receive her, whom in one week I bring to this house as my wife."

The door closed with a violent slam, and the father was beyond the voice of persuasion. As the sister looked up at the kind, benevolent face, which hung in its rich frame over the mantel, she wondered how its features could have worn the angry look that had just so distorted them.

She would go to Hattie; poor Hattie! It was a pity she should have to submit, when it came so near breaking her heart. Her brother had scolded her for humoring the child; how could she cross the frail and delicate creature? But now she saw the daughter's will must yield, and she must gently strive to win her to submission.

When Hattie, expelled from her father's presence, reached her room, she threw herself upon her bed, and gave vent to a passionate burst of tears and sobs. The violence of her grief had sent Aunt Ellen to the parlor, to expostulate with her brother; but we have seen the utter failure of her mission; and Hattie knew by her lingering footstep upon the stair, and her gentle and silent opening of the door, that she had no good news of success to communicate. Her first words, solemnly spoken, were:

"Hattie, your father is very angry."

"I don't care," sullenly responded the young girl; and after a moment's pause, she added, "he is cruel and hard-hearted. Does he think I have no feeling—no spirit—to submit to the whims and assumptions of a step-mother?" And she sat upright upon the bed, while her eyes fairly glistened with aroused passion. "And poor little Laura," she continued, "I suppose she is to be taught to honor and obey my lady's dignities and caprices. But it shall not be!" and she folded her arms, and drew up her form with a firm determination.

"Hush! Hattie, my child," said her aunt. "You know Mary Marshall is said to be all that is lovely and amiable. Be assured, she will not desire to domineer over you and Laura."

"If she is so very lovable," said Hattie, in a scornful tone, "I am confident our father will have no affection to spare for us."

"O, Hattie, do not be unjust to the best and kindest of fathers. He will never love you less, my darling; believe me, he *could* not;" and Aunt Ellen kissed fondly the flushed cheek. "Now, my pet," she continued, "you must promise me to weep no more, for your poor head must ache already, I am sure."

Some sixteen summers had left their brightness on Hattie's fair brow; and as she stands with proud and erect form, flushed cheeks, and eyes brightened with excitement, we cannot but think her very beautiful. Her hair had become loosened from its confinement, and fell over her shoulders in waving luxuriance. With an impatient movement, she quickly gathered up its profusion, and twined round and round the long brown tresses until they formed a mass of careless, though not ungraceful, braids; a handsome adorning to the fair head, and giving grace to the swan-like throat and drooping shoulders.

Now the moment had come for her nightly prayer, and her angry spirit quailed before her Maker's presence. She threw herself wildly upon her knees, bowed her head one moment upon her clasped hands; and though her lips moved not, the inward struggle of her soul was visible in the shudder which passed over her form, and in the firm compression of her tightly-clasped fingers. Her young spirit, though passionate and unyielding, had not yet learned deception's coils, and shrank from mockery's offerings with terror and disgust.

Exhausted by her late violent paroxysms of grief, our young heroine soon found that peace and repose which sleep and its oblivion brings.

Mr. Hamilton had started to bring to his home a northern bride. Aunt Ellen had pleaded that it would not be necessary for Hattie to accompany him, and he had yielded to her arguments, thinking, perhaps, that after all it would be the most peaceful arrangement; but he gave it to be distinctly understood that he would expect to find cheerful faces and greetings when he returned.

Hattie, for her part, gave Aunt Ellen expressly to understand that she need look for no assistance from her in the arrangements of household affairs, for the reception of the fair bride. Little Laura, delighted with the bustle of preparation, ran hither and yon, wherever the footsteps of her aunt led, asking a thousand questions, and expressing interest in everything that was going on, until Hattie would check her joy by beseeching her to be still, and declaring she felt it to be more a preparation for a funeral than anything else.

"Why, sister?" the little creature would ask, creeping to her side, and looking up wonderingly in her face.

"Because, Laura, our own dear mother is now to be forgotten, and her place filled by another, who may, perhaps, even win our father's love from us. I hate the name of step-mother; it is

hard—too hard!" and she would burst into tears, when Aunt Ellen would fold her in her arms, and beg her not to weep.

Little Laura would then seat herself upon her cricket, and folding her tiny hands in her lap, would wonder what dreadful thing was going to happen. Papa had told her he would bring back with him a beautiful and good lady, whom she would love like the dear mama the Lord had taken to the bright heaven when she was a wee helpless baby. It had made her happy to think of this; but now Hattie cried, and Aunt Ellen looked troubled, so she could only feel frightened. She wished papa was home, that she might creep into his arms, as she often did, and feel there was no harm near.

At last the few days had passed; all preparations were completed; the evening had arrived, and the hearts of the expectant ones, grouped in the parlor, beat quickly to the sound of each carriage wheel as it rolled up the street.

Hattie, with excited impatience, had seated herself at the piano; but her fingers kept pace with her heart instead of her music, and, with some impatient exclamation, she threw aside the sheet, and rose from the stool. Next, she picked up a book; but page after page her eye gleamed over, without her comprehending a word, until, angry at her visible want of control, she sprang from her chair, and commenced hurriedly to pace the floor. This last motion caused little Laura to look up wonderingly from her low seat at Aunt Ellen's feet; and even Jano, the beautiful hound that lay asleep upon the rug, in front of the bright grate, started and raised his graceful head in surprise at the young mistress's disquiet.

Hark! here come wheels—nearer—nearer. Hattie pauses in her walk, and clasps her hands tightly, while the color forsakes her cheek, and her heart almost ceases to beat. Close—closer,—yes, they stop! the bell peals, and Juno starts to his feet, barking a loud welcome. Aunt Ellen placed Hattie's trembling arm within her own, and drew her towards the hall. The young girl paused a moment, but she heard her father's voice, and she felt she must obey; so clinging nervously to Aunt Ellen, she reached the passage in time to see Laura in her father's arms, and to hear a sweet, thrilling voice calling the little one's name, as though it had forever been familiar music.

Before her father was aware of her presence, the stranger's eyes had rested upon her; and when Hattie saw their gentle light, and felt the twining of her arms about her neck, while a warm kiss rested on her lips, her heart smote her, and the bright color rushed back to her

cheek. Her father's "God bless you, my beautiful child" as he folded her tenderly in his arms, assured her that as yet his love was all the same.

Aunt Ellen was assisting to divest the late traveller of her warm wrappings, and when she stood relieved of their burden, Hattie could find no fault in her broad, open brow, large hazel eyes, full of tenderness and the soul of poetry, straight and well-formed nose, and a mouth boasting of several hide-and-seek dimples, and around which played no spirit not altogether lovely. Her hair was very black and shiny; her complexion dark, though clear; her form round and slightly robust, although, in statue, below the medium height.

Attracted by the handsome hound, she stooped to caress it, at the same time saying to Laura, around whom her arm was thrown:

"Is this your beautiful pet, darling?"

"No, he is Hattie's; but he loves me, too," said the little girl, while her tiny hand followed the strokes of the fair stranger.

"And can you spare enough of his love for me, Hattie?" said the gentle, thrilling voice; but Hattie had caught the glistening of a brilliant diamond upon the fair hand that caressed her pet, and her heart grew stony when she remembered why it was there — the wedding witness.

She answered, coldly:

"Juno would do as he pleased, despite my directions. He is used to his own way, and I am not tyrant enough to compel him to do anything against his will."

The cheery little tea-bell sounded its pleasant tones, and Laura, as guide to the newly-found mama, led the way to the dining-room. Here was the bright urn, with its ever cheerful sing, behind which Aunt Ellen led the young wife, who playfully remonstrated against taking from her the seat of honor; but Aunt Ellen, for once, was firm, and the former yielded, laughingly declaring she knew she would not be able to fill it half so worthily.

Did any one observe Hattie's untasted cup, as they rose from the table? One gentle eye filled as it rested upon it, and one heart sank with a sad foreboding; but the husband's voice called "Mary," and she drove back the tear, and crushed the rising fear at her heart as she followed him to the servants' hall, where her soft hand grasped kindly the hard palms of those who clung to her as a mistress, and who, as she left them, united in one voice of admiration.

One year had passed since Mr. Hamilton had

brought home his gentle wife. As she sits in the misty light (for it is starlight), we can see there is a shadow resting on her brow, and a sadder light beaming in her dark, tender eye than were there one short year ago.

The bright grate glows just the same as it did on that frosty, winter evening, and, as then, Juno lies asleep upon the rug. The shadow is creeping deeper and deeper over Mary's troubled brow, until, at last, unable longer to restrain her feelings, she covered her face with her hands, and the tears trickled fast through her white fingers. At the sound of a broken and half-controlled sob, Juno roused, and creeping to her feet, raised his eyes wishfully to her face. She bent over to give the never-withholden caress, but the tears fell as fast as ever, and she murmured a word which the dog seemed to know, and he whined low as he caught its sound. It was Laura's name. Poor, little Laura! sweet to her had been the summer of the mother's love, who had held the slight form in her arms while the young, pure spirit had taken its flight to heaven, and in whose heart her image was enshrined, never to grow cold or forgotten; and she is the mother who now sits alone in the dim, misty twilight, weeping her spirit child's memory. But hark! there is a peal at the bell. It is Hattie's voice. What is it she says?

"I will be ready at eight."

The door is closed, and a light footstep glided up the stairs. Could Hattie be going out again? But here comes a well-known sound at the hall door, and remembering her tearful eyes, the wife quickly escaped to bathe away the traces of her recent emotion. As she took her wonted place at the tea-table, the ever kind-hearted Aunt Ellen would hardly be satisfied that it was only a slight headache that caused her to look so badly.

"Hattie, love, do take something warm to drink this cold evening," said her aunt; "it makes me chilly to look at your tumbler of ice water."

"I like it better than tea; so don't trouble about it, Aunt Ellen," was the reply.

None guessed, but the gentle step-mother, why Hattie never drank anything but cold water.

"Father, I am going to hear Parodi to-night," said the young girl, passing her arm through Mr. Hamilton's, as they rose from the table.

"Indeed, Hattie! With whom do you go?" and the affectionate father patted the little hand resting on his arm.

"There is quite a party of us going together. Mr. Robertson calls for me, and we all meet in the concert room."

"Well, my darling, you love music better than anything else in the world. Go and enjoy it." And Hattie went.

"Mary, you do not like Robertson?" said the husband, in an inquiring tone, as the door closed after the young couple.

"I do not consider him a man of very high-toned principles," was the reply, "nor of much intellect; and I should feel happier if Hattie were less inclined to receive his attentions."

"His extreme light-heartedness and freedom of manner, I think, deceives you, Mary," said the husband. "I have never discovered an actual want of principle in his conduct. I acknowledge him to be impulsive; and his generosity and carelessness of expenditure amount to a fault; but he is young, and his errors are by no means crimes; and you know, my love, one is often deceived by judging too hastily of intellect."

"Well," responded Mrs. Hamilton, "I may be uncharitable in my opinion, but I cannot bring myself to think as favorably of the young man as you do, although I would grieve to judge him harshly."

"As to his attentions to Hattie," added the husband, "they amount to nothing; he is a cousin of the child's most intimate friend, Minnie Morrison, and meeting as frequently as they do, doubtless they have acquired a kind of sociable friendship for each other—nothing more. If Hattie were thinking of aught else, I should soon give her the benefit of some of my differing views. Tut, tut, Hattie is too young to think of such things."

Woman's quick conception had discovered more than this. Mrs. Hamilton knew well that young Robertson could not be Hattie's ideal of a man. The young girl's own talents, and appreciation of intellect in others, forbade her to think it; but that she was encouraging attentions seriously meant by him, she could not but perceive. Hattie's intentions she could not fathom. Well the young girl knew the estimate her step-mother placed upon the character of her young friend; but Mrs. Hamilton had seen that the expression of her own opinion only incurred Hattie's resentment, and provoked her to persevere in her obstinacy to act her own will; so she refrained from the utterance of the offensive subject, though her heart trembled as she saw the young girl's incomprehensible conduct.

Let us follow Hattie and her companion on their walk to the concert hall.

"I might say this is an unexpected pleasure, the enjoyment of your company this evening, Miss Hattie," said young Robertson.

"Why so?" was her inquiry.

"I imagine your mother has somewhat of an antipathy to your humble servant, and would object to your receiving his services as escort," responded the young man.

"She has never said anything to you to justify such an opinion," she haughtily answered.

"O, no, I only judge by appearances," said Robertson; "but I feel as though I would beard a lion in his den to win one of your bright smiles."

"No necessity for such a wonderful act of valor for the accomplishment of so small a favor; and as for appearances," she went on to say, "never trust to them, they are often deceptive;" and she was sure he would not feel quite so elated if he knew she was speaking with reference to her own conduct, while he considered her remark apropos only to another.

"Where are your spirits this evening, Miss Hattie?" asked her companion, observing the young girl's unusual indisposition to engage in the wild and animated flow of conversation and repartee that always rendered her so fascinating to him.

"I was not aware," she answered, "you were so luckily escaping their fire; so, without loss of time, I must resume my charge." And she ran off into one of her wild bursts of wit, sarcasm and ridicule, keeping her young escort in a fund of amusement until they arrived at the concert hall.

Her grave mood, noticed by her companion, had been caused by a train of reflections, chased through her mind by the movements of an uneasy and reproving conscience. She felt her action of the evening to be unkind, ungenerous—ay, even cruel. She knew she had pained the heart of her gentle step-mother. To be sure, no word had passed, but that mild glance had spoken volumes. Too well she was aware of the quiet, though decided, judgment, passed upon young Robertson; and she knew it to be just. Why so persevering in her wayward course? Did she love him, that his faults should be forgiven, and his attentions encouraged? No; even his civilities disgusted her. Then why so strangely mask her feelings? Was it only to pain the heart of the gentle being, whom, from the first, she had resolved never to love, never to respect, outwardly, and to oppose in all things possible? Could it be that all that being's forbearance towards her, all the affection and devotion shown to those dear to her, who persisted in repelling the same advances, the same affection, and the same extended confidence—could it be that all this had failed to soften her heart? and that her

conduct of this evening was only indulged in for the sake of continuing an opposition of her own obstinate nature, to one who would willingly have folded her to her bosom, as an own precious child, and shielded her from suffering and harm! Hattie's heart echoed it was but for this; her conscience whispered remorse; but it seemed to her now as though to yield were death. Pride! pride! thou wilt let the heart wither with remorse, but how hard it is for thee to show the semblance of a repentant spirit.

In the concert hall, our heroine met familiar faces, and her voice spoke to them of a heart happy, free and guileless. How little they knew its mysteries!

During the evening, Robertson, while standing by her side, once bent to whisper something, meant for her ear alone, when his leaning position caused his watch-guard to display its adornments of charms rather boldly to the young girl's gaze, and among the trinkets, her eye caught sight of a familiar ring. She knew it was her own, and remembered that her young friend, Minnie Morrison, had, almost unconsciously to herself, removed it from her finger one evening or two before.

"Mr. Robertson," said she, "I perceive you are in possession of a piece of my property, which I will take the liberty of reclaiming;" and she looked significantly at the tiny ring.

"But which claim I cannot admit unless you consent to make an interchange, and receive this in lieu," said the young man, drawing from his finger a handsome diamond.

"O, no," she quickly responded, while an angry flush mounted to her cheek and brow, "that would be but useless to me, while the other is dear from old association."

The short intermission was over; the music had recommenced, and Robertson bent low, that she alone might catch the music of his voice, as he said:

"You will not be cruel enough to compel me to resign what, though but a bauble to you, is the dearest treasure I possess on earth."

"Mr. Robertson, your trifling is disagreeable to me. I desire the immediate return of my ring, and the recital of no such preposterous speeches," said the young girl, while her brow contracted with displeasure; but heedless of her frowns, he proceeded:

"Hattie, you *shall* hear me, by Heaven! I love you, and all the powers of earth shall not deprive me of you. Say you will be mine, and I can win you; but refuse, and you drive me mad!"

Frightened by his wild words and manner, the

maiden's heart beat fearfully, and her color fled as she said, "Return me my ring, and I will show you my answer. Be assured, I will not keep it."

And this promise, together with the tremulousness of her voice, and the palor of her cheek, deceived him, and he removed the treasure from his guard, pressed it fervently to his lips, and placed it in her hand.

"This ring," said the young girl, in her now usual voice, "was the treasured possession of a little sister, whose death I now mourn; for her sake, it was dear to me, but your breath and touch have polluted it—rendered it unworthy of my regard—so I part with its memory forever!" and she crushed the frail, jewelled bauble between her fingers, and scattered the fragments on the floor.

Robertson was gone. Everybody but Hattie thought he must have felt suddenly ill. She was silent, and thought no one was the wiser for her evening's performance; but as Minnie Morrison and her brother bade her good-night at her own door, the former whispered, "O, Hattie, you have been cruel to him!" and then she knew Minnie had seen all. How could she have helped it? But from that time she was no more like the intimate friend of the past. She was Robertson's cousin, and had doubtless encouraged him to make that hated declaration; at least, she had loaned him the ring, which had called it forth. Hattie knew she loved him, and would sympathize in his mortification, and blame her, as she already did, for her cruelty; so whenever they met in the future, it was only in the crowd.

When Hattie entered the parlor, enveloped in her wrappings, she started on seeing a stranger; and, as he rose from his seat on the sofa beside Mrs. Hamilton, in acknowledgement of her presence, his tall, manly form, and noble intellectuality of feature, struck her as forming the handsomest and noblest specimen of mankind she had ever beheld.

"Hattie, this is my cousin, Glen Morgan, of whom you have heard me speak frequently," said Mrs. Hamilton.

She had expected the young girl to make the encumbrance of her wrappings an excuse to leave the room; but her heart bounded with surprise and pleasure when she threw them off carelessly upon a chair, and seated herself on one side of the bright grate. How beautiful she looked, with her eyes glistening like brilliant stars from under their long lashes, and her cheeks suffused with a bright color, heightened by her evening's excitement, while her hair was

soft and rich in its brown luxuriance, and her brow bore the stamp of proud intellect. Her mouth had even forgotten to assume its usual slight curl of scorn, which it generally wore in the presence of her step-mother; and the latter, forgetful of all past injuries and neglect, looked upon her only with love and pride, as she replied with her native quickness and elegance of expression to the remarks of him, the first tone of whose rich voice had won her lingering presence.

Hattie knew this to be Mrs. Hamilton's favorite cousin, who for two years had been visiting the beautiful lands of the continent, and whose return had been expected for some weeks past. Of the same age with his young cousin, he had first been her playmate and companion, then her friend, confidant and adviser; and as she possessed neither brother nor sister, he occupied the place in her heart of both. Bereft of father and mother, his home had been hers, and his gentle mother—the sister of her own—had opened her heart as warmly to the little lone orphan as to her own darling, and clasped them with equal tenderness to her maternal bosom. Thus they had grown and lived together at dear old Oakland, and no sooner had Glen pressed upon his mother's brow the kiss of re-union, than he bade his old home a short farewell, while he sought his sister-cousin, to receive from her a dear greeting and warm welcome back to his native land. The clock struck eleven, and he rose to go.

"You are not worthy a shake of the hand," said Mr. Hamilton, while he nevertheless directly contradicted his assertion by a warm grasp, as he continued: "You should have ordered your trunk to follow you here, and made our home yours while you tarry in the city. I cannot forgive you for not doing so."

"It was impossible for me to tear myself away from a young friend, who met me at the depot on my arrival, and who had been my fellow-traveller during nearly the whole of my European tour, until I promised to let my baggage go to his hotel, and return and room with him while in the city, as he wanted to talk over with me many pleasant incidents of our travels, and enjoy, at least, some of my company, which I must of necessity give him under these circumstances. However, be assured I shall not spare you my presence, and I am afraid you and Miss Hamilton will both be willing to admit me a bore ere very long, as I have no doubt my fair cousin here as done many a time before."

With a graceful inclination of the head, and a light good-evening to Hattie, he passed from the room, followed by Mr. Hamilton and his wife, who accompanied him to the door.

Hattie had escaped to her room ere they had returned to the parlor; but when she laid her head upon her pillow, it was not to sleep, for the events of the evening came trooping through her mind; and when she had succeeded in driving away the remembrance of her angry and strangely-terminating scene with Robertson, then came the rich tones of the stranger, and the light of his clear dark eye, to haunt her with their own peculiar fascination. And when at last she slept, the same face visited her dreams; and in her sleep she still heard the deep music of the stranger's voice.

The next morning, when Hattie awoke, the sun was streaming in her window, and astonished that she should have slept so late, she sprang up and commenced a hurried toilet. She feared they were all at breakfast, and wondered why Aunt Ellen had not called her. In her hurried descent of the stairs her foot slipped, and, in attempting to prevent her fall, she only precipitated herself forward with more violence, and falling with her weight upon her arm, uttered a cry of pain as she felt the bone snap in sunder.

Whose arm was it twined so tenderly around her, as she lay overcome by her agony? And whose voice was it beseeching her in tremulous and agitated tones to tell the cause of her suffering? Could her scream have been recognized and answered thus promptly? It was *she*, the step-mother, whose love and tenderness she had always so heartlessly repelled, who was the first to answer her distress. Mr. Hamilton and Aunt Ellen had followed, and she was borne to the low couch in the breakfast-room, while a messenger was quickly despatched for a physician.

When she was bearing, with courageous fortitude, the painful operation consequent upon her accident, she turned her face away, that she might not become mentally weakened by the sight of preparations and procedure, and her eyes fell accidentally upon Mrs. Hamilton, who knelt at the foot of her couch. She perceived that the bright tears were chasing each other rapidly down her cheeks, and that every trace of color had vanished from her face. This exhibition of undeserved love and tenderness touched Hattie's seemingly unconquerable heart. Her pride, her obstinacy, she forgot all—all, and extending her hand, she closed her eyes to hide the tears which fast filled them, and grasped tightly the fingers which now clasped her own, heedless of all the rude pressure of the hard diamond, whose sparkle had, hitherto, petrified each tender heart-string.

The physician had gone; but Hattie was ordered to lie perfectly still upon her couch the

remainder of the day. How strangely her heart beat as that gentle hand bathed her pale brow, and anticipated each wish and want before half imagined by herself. As Hattie raised her grateful and tearful eyes to her face, and murmured a low "Thank you, mother," the sound seemed like an echo of Laura's voice, and the step-mother bent and kissed the white, tremulous lips that had uttered the precious words, and her heart swelled with a thankful prayer that this blessed moment, so long pleaded and waited for, had arrived at last.

Hattie had never before called her "mother;" she had adroitly avoided every occasion when it would have been necessary for her to address her by name. Long had her heart been sensible of its depth of injustice; but now, by one master struggle, she had conquered the towering pride of her nature, and drank freely and gratefully of the golden bowl, brimming over with its rich treasure of a pure and unchanging love, which she had, heretofore, dashed rudely from her lips. How sweet and dear its draughts, the future told; and Hattie ever praised God that he had blessed her with its wealth.

O, those precious days, spent half reclining on the long couch, in the cheery and sociable little breakfast room, with the long raging storm in her bosom all quelled, and peace and love illumining and blessing each as it passed! Will Hattie ever forget their memory?

There she lay and listened, with ear and heart entranced, to the rich voice of Glen Morgan, as he painted in his vivid coloring the beauteous lands of his visitings, and the soul-stirring scenes he had witnessed; and then how strangely pleasant and welcome were the glances of appreciation and admiration, when her own heart would pour out its depths of thought and aspiration with an enthusiasm which would afterwards call the bright blush to her cheek in fear that she had spoken too wildly, too earnestly. The days were thus passing rapidly away; a few more, and Glen must leave their pleasant society for his Oakland home.

One bright morning before his departure, as he sat alone with Hattie in the pleasantly associated little sitting-room, he paused suddenly in the cheerful conversation, and his countenance assumed a thoughtful and serious expression.

"Why so pensive this morning, Mr. Morgan?"

"I was thinking just then," he answered, "that partings were sad things; and I was also indulging a hope that you would not refuse a remembrance from one who will ever cherish the recollection of these bright days as the happiest of his existence." And with these words, he

drew from his pocket a long, slender box, and took from its velvet lining a band of richly-chased gold, adorned as a coronet, with three delicately carved stones of exquisite Florentine workmanship.

"How beautiful!" was her exclamation.

"But one earnest request I must make, ere I ask your acceptance of my offering," said the young man, and he still detained the beautiful ornament, as he continued: "It is my wish that you accept the giver with the gift. Say me not nay, Hattie. My heart is yours—all yours. Tell me it is not altogether a vain offering, and let me crown you as my own." And Glen held the circlet over her head.

Her cheeks were suffused with blushes; but as she raised her glistening eyes to his face, he read his response in their dear light. The jewelled clasp united, and she was all his own.

The days departed, and Glen went to cheer the lone hearthstone of his mother's home; but ere long he came again, and yet again, and then Hattie promised he should return no more without her. But when the summer birds had flown, and the gay flowers drooped their bright heads to die—when old Oakland was growing cheerless and desolate—she would come and drive away the dreary shadows with her own bright presence.

And Hattie's wedding eve. How beautiful she looked in her orange flowers and lace. Glen's treasured gift rested upon her brow, and from its golden band flowed her bridal veil. The farewells were spoken; and as they drove from Hattie's old home, she wiped away a tear-drop from her cheek; it was a parting tribute of love from her gentle step-mother. And Glen and she went home to old Oakland, while Hattie now more than ever blessed the day when Mary Marshall became her step-mother.

A MADMAN'S FEELINGS.

The Rev. Robert Hall, in "Green's Reminiscences," in allusion to his first attack of mania, says: "All my imagination has been overstretched. You, with the rest of my friends, tell me that I was only seven weeks in confinement, and the date of the year corresponds, so that I am bound to believe you, but they have appeared to me like seven years. My mind was so excited, and my imagination so lively and active, that more ideas passed through my mind during those seven weeks than in any seven years of my life. Whatever I had obtained from reading or reflection was present to me."

It is an easy and vulgar thing to please the mob, and not a very hard task to astonish them; but essentially to benefit and improve them, is a work fraught with difficulty and teeming with dangers.

AN ALLEGORY.

BY MRS. ADA W. KIDDY.

Youth and the opening rose
 May look like things too glorious for decay,
 And smile at death—but death is not of those
 That wait the ripened bloom, to seize their prey.
 HEKANS.

The morn was bright, and the sky was fair,
 When a sweet little child sought the cooling air;
 The locks that shaded her sunny brow,
 Were sporting gay in the breezes now.

She pulls sweet flowers from their thorny stems,
 And decks her hair with the fragrant gems;
 And her tuneful voice is blithe and gay,
 As she warbles forth her matin lay.

There are evening shadows clustering round,
 Their forms are lengthening o'er the ground,—
 The child is wearied with restless play,
 And hies her home from the fields away.

Her blossoms, withered by noontide heat,
 She listless throws at her mother's feet;
 And her carols wild have become as mute
 And as silent now as the herdsman's lute.

The morning dawns in its glories mild,
 'Tis heeded not by the sleeping child;
 She sings no more in her girlish pride,
 Like her gathered flowers, she has faded—died.

Yet her voice, that hushed at yester-even,
 Is tuned to the notes of a lyre in heaven—
 Though she walks not here at morn's first hour,
 In heaven she blooms—herself a flower.

A KISS IN FEE.

A young German girl was acquitted on a charge of larceny lately, in the Court of Quarter Sessions. Upon the verdict of acquittal being rendered by the jury, she manifested her joy and her gratitude in a manner which very much astonished her counsel, the court, and the bar. With tears of joyful happiness bursting from her sparkling eyes, she embraced her counsel, and imprinted upon his glowing cheek a kiss which resounded throughout the court-room like the melody of sweet music. Her counsel, a young gentleman of fine personal appearance, though taken by surprise, received this tender acknowledgment of his valuable services from his fair client as a legal tender. The girl left the scene of her trial and triumph, unconscious of the gaze and the smiles of a crowded court-room, and only grateful to her counsel for her deliverance from a charge which had threatened, but a moment before, like a dark cloud, to burst over her head, and darken her future life with the perpetual blackness of despair and degradation.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

It has been beautifully said that "the veil which covers the face of futurity is woven by the hand of mercy." Seek not to raise that veil, therefore, for sadness might be seen to shade the brow that fancy had arrayed in smiles of gladness.

FASHIONS AND FURS.

The rage for furs was never greater, perhaps, than the present season promises. For a number of years the trade has gradually increased in extent and importance, till furs seem to have become an almost indispensable article of ladies' apparel. The style has changed since the last season by the widening of the "victorine" into a cape, so that, in many cases, it is substituted for cloaks and shawls. Tailors ingeniously contrive so to vary their styles, particularly as to the length of skirts and waists, as to compel an observance of their whims. In like manner, furriers create a demand for new patterns, by rendering the former ones antique and distasteful, and many who, a year since, provided themselves with costly furs, now find themselves altogether out of fashion, and under the necessity of further outlay and the aid of the furrier. The mink-sable, or American mink, has suddenly become very popular, from its resemblance to the Russian sable, and will be the fur most worn this winter. Though costing not more than one-third as much as the real sable, its appearance often gives it a preference. The skin, commonly known as the Russian sable, is really the Hudson Bay sable, and which sell for \$300 to \$500 a cape,—choice, as high as \$800. The genuine Russian sable is very seldom seen in the United States, and a set—muff, cape, and cuffs—costs \$1400 to \$2000. The stone martin, from Germany and Greece—the latter being the best—is still much worn, in large capes, and is among the handsomest furs. Good sets are to be had at from \$30 to \$100; extra, 125. Ermine costs \$400 to \$500 the set. The opossum (mountain martin) is the staple for medium priced furs, particularly for the country trade, and black fox, silver fox, squirrel, etc., are cheaper still. The prices of all kinds of furs are slightly in advance of last year.—*Transcript.*

SUBURBAN LIFE.

There is still another aspect in which this living in one place and doing business in another should be viewed. What is the effect and influence on a family? A business man rises early, hurries down his breakfast, and hurries away to the cars, in order to reach his place of business seasonably. Through the day he is constantly occupied, often failing to take time even to eat a hasty meal at an eating house, and so continues until night, when he closes his books and store, and hurries away to the cars bound homeward. It is evening before he sees his family; it may be that even the younger ones are already in bed; at all events, but an hour or two can be spent in the bosom of his family, when rest must be sought, in order to be prepared for the next day's labor and hurry. And so it is from Monday morning to Saturday, the month—the year through, giving occasion to many a wife and children to complain—"We never see father except on Sundays, and then he is too tired to be pleasant." Now what must be the effect of this estrangement of the head of the family from his household? Only the future can fully reveal; but observation and common sense must teach every man that it is full of harm.—*Boston Traveller.*

LINKS TO MR. AND MRS. W. S. G.
ON THE DEATH OF THEIR TWO LITTLE BOYS.

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BY BEFFO.  
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Dead! the mother's rent heart crieth—
Dead! the father's voice replieth,
Fondest hopes are dead!
Yea, your darling ones are sleeping
Where the mourning willow, weeping,
Shades their narrow bed.

Tears are fountains, ebbing, flowing,
With the throbbing and the throing,
Joy or grief imparts;
Let them flow thus without slaking,
They will ease the dreadful aching
Of your breaking hearts.

But for your lost ones be not weeping,
They are happy, sweetly sleeping
On the Saviour's breast;
Nor earth's weary waking morrows,
Nor its ills, its cares or sorrows,
Shall disturb their rest.

Be, O be not thus dejected,
Let not God's will be rejected,
Yield not to despair;
But so live that when your reaping
Harvest is full ripe for reaping,
Ye may meet them there.

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ALL FOR HER PICTURE.  
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BY JOHN THORNBERRY.  
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Miss BETSEY BRUNO was reported to be a rich West India lady, who had come over the sea with her funds to enjoy life in one of our interior New England cities. There wasn't anybody who didn't look up to her, if for no other reason than because she was rich. In a mighty deal of state she had installed herself at length, and sat, as a queen on her throne, ready to receive the homage of all who might be disposed to consider themselves her subjects.

There was a portrait painter in the same town; a poor, young man, who was modestly seeking to find his way to fame and fortune by the deft handling of his brush. Until Miss Betsy Bruno came to town with her wealth, it was an astonishing thing how he managed to make shift for a decent living; but after that notable event, it was not quite so perplexing a circumstance. For from her at once radiated a new influence upon the people of our pretty inland city, awakening them in some degree to a sense of beauty both in nature and art. Furthermore, she declared that young Mr. Shellac was a very promising painter, and promised that some day he should be put in receipt of an order from herself.

Mr. Shellac began to look up a little, as the good people began to look in. He had more washing done each week, and was known to use more polish on his hitherto somewhat russety boots. He refurbished his tin sign, and got a scrub to give his front window a few fresh dabs with a wet cloth. His hat was stuck upon his head with a jauntier air, as if he should say to the world—"I feel better about it."

Agreeably to her compact with herself, Miss Bruno did dress herself for a professional call one afternoon, enveloping her abundant figure in the most glittering silks that her wardrobe could supply. She regarded herself complacently in her long mirror, and then set out for the little studio of Mr. Shellac, the painter. She accosted him with a highly patronizing air, asked the price of his best portraits, spoke of her long desire to extend to him her personal encouragement, received a scrape from the young artist for her compliment, and then took a seat in the chair which he had drawn up for her.

Not to dwell on these trifling preliminaries at all, let it be said simply that Miss Bruno from that moment forward became a regular sitter for the professional services of Mr. Shellac, till her portrait should be completed in all its outlines.

Well, and the picture was finished at last. The artist had bestowed on it all its finishing strokes and touches. The last tints of carmine and blue had been skilfully laid on. It was set in its frame. It was rigged with huge blue cord and tassel. And it was bound about with a new piece of cotton cloth, to protect it alike from the dust and the gaze of spectators as he carried it home through the streets.

Mr. Shellac got it home, panting and puffing, and unwound the cotton cloth bandage in the presence of Miss Bruno's own self. He stepped back a few paces, having set the picture up on a couple of chairs, and waited to hear what she would have to say about it.

"Good Heavens!" was her very first cry. "O, good Heavens alive!"

Mr. Shellac turned alternately pale and red, and looked alternately at her and the picture. But being a rather modest young man, he offered to say not a word.

"What a nose!" she exclaimed, still surveying the painting. "What a nose! And such a mouth, too! I declare, Mr.—Mr.—what's your name, you absolutely insult me!"

"I declare, madam," he began expostulating.

"Not a word, sir! Of course you intended to insult me, or you would never have brought me such a picture as that! Take it away, sir! I won't have such a thing in my sight! Away

with it, sir!" and she gestured excitedly with both open hands, jewelry and all.

Now it so chanced that the nose of the offensive portrait was nothing more than a slightly turned-up nose, and the mouth was in fault by reason of having the upper lip a trifle too brief for beauty, likewise; but it also chanced, too, that Miss Bruno's nose was an elevated one, and her upper lip a little too short for the protection of the whole of her mouth. And the artist was innocent enough to suppose that he must copy nature only, and by the means had maddened a good customer, and perhaps driven himself out of town forever. That was the trouble with the picture. It was too accurate a copy!

Protest on his part was in vain. So he thought best to close up the business at once, which he did by demanding payment for services rendered. She looked at him with her indignation visibly increased. "Payment!" she screamed; "for what?"

"For my simple labor, madam; and for the expense I have been at for you. Twenty-five dollars is all I require of you."

"Do you think I am a fool?" said Miss Bruno, waving her hand fiercely at him. "Do you think I shall pay for what I don't want?—for what doesn't suit me—for what I won't have? Must a person pay for what he doesn't take? Away with you, sir! I'll not talk with you!"

"Well," replied the chagrined artist, "then I must sell the picture, that's all. I can't afford to lose it, I'm sure."

He accordingly took up the portrait from the chairs, and, having shouldered it, proceeded to make his exit from the apartment. Miss Bruno let him go without a word, though she did wonder within herself who would be fool enough to throw away money on such a specimen of art as that. And, at the same time, she felt an odd sort of fear lest her likeness might be set up on exhibition in some shop window, or adorn the walls of some newspaper agency, or cheap print shop, with its never-to-be-forgotten nose and mouth. But she would not relent sufficiently to call back the painter, or even to have any more words with him.

Mr. Shellac was hardly malicious and mean enough to put his unprofitable picture on public exhibition in the windows; and perhaps that good trait in his character was exactly what brought him a speedy customer. For Mr. Dan Gore, who was a decided bachelor of many years, and who likewise was in the habit of dropping in at the artist's studio and chatting leisurely on this thing and that, happened to make his appearance just in time to get the very

first version of the story. And it happened, moreover, as things always are happening in our changeable human affairs, that Mr. Gore was enamored of—not exactly her beauty, but the shining wealth of Miss Bruno, and had on more occasions than one proposed very modestly for her hand! and of course, too, all in vain.

Therefore he snapped at once, on hearing of Mr. Shellac's determination to sell the unfortunate picture, and asked him, eagerly, "what he would take for it?"

"One hundred dollars," said Mr. Shellac.

"Rather a tall figure for it, isn't it?"

"A little on that order. I'd like to paint them all the year round at ten dollars apiece."

"Then why do you ask so much?"

"Because I'm determined to be paid for the insult of this shrivelled specimen of humanity."

Mr. Gore counted out the money, and extended it to him. "There! the picture's mine!" said he, with an air of triumph, as if, not being able to possess the actuality, her portrait—no matter how very unfaithful it might be—was the next best thing.

Mr. Shellac looked inquiringly at his customer, saw he was in earnest, took the proffered price, and the bargain was consummated. And under the friendly cover of night, the ardent lover took away his painted prize, cautioning the artist to keep the secret of its history from every living man. The picture was to be hung in his own bed-chamber, where he could look into its eyes the last thing at night and the first thing in the morning. It was worth a hundred dollars, if for nothing more than that.

But by-and-by, Miss Bruno began to think better of it all. Possibly she saw she had laid herself open to the power of a young man of whose character she knew nothing, and trembled. At any rate, whatever happened, she stepped into Mr. Shellac's studio again, one pleasant afternoon, and quite surprised him with her changed manner. She inquired what he had done with the picture.

"Sold it," he told her.

The awful consequences now flashed upon her.

"Sold it! To whom?"

"To Mr. Dan Gore," he blandly answered.

Her face was whiter and blanker than the wall.

It was a long conversation that she held with the artist; but when she left him, he had made her a promise, though not until she had given him twenty dollars to do so, that he would go and see Mr. Gore, and try and buy it back again. Miss Bruno was overwhelmed with mortification.

So Mr. Shellac did try to purchase back the picture from Mr. Gore, offering different sums for it, until he had reached the mark of a hundred dollars. But he wouldn't let it go for a thousand, and boldly and defiantly said so, and told the artist to tell Miss Bruno so, too.

Miss Bruno stormed, cried, and fell back upon imprecations. She had never heard anything like it, in all the born days of her life! It was a shame—a burning shame! It was a gross insult to a defenceless woman! No one was ever so treated before—she knew they were not!

And then she fell foul of Mr. Gorz, tearing his pretensions all to tatters and rage. In the height of the storm, Mr. Shellac took occasion to slip quietly out the door, feeling quite certain that his own turn was coming next. Miss Bruno was left alone. And for an hour she busied herself in growing awfully mad, and getting gradually over it.

She did get over it, as everybody afterwards came to know; for, finding that Mr. Gore was readiest still in his attachment to her portrait, refusing utterly to part with it on any and all terms proposed, she grew firmer in the faith that he was as devoted a suitor as any woman could wish to have; and finally compromised the matter by sending for him to come and see her! And Mr. Gore next sent for the minister! And a hasty wedding was made up; and a pleasant tour taken; and cake was sent round everywhere; and a new honeymoon began.

And all, because Mr. Gore would not sell her picture, on any terms. If she couldn't have that back again, there was one thing she could do—she could take the owner of it, and so obtain picture and all!

And Mr. Shellac found himself one hundred and twenty dollars in pocket by the performance, besides a long list of generous orders that came in for several years afterward from the now happy Mr. and Mrs. Dan Gore!

TRAVELLERS' TALES.

All travellers, from Ferdinand Mendez Pinto's times to ours, have been privileged to tell large stories. Sheridan used to put them down by telling yet more incredible stories, on the principle of "fighting a rogue with his own weapons." One of these gentlemen related that in the course of his adventures, he met with a cabbage so large and lofty, that fifty armed horsemen had ample room to manoeuvre under each of its leaves. "When I was in Japan," said one of his hearers, coolly, "I saw three hundred women engaged in making a boiler, and a hundred and fifty were polishing it." "What could such a monstrous cauldron as that be for?" asked the traveller. "To boil your cabbage in," was the reply.

COMMERCIAL VALUE OF THE HOG.

The Working Farmer states that the value of the hog crop this year in the United States, will fall little short of two hundred millions of dollars, or \$50,000,000 more than the cotton crop. Mr. P. L. Simmonds, in the Transactions of the Highland Society, gives some interesting statistics of the number of swine raised in various countries, as nearly as can be ascertained. In the United States there are believed to be about 40,000,000, or more than in all the states of Europe combined. In Great Britain the number is estimated at 2,000,000, of which Ireland has a large proportion, and Scotland scarcely 200,000. Austria has about 5,500,000 swine, and Austrian Italy 250,000. France has from 5,000,000 to 6,000,000. Russia has immense numbers of wild hogs; but they are merely skin and bone, valuable principally for their bristles. These bristles, although their consumption has greatly diminished in England and the United States, are still necessary for shoemakers and saddlers; and probably from 500 to 1000 tons of bristles reach England through Prussia and other neutral countries. It is estimated that nearly 96,000,000 pounds of lard are made in the United States, of which 20,000,000 pounds are made in Cincinnati. England and Cuba each take annually 9,000,000 or 10,000,000 pounds of American lard.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

FANCY DOGS.

A traveller in South America, who accompanied a number of Jumna Indians on a tapir hunt, says, besides the hunters, their party was composed of most of the women and boys of the village, together with a score or two of dogs. "These dogs were curious creatures to look at. A stranger, ignorant of the customs of the Jumnas, would have been at some loss to account for the peculiarity of their color. Such dogs I have never seen before. Some were of a bright scarlet, others were yellow, others blue, and some mottled with a variety of tints! What can it mean? The dogs are dyed! It is the custom among many tribes of South American Indians to dye not only their own bodies, but the hairy coat of their dogs, with brilliant colors obtained from vegetable juices, such as the red huito, the yellow rocoa, and the blue of the white indigo. The light gray, often white hair of these animals favors the staining process; and the effect produced pleases the eye of the savage masters. On my eye the effect was strange and fantastical. I could not restrain my laughter when I first scanned these curs in their fanciful coats. Picture to yourself a pack of scarlet, and orange, and purple dogs."—*Boston Transcript*.

ADDRESS.—There is this difference between address and presence of mind: The first proceeds on a plan skillfully arranged, while the second is only a sudden flash springing from a wholly unexpected circumstance, which gives rise to useful expedients. It was particularly to the address displayed by William Pitt, the English minister, that he owed the long and powerful influence he exercised over the destinies of Great Britain.

MY BABY AND MY WIFE.

BY FANNY BELL.

Have you seen our precious baby,
With eyes of glittering jet?
Its lips—two dewy rosebuds—
In dimpling smiles are set.

So pure, so fair and fragile,
It seems an angel given,
To lead our earth-born spirits
Up to its native heaven.

It is a petted darling,
This little babe of ours,—
It sports in life's warm sunshine,
A bud among the flowers.

Time waves his gentle pinion
Around its cherub face,
And as his wings steal o'er it,
It adds a lovelier grace.

Each day some new-born beauty
Is nursing into life;
I know not which is dearest—
My baby or my wife.

THE TABLEUX VIVANS.

BY FREDERICK WARD SAUNDERS.

Or what benefit could it be to the world at large; or how would the happiness and well being of mankind in general be promoted, by a knowledge of the exact locality and name of the town, county and state, in which the pathetic occurrence I am about to relate, took place? Very little, truly. Let it suffice, therefore, for that enlightened and discriminating portion of the community, for which I write—and of which I have no doubt you are a distinguished ornament—that it was in a very pleasant and romantic rural district, not above eighty miles by railroad from the identical spot in which, with a countenance beaming with delighted interest, you are now perusing this remarkable document.

In that quiet and romantic rural district, I say, there stood, and for aught I know to the contrary, still stands, a large, three story, brick mansion, with bright green blinds upon its windows, and a bright, brass plate upon the front door, upon which—the plate, not the door—were inscribed divers hieroglyphics, which being deciphered, read somewhat after the following manner:

"Boarding and day school for young ladies, Miss Penelope Smithers, Principal. Please close the door."

Which astounding information was further disseminated to an anxious and inquiring world, by

means of a gratuitous yearly distribution of those letters or circulars, which are so regularly and uselessly dropped at our doors; and which, in the case in question, set forth among numberless other inducements, that at Miss Smithers's establishment, young ladies not only enjoyed all the comforts of home, but were likewise instructed in such a wonderfully ingenious manner as to cause them to imbibe an incredible amount of knowledge, in an excessively limited period, besides which, there would be inculcated such a system of fearful morality, and frigid decorum, as could be obtained at no other spot upon the face of the earth except at Miss Smithers's academy, or enjoyed by any other human beings beside those singularly favored virgins who were delivered over to the watchful care of Miss Smithers, herself. All of which, I have no doubt, is very right and proper, though it strikes me as rather a dubious compliment to those young damsels, whose parents consider such a course of discipline necessary. Be that as it may, it exactly suited the ideas of the Hon. Ezekiel Tompkins, M. C., as that gentleman having read the document twice over, examined it carefully upside down, and backside too; laid it upon his study table with an expression of satisfaction, exclaiming at the same time:

"That is precisely the place to which Lucy ought to go, and go she shall, this very afternoon, too!"

And in furtherance of his declared intention, he straightway sat himself down and indited an epistle to Miss Smithers, informing that venerable and chaste spinster, that "in consequence of an unfortunate, though ridiculous penchant which his daughter had conceived for a person immeasurably her inferior in position, he (the Hon. Ezekiel Tompkins, M. C.) had arrived at the conclusion that it would be for his daughter's best interest to leave home for a short time; and as her education was by no means completed, he (the Hon. Tompkins) had after mature deliberation, decided to entrust her to the care of Miss P. Smithers, whose excellent seminary was so well and favorably, etc., and whose skill in teaching and moulding the youthful mind was so highly spoken of by all those whose good fortune it had been, etc., etc.," and having signed his name in full, in the largest capitals, and dispatched it to the post, he dismissed the whole subject from his mind, and again turned his attention to the weighty and harrowing affairs of state which are popularly supposed to press so heavily upon the noble men, who sacrifice their time and talents to the interests of the beloved people.

Precisely as that honorable gentleman had predicted, that very afternoon found Miss Lucy Tompkins in tears, a fit of hysterics, and a one horse chaise, accompanied by a faithful domestic, *en route* for the before mentioned pleasant and romantic district; which in due course of time she reached in safety, and from that time forward became an inmate of Miss Smithers's hospitable mansion; where, as the place is in reality a very reputable and comfortable one, we will leave her for a short period, while instituting some inquiries as to the individual spoken of by the Hon. Tompkins, as "a person immeasurably her (Miss Lucy's) inferior in position, for whom she (Miss Lucy) had conceived an unfortunate though ridiculous penchant," and this individual, as the reader will doubtless be surprised to learn, was no other than Augustus Fitz Edward Mortimer, a young gentleman respectably connected, very long in legs, and of immense though unappreciated genius. Such at least, was the opinion entertained by himself and friends, and for aught I know to the contrary they were right, for I will frankly own I am no judge of the description of talent he was supposed to possess. Need I say he was a poet; and if he had not the astonishing genius claimed for him by his friends, I can only say appearances belied him atrociously, for he looked and acted the poet to perfection. No one who had beheld that lofty brow, that pale and sickly countenance, the absent though meditative expression of the bluish eyes, and the studiously careless manner of arranging his thin hair—which he wore long for the convenience of digging his two claws into during moments of inspiration—No one, I say, who had beheld all this, could have doubted for an instant that Augustus was troubled either with an overwhelming genius or the dyspepsia.

How or in what manner the acquaintance between these two individuals was first brought about, I am unable to state, all the earlier circumstances being enveloped in a thick veil of mystery which I have in vain endeavored to penetrate; but to the best of my knowledge, something like two years had elapsed previous to the opening of my story, during which, a slight acquaintance had ripened into an acquaintance much more intimate, the step from this, to permanent and undying friendship was short; and we all know the time required for friendship to degenerate into love—and the period was uncommonly short in the present instance.

The state of Miss Lucy's affections was early discovered by her father, who was of course highly indignant that a young man of Mortimer's rank in life should aspire to the hand of a daugh-

ter of an M. C. Not but what Augustus was respectable enough, but it unfortunately happened that he was one of that numerous class who delight in calling themselves "Nature's noblemen," the long and short of which term, as I understand it, means neither more nor less, than that the said aristocrats derive their patent of nobility from a lamentable and chronic paucity of shillings; at least, this feature is almost invariably strikingly apparent in each individual case.

In view of these facts the Hon. Tompkins forthwith expelled Augustus from his house, and forbade Lucy seeing or communicating with him again in any manner, upon pain of his high displeasure; and having no doubt that his commands would be obeyed, the whole matter passed from his mind. But profound legislator though he was, he could not outwit the bare legged little god, who time out of mind has delighted in overcoming obstacles, and circumventing "heavy fathers."

The young people still continued to meet as before, the only difference being that whereas they formerly enjoyed each other's society in the parlor, they now met in the back kitchen, to which classic precinct our persevering lover was regularly admitted through the instrumentality of the cook—whose devoted services had been purchased at a ruinous price—two or three evenings in the week, after the family had retired for the night; and there, amid pots and pans, mops and Bristol brick, in an atmosphere redolent with the fumes of "biled dinner," these two loving hearts held sweet communion.

A long time these, all the more delightful because stolen interviews continued, while emboldened by success in eluding discovery, they gradually relaxed their precautions against such a disastrous result, until one unfortunate evening it chanced that the Hon. Tompkins sat up rather later than usual, in consequence of being engaged in writing an impromptu speech upon the importance of erecting a light-house at Lowell, a subject to which he was devoted heart and soul. But for some cause, his thoughts refused to form themselves into words with the accustomed facility, and having written, "Had I, gentlemen, entertained the slightest possible intention of addressing this meeting on the present occasion, I should have endeavored to prepare myself in a manner to show my sense of the importance of the subject, and the tremendous interests involved; but being called upon thus unexpectedly, I must beg your indulgence for a few crude, and common-place remarks—"

Here he stuck fast, and having ruminated some

time without being able to complete the sentence in a satisfactory manner, it occurred to him that a little of that old Port of the vintage of —32, might enable him to proceed. Under the impression that every one in the house had retired, he descended to the cellar to procure the desired article himself, when, upon passing the kitchen door, he was startled by the sound of voices; stealthily opening the door a sight met his eyes, which if it did not cause the hon. gentleman's hair to stand on end, it most certainly caused him to grit his honorable teeth in a most ferocious manner.

Reclining in a graceful attitude upon the refrigerator, was Miss Lucy, while in the very centre of a small puddle—which as far as my observation extends, is invariably to be found in front of those useful domestic Arctic regions—were the knees of Augustus, as that young gentleman, despite his decidedly uncomfortable position, poured forth a tale of love “in words that burn.” Our hon. friend had arrived just in season to hear the conclusion of his speech, and Lucy’s softly murmured “Thine, thine forever, Augustus.”

As may be supposed, the scene was in no way calculated to soothe the excited feelings of the angry sire: The blood of all the Tompkinses was aroused. To rush across the kitchen, and seize the presumptuous poet by the collar, was the act of an instant. A terrific scene ensued. For a moment a pair of very long legs might have been seen making rapid strides for the back door, while a heavy boot, enclosing a wrathful human foot was alternately elevated and depressed with astonishing celerity and vigor in the immediate vicinity of those retreating legs. At the same time, Miss Lucy, wholly overcome, or rather, unmanned at the sudden interruption and flight of her adored adorer, lifted up her voice in a succession of shrieks and squeals, which continued uninterruptedly, with at least four young lady power, until the whole household was alarmed and rushing to the rescue; when she very properly saw fit to go off into a fainting fit, than which our heroine could have resorted to no better alternative, as it effectually relieved her from the unpleasant necessity of entering into disagreeable explanations. Through the combined efforts of the whole family she was removed to her room, where she passed the night in an insensible, or rather senseless condition; and the next day was the one in which we have seen the Hon. Tompkins perusing Miss Smithers’s circular, and also the one on which Miss Lucy set out for the above mentioned pleasant and romantic district.

Waft us, O Muse, through time and space, till we again our lovely heroine shall see; quick speed thy flight, and set us down before the bright brass plate on Miss P. Smithers’s door. Can it be, that among my readers there is one whose education has been so miserably neglected that he does not know all and singular of the making up of a young lady’s boarding-school, from the centre even unto the circumference? I think not, for I take it every boy’s experience must have been similar to yours and mine, and every man having been once a boy, it follows that all men must be somewhat informed upon the subject.

Do you remember, my dear sir, when long ago we were rivals for the smiles of that little red-haired divinity with gray eyes, who was at Miss Tweedle’s seminary, at the time we attended Doctor Thrashwell’s school? How we used to prowl about the young ladies’ boarding-house, in expectation of we didn’t know what? Do you remember when at distant intervals, we were admitted into that—to us—magnificent apartment, where the young ladies were wont to collect; the same room that contained the spindle-shanked piano, upon which that hatchet-faced, red-nosed Middle. Stretchfinger, who the girls hated so, and who we hated too, as in duty bound, used to teach those interminable, not to say intolerable marches?

Do you remember, I say, how we used to sit bolt upright against the wall, scarcely daring to lift our eyes, and blushing clear down to the tips of our toe nails whenever addressed by any of the young ladies, who chattered and giggled among themselves with such astounding volubility, who we feared, and not without reason, were making fun of us? and when, after a deplorable awkward bow, we made our exit from the house, do you remember with what complacency we talked of the gallantry we had displayed, and how atrociously we bragged to our school mates of the impression we had made? And above all, do you remember the young ladies themselves; that sentimental Miss Manfred, who always looked so melancholy, and of whom it was darkly rumored that she had concealed in her trunk, the whole of Byron’s works, and could herself write poetry “be-utifully?” and the lively Miss Squid, who had such roguish eyes, and who got credit for all the mischief that was perpetrated in the house, and the other young ladies who had no distinguishing traits, but looked and dressed so much alike, that it was no difficult thing to imagine that several rods of young lady had been rolled out, after the manner of making candy, and chopped off to order, in

different lengths to suit customers? By calling to mind these little circumstances, and others of like nature, the train of recollection will bring before you Miss Tweedle's school as it was, in your youthful days, and as a consequence Miss Smithers's school as it is; for I take it one boarding-school must be as near like another boarding-school, as one batch of twenty or thirty young ladies resemble another batch of the same number.

If the obliging reader will have the kindness to exert himself a little, and jump over the short space of two months, he will be rewarded by witnessing a most remarkable state of affairs at Miss Smithers's establishment. It is near the close of the term, and the venerable principal has determined that the examination and succeeding exhibition shall be conducted in such a style of splendor that the young ladies shall have nothing else in their mouths during the vacation beside, "O, we had such nice times at Miss Smithers! O, say! if you had been at our examination. We never do so at Miss Smithers! We always do so at Miss Smithers," and such like remarks common to young ladies from school, which, no doubt you have listened to a thousand times with so much amusement as to render it difficult to refrain from laughing, and just enough admiration for the young lady herself to prevent your being guilty of such rudeness.

In pursuance of this plan, the whole house had been one scene of anarchy and confusion for the preceding week. The young ladies' rooms had the appearance of a fleet of milliners' shops beating into port against a head wind, with a heavy sea running. The dining-room, which had been invaded by a horde of young ladies, sacked and turned into a place for rehearsal, wore a subdued and astonished aspect. From every quarter of the house, "from night till morn, from morn till dewy eve," could be heard the indistinct tones of the young ladies practising their parts.

Rushing hurriedly through the passages might be seen more young ladies, some in old dresses for working; some in fancy dresses for exhibition; others in no dresses at all, flying hastily to the room of some other young lady to implore her assistance in doing that inevitable something or other which young ladies invariably require of each other, but what, I have never been able exactly to determine; while from the music-room there ever and anon resounded dismal shrieks, rising high and discordant above the eternal jangle of the piano, as some aspiring and vigorous musical genius whacked away at the keys, in preparation for the coming exposition.

But amid the general change, no place was

more changed than the school room; the efforts of several wonder working gentlemen in green baize jackets had been incessant; desks had been removed and seats put up; the places that formerly knew the black-boards now knew them no more. The upper portion of the room where whilom Miss Smithers sat in calm dignity supervising the instructions of her disciples, was now turned into a stage for histrionic display, and that never failing resource of young ladies, tableaux. (In this connection I would inquire, in no invidious spirit, but merely to gratify my curiosity, Did you ever know a decidedly plain young lady to propose tableaux? If not, why are young ladies to whom this description will not apply, so consumedly fond of them?) Nor had the labors of the young ladies themselves been less important than those of the carpenters; uniting the *dulci* with the *utile*, no end of metamorphoses had taken place. Ovid was a mere bungler, compared with them. An unsightly stove, under their magic touch, became a pedestal for a magnificent chalk goddess. A barrel head stuck round with candles and adorned with a tasteful arrangement of evergreen, to its surprise suddenly found itself suspended from the ceiling, no despicable chandelier. Around the walk, and above the windows, more evergreen entwined itself, while at intervals from between the boughs, magnificent plaid silk roses bloomed forth with a profusion and luxuriance you would scarcely expect considering their pitch pine paternity. Overhead, multitudes of striped gingham songsters perched, or rather roosted upon the pendant twigs of a gorgeous calico orange tree.

The whole place in fact, looked a scene of enchantment, and well calculated to strike the beholder with delighted awe; leading the mind into delicious reveries, alternating between the orange groves of the sunny south, and a Washington Street dry-goods store. If such feelings were excited when the room was vacant, what must be the effect when lighted up with the presence of youth and beauty, adorned with still larger pieces of the same patterns of silk, gingham and calico.

A dozen times at least within the preceding week, had a programme of the proceedings been promulgated to the anxious villagers and friends of the pupils; and as often with the characteristic indecision of the female mind, revoked for revision and addition. The main order of performance was definitely settled, there was to be reading of compositions, music, declamation, and though last, most important, tableaux.

But where, amid all this life and excitement is our heroine? does she mingle in these joyous

scenes! is she the gayest among the gay? or does she hour after hour, with thread and needle and scissors, sit patiently hatching gingham birdlings? Ah no! her sorrow is too deep, her woe too delightfully excruciating to admit of such alleviations. From the hour of her admittance into the school, she had been the acknowledged martyr and injured innocent of the establishment. The other young ladies with the characteristic sympathy of school-girls, pitied and commiserated her unhappy state to within a decimal fraction of her existence. Her delight had been, and was, to wander lonely about the house at unseasonable hours, gazing wistfully at the moon, when there was one, thereby keeping herself wheezed up with a chronic cold, which prevented her speaking as plainly as would be desirable for a heroine of romance.

Much had she to say—and often did she say it—about the loved and lost ones. A dozen times, at least, had she communicated to every one of her schoolmates the melancholy fact that she felt an inward consciousness of approaching dissolution, and, altogether, conducted herself in such a remarkable manner that her tender hearted companions entertained no doubt whatever, if something or other did not speedily occur to relieve in some measure her weight of woe, she would in some moment of depression slay herself outright, from sheer disgust of life. Vainly had she been urged and besought to throw off her gloom and despondency, and take part in the coming festival; but the effort was too great; in one thing only could she be induced to lend her aid. The lady's character in the tableau of the "Doomed Lovers," was to be taken by Lucy Tompkins, while the doomed lover was to be enacted by a gentleman, whose name had not transpired, but who at the time was stopping at the village hotel.

The agile reader having rested himself from his late exertion, will now be in a condition to hop lightly over a day or so, which will not only bring him up to the evening for which all these preparations have been made, but also into the school-room itself. The young ladies have dispersed themselves in graceful groups about the room, looking very bewitching and very pretty—though there is nothing at all uncommon about this last; your own observations must, I think, have disclosed to you the fact that the great majority, indeed, *all* girls between the ages of sixteen and a still higher number (which it is unnecessary to mention), *will* persist (such is the perversity of the female character) in looking pretty, with a reckless—I had almost said heartless—disregard of the sleepless nights and shat-

tered hearts of the rising generation of our country's defenders.

The girls who were to commence the performance were giggling and tittering audibly behind the curtain, which separated the stage from the audience. The candles flared, and smoked, and spluttered; the chalk goddess looked surprisingly like marble, while the striped gingham birds appeared most lifelike.

It became evident quite early in the evening, that the hall would not only be filled, but that the audience would consist of the *élite* of the surrounding country. Already had the doctor, the minister and the lawyer made their appearance. Deacon Fitz Fanatic's carriage had hardly quitted the door, when the Hon. Mr. Fitz Fusion's family coach drove up, and delivered its burden, quickly followed by half a dozen lesser lights. The representative from the adjoining town arrived in a buggy and pair. Mr. Acquies, the great cotton manufacturer and politician, arrived in a chaise; and a couple of dashing young sparks—Mr. Jinx, and his friend Tompkins, from Pagwash, whose advent occasioned no little flutter among Miss Smithers's young ladies—in very muddy boots; for the fact was, these gentlemen's credit at the time being in a rather depressed condition with the stable-keepers, they were obliged either to forego the pleasure of witnessing the exhibition, which neither Tompkins nor myself was at all disposed to do, or, as the alternative, foot it the entire distance from Pagwash, which they did.

It would be useless, as well as uninteresting to describe the various performances of that eventful evening; suffice it that everything went off to the satisfaction of the parties concerned, until all else being completed, preparations were made to commence the tableaux. It would be difficult to form an adequate conception of the expectant impatience which exercised the audience during the somewhat prolonged interval that intervened before the stage was in readiness for the spectacle; or, rather, I should say, the majority of the audience; for that rascal, Jinx, was so busily engaged in making love to a little black-eyed girl in the corner, that I dare say he would have been perfectly satisfied had there been an interval of a month between each performance. Not so with the rest of the audience, who kept their eyes fixed on the curtain (twelve feet by six and a half) before them with ill-concealed impatience, while from behind, a confused scuffling of feet, mingled with agitated whispers, indicated that the performers, although doing their best to accomplish something, were by no means ready to do it.

At length, when the patience of the whole party was well nigh exhausted, Miss Smithers's dinner-bell was heard to ring behind the screen. Instantly, the hum and buzz of conversation ceased, and each person sank back into his or her seat, and anxiously awaited the second summons. Even Jinx paused in his *love* making. Again the bell tinkled, and the curtain became convulsed, gently, at first, but gradually increasing in violence for some minutes, while the bell continued to be rung furiously. But the curtain was doubtless a politician, and refused to raise from a single plank of the platform. Something was evidently wrong. The curtain ceased its agitation, and was succeeded by a vigorous hammering. But a few blows had been struck, which, by the way, sounded preternaturally loud in the crowded room, when the sharp, ringing concussion was suddenly interrupted by a sound soft and spongy, so to speak, as though the hammer, instead of hitting the destined nail, had struck somebody's thumb; nor was the suspicion in the least removed by the stifled sound of suppressed blasphemy which instantly succeeded.

Another prolonged interval ensued, when, as the curtain could not be persuaded to go up, a compromise was effected, and it was lowered down, disclosing to the admiring gaze of the brilliant and fashionable audience, a scene from *Blue Beard*, and exceedingly well done it was, too.

Fatima (Miss Squid), in a very short dress, and spacious lower garments, with head thrown back and arms extended, was evidently imploring mercy from *Blue Beard* (Mr. Smith, the carpenter, and a very meritorious man), who, with a large carving-knife grasped in one hand, whilst with the other he clinched the shrinking form of Fatima, had not, to all appearance, the remotest idea of doing anything whatever, to judge from his countenance, which wore a rather frightened aspect than otherwise.

This scene passed off admirably. The somewhat constrained and unnatural position of the parties, which usually injures the effect of tableaux, being pleasantly overcome by Fatima giving vent to a giggle, and *Blue Beard* delivering himself of a snort, whereupon they both ran off the stage. This little episode had a very pretty effect, agreeably relieving the gloom which such a tragic scene would otherwise be likely to produce, and which I would earnestly recommend to the consideration of all persons addicted to tableaux.

The succeeding scene passed off equally well, until the tableau of the "doomed lovers," which was to be the last, was about to be performed.

For some reason, the gentleman who had volunteered to do the doomed lover, was unavoidably detained until the last moment; consequently, it was not until the instant of going upon the stage that Miss Lucy first caught sight of the person who was to be her partner in the picture. They advanced from opposite sides of the platform, to take their places, at the same instant. The gentleman, who was somewhat tall and thin, with a high forehead, and rather long in the legs, moved gracefully to the spot assigned him. Not so, Miss Lucy. What means that sudden tremor, that flushed countenance? "What do I see?" she cried, in trembling accents. "'Tis, 'tis—yet no, 'tisn't—yes, it is—it is Augustus!" and bounding forward, she pitched herself in among the outstretched arms of that young gentleman, who clasped them about her very much as you have seen Mr. Davenport do to black-eyed Susan, in the drama of that name.

Such an unexpected denouement very naturally had the effect to break up the exhibition in no little confusion, in the midst of which Miss Lucy and Mr. Augustus disappeared; and although "they sought her that night, they sought her next day," she was not to be found, and the disconsolate Miss Smithers was forced to content herself with the knowledge that on the morning succeeding the exhibition, as the Hon. Ezekiel Tompkins, M. C., was sitting in his study, the door was thrown open, and a tall young gentleman, with a rather sheepish expression, accompanied by a young lady, entered the room. The lady, who was no other than his daughter, rushed forward, and flopping herself down at his feet, repeated again and again the touching request: "Father, father, do not curse me!" in the most beseeching tone imaginable. But the reply of the old man simply was: "Don't make a fool of yourself, Lucy." Then, after scanning the long-legged poet: "And so this is your husband, is it? Well, as it is done now, I suppose we must make the best of it."

And they did make the best of it, for, in conversation with the Hon. Mr. Tompkins, lately, he said that his son-in-law, who is domesticated at his house, was, in reality, extremely useful to him as his secretary, and made, in fact, a very good husband for Lucy, who, he said, was almost as big a fool as himself. Beside which, I understand his poetical talents are beginning to be appreciated; indeed, a very pretty sonnet of twenty-five lines appeared in a late issue of one of our magazines, and was extensively copied.

The covetous man is as much deprived of what he has, as of what he has not, for he enjoys neither.

DO A GOOD TURN WHEN YOU CAN.

BY EMMA FENNINGORE.

It needs not great wealth a kind heart to display—
If the hand be but willing it soon finds a way;
And the poorest one yet, in the humblest abode,
May help a poor brother a step on his road.

Whatever the fortune a man may have won,
A kindness depends on the way it is done;
And though poor be our purse, and narrow our span,
Let us all try to do a good turn when we can.

The fair bloom of pleasure may charm for a while,
But its beauty is frail, and inconstant its smile;
Whilst the beauty of kindness, immortal in bloom,
Sheds a sweetness o'er life, and a grace o'er our tomb.

Then if we enjoy life, why the next thing to do,
Is to see that another enjoys his life too;
And though poor be our purse, and narrow our span,
Let us all try to do a good turn when we can.

THE PEDLER'S VISIT.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

Nor long since I called to spend the day with an old friend by the name of Dowley. Dowley is a farmer of the old stamp—lives on the farm where his father was born, and has been frugal, industrious and thrifty. His farm is in excellent order—his stock sleek and fat—his buildings in thorough repair—and his children stout, good natured, and healthy. Mrs. Dowley is just the woman for a farmer's wife—a busy, bustling thing, with ambition enough to have everything in order, and pride enough to have a few things rather nicer than some folks have. We were sitting in the front room—Mr. and Mrs. Dowley, their daughter Rachael, a buxom lass of seventeen, and myself—when we saw one of those quaint-looking carts drive up into the yard which can belong only to a Yankee pedler.

"There's one o' them 'tarnal pedlers," uttered Mr. Dowley, with an expression half of contempt, and half of vengeance. "But he wont make much here. Now mind, Susan (to his wife), we don't want nothin' of his truck—not a thing."

"Sartinly we don't," responded the good wife; "and wont have nothin' neither."

"The last one that came along sucked us in awfully, and I swore then 'at I'd never trade with another one of 'em agin. Now mind, Susan, snap 'im rite up ef he offers yer anything."

"Let me alone for that—the dirty-good-for-nothing!" returned the dame, smoothing down her apron emphatically.

By this time the pedler had made his way into the back room, and with a smiling face he came into the room where we were sitting. He was not one of your tall, lank things, but a short, plump, good-natured looking fellow, and wearing upon his really handsome face a continual smile which nothing seemed to ruffle.

"Well, neighbors," he said, after he had asked after our healths, "couldn't I trade with ye a little, to-day?"

"No, sir!" emphatically answered Mr. Dowley, snapping his words out almost angrily.

"Don't you want sumthin'?" the pedler asked of the dame, in the same smooth, smiling tone.

"No, sir, I don't—want nothin'." The last word dropped from the dame's lips like the snapping of a percussion cap.

"Well, well—never mind," said the pedler, at the same time opening one of his trunks, and commencing to work as though he were only arranging his things. "I'm one of them kind as never forces folks into a trade, 'cause don't ye see 'ta'n't no use. I say, let them trade as has a mind to. Now some pedlers seem to think everybody's bound to buy, an' ef they don't manage to make a trade, why they git huffy 'bout it. But that isn't my way. I don't like to go by a man's house without stoppin', 'cause mebbe I'd have sumthin' they want. But ef a man says no—why that's enough."

All this time he had been fixing up the things in his trunk, and speaking in one of the sweetest and most seductive tones imaginable, and as his smiles were bestowed upon the host and hostess, I could see that their frowns were mostly dispelled. And during this time, too, he had contrived to fix his things so that a most tempting array of articles were in sight.

"How funny it is," the pedler resumed, with the same sweet smile, and this time directing his remarks to the gude wife, "that folks will go a lifetime without a simple thing that would pay for itself in once usin'. I shall never forget what George Washington said when he was on his great farm deown in Ole Verginny. Says he, 'a penny saved is two pannies earnt.' And he was right. Neow ye see, only this mornin' I come across a man pacin' off a piece of land where he was goin' to plow. I asked him why he didn't measure it? He said he hadn't got nothin'—his pacin' was good enough. 'You've paced this off, haven't ye?' says I. 'Yes,' says he. 'How much d'ye make of it?' says I. 'Jest an acre,' says he. 'It's jest a square acre.' Neow ye see I know'd he hadn't got an acre of land there, for I could see 'at he didn't step long

enough. So I jest takes this ere thing out of my trunk, and says I, 'let's measure it right now.'"

Here the pedler took from his trunk one of those measuring tapes which roll up in a neat, circular, polished leather case, and which was just two rods long; and as he went on speaking he pulled out the neatly figured tape, and then wound it up again by means of the little brass crank.

"So he took hold o' one end, an' I took the other, an' we went regund that piece in jest about ten minutes. By jingo, the piece wasn't only 'baout 'leven rods aquare—fell short, ye see, sixteen rod. 'Now,' says I 'jest see heow ye get deceived. Next fall yer nabors'll laff at ye 'cause ye ha'n't raised more corn on an acre—an' they'll swear yer land a'n't good—an' ye'll have to stand it, too.' He kind o' took what I'd said, an' he bought one o' these magic land measurers rite off. Neow, ye see, he ken measure his fences, an' his land, an' his buildings—an' in fact, he ken allers measurup anything. 'Cause ye can carry this rite in yer pocket. Come away from home jest a week ago yesterday, an' Mad seven dosen o' these farmer's measures—an' all gone bat this. I rather guss I'll keep this for a pattern."

And as he thus spoke he commenced to stow it away. I saw that Mr. Dowley eyed the thing uneasily. Now Dowley had a rod-pole, a two-foot rule, and any quantity of small rope, with which he had always measured off his land; but this thing took his fancy. It looked so neat and handy.

"Jest let me look at that," he said; and as he took it he pulled it out and wound it up several times. "How high does this come?" he asked.

"Two dollars, I've been sellin' 'em for," replied the pedler.

"Aint that high?"

"High? Why, jest look at it—look at the work. You can't git such ones rite in Bosting for one cent off 'm fifteen shillin'. Ye see I found a man sellin' off at auction—a man as was goin' to California, an' I got these for considerable under cost. So I can afford to put 'em cheap."

"You couldn't say nine shillings, could ye?"

"Well—I don't know. Ef I ever do sell cheap it's to an honest, old farmer, who has to work hard for a livin'. But look here—ef ye'll solemnly promise not to lisp a word to anybody how cheap I let ye have it, I'll say nine shillin's. But I hadn't ought to—I hadn't—that's a fact."

So Dowley took the measurer, and went to his desk and got his pocket-book, and came back

with a five-dollar bill, which he handed to the pedler. The latter took it, but did not immediately return the change.

"What times these are for inventions," said the pedler. "By the hokey, I 'spect nothin' but what every man'll have a silver shovel one of these days. Ye ever heard 'baout this French Imperial magnetic silver?"

"No," answered Dowley.

"It's the most astonishin' thing in the world.

A poor man was diggin' on a maounting one day, an' he found somethin' 'at looked jest like silver. He thought he'd sure enough fround a mine, an' he dug lots on it. The great philosophers overhauled it, an' they found 'twaen't silver, but it's just 'baout the same. It's brighter 'n silver, an' Monseer Hoppofiamsagis, the royal emperor's high minister, ordered a set of spewas for his table rite off. Capt'n Sam Blanchard—perhaps you know 'im?'—(Dowley said he did not)—"Well, he's a cute chap—he smuggled forty dozen of the spewas into Portland, an' I got 'em every one. There a'n't another one in the country only what I got. They look as much nicer 'n silver as ye ken imagine, an' ye can't wear 'em out—nor ye can't tarnish 'em. Ye see a silver spewn—a tea-spewn—would cost a dollar. Neow one of these only comes to 'baout half o' that."

The pedler went on fixing up his things, but never once offered to show his spoons. Mrs. Dowley got nervous.

"Couldn't ye jest let me look at them spewna, sir?" she said, rather timidly.

"O, sartin, of course. An' mark me, you'll say they are beaaties—jest the handsomest things ye ever sot eyes on."

He soon brought up a pasteboard box, and from among a mass of cotton and tissue paper, he revealed the spoons. They were truly bright looking things, and finished with care and neatness.

"Jest look at yer face in that," the pedler said, holding one of the glittering things up to the good woman's eye.

I could see that Mrs. Dowley was caught.

"How much did you say was the price of these?" she asked.

"Six dollars a dozen—three dollars for half a dozen—an' you may depend on't, they'll outwear any silver spewn in creation. Neow wait."

From one corner of the other trunk the pedler brought up a glass spoon-cup. It was all figured off, and clear as crystal. Then he proceeded to arrange six of the spoons in it, placing them at equal distances from each other, with the bowls up. The handles glittered through the figured

glass most beautifully, and the polished bowls of the spoons, which just rested over the rim of the cup, reflected the light from their polished surfaces in all directions.

There!" uttered the pedler, triumphantly. "Who's got such a set as that round these diggin's?"

Mrs. Dowley's eyes fairly sparkled.

"What's that glass thing worth?" she asked.

"Half a dollar."

"But a tumbler 'd do jest as well to set 'em in."

"But 'twouldn't look so well," whispered Rachael, into her mother's ear.

At this juncture the pedler arose and went out to his cart, and when he came in he had a piece of delaine in his hand.

"I don't want ye to buy this," he said, as he sat down and gathered one end of the delaine up neatly in his hand, and then let the other end fall gracefully upon the floor. "Only as I was noticin' your daughter's countenance an' complexion, I couldn't help but think of it. Where I put up last night there was a young lady, jest about this young lady's age—an' she wanted this piece drefful bad, but ye see she was rather plain lookin' an' dark complexioned, an' such a figur' as this wouldn't match with such a face. But jest look at this piece for such a complexion as *your darter* has. A'n't it splendid?"

Rachael's red face grew redder, but she was greatly pleased. I can give the pedler's words, but I can't give the soft, winning looks and smiles he bestowed upon those two females. But I could see that Rachael was now caught. Her eyes devoured the delaine, and she was all excitement. And then the flattery she had received added not a little to her emotions. The cloth was pretty, if color and figure were all, but I could see that the texture was far from firm.

"What is this a yard?" Rachael asked.

"Only two shillin's, ma'am. Now only think, they'd make ye pay half a dollar at the store for that, an' ye'd have to take jest what they had, too. Ye see I got this of my brother who imports his goods rite from France—so I got it cheap. There's jest ten yards in this piece—just a pattern. Neow I don't like to cultivate pride in young folks, but at the same time it does appear to me 'at when our Heavenly Father has given a handsome face to a gal (an admiring gaze at Rachael), she's a right to treat it decently by matchin' a handsome dress to it. Them's my opinions. Don't you think so, ma'am?"

Mrs. Dowley said yes, and then she asked the pedler if he couldn't take twenty-five cents a yard for his delaine.

"I musn't," he said. "I love to sell cheap, but 'tain't reasonable to lose money outright. Howsumever—look here—taking up the spoons, which still stood temptingly in the glass dish—say three dollars for the six spewns; three dollars an' thirty-three cents for the delaine—and—an'. Well, I'll give ye the glass dish, ef ye'll promise to make a present of it to this young lady when ye've done with it. There!"

Mrs. Dowley looked up at her husband. "Aren't them nice?" she said. "How handy when we have company."

But the old man said nothing.

"I've got three dollars and a half now 'at belongs to yeou," said the pedler, who had been figuring on the top of the spoon-box. "Take out the pay for the delaine, an' that leaves seventeen cents. Then for the spewns I want jest two dollars an' eighty-three cents more. By hokey, I hadn't ought to sell so, but I will."

"I ken pay that out of my own money," said Mrs. Dowley; and waiting until she found her husband would make no remonstrance, she started off and brought just the change.

The pedler saw that it came hard, and he offered no more of his wares; and ere long afterwards he was after the next farmer, where he would probably have "just one more left" of the "farmer's magic land measurer," and where he might find another girl just fitted to a dress-pattern, and so on. I examined the spoons after he was gone, and found them marked with a maker's name in New York. They were well-plated, and worth, perhaps, one dollar per dozen. The measuring tape I could have purchased at any store for seventy-five cents, and the delaine would have been reasonable at twelve and a half cents per yard. But I held my peace, and wondered how my good friends would treat the next "good-for-nothing," who might honor them with a visit.

FANCY SOLDIERS.

Though it may sound somewhat singular and extraordinary to talk of a soldier with a fan, yet the use of that article is so general in Japan, that no respectable man is to be seen without one. The fans are a foot long, and sometimes serve for parasols; at others, instead of memorandum books. They are adorned with paintings of landscapes, birds, flowers, or ingenious sentences. Upon their journey they make use of a fan, which has the roads printed upon it, and tells them how many miles they have to travel, what inns they are to go to, and what price victuals are at. The etiquette to observe in regard to the fan, requires profound study and close attention. At feasts and ceremonies, the fan is always stuck in the girdle, behind the sabre, with the handle downward.—*Hildreth*.

THE DOG TASK.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

IN a shop in the Rue de Glatigny, in Paris, at the sign of the Gagne Petit, Jacques labored industriously to provide for the daily wants of his little fair-haired and rosy family, encouraged by the sweet smile of Marguerite his wife, and the hope which one always has of being more fortunate next year. Jacques was cutler to King Louis XI., but was no richer for that; for Louis XI. cheapened like a petty citizen of the Rue St. Denis; which deprived Jacques of the benefit of the title of cutler to the king's household. Besides, Louis XI. had no just taste about his table. He would rather purchase a conscience than a dozen knives; and then, he was so poor himself that he wore patched coats and breeches. Jacques the cutler therefore starved on his privilege, like a miser beside his treasure.

At last, on the day of which we speak, labor, and therefore joy, had returned to the shop of the Rue de Glatigny. The hotels were re-opened for the king's suite; there were fetes, suppers; and knives were being sharpened everywhere. Jacques had his share in the universal jubilee. And Marguerite said, as she saw orders pour in to the shop:

"Blessed be St. Eloi, who sends us so much work, my dear man."

And Jacques and Marguerite began to dance around the shop with their children, joyous to be of the party. A moment afterwards, the brow of Jacques became slightly overshadowed: the cutler had calculated.

"Doubtless," said he, "work has come; but it will not be advisable for us to hire assistance: a workman would take off all our profits. We must not depend either on work for a long time: this is but temporary. If it should continue, by-and-by we may hire help, but now it would be prudent to do without."

"If we only had Pierrot, our apprentice," exclaimed Marguerite.

"Bah! a little idler who did not like work," replied Jacques, "since he deserted the shop I do not want to hear his name."

"I will help you as well as I can, my dear man," Marguerite replied, better able to assist by her courage than by her arms. The wife was extremely delicate. This might be divined from her paleness and slender form. It was very evident that she could not blow the bellows of the forge, nor turn the wheel. Jacques embraced Marguerite, and said to her:

"We shall see; meanwhile, serve up the soup."

It was in the month of July, the sky was clear, but the heat was great.

"Mama," exclaimed the two children of the cutler, "let us eat at the door in the sun?"

Marguerite consulted Jacques by a look.

"Go, go!" replied the cutler, "the fresh air sharpens the appetite, and the sun gives children strength."

They did not wait for him to repeat the permission, but ran to sit down, with their porringers in their laps, on the steps of the shop.

"For whom is this plate, wife?" asked the cutler.

There was indeed one plate too many. Marguerite sighed.

"I know," said the cutler: "you were thinking of Pierrot."

"Poor child! perhaps he has nothing to eat!"

"He should not have left us; he who forsakes his work, forsakes his bread," replied the husband of Marguerite, harshly.

"I should not like to have any misfortune happen to him," resumed the good mother, casting on her children a glance of tenderness.

"Whose fault would it be?" replied the cutler; "did I send him away? I requested you never to speak to me of that bad boy," added he, in a tone more severe than he intended.

Marguerite was silent, but a moment afterwards resumed:

"It is singular that Pierrot should disappear from our house the very day in which that tall, dark, and withered man, whom our children were so much afraid of, came to take the enormous steel scissors we had forged for him."

"It is true," replied Jacques, "that man had indeed a singular appearance."

"I strongly suspect him," continued Marguerite, "of enticing away our apprentice. This personage lived among the gipsies, in the Cour des Miracles, he may therefore have been a sorcerer, and have carried off the child by some infernal conjuration."

"Bah!" returned the cutler, "this man is a poor fellow who has a mania of surrounding himself with a great number of dogs, whom he spends his life in shearing, and in whom he ever traffics. At any rate, it is not worth while to trouble ourselves about an idle and ungrateful boy, so let us eat."

Pierrot was, in fact, of invincible idleness; neither kindness, nor punishment, nor reason could influence him. One evening when Jacques had threatened him with a just chastisement, he had fled from the shop of the cutler; unfortunately he encountered the black man, who addressed to him some honeyed words, and allured

him into a large court—a moment afterwards an infernal laugh accompanied a dog, who fled, with a sauceman attached to his tail, followed by laughter and stones from the bad boys in the neighborhood.

"Meanwhile," Marguerite replied, "I must tell you a singular dream I had last night. Imagine, my dear man, that I saw in a dream the mother of Pierrot; this poor woman said to me: 'My little boy, Pierrot has left you; it was wrong, you who loved him so much. That has given you much trouble, dear lady; for you took a great interest in this poor child, who had no father or mother, and who had only you to love him in the world. He is, at present, very severely punished for his ingratitude; but, madam, you know that all children are ungrateful. When they grow up, they change, they understand better, and divine, by the ills they suffer from others, what others have suffered for them. Then gratitude comes to them and love. He will one day return to you, one day, when a powerful personage shall offer you a large sum for an object which I cannot name. My little Pierrot will return to you twice corrected for his idleness and his ingratitude. Adieu, madam,' said she with a smile. 'May God preserve your children from the black man who shears dogs!'"

Jacques, who was not very superstitious, began to jest at the dream of his good Marguerite, advising his wife to offer up a *novena* at Notre Dame, of which she was very capable: hope justifies faith.

The children, Blanche, the girl, and Jacquot the little boy, were coming in for more bread and broth, when a dog emerged from the square of Notre Dame, and precipitately entered the Rue de Glatigny.

The physiognomy of this poor animal was sad, anxious; he was dirty, muddy, and seemed exhausted with fatigue. His protruding tongue betokened great thirst, and his hollow sides, clinging to the bones, gave evidence of starvation. I should like to be able to say that this was a beautiful white spaniel,—unfortunately such was not the fact. It was simply a montagnard, with long, red, and coarse hair; a surly sort of dog, looking as if he would bite rather than caress. His eye gleamed with intelligence, beneath the two fiery spots which marked his arching eyebrows. And whether intentionally or through exhaustion, he laid himself down on the ground, at the foot of a ruin opposite the cutler's shop.

Whence came the dog? from what unknown sorrows was he flying? of what deception had he been the object? of what sentiments betrayed

had he to complain? Such were the questions which would have been asked by an observer at sight of this animal so sorrowful and exhausted.

Blanche and Jacques returned, with bread and full porringers. At sight of these two children, the animal quickly rose, wagging its tail.

Pantomime has its eloquence. Little Blanche smiled upon the animal. Emboldened by the reception, the montagnard approached the children and began to howl in a supplicating tone.

"Perhaps he is hungry," said little Blanche to her brother.

"Here, Wolf!" exclaimed little Jacquot, throwing him a bone.

The dog snatched the bone and gnawed it with avidity, then quickly seated himself and looked at the children, with the hope of another morsel. Blanche dipped some bread in the soup, then invited the animal to come and take it. He came and ate from the hand of the little girl, which diverted her much. The little boy let him drink from his mug, then, the eatables exhausted, the children went to the paternal dish.

"The children are very hungry to-day," said the cutler, remarking that the plates were thoroughly cleaned.

The children did not tell of it, but the dog's tongue had passed over them.

The montagnard awaited the return of his little benefactors. When he saw them, his eye glistened, and he began to leap for joy. Meanwhile he waited for them to beckon to him.

"Come, Wolf, come!" cried little Blanche, offering to him her plate.

This time the animal took his place between the two children. Blanche and Jacquot laughed loudly, while the animal devoured his dinner with a joyous air. At last, all three, children and dog, ate in the sun, on the same bench, from the same plate.

The laughter became so noisy that the cutler wished to know the occasion of it. He was not a little surprised to see this new guest.

"I understand, now," said he, as he returned to his wife, "I understand now the appetite of our little ones, they have help. I do not like stray dogs," said he, angrily, "and I will drive this one away so that he will not return."

At the same time Jacques went to arm himself with a whip. The children took Wolf in their arms to protect him against the paternal anger. Meanwhile the cutler returned with the whip. The dog escaped from the arms of the children, and went to lie down at the feet of Marguerite, as if to appeal to her protection.

"What is the use of beating this poor animal?" said Marguerite to her husband.

"I want this dog," exclaimed little Blanche, throwing herself into her father's arms.

"Has he no owner?" cried the cutler.

"No, papa," replied Jacques, "since he was dying with hunger."

"He appears to love children," said Marguerite.

"I want this dog," again cried little Blanche.

At last, thanks to the caprice of the children, the kindness of Marguerite, and the weakness of the father, the dog was admitted into the family.

"Come in!" cried Jacques.

The dog then, leaving Marguerite, began to run about the little shop of the cutler, barking loudly and joyously.

The Sunday following, the family thought it would be pleasant to walk a little way out of the city, as is customary with the working population. Marguerite took her children by the hand, Jacques whistled to the dog, and they set out for the country, not without feeling it a necessity; for Jacques said, as he beheld the altered features of his wife:

"Decidedly we must have a workman, wife, labor fatigues you. To-morrow I will provide myself with one."

The children and the dog ran to and fro, and played like good comrades, which diverted the good cutler much. As they entered the fields, they passed a small house entirely isolated, low, and mean. An old man, a cutler also, was still at work. This good man was busy forging some utensils; an old and meagre dog was aiding him. This poor old animal was turning the wheel as well as he could, but it was evident that both man and dog were nearly worn out.

"Enough, my poor friend," said the old man to the dog, as he took a piece of red-hot iron from the forge, "enough!"

The animal stopped the wheel as quickly as possible. The little family had passed this ruined shop without paying much attention to it. But the dog stopped. He looked with flaming eyes at this poor fellow laborer, without stirring from his place or making a motion. Jacques, not seeing his dog, became uneasy, and called him. The dog looked at Jacques, heard the summons, and did not obey it.

"What is it that occupies him so entirely?" said the cutler. And he retraced his steps. Hardly was he near the house, when the dog darted toward the old man, and cast on his master a look, which seemed to say:

"Attention!"

At the same time the dog seized the wheel and turned it with such rapidity that it buzzed in the air like a swarm of insects. The forge revived

and flamed once more brilliantly. The old man turned, and was astonished at the vigor of the bellows which the dog moved, then, casting a glance on the wheel, comprehended all.

"Ah, ah! my poor friend, here is a comrade who teaches us that we are no longer young," said he to his dog.

At this apostrophe from his old master, the poor friend cast a sorrowful glance in the direction of his vigorous companion.

"Halt!" exclaimed the old man. The dog stopped short, and the wheel also. Then he came and lay down proudly before Jacques, who could not believe his eyes, seeming to say to him:

"Do you understand?"

The eyes of the cutler and of the animal exchanged a glance of intelligence; and Jacques said as he returned home:

"Whatever people may say, Marguerite, animals have souls."

A few days afterwards, the dog, whom the cutler had surnamed Task, performed in his shop the office of a workman; this poor animal labored. Very soon all Paris talked of this working dog, of his wonderful intelligence, of his indefatigable energy. Few men were capable of surpassing Task in his functions. It was curious, also, to see the tenderness which Jacques lavished on this good animal. They had whole hours of conversation together.

The man talked, the dog gesticulated; they comprehended each other, and usually ended in mutual embraces, in which Blanche and Jacquot mingled. Marguerite was for Task an object of peculiar affection. In the morning he uttered cries of joy at sight of his gentle mistress; at evening Task would not go to his kennel till she had given him her hand to lick. The reputation of the good dog increased, till it was talked of in court, and came to the knowledge of King Louis XI. So that one beautiful evening in the month of September, two personages entered the shop of the cutler, led by public rumor.

"Pagnes-Dieu!" said the first personage, meanly clad, and with his pourpoint pieced at the elbows, "Pagnes-Dieu! Master Jacques, you have a pleasant companion there, one who deserves to be in the service of the king."

The cutler, who was bending over his grindstone, raised his head and suspended his labors, to see who it was that was speaking to him thus. He found that it was King Louis XI. himself, a redoubtable prince. The wheel continued to turn.

"Halt!" exclaimed Jacques, and the wheel stopped.

"It is wonderful to see his obedience," said the king, who appreciated this quality very highly in others.

Jacques took off his cap, and said to the dog:

"Task, salute the king."

Task stood upon his hind-paws, and made a thousand comical reverences, which enchanted his majesty. Then he ran to seek an old stool, which he dragged as well as he could to the feet of Louis, as if to invite him to sit down. Then Task, standing on his hind-feet, looked at the king with an eye profoundly interrogative. King Louis XI., who was not stupid, comprehended that the animal was asking his orders. He extended his hand to him, the dog gave him his paw, and though gaiety is not the disposition common to his race, he played a thousand tricks, which relaxed the usually gloomy brow of the old and sorrowful king.

"Would you not like to live in a palace?" asked his majesty.

At this question Task howled mournfully.

This reply of the dog filled Jacques with uneasiness, he even sought to excuse him, saying:

"Poor animal! he well knows that he is unworthy of this honor, sire."

"I will take you into my service," continued Louis XI.

Task beat a retreat, and took refuge in the wheel, which he turned rapidly.

Which seemed to say: "I would rather work."

"This dog is not much of a courtier, Master Jacques," said Louis XI., observing with interest the agility of the montagnard. "I wish my court were full of such animals. What do you think of him, confrere?" continued the king, addressing himself to the person who accompanied him, and who had until then remained silent.

This was the black man, with the large, sharp scissors; the dog-shearer who had so terrified Marguerite. He was the veterinary surgeon of the king's household, and his business was partly to provide dogs for hunting, and for guarding the palace and prisons of state.

Dogs, like children, have an admirable instinct to divine at first sight good or evil natures. When the black man, who had stood behind, had advanced, he replied in a gloomy voice:

"Yes, sire."

The eye of the dog kindled, his hair bristled, and he seemed ready to spring on the black man.

The latter, far from being terrified, said:

"This animal must be a good watch dog, sire, he appears to me to be worthy to watch at the gates of Plessis-les-Tours. I advise your majesty to purchase him."

This counsel suited Louis XI. perfectly. This

king, having made many victims in the kingdom, had many enemies; he knew it; he feared vengeance, suspected all who surrounded him, had no faith in devotedness, in friends, saw snares everywhere, feared even his son, whom he would not allow to meddle with public affairs; a vigilant guardian like this dog was therefore very desirable.

Task began to run around the black man with extraordinary howls. Blanche and Jacquot trembled as they heard the black man speak; Marguerite trembled, as if the king had demanded the sacrifice of one of her children.

"Pagnes-Dieu!" exclaimed Louis XI., "this is good advice." Turning to Jacques, he said:

"Master Jacques must sell me this animal."

The cutler replied:

"If such is the will of your majesty, take my poor companion, I cannot oppose it; but I cannot sell him!"

"Do you know, Master Jacques," said the black man, "that you are speaking to King Louis XI.?"

"I know," replied the cutler, "that if his majesty is not better than his courtiers I am a ruined man. I repeat to you, Master Shearer, I will not sell my friend." As he said this, the cutler cast his eyes on Task, and saw two large tears trickle from the eyes of this good dog. The king offered a considerable sum. The cutler was silent; the children threw themselves upon the neck of the dog, whom they clasped in their little arms. The good Marguerite burst into tears.

The king, who began to be displeased at this scene, beckoned to the black man to seize the dog, and pass a cord around his neck. The black man approached the animal, who opened his mouth threateningly. He drew back.

The king offered five hundred francs, promising also to have the sign, "cutler to the king," that was beginning to be defaced, painted anew.

The dog escaped from the arms of the children, and ran to take refuge in those of the gentle Marguerite, who exclaimed in her turn:

"No, my poor friend, my good workman, no, you shall not leave us, you who lighten our labors, and help support our family."

"A thousand francs!" exclaimed the king, his eyes sparkling with anger.

Another cry responded to that of the king, the dog disappeared, and Marguerite, instead of the montagnard, held in her arms a boy in a serge apron, who was smiling beneath his beautiful black curls.

"Pierrot! papa, it was Pierrot!" exclaimed the children, running to embrace the apprentice.

The dream of the cutler's wife was fulfilled.

BENEATH THY WATERS.

BY MARY LUTHER DOUGLASS.

O, to sleep beneath thy waters,
Where in foaming waves they leap,
O, to find a dreamless pillow,
Where the river pearls weep;
O, to rest in wakeless quiet,
Where thy rippling waters flow—
O, to sleep, to sleep forever,
Where thy music gushes low!

Oh I've sat enrapt in dreaming,
Where thy waterlets gently glide,
Oh I've wished that I were sleeping
Far beneath the dimpled tide;
Far beneath the gleaming surface,
On thy bosom, broad and deep,
Life and all its cares relinquished,
'Twould be so sweet to sleep!

I have sat upon thy green banks,
I have wandered o'er thy brays,
I have listened to thy music,
Through the purple autumn days;
I have stood, defying danger,
Where thy gleaming cascade fell;
Till I felt my wild, mad spirit
Growing madder 'neath thy spell!

And beneath thy crystal waters,
That in sparkling beauty wave,
I would fain forsake this vain earth,
There to find a peaceful grave;
For this life, beset with changes,
Ever has been dark to me—
O, 'twould be so sweet to slumber,
Fair Connecticut, in thee!

MARGARET'S THREE AFTERNOONS.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

AFTERNOON FIRST.

"Down, Blucher, down, sir!" said Philip Morris to his dog, as he ran panting to his side, after a wild chase into the woods, and throwing up a quantity of swamp mud into his master's face, in his rough endeavors to be noticed.

Philip was rarely angry with the faithful creature, who watched every day as he took down his gun, and followed so gladly to his afternoon sport in the woods or on the banks of the river. But now he was sadly vexed with the dog, who came barking towards him, then running off with head turned back to see if Philip was following, and then back to him again, with his huge forepaw on his master's shoulders, and, in a moment out and away, out of sight and hearing.

"That dence is in the brute," said Philip. "I will go and see what queer game he has started now."

Blucher uttered a joyful bark as he met him at the entrance to the swamp, and in a few minutes they came upon a little open space, where lay a white bundle, which, on approaching, Philip discovered to be an infant, apparently about three or four months old. It lay quietly upon the grass, its great blue eyes opening wide upon the dog, who now stood over it, wagging his tail, and looking up at Philip, with an expression almost human on his rough face. You should have seen Philip as he stood there, gazing upon the group before him, and wondering what on-earth he was going to do with the baby.

It was now a full hour since Blucher had first called his attention; and he rightly supposed that no one would have left it in that situation so long, had they not intended to desert it; and the thought of his own large family at home, and his scanty means, did for a moment trouble the strong current of benevolence which ran through Philip Morris's great, manly heart.

The child decided this problem itself; for it stretched out its little, fat, chubby hands towards him, and uttered a short, cooing sound, which went straight to the aforesaid honest heart; and taking up the little creature in his arms, he wrapped it in his green baize jacket, and turned towards his home, followed by Blucher, who seemed half frantic with joy, and quite disposed to take his own share of credit in the affair.

Philip's house was at the end of a deep lane, and apart from any other dwelling. The situation was lowly, but on a clear, bright autumnal day like this, it was far from being gloomy. The lane was still green and beautiful, though the trees which shaded it were just putting on their brown garments, and the grass was still bright in the hollow, while flowers of gorgeous autumnal hues were growing by the low stone walls.

The house itself stood in a sunny spot; and, although low and irregularly built, and its dark, weather-stained clapboards were guiltless of paint or whitewash, it yet harmonized well with the quiet, homelike beauty of the whole place, and had an air of rustic cheerfulness, as the afternoon sun shone down brightly athwart its brown roof, and over the rude porch.

Two cows—Philip's cows—grazed on the hillside; a solitary sheep was near them, while geese and ducks were making a prodigious clatter in the pool below. Three or four hardy, cherry-cheeked children were paddling in the water, or sailing their mimic boats, and another older one had just mounted the old gray horse, with a bag of corn slung across the sleek back of the well-fed animal.

Within the cottage sat Philip's pleasant, good-natured looking wife, by the side of the cradle, in which lay a fine infant of six months' growth. Her foot mechanically touched the rocker, and she sang occasional snatches of lullabies. They seemed to come naturally and spontaneously from lips which had sung them so often; for Annie Morris had been the mother of nine children, of which number eight were still living.

A bark from Blucher called her attention to the window, and seeing her husband approach with a bundle, she fancied that Philip had been unusually successful in his afternoon sport, and that he had wrapped the game in his jacket.

Truth to say, Annie Morris often thought that her husband's daily excursions had produced so little to boast of in the way of provision for the family, there was small excuse in his continuing them; but, providentially, she kept these thoughts to herself, like a good wife as she was.

She laid down her work on the great basket of clothes which she had been mending, for Annie could make "auld claithes look amaisht as gude as new," and went out to meet Philip.

When he placed the baby in her arms, she started and screamed, and it would have fallen, had not Blucher pushed his great, black head close to it. The little one seemed at once to claim her protection by giving a hungry cry. She carried it into the house, and with great forbearance (considering she was a woman), asked not a single question until she had fed the child, rocked it to sleep, and laid it beside her own infant, in the old-fashioned, capacious cradle, which would have held more babies than half a dozen modern ones.

"Now, Phil, whose baby is this?" she said, pleasantly, as he drew a chair beside her, and sat whistling a stick.

Philip told her all he knew about it, and that was not much.

"The clothes are fine and very white, and the child seems to have been well cared for," said Annie, "except in deserting it now. I wonder if there are any marks upon its clothing."

There was none, however; and neither of them could utter a single conjecture about the little stranger thus thrown upon their already burdened hands. Still, they resolved upon keeping it for the present, and to trust Providence for the ways and means.

And now the little one was fairly installed in her new home, with all the privileges which the most indulgent parent could have given her. Lying side by side with little Alice Morris, fed from the same kind breast, or alternately with the same rich milk from the beautiful heifer

which came, morning and evening, to the little gate to be milked—tended by the rosy, good-natured children, or watched carefully by the faithful Blucher, as it lay, stretching its little pliant limbs upon the bare, white floor, the child thrived daily and hourly.

So far from being a burden, the whole family seemed to consider her a blessing,—a prize, indeed, of which Philip and Blucher were the fortunate finders, but which belonged equally to them all.

Indeed, from the time that Philip had brought her home, he had begun gradually to abandon his indolent habits of fruitless sportsmanship, and to labor more diligently at any small jobs for which he was frequently hired at the village, three miles distant.

The children had begged their mother to let them name the baby Margaret, after the little sister who had died; and Annie gladly assented.

AFTERNOON SECOND.

It was a cold, gusty November day. The sun was sinking in a mass of gray clouds, and a keen wind came rushing over the bare fields, with a dreary sigh, such as November alone can produce. A wagon, with a single horse, driven by a decent, farmer-looking man, might have been seen, late in the afternoon, urging up his tired animal over a dreary turnpike, cut through fields now black with frost.

A few empty barrels were in the wagon, and by the side of the farmer sat a little girl of ten or twelve years of age. The man was trying to cheer up the child's spirits, but she gave way every few minutes to a fresh burst of tears.

"Don't cry now, deary," said he, "my wife is a nice motherly woman, as all the neighbors will tell ye, and she and me will do well by ye, I'll warrant. No doubt ye'll miss them nice children of cousin Phil's, but there will be good friends for you, when I get ye home. Massy, how the wind does blow! poor little gal, I am desperate 'fraid ye'll freeze. Here now, deary, let me wrap you up in this old blanket, and put you into one of the barrels that's got straw in the bottom. Ye'll be warm as wool there, sartin."

The child dried her tears, and fairly laughed at this novel way of travelling. Being really quite cold, she consented to be barrelled up, however, and Farmer Morris, putting in more straw around her, until only her head was visible, and assuring himself that she was comfortably screened from the wind, drove cheerfully onward.

Poor Margaret! she was indeed out of spirits, and very homesick. Within the last ten years a great change had come over the pleasant little

home where, as an infant she had been so kindly cherished, and afterwards so tenderly reared to her present age. War had devastated the whole country. The prices of food and clothing were so exorbitant, that it was more than Philip Morris could do, with his slender means, to feed and clothe his own numerous family.

When, therefore, one of Philip's cousins, a farmer, who lived comparatively in affluence, on a "small place," as he called it, about thirty miles distant, came to the village, wanting a girl to "bring up," Philip reluctantly made up his mind to part with Margaret. Nothing would have brought him to this decision but the fear that he should soon lack the means to give her the comfortable food and the warm fire that he knew she would enjoy at his cousin's farm-house.

So, with many a burst of real, heartfelt grief from parents and children, and many deep sobs from Margaret herself, the good farmer carried her off, on a day which was in unison with their sorrow. It was a fitting day to part with beloved friends, and they all felt the cheerlessness of that bitter afternoon, as they gazed long after the wagon that bore off their kind-hearted little maiden.

Only little Jemmie had a cheerful word to say, as he climbed up into the wagon, and told Margaret that, when he was a big boy, he would come after her, and bring her back again.

The travellers arrived at their home the next morning, Farmer Morris concluding not to expose his little charge to the night air. They found his good dame busily preparing dinner, and her great delight at seeing so "nice a little gal," inspired Margaret with hope for the future. They soon adopted her into their affections, and treated her in all respects as their own child; although Margaret sorely missed the dear brothers and sisters she had left.

AFTERNOON THIRD.

It was sultry August weather. The whole world had a holiday except the hotel keepers and their assistants. Schools were let loose for the month, dressmakers and milliners laid aside their needles, and factory girls swarmed by dozens to their seaside homes, for a breath of the fresh air so long denied. Every day the beach was thronged with limp figures in wet drapery, and with bare feet, rushing from the surf to the shore, contrasting with the flounced and whale-boned skirts of those who only came to look on the bathers.

On one of these hot afternoons, when an approaching shower is so gratefully looked for, two young girls were seated by an open window

which overlooked the broad sea. Tears were in the eyes of each, and an expression of deep sympathy and tenderness beamed in the face of the youngest, as she leaned affectionately towards the elder maiden. Taking her hand, she said kindly, "And so you never knew your parents, dear Margaret! How dreary the world must seem to one of your loving nature!"

"No, not exactly dreary, dear Susan; you do not know how many true friends God has raised up, first and last, for the poor orphan girl. Think of the dear, good Morris family—how well I loved them all, even to the old dog, Blacher, who found me in the swamp. Then the good Farmer Morris and his wife, who have ever treated me as their child, and who would have gladly prevented my going to the factory, had I not been seized with a sudden desire to get my own living. And yourself, dear Susan, I should never have known you and your dear father and mother, who so kindly planned to have us spend this happy month together!"

"But can there be no clue found to your parentage?" said Susan. "Mother thinks she can remember something of a child being left in the woods by its mother, in a sudden fit of derangement, brought on by the incantation of a neighbor, who told her of her husband's death, which occurred at sea, and of which the report came while she was confined with an infant. She thinks that the mother died soon after deserting her child; and she has heard that there was also another child, a boy, who was adopted by some relative at a great distance. Mother thinks, also, that the war so broke up the communication between friends and relations, by causing so many families to remove to other States, that we may conclude that such was the case with all those who might otherwise have claimed you, or at least have found you out."

Thus was passing away the long summer afternoon in such words as these, when Susan's little brother came running in, breathless with excitement, and said: "O Susan, John Harris is coming here to see if he can find his lost sister."

"What do you mean, Willie?" said Susan, for Margaret was too excited to speak.

"Why," said the boy, "I was saying in Jem Hale's store, that my sister had brought home a young lady with her who had no friends here, and I—you won't be affronted, Miss Morris, will you?—I foolishly told him that you thought this was the town where you lived when you were a little girl. And then John Harris came up to me, and seemed so interested in what I was saying, and—well, Susan, you know how he pumps and pumps till he makes everybody tell him

what he wants to know; and, finally, I told him all I overheard you tell mother about Miss Morris' last night. Then John turned so pale that I thought he was going to die; but he said he was only excited, because he had lost a baby sister nineteen years ago, and has been everywhere trying to find her. And he says if he can find her now, he will maintain her like a lady, for you know, Susan, how rich he was when he came home from sea the last time. So I told him to come up here, and there he is now, looking up at this very window."

The boy rattled on, unheeded by Margaret, for she was thoughtfully recalling old memories, and trying to place them in some sort of array before her mental sight, but she had evidently lost some link in the chain which had environed her life. She could not remember the name of the town where she had lived as a child. At Farmer Morris's house they seldom spoke of it; and when they did, their pronunciation failed to keep the idea in her mind.

Mrs. Walter now entered, introducing Mr. Harris. The likeness was sufficient to stamp them as brother and sister; and John had abundant evidence to show that the orphan who was found and adopted by Philip Morris, was the child that was deserted by her mother in her unfortunate derangement.

It was a joyful and happy afternoon to many as well as to the brother and sister. The kind-hearted Walters were delighted that their guest had found such a good brother as John Harris; and if Susan's blushes could be rightly interpreted, she was thinking that she too might soon have Margaret for a sister. John had long been attentive to her; but having only arrived in town that morning, he had not thought of going to Mr. Walters's till the evening, had not the boy's relation excited his curiosity. Little Willie took as much credit to himself in this affair as did old Blucher on a former occasion; and both John and his sister showered innumerable presents on the bright and intelligent little lad who had thus brought them together.

The shower had passed away, and the sun had just given his farewell kiss to the waves, leaving behind him a purple and golden glory, soft, warm, and radiant over the expanse of water. In the east the half moon was rising like a "bank of pearl" in the full deep blue of heaven. One by one the stars came forth "like infant births of light;" and still under these successive lights Margaret walked by her brother on the sea-shore, feeling that, come what would in the future, one brave and manly heart was found to which she could cling through life.

There is good reason to believe that Susan Walter held privately the same opinion; but as we have no business with any event beyond Margaret's three afternoons, we shall say nothing of the double wedding which took place a few months afterwards, when Susan's brother, Henry Walter, came home from sea one afternoon;—that same afternoon numbering as the fourth in Margaret's experience.

WOMAN AND PORPOISES.

Well, it's the nature of porpoises, when a she one gets wounded, that all the other porpoises race right arter her, and chase her to death. They show her no mercy; human natur' is the same as fish natur' in this particler, and is as scaly too. When a woman gets a wound from an arrow shot out by scandal, or envy, or malice, or falsehood, for not keepin' her eye on the compass, and shapin' her course as she ought to, men, women, boys, parsons and their tea goin', gossipin' wives, pious gals, and prime old maids, all start off in fall cry, like a pack of bloodhounds, arter her and tear her to pieces; and if she earths, and has the luck to get safe into a hole fust, they howl and yell round it every time she shows her nose, like so many imps of darkness. It's the race of charity, to see which long-legged, bilious-lookin' critter can be in at the death fust. They turn up the whites of their eyes, like ducks in thunder, at a fox-hunt; it's so wicked; but a gal-hunt they love dearly—it's serving the Lord.—*Sam Slick.*

ANECDOTE OF NAPOLEON.

It is reported of Napoleon, that, when at Eylau, he took a diamond star from his breast and placed it on that of a young medical officer. In a deadly charge the day before, thousands were wounded; at last the serried lines of the French gave way, and retreated by a series of manoeuvres, in one of which, amongst dead and dying, a surgeon was seen, suddenly called to a general, terribly wounded. A large artery was open; cold and harassed, the surgeon knelt by his patient; shouts were raised on all sides for him to save himself; the battalions of the enemy literally rode over him; the bullets of the opposing army whistled in hundreds by his ears; still he pressed on the artery, and ultimately saved the life of the young officer. A bitter cold night followed a more frightful day; the surgeon crunched the snow in his hand, and applied it to the wound. Napoleon seeing him next day, the diamond cross was placed on his breast.—*London Journal.*

A MARTIAL BUFFOON.

There is often a buffoon attached to each Russian company, who amuses his comrades by his jests and antics, and is generally a great favorite. On one occasion in the Caucasus, when the troops were driven back by the Circassians, the buffoon was wounded and left behind. A favorite jest of his had been to crow like a cock; and as he lay on the ground, he thought of the only way to save himself, and crowed. This had such an effect, on his comrades, that they rallied, charged again, and saved him.—*Albion.*

ANNA DEAN.

A PHYSICIAN'S STORY.

BY MORACE B. STANIFORD.

My office was on Duntley Street, No. 57,—but for several days I had been absent, engaged in hunting up a scapegrace brother of mine, who had come down from Oxford, and who was throwing away his little patrimony as fast as possible previous to entering the office of an attorney for the study of law. I found George—that was my brother's name—at Highgate, and after much persuasion and argument, I urged him to his office, and not until he had promised me that he would remain there did I return to my office. When I reached there, my boy told me that a very urgent request had come from No. 92 Lambert Street for me to visit there.

I made a few calls in my immediate neighborhood, and then I took a cab for Lambert Street. I found No. 92 to be an old house, but yet built in an expensive, and even luxuriant style. My summons at the door was answered by an elderly lady, and evidently a domestic.

"Is this Dr. Latimer?" she asked.

I told her yes, and thereupon she conducted me into a darkened parlor, and bade me wait for her master. The room in which I was thus left was very large, and by the dim light which struggled in through the chinks of the shutters I could see that the wainscoting was of heavy oak, and elaborately carved. The chandelier was of silver, and the other furniture was equally costly. I was wondering why I had thus been sent for, when the door was opened, and a man entered. He was a short, portly person, with a bald head, and I should judge not far from threescore-and-ten. He bowed very politely, and having assured himself that I was the doctor he sought, he opened the case as follows:

"Now, doctor, I must tell you why I have sent for you. I have a niece, who has lately come to the city, and she is all I have to love or care for on earth. Her name is Anna Dean. She is an orphan, but I will be more than a father to her, and Mrs. Gobray, my old house-keeper, loves her as well as any mother can love. But Anna is sick—very sick. I have had some of the best physicians of London here, but her case has baffled all their skill. I have heard of your success in several difficult cases, and as a last resort, I come to you. Cure her, sir—cure her, and you shall have money more than you could ask. My name is Varney—Allan Varney. If you have ever heard of me, you will know that I am able to fulfil my promise."

I had heard of Allan Varney, as a retired banker, and I knew him to be worth some millions sterling. He led the way to the hall, and from thence up stairs to a large chamber, in which stood a bed. I could just distinguish a human form upon this bed, but the place was too dark to see plainly, so I directed Mrs. Gobray—the old lady aforesaid—to open one of the shutters. This having been done, I approached the bed. I was startled by the scene that there met my gaze. The invalid was a girl, not far from seventeen years of age, and even in her sunken condition, she presented the greatest share of female loveliness I had ever seen. Her skin was as pure as marble; her brow, full and admirably developed; her hair, of a perfect golden lustre, and gathered about the temples and ears in beautiful curls; her features faultlessly regular; and her eyes of a deep, lustrous, golden blue. She started, on beholding me, and an unintelligible exclamation dropped from her lips.

I sat down by her side and took her hand. I found the skin dry and hot, and the pulse small, hard, and fluttering. Her nervous system was greatly debilitated, with much weariness, flying pains, and frequent sighing. But the tongue was perfectly clean, though somewhat swollen and inflamed. I asked her many questions, all of which she answered promptly.

Her case was truly a curious one. Most of the symptoms were those of typhus fever, but there were other symptoms, too, as well as some of the typhus marks absent. There was one thing which struck me as paramount to all others, and that was the severe inflammation of the stomach, and which extended all along the œsophagus to the tongue, and also through the larynx, and the bronchial tubes. There was some flush— hectic—upon the cheeks, but the eye did not appear as usual in such cases. After a thorough examination, I made my prescriptions with as much judgment as I could command. I avoided everything of a nauseating quality, for I was sure she had already taken more emetics than was good for her. In addition to the potions which I left, I directed that the head, neck and breast should be often bathed with cold water.

When I left the chamber, the old man asked me what I thought of his "poor child's" case. I saw that he was nervous and anxious, and I gave him some hope, though in truth I had but a faint idea of what really ailed his niece.

When I returned to my office, I sat down and pondered upon my new patient's case. I called to mind each symptom, but I could not conceive of any natural cause which could have produced such developments.

On the next day, I called again, but I could not see that my medicine had had any effect. I sat down by the girl's side, and I soon found that a mental depression of more than ordinary moment was upon her. She eyed me with an eager, fixed look, and often, when my eyes were unexpectedly turned upon her, I found her gaze fixed upon me with a look more tender than otherwise. At first, I imagined that her mind must be wandering, but her conversation was not only rational and sensible, but of the highest order of purity and modesty. She was free to explain her feelings to me, but when I came to ask her concerning any circumstances or habits that might have led to disease, she not only failed to answer promptly, but she seemed diffident about answering at all.

Four times I visited her, and each time I found her failing. None of my medicine seemed to have the effect I desired, while symptoms, which I supposed would at once subside beneath my treatment, remained in full force. On my fifth visit, I made a new and more thorough examination. The symptoms were the same as on my first visit, only the vital energy was much less. While I was examining her tongue, a suspicion entered my mind. I prepared an emetic, and caused her to take it. Vomiting followed in a few minutes, and, unknown to her, I dipped a sponge into the matter which she had thrown off, and concealed it about me. When I went home, I analyzed the small quantity I had secured, and I found that my suspicions were correct. A deadly poison had been taken into her stomach, and that, too, within a very few hours before I made my visit, for its chemical parts were not yet separated.

Here was a discovery. Of course, I knew that I had given none of this poison; and I knew, too, that no other physician was attending upon my patient. I now understood many things which had heretofore puzzled me, though there were some which I did not understand. Yet I was deeply in the dark, and it was some time before I resolved to make my discovery known to my patient.

On the following day, Allan Varney met me in the hall before I had seen my patient, and in trembling tones, asked me if I had now any hopes of Anna's recovery. I informed him that within two days I could give him a direct answer, and this seemed to give him relief.

When I entered the chamber where my patient lay, I found her more low than before, and her pulse had now become very weak and faint, with a fluttering motion. Now I could read very plainly all the symptoms of slow, systematic

poisoning; and the next question was—was some secret enemy doing this fearful work, or was Anna Dean a suicide? I resolved to arrive at the truth at once. I asked Mrs. Gobray to leave the room, and then I sat down at the bedside. I took the girl's hand in my own, and thus commenced:

"Anna Dean, I have exercised my utmost skill upon your case, and yet you fail every hour. Are you prepared for death?"

"Yes, sir; O, yes." Her answer was quick, and even vehement. I was pretty sure now where the danger lay.

"Allow me to ask you another question," I resumed. "Do you think there is any use in my further attendance upon you? Do you feel as though I could help you?"

She hesitated some time ere she answered this, and I could see that she was troubled. But at length she said, in a faltering tone:

"You must be your own judge of that, sir."

"But," I added, determined now to come to the point, "will you help me if I continue to labor for you? I cannot cure you while you deliberately nullify all my efforts in your behalf."

Anna Dean started, as I thus spoke, and gazed me full in the eye.

"What do you mean?" she finally asked.

"Do you not know what I mean?" I replied, with a touch of sternness.

She made me no reply, but covered her face with her hands, and turned away. I had no longer any doubts. I remained silent until she again turned towards me, and then said, in a tone as kind as I could assume:

"Anna Dean, your secret is known to me. I have found poison in your stomach, and I know that you have taken it of your own free will. Mind you, I know this."

"O, sir!" she gasped, extending both her hands, and grasping me by the arm; "you will not expose me!"

"I cannot promise," I replied. "But if you will confide to me your reasons for this strange course, then I will give you a more decided answer. Fear not, my friend, for I assure you, upon my honor, that I will not reveal one thing which I learn from you without your full and free consent."

Gradually, her hands slipped down until they both rested in mine, and then, in a tremulous tone, she said:

"You have discovered my most dangerous secret, and I am now willing to tell you the rest. I have felt a strange confidence in you, ever since you commenced to visit me, and once or twice I have almost wished that I might recover

just to please you and help your reputation; but my purpose was too firmly fixed, and I held to it. One year ago, I became acquainted with a youth who was all truth and nobleness, and I loved him. Ere long, he confessed his love for me, and from that time, there was no disguising of our real feelings. O, I loved that youth with my whole soul, and I thought he loved me the same. Perhaps he did, then. But he left me! All was arranged for our future joy and blessedness, and a hundred times did we talk it over together. Finally, my uncle sent for me to come to London, and George came with me. One evening he spent with me here, and—and—I have not seen him since. He has found another, whom he loves better. Why, now, should I live? Life is but a burden to me, and the future but one prospect of dayless night! I pondered long upon it—I reflected seriously—and I resolved to die. O, sir, you know not the pangs of the heart utterly broken; you knew not the terrible agony of the crushed and hopeless soul. People wonder how the lone-stricken can be so foolish, but they know not the dreadful reality of pain that dwells with them. I would have taken my soul away from earth at once, only I had some care for the feelings of my friends; so I resolved to pursue this course, and thereby lead them to think that I died a natural death."

As she ceased speaking, she bowed her head and wept, and for the first time in my life I had some faint realization of the heart-pangs of those who suffered the loss of the living loved one.

"What was the name of the youth to whom you have alluded?" I asked.

"George Latimer," she answered.

I trembled, but she did not notice it. I had feared this. It was my own brother!

"Promise me one thing," I said, hiding my real feelings. "Promise me that, until you see me again, you will not touch any poison."

"But why?" she asked.

"Promise, if you would be happy here and hereafter. It is a simple thing. Promise."

She did promise, and I left her the most powerful restoratives I thought her system would bear, which she promised to take. When I left her, I repaired at once to the lawyer's office, where my brother had taken a deed, but he was not there.

"And furthermore," added the attorney, "he has not been here over an hour during the past week. Ah, he's in a sad way, city life will ruin him."

I stopped not to make any conversation, but simply left a note for George, requesting him to

call upon me immediately, and then returned to my office.

This was something strange for George. He was now in his twenty-second year, and until within a month I had never known him to engage in any sort of riotous conduct. No one could be more sober and steady than he had been, and no student at Oxford had better recommendations from his tutors.

That very evening George called at my office. His face was flushed, and his hand was unsteady.

"You left a note at Batey's for me," he said, after I had greeted him as was my wont.

"Yes, George," I returned, "for I wished to see you much. Suppose our poor mother should hear how you—"

"Stop! stop!" George cried, vehemently, and with much emotion. "Don't say a word. If I can die I will. When I went to Batey's office, I meant to push ahead, but it's of no use."

"But what is all this? What has happened?"

"I can't tell you, Lewis; so don't ask me."

I saw a tear in his eye as he spoke.

"But let me tell you something, George. A week ago I was called upon to attend a beautiful young female who had been taken down with a strange disease. Four physicians had given her up. For four days I attended her, and I was also on the point of giving her up, when I discovered that she was committing suicide! She was taking slow poison; taking it thus, so that when she was gone her friends might not know the terrible truth. I revealed to her my discovery, and she told me her sad story. A year before she had become acquainted with a youth, to whom she gave her whole heart, and he returned her love. A few months of sweet joy followed, and then her uncle sent for her to come to this city. She came, and her lover came with her. But she has not seen him since. He has forsaken her, and she wishes only to die. Life has no more joys for her if he be lost to her."

George started forward and grasped me by the arm. He was pale as death, and his breath came hard and quick.

"Tell me her name," he whispered, hoarsely.

"Anna Dean," I answered.

"O, God of mercy!" he gasped, clasping his hands, "who told this falsehood? Me, false to my love? Me—who am now dying in her neglect? Lewis Latimer, many a time have I tried to see her, and her uncle spurned me from his door. Could I return there again? No! But has not Anna received my letters?"

"I think not," I replied.

"And does she love me yet?" he cried, almost frantically.

"So much so," I told him, "that she even chooses death, to life without you."

"O, what a villain that old man is! He has lied to me, basely lied to me."

But I need not tell all that occurred then; suffice it for me to here say, that I soon became satisfied that Mr. Varney, for the purpose of breaking off the match between his niece and George, had resorted to the work of deceiving them both.

On the next day I called at Varney's house, and asked for a few minutes' conversation with the old man in private. He led the way to the parlor, into which I had been introduced on my first visit, and as we had become seated, I spoke. I knew that square work would be the best, and as it I went.

"Mr. Varney," I said, "you have expressed much anxiety respecting your niece, and I am now able to inform you of the nature of her disease; I discovered it by accident, and you alone can cure her."

"Me? me, doctor?" uttered the old man in astonishment.

"Yes, sir," I answered. "Her's is a perfect case—and the first and only one I have ever seen—of a broken heart. Her soul is utterly crushed, and if the true remedy is not applied, death must soon follow."

"But how? Explain!" cried Varney, leaping from his chair, and then sitting down again.

"Then listen. Until last night, sir, I knew not how nearly I was connected with this affair, and as God is my judge, my relationship to one of the parties influences me not in the least. Anna loves a noble-hearted but humble youth; with her whole soul she loves him; but she is torn from him. She will not complain of the man who has done this, but she chooses to die, and thus end all her sorrows. Thus, sir—and thus alone—has the hand of death fallen upon Anna Dean."

"But you spoke of relationship, sir," whispered the old man, much agitated.

"Ay, sir; the youth whom you have turned from your door, is my brother. But mind you, I ask nothing for my own sake, though my poor brother is dying, too."

"But with dissipation," added Varney.

"And that dissipation is the result of this fatal blow. Never before was he so, and could his love be returned, I'd pledge my life that never again would he be found thus sunken."

The old man started to his feet and began to pace the room. At length he stopped in front of me, and said, "You may be mistaken in this, sir."

"Let us to your niece at once, then," I replied, "and there you shall have the proof. She knows not yet, that George Latimer remains true to his love. She thinks him false. You know, sir, how she gained that impression."

"Do you mean to catechize me?"

"Not at all, sir. But I speak plainly. You know the situation in which I found my patient. Ah, here is a case for a summary remedy. Come, let us go to her room; and let me speak but one word of truth, and the rest I will leave to you."

A few moments the old man pondered, and then he consented to go. We found Anna upon her bed, and at a single glance I could see that she was better, and then I knew that she was not so far gone but that I could save her. I approached the bedside and took her hand.

"Anna Dean," I said, "last night I saw George Latimer. He is my own brother—Stop! Listen until I finish.—I found him reckless of life, and courted death. He loved you truly, fondly, and with his own lips he told me that death was preferable to life without you."

With a quick cry she sprang up to a sitting position and caught me by the arm. Her eyes beamed with a bright fire, and a deep flush came to her cheek.

"You are not deceiving me," she uttered, frantically.

"No, Anna, I speak the truth."

"O, my uncle!" she groaned, letting go her hold upon me, and extending her hands towards him, "save me! save me!—and save him, too!"

The old man made a motion for me to leave the room.

"He knows nothing more!" I whispered to the girl, and then I turned away. I went down to the parlor, and there I remained half an hour, at the end of which time Allen Varney joined me.

"Doctor Latimer," he said, wiping the tears from his eyes, "when your brother came down here from Oxford, I knew him only as a poor youth without business of any kind, and supposed, without the opportunities for business. To such an one I dared not trust the management of such a sum as must go with the hand of my niece; so I simply resolved to break up the match at once, thinking that a short time would serve to heal all heart wounds; but I find I was mistaken. I feel not like talking much, now; but go and tell your brother to come here. I would see him, and tell him, too, that Anna would see him."

I went away happy. I found George waiting for me at my office. I told him the news, and he sank down upon my sofa and fainted. But

I soon revived him, and ere long afterwards, we were on our way to Lambert Street. Allen Varney asked me if 'twould be safe to allow George to go up now. I told him yes, that it would serve better to start her back to life than anything else. I remained behind while the old gentleman conducted my brother up. In about ten minutes Varney returned, and he made no effort to hide the tears that trickled down his cheeks.

"My soul!" he uttered, "I didn't dream how she loved him. She didn't tell me."

"Because you made her think that he had forgotten her," said I.

"I know," he returned, "but it's over now. I left them clasped in each other's arms. If she only recovers I shall be happy."

And Anna Dean did recover, though her uncle knew not the immediate agent of her sickness. She recovered, and became the wife of my brother. Old Varney got him up in the banking business, and he is now one of the most successful bankers in the metropolis. Anna lives to love him, and to love me, too; for she assures me that no other physician could have saved her. I never dispute her, for there is a strange joy in owning the gratitude of one so beautiful and good as she is.

DAN TUCKER IN INDIA.

A very curious illustration of progress in India was furnished to me one day during my sojourn with Mr. Place. We were dining together in his bungalow when a wandering Hindoo minstrel came along with his mandolin, and requested permission to sit upon the veranda and play for us. I was desirous of hearing some of the Indian airs, and my host therefore ordered him to perform during dinner. He tuned the wires of his mandolin, extemporised a prelude which had some very familiar passages, and to my complete astonishment began singing "Get out of the way, Old Dan Tucker!" The old man seemed to enjoy my surprise, and followed up his performance with "O, Susanna," "Buffalo Gals," and other choice Ethiopian melodies, all of which he sang with admirable spirit and correctness. I addressed him in English, but found that he did not understand a word of the language, and had no conception of the nature of the songs he had given us. He had heard some English officers sing them at Madras, and was indebted entirely to his memory for both the melodies and words. It was vain to ask him for his native airs; he was fascinated with the spirit of our national music, and sang with a grin of delight which was very amusing. As a climax of skill, he closed with, "*Malbrook se va ten guerre*," but his pronunciation of French was not quite successful. I have heard Spanish boatmen on the Isthmus of Panama, singing "Carry me back to Ole Virginny," and Arab boys in the streets of Alexandria humming "Lucy Long," but I was hardly prepared to hear the same airs from the lips of a Hindoo in the Great Mogul.—*Bayard Taylor's Letters*.

DAN RICE'S GRATITUDE.

Dan Rice, the celebrated circus performer, some fourteen years ago left Reading with an exhibition of some sort, which turned out badly, and involved the proprietor in difficulty. Judge Heidenreich, of Berks county, found him in this condition, gave him a suit of clothes, and lent him a horse and wagon, in order that he might pursue his business. Dan was still unsuccessful, and destitution soon overtook him again; while, to add to his distress, his wife was taken sick. In this dilemma he was forced to sell the horse and wagon, which the judge had only loaned him, in order to raise means to take his wife home to Pittsburgh. Not long after this he obtained a situation in one of the theatres of this city, where the judge saw and recognised him, and in the morning called at his lodgings. Dan was still poor and seedy, and fully expected reproaches, if nothing worse, from his old patron but instead of these, the judge insisted on his going the second time to the tailor's and being fitted out at his expense. To this, however, Dan would not consent, and they parted, never to meet again until one day last week, when his company was performing at Reading, and the judge came to attend. Dan's first duty was to hunt up his old friend, and invite him to take a short ride about town, to which he consented, and a horse and vehicle were soon ready at the door.

Dan's equipage, like that of his profession generally, seemed a pretty stylish turn-out. It consisted of a bran new carriage of elegant make, a cream colored Arabian pony, and a spick and span new set of glistening harness. The drive was taken and enjoyed, and time flew swiftly by, as the two friends talked and laughed over the half-forgotten events of old times. Dan drove the judge back to his lodgings, stepped out upon the pavement, and before the judge had time to rise from his seat, handed him the reins and whip, with a graceful bow, and said, "These are yours, judge—the old horse and wagon restored with interest—take them, with Dan Rice's warmest gratitude!" The judge was stricken dumb with amazement for a few moments, but soon recovered his self-possession, and began to remonstrate. But Dan was inexorable—he closed his lips firmly, shook his head, waved a polite adieu to his old friend in the carriage, walked off to his hotel, and left the judge to drive the handsome equipage, now really his own, to the stable. An honest man, and a man of honor, is Dan Rice.—*Reading Gazette*.

TRUISMS.

There are many truisms in the world. Take the following as a sample in every-day life:

One new bonnet will make a lady feel happy, —very.

One "funny man" will bother a whole neighborhood.

One goose hiss will disturb a whole assembly.

One drop of oil will stop a hideous noise.

One "jolly row" will turn all the inhabitants of a street out of doors.

One pretty flirt will make a dozen plain girls unhappy for an entire evening.

One song will set thirty people talking.

TO M. F. C.

BY IDA RAVELIN.

It is not for thee, thou false-hearted one,
That these sighs all unbidden successfully come,
It is not for thee that these tears benish mine,
And everything loses its charm upon earth.

Ah no, thou deceiver! my heart is as cold
Towards the idol it cherished so fondly of old,
That the moonlight now resting on yonder pure snow,
Could dissolve it ere I could such weak folly show.

'Tis not that my trust in fond love thou hast shaken,
My trust in "earth's Eden of bliss" thou hast taken;
'Tis not that I never again shall now dare
To confide my heart's love to another's vain care.

It is not for this—no, the tear that now falls,
Is for time spent so vainly, that memory recalls,
When the hours unheeded in folly were past,
When hope whispered falsely my bright dreams would last.

It is that I thought not of blest things above,
And turned coldly away from a Saviour's pure love;
That roses were twined in the bands of my hair,
When Jesus the thorns was contented to wear.

This—this is the cause of all grief in my heart,
And bids the bright sunshine of life to depart;
But in future, when folly and sin are forgiven,
I once more may smile in the "sunlight of heaven."

MADAME URSINUS,

THE PRINCESS OF POISONERS.

THERE are few objects which present to the psychologist more curious traits, and more subtle enigmas, than lady poisoners. The character is so opposed to all our ideas of feminine feeling and affection, that, except under circumstances of extreme excitement, resentment of slighted attachment, blind jealousy, or revenge of injured honor, its existence would seem hardly possible. If we search for motives, we find them to be generally of the most selfish and grovelling kind. They are, commonly, to put out of the way some or all of the people around who have money to leave. Other base passions come into play, but Mammon, the basest spirit that fell, is generally at the bottom of their career. It is amazing the variety and amiability of character that is worn for years, to cover the foul fiend within. For long periods these female vampyres live in the heart of a family circle, wearing the most life-like marks of goodness and kindness, of personal attractions and spiritual gifts; caressed, feted, honored as the very pride of their sex, while they are all the time calculating on the lives and purses of those nearest, and who should be dearest to them.

Some of these modern Medæas have played the

part of the fashionable, or the versatile, or the æsthetic; some of the devoted attendants on the sick and suffering. Heaven defend us from such devotion! May no such tigress smooth our pillow, smile blandly on us in our pains which she cannot take away, and mix with taper fingers the opiate for our repose! Amid the most stealthy-footed and domestically benign of this feline race, were the Widow Zwanziger, and Mrs. Gottfried, of Germany. They were amongst the most successful, though not the most distinguished, in this art of poisoning. They went on their way, slaying all around them, for years upon years, and yet were too good and agreeable to be suspected, though death was but another name for their shadows. Funerals followed these fatal sisters as certainly as thunder follows lightning, and undertakers were the only men who flourished in their path.

The Widow Zwanziger was an admirable cook and nurse. Her soups and coffee had a peculiar strength; her watchful care by the sick bed was in all hearts; she kissed the child she meant to kill, and pillowed the aching head with such soothing address that it never ached again. Mrs. Gottfried was so attractive a person that her ministrations were sought by people of much higher rank than her own: she was so warm a friend, that she was a friend unto death, and one attached soul after another breathed their last in her arms. Husband after husband departed, and still her hand was sought, and still it practised its cunning. At length, in her four and fiftieth year, she was detected and arrested. In prison she walked amid the apparitions of her victims, wept tears of tenderness over their memory, and finished by desiring that her life might be written; so that, having lost everything else, she might yet enjoy her fame.

All women of this class have had an extraordinary degree of vanity—and, what is more, they have had a perfect passion for their art. The Marchioness de Brinvilliers was an enthusiast in the composition of the rarest poisons, of which her accomplice, Sainte-Croix, was so eminent a compounder. The admiration of her beauty, the distinction of her rank, afforded her but a feeble satisfaction in comparison to that of watching the operation of some lethal essence. She certainly was not the mere marchioness, but the princess of poisoners; and yet it remained for Madame Ursinus to give additional touches of perfection to this peculiar character. She was at once a lady of fashion, a plotter, a writer of useful tracts, a poetess, and a poisoner. Through all the dangers of these various careers, she lived to the good old age of seventy-six, and died

—lamented) Brinvilliers, Zwaniger, and Gottfried, confessed that they were conquered by their crimes; but Madame Ursinus, branded in public opinion, continued to defy it, and conquered even that, and to the very last gasp persisted in playing the heroine. Nay more, without confession, remorse, or penitence, she strove in her own way, and with no trifling success, to achieve the title of a saint. Surely it is worth while to dig up from the rubbish-heap of a Prussian criminal court a few fragments of the history of such a woman.

The widow of Privy-councillor Ursinus lived honored and courted in the highest circles of Berlin. Her rank, and the reputation of her husband, whom she had lost but a few years, her handsome fortune, her noble figure, and impressive features, together with her spirit and accomplishments, made her the centre of attraction in the society of the time. She lived in a splendid house, and her establishment in all its appointments was perfect. We can imagine the sensation caused by the news of her arrest.

Madame Ursinus was seated in the midst of a brilliant company on the evening of the 5th of March, 1803, at a card table, when a servant, with all the signs of terror on his face, entered, and informed her that the hall and ante-room were occupied by police, who insisted on seeing her. Madame Ursinus betrayed no surprise or emotion. She put down her cards, begged the party with whom she was engaged to play to excuse the interruption, observing that there was some mistake, and that she would be back in a moment. She went but did not return. After waiting some time, her partners inquired after her, and learned to their consternation, that she was arrested and carried off to prison, on a charge of poisoning.

A confidential servant, Benjamin Klein, had complained in the preceding month of February of indisposition. She gave him a basin of beef-tea, and some days afterwards some medicine in rinses. This, so far from removing his complaint, increased it; and when his mistress a few days afterwards, offered him some boiled rice, he said he could not eat it, and was much struck by observing that she carefully put it away where no one else could get it. This excited in his mind strong suspicions that there was something in the food that was detrimental to health, and associated with his condition. He resolved secretly to examine his mistress's room and cabinet, and in the latter he found a small parcel, with the ominous label—*Arsenic*.

The next day his attentive mistress brought him some stewed prunes, which she recommend-

ed as likely to do him good; and this time he accepted them with apparent thankfulness, but took care that none of them should enter his mouth. He communicated his suspicions to the maid, in whom he had confidence, and she quickly carried off the prunes to her brother, who was the apprentice to a celebrated apothecary. The apprentice communicated the prunes and the suspicion to his master, who tested them, and found them well seasoned with arsenic. The apothecary very soon conveyed the discovery to the magistrate, and the magistrate, after hearing the statement of the servant and the lady's maid, arrested the great lady.

People, of course, now began to look back on the life of this distinguished woman; and it was presently remembered that her husband, and an aunt, to whose last days she had paid assiduous attention, and whose wealth had fallen to her, had gone off suddenly. Madame Ursinus was all at once set down as a second Brinvilliers, and wonderful revelations were expected. The general appetite for the marvellous became ravenous and insatiable. There appeared almost immediately—it is wonderful how quickly such things are done—a book by M. Frederick Buchholz, entitled the “Confessions of a Female Poisoner, written by herself,” which was rapidly bought up and devoured, as the veritable confessions of the Ursinus.

But, alas for the hungering and thirsty public, Madame Ursinus was not a lady of the confessing sort! She was a clever, far-seeing soul, who had laid her grand plans well, and had allowed no witnesses, and feared no detection. True, if she had poisoned her husband and her aunt, the witness of the poison itself might be forthcoming; but chemical tests of poisons were not then so well known as now. The bodies were disinterred and examined, and no trace of poison was found. The state of the stomach and intestines was most suspicious; but the doctors disagreed as to the cause, as doctors will; and so far Madame Ursinus was safe.

But there was no getting over the fact that the prunes intended for the cautious Benjamin Klein, had arsenic in them; and the Ursinus was too shrewd to attempt to deny it. On this point she did confess, promptly, frankly, and fully. But then, she meant no harm, at least against him. She had no intention of murdering the man. What good could that do her? he had no money to leave. No, her motive was very different. In early life her affections had been thwarted through the usual obduracy of parents; she had married a man whom she highly esteemed, but did not love; another friend, whom she did love,

had died of consumption, and she was disgusted with life. The gaiety and splendor which surrounded her were a hollow splendor, and wearisome gaiety. She had been prosperous, but that prosperity had only accelerated her present mood. She had outlived the relish of existence, and had resolved to die. Ignorant, however, poor innocent soul! of the force of this poison, she wanted to learn how much would be sufficient for its object; and therefore she had done as young doctors are said to do in hospitals—made a few experiments on her patient, the unfortunate Benjamin Klein. She had given him the minutest quantity, so as to be quite safe, and had cautiously increased the successive doses—not with the least intention to do him harm, but to ascertain the effectual dose for herself. She would not for her life have hurt the man.

In society she had been noted for her sensibility, for the almost morbid delicacy of her nerves and the acuteness of her sympathies. This was all. As to the charge of having administered poison to her nearest connections, she treated the calumny with the greatest indignation. The judges were puzzled; the Ursinus was resolute in the protestations of her innocence; and the public were at a disagreeable nonplus.

And what had really been the life and character of the Ursinus? Sophia Charlotte Elizabeth Weingarten was the daughter of a so-called Baron Weingarten, who, as secretary of legation in Austria, had, under the charge of high treason, crossed to Prussia, and assumed the name of Weiss. Fraulein Weingarten, or Von Weiss, was born in 1760. While residing, in her teens, with an elder married sister, wife of the Councillor of State Haacke, at Spandan, occurred that genuine love affair which her parents so summarily trampled upon. She was called home to Stendal, and, in her nineteenth year, married to Privy-Councillor Ursinus. The privy-councillor was a man of high standing, high character, and most exemplary life; but unluckily, all these gifts and graces are often conferred upon or acquired by men who do not possess the other qualities that young ladies of nineteen admire. The worthy councillor was old, sickly, deaf and passionless. In fact, he was a dull, common-place, diligent, unimaginative pack-horse and official plodder; most meritorious in his motives, and great in his department of public business, but just the last man for a lively, handsome girl of nineteen. On the other hand, he had his good qualities even as a husband. He had no jealousies, and the most unbounded indulgence.

Soon after their marriage they removed to Ber-

lin, where, amid the gay society of the capital, Madame Ursinus soon contracted a warm friendship for a handsome young Dutch officer, of the name of Rogay. Rogay, in fact, was the man of her heart. She declared, with her usual candor, in one of her examinations before the magistrate, that she was made for domestic affection, that as there was no domestic affection between herself and her departed husband, neither he nor she pretended any. They agreed to consider themselves as a legal couple, and as friends, and no more. As to Captain Rogay, she made no secret of it that she clung to him with the most ardent feeling of love.

This attachment the privy-councillor—the most reasonable of men—so far from resenting, encouraged and approved. He wished his wife to make herself happy, and enjoy life in her own way; and there is a long letter preserved in the criminal records, which he himself wrote at her dictation to the beloved Rogay, on an occasion when he had absented himself for some time, urging him to renew his visits, and that in the most love-like terms, the tenderest of which the old man underlined with his own hand.

But Rogay came not—he removed to another place, and there, soon after, died. Here was now another subject of suspicion. Rogay had cause, said people, to keep away; while she fawned on him, she had killed him. But here, again, the testimony of two of the most celebrated physicians of the day was unanimous that the cause of Rogay's death was consumption and nothing more. The physician attested that he had attended Rogay while he was living and suffering under the roof of Privy-Councillor Ursinus; that Madame Ursinus displayed the most unequivocal affection for him; that she attended on him, gave him everything with her own hand, and that no wife could have been more assiduously tender to him than she was. She called herself Lotte in her communication with him—not only because her name was Charlotte, but because she was an enthusiast of the Werter school, and loved to be of the same name as Werter's idol. But yet Rogay withdrew himself and died alone, and at a distance.

Three years after the decease of Rogay, died Ursinus himself. Old he was, it is true, but he was in perfect health. The kind wife made him a little festival on his birthday, and in the night he sickened and died. He had taken something that disagreed with him—but what so common at a feast? Madame Ursinus sat up with him alone; she called not a single creature; she hoped he would be better; but the man was aged and weak, and he went his way.

The year after followed as suddenly her maiden aunt, the wealthy Miss Witte. One evening, her doctor left her quite well, and in the night she sickened and died. The Ursinus was quite alone with her, called no single domestic, but let the good lady die in her arms. Both the bodies of the husband and the aunt, now Klein's affair took place, were disinterred and examined. There was no poison traceable, but the corpses were found dried together as if baked, or as if they were mummies of a thousand years old. The skin of the abdomen was so tough that it resisted the surgeon's knife, and the soft parts of the body had assumed the appearance of hard tallow. The hands, fingers and feet of the old man were drawn together as by spasms, his skin resembled parchment, and the stomachs of both bore every trace of injury and inflammation, which had reduced them to an inseparable mass. Yet the eminent doctors declared that poison was not the cause of death in either case—but apoplexy, or—in short, that there was not the remotest symptom of poison.

So, instead of the pleasure-loving multitude obtaining a spectacle and a fete, the whirling sword of the executioner and the falling head were exchanged for perpetual imprisonment, and the handsome, wealthy widow of forty was sent to spend the remainder of her days in the fortress of Glatz.

Here she assumed a new character. Her part of the interesting woman of fashion was played out; she had become interesting beyond her wish, and fate had now assigned her another part—to defend her life and reputation. There was a call to develop her powers of fortitude and of intellect, and she embraced it; not only before the tribunal of justice, but in her whole conduct through the thirty long years which she continued a prisoner.

No sooner had she entered on her quarters in the prison of Glatz, than she set about writing an elaborate defence of herself. In her room, which was the best the fortress afforded to its captives, and which she was allowed to furnish according to her pleasure, she placed a little table under the narrow window, in the massy wall, and arranged upon it everything that was necessary for literary labor. She was surrounded by books; not only for refreshment of her mind, but for laborious research, and instruction. In this defence at which she labored, for she was by no means satisfied with that of her paid advocates, she now discovered the uncommon abilities with which she was endowed. If any one had ever entertained a doubt of her powers of reasoning and calculation, of the clearness of

her foresight, and the acuteness of her penetration, that doubt was here at once dispelled in the most convincing manner. She proved herself so profoundly vast in the law, that she new struck her legal advisers with astonishment, as she had done the judges on her trial. Her defence, which was addressed to her relatives, presented her in the new character of a masterly writer and legal scholar. This defence is still extant, and no defence of a murderer, not even that of Eugene Aram, is a more striking specimen of talent and of well assumed virtue and virtuous indignation.

In the prison she was allowed a female companion, and was often visited by distinguished strangers, whom so far from shrinking from, she was ever eager to see, never failing to describe her misfortunes in vivid colors, to assert her innocence, and entreat their exertions for her liberation. Many of these, however, thought that the lot of the prisoner, who rustled in silk and satin over the floors of the fortress—compared with that of other convicts, who, for some rude deed, done in a moment of passion, labored in heavy chains, welded to carts, or with iron horns projecting above their brows, sweeter in deep pits—had nothing in it of a severity which warranted an appeal to royal mercy. But, in her seventieth year, the royal mercy reached her. She was liberated from prison, but restricted, for the remainder of her life, to the city and fortress of Glatz. Here she once more played the part, not of a poisoner, but of an innocent woman and an aristocratic lady. She again opened a handsome house, and gave entertainments; and they were frequented! Nay, such was her vanity, that she used every diligence to draw illustrious strangers into her circle.

An anecdote is related, on undoubted authority, which is characteristic. At one of her suppers, a lady sitting near her actually started, as she saw some white powder on a salad which was handed her. Madame Ursinus observed it, and said, smiling: "Don't be alarmed, my dear, it is not arsenic."

Another anecdote is not less amusing. Immediately after quitting her prison, she invited a large company to coffee. An invitation to coffee by the poisoner, as she was called in Glatz by young and old, was a matter of curiosity—the grand attraction of the day. All went; but one individual, who had been overlooked in the invitation, out of resentment, played a savage joke. He bribed the confectioner to mix in the biscuits some nauseating drug. In the midst of the entertainment, the whole company were seized

simultaneously with inward pains and sickness, gave themselves up for lost, started up in horror, and rushed headlong from the house. Glatz was thunderstruck with the news, which went through it like an electric flash, that the Ursinns had poisoned all her guests.

Regardless of these little accidents, the Ursinns lived a life of piety and benevolence; so said the jailor of the fortress and her female companion. She sought to renew her intercourse with her sister, Madame Ven Hoeko, saying: "We are again the little Yettee and Lotte; our happy childhood stands before me." But the sister kept aloof, and the wounded, but patient and forgiving Ursinns exclaimed: "Ah! that life and its experiences can thus operate on some people, by no means making them happier. God reward us for all the good we have been found worthy to do, and pardon us our many errors." She died in her seventy-seventh year; and her companion declared that she could not enough admire the resignation with which she endured her sufferings through the aid of religion. She left her considerable property partly to her nephews and nieces, and partly to benevolent institutions. A year before her death, she ordered her own coffin, and left orders that she should lie in state, with white gloves on her hands, a ring on her finger containing the hair of her late husband, and his portrait on her breast. Five carriages, filled with friends and acquaintances, followed her to the grave, which was adorned with green moss, auriculas, tulips and immortelles, an actual bower of blooms. When the clergyman had ended his discourse, six boys and six poor girls, whom the Ursinns had cared for in her lifetime, stepped forward and sang a hymn in her honor. The grave-digger had little to do: female friends, and many poor people, to whom she had been a benefactress, filled the grave with their own hands and arched the mound over it. It was a bitter cold morning, yet the churchyard could scarcely contain the crowd. And thus the poisoner passed away like a saint.

SPIRIT OF CONTRADICTION.

Morelette relates this dialogue, which, he assures us, he overheard himself: Two men were walking in a ship yard. One said:

"Here is some excellent wood."

"By no means," replied the other; "it is worth nothing."

The first speaker pretended to examine the wood more carefully, and then said:

"Well, now I come to look again, I see the worm in several places."

"The worm did you say?" rejoined the other. "There's not a sign of it. It was I who was mistaken. I never saw sounder or better wood in all my life."

THE CAPTAIN'S NARRATIVE.

BY GEDDINGS H. BALLOU.

"No objections in the least, my dear fellow. But first, let me just finish this cigar. I always make it a principle not to waste a good Havana.

"Now I am ready for you. It was a goodly number of years ago, it doesn't signify just how many, that I was chief mate of the good brig *Alida*, bound to Havana, with a miscellaneous cargo; flour, fish in packages, etc., not forgetting a little prime New-England. We had a pretty good run nearly past the latitude of the Bahamas, and certainly felt a little relief at being deprived of a sight at a 'long, low black,' with rakish sticks; for about that time, such sort of craft carried on rather more practice than they do at the present period. I had taken liberty to a modest jest upon the subject with Miss Alice, one of our two passengers; for we had just two, herself and her father, an old invalid navy captain. And a queer, old sea-dog, he was, too, saying it with all respect. I've heard since that he was never known aboard the fleet by any other name than 'Old Sulphur.' And the name hit him, too; you never knew a sailor nick name that did not fit the man who bore it, better than anything else that ever could have been invented. He was such a powder magazine. His round, grizzled head was a bombshell; his eyes were the lighted match, the fusee; and when you came near him, they would flash up in such a sort of way, that you would be edging off before you knew it, under the sensation that he was going to explode, and that you would be blown up.

"Now Miss Alice gave one an entirely different impression. She had a beautiful look, mild, and gentle; and yet there was as much dignity about her, as though she had been one of your belles, who look as though ground and plank wasn't good enough for them to tread on. Eh, I don't know but I was almost as much afraid of her, as I was of 'Old Sulphur;' but it was in a different sort of way. And it didn't prevent our getting somewhat acquainted either. It could not be otherwise; there was the old gentleman smouldering away in the cabin, the most of the time. Our skipper, worthy man, used his tongue but little; and as Miss Alice had a turn for watching the waters and the stars, and spying out what romance might be visible in the sea, she could not well avoid occasional speech with the only one ready to give such information as she wanted.

"But stop, where was I? As I was saying, we had had a very good run, and I turned in

one night, thinking of our passage, and heaving a sigh to think of the pleasant moments I had spent in the company of Miss Alice, and how soon they were like to end. So I dropped asleep. When I was called again, there was a heavy mist hanging over the sea. The wind from the northward had died away, and after a few baffling turns, set in from the southeast. The mist at first lifted slowly, just a little of the edge, and then it rolled up all at once like a sheet, and as I live, there lay a vessel almost abreast, entering close to the wind and parallel to our course. A single look at her was sufficient for me, and ordering the helmsman to keep the brig off, I jumped below to the captain. A few words were enough to bring him on deck very quickly. As he glanced at the schooner, which was not more than some three miles to windward, he turned white. I saw at once how it was when he dropped the glass.

"'All hands on deck,' I cried; 'make sail! At it, coolly and lively! Topsails, top-gallant-mast, royals and all.'

"The men knew what it was they were working for. I never saw before or since, sail go so quickly on a merchant vessel. But in spite of all this, the pirate gained on us two to one. This I had foreseen as well as Captain Hendrick. But what was my surprise, as just now I cast my eyes aft, to see Captain Sulphur hobbling by inches out of the cabin. He had not been on deck for some two days. But a second thought assured me that he had 'snuffed the battle from afar,' and I should not then have been astonished to have seen him gird on his sword, and take command at once. He did nothing of the kind, however, but merely sat down on the quarter and blazed away with his eyes.

"'Very well, Everett,' said Captain Hendrick, 'if you have any scheme that can give us a chance, you are free to make the most of it. I see no chance.'

"The report of a gun came over the water, and a shot whistled past. Another, and another.

"'Down with the helm,' I said to the steersman, and gave order to haul up the courses, and furl royals. We laid our maintopsail aback, as the schooner shot under our stern, and ranged abreast.

"'Send your boat aboard of us,' hailed a voice in broken English, from the schooner.

"'Ay, ay, sir!' was the answer, as I turned aft.

"'Now, men,' I said, as I passed along, 'stand by the lee brace; be ready when I give the signal, don't stir a muscle before. We must run 'em down, or we're dead men in ten minutes.'

"A couple of men followed me, as if to lower the boat, and pretending to fumble for a second

about the tackle, I suddenly gave the expected signal, the men gave a quick pull at the brace, and with helm hard up, we swung round and gathered way. I slipped into the companion-way where the cabin boy had placed my good rifle, and as one of the schooner's crew rushed to the wheel, I put a ball through him as handsomely as ever I did through a deer, in my boyish hands in good Old Onondaga. I knew we had them then. They had forged a little ahead of us, luffing close in the wind till the booms lay right fore-and-aft. Before they could recover themselves from their position, we were upon them. We struck them just about midships. The shock was tremendous, but our vessel was over the schooner in less time than you could say Jack Robinson. But a swarm of those devils were in the chains in a second, and our fellows banging away at them like madmen, with cutlasses, hand-spikes, and old muskets. Only some four or five got on deck, and those hardly touched it alive. I lent a hand to throw overboard the last of them, and then all at once, bethought myself of our passengers. There sat Captain Sulphur, or rather Lawson as I should say, on the bunk of the quarter, quietly wiping a pistol barrel with his silk handkerchief. He, who yesterday was scarce able to turn in his berth. As I came near him, he looked up at me.

"'Really,' he said; 'I fancy, if we have another bout like this, I shall be quite a well man.'

"When we got below—but never mind about that now. All I can say is, that she got through it like an angel. It must have been a terrible suspense of hers while that business was going on above. You can imagine it far better than I can describe it, so I will even let it go. Well, the next morning we ran in past the Moro, and anchored off the city. I was on the starboard quarter speaking with Captain Hendrick, when a message was brought me from Captain Lawson, desiring that I would wait on him in the cabin, as soon as I could spare a moment or two from my duties. Going below, I found him seated at the table. A roll of doubloons lay before him, partly covered by his hand, and by his side stood his daughter. The captain saluted me with a vive-like grip.

"'Mr. Everett,' he said, 'had it not been for you, we should this moment have been food for fishes. Take an old sailor's thanks, and a few of these yellow-bays by way of giving them a clincher, my lad.'

"Now had it not been for her presence, I do not know but I could have taken the money, for I knew it was a trifle to him. But as it was, I felt rather nettled than otherwise.

"'Sir,' I exclaimed, 'you do not suppose that I will take money for doing a duty equally necessary to your safety and my own? Pardon me, sir; I must decline the offer.'"

"'Eh! What?' retorted the veteran, with a surly growl; 'decline my thanks, my doubloons! Insult me to my face, you young fire-eater! What a dog he is, Alice. Youngster, let me tell you, that when I was of your age, I never would have turned up my nose at a score of doubloons, nor have put myself quite so much on my dignity as you seem to do. I am not going to try you a second time with the offer, I'll warrant you.'"

"I blurted out some excuses which did not appear to be very well received on his part. But I was consoled by a few words from the daughter, whose winning countenance and sweet-toned voice sent me on deck again, not so much displeased, after all, with my interview.

"The evening after we finished discharging our cargo, I received an invitation in Captain Lawson's handwriting, to visit him on the following day at the plantation of Senor Pablo Blas, about fifteen miles distant from Havana. How often I had thought of our guests, wishing that I could meet them once more, and behold, the opportunity was thus unexpectedly offered me. The privilege of a day's absence was readily granted me by my indulgent superior; and on the following morning I sat out early, my spirits rising high as I hastened over a good road and through a most delightful country, to the mansion of Senor Blas. Here I found Captain Lawson and his host ready to receive me. That was a day of great enjoyment. When the hour of departure came I bade adieu to Senor Blas, his family and guests, with the exception of Captain Lawson who was nowhere to be found. I set forth on my return; passing down an avenue, I was arrested at some distance from the house, by the appearance of our missing acquaintance, the old sea-king, seated in a sort of movable chair, such as those in which invalids are wheeled about. He motioned to me to stop; and, throwing myself from my horse, I stood by his side. A negro servant was in waiting, although sufficiently out of hearing of our conversation.

"'So you are off, young sir?' began the bluff old chief. 'I am sorry for it, as I have taken rather a liking to you, in spite of a little cross-grain in your disposition. I have taken this opportunity to see you alone, Master Everett, to say that I have had my eyes on you, and think it best to give you a word of caution against the future. Without any ifs or ands then, I tell you I can't have you throwing out eye-signals to my Alice; mind now, no ruses, no stratagems, no

hoisting decoy lights, no cutting out from under the commodore's lee; no, can't have it. You understand, eh?'

"I was in a fine hurry by this time, as you may think. I whirled about without a word, and had one foot in the stirrup, when the old gentleman again interposed.

"'Hold!' he said. 'Don't leave in a passion, my boy. At least, give good-by to the old man whom it may be that you will never see again.'"

"'Sir,' said I, turning about to him. 'I may give you good-by, since it is not likely that I shall ever meet you again. I do not intend again to give you like occasion for reproof, though my conduct has little merited it now. Has my behaviour, sir, been wanting in respect, or do I necessarily forget the inferiority of my position, because I receive for a single day, those civilities which my kind entertainers bestow without consideration of my peculiar rank?'

"'Nonsense!' exclaimed the veteran, rubbing his forehead briskly, and moving uneasily in his seat. 'I see youngster; that I must bring you to close quarters, and settle this matter at once. I believe you have taken a fancy to my girl, and in faith, I fear she has to you. If you choose, she is yours. I can give a few dollars by way of dowry, and can place you master of a good ship in one month from this date. What say you?'

"I was fairly unmanned by these unlooked for words.

"'Sir,' I exclaimed, scarce able to speak, 'I am not worthy, I, a poor sea-bred youth—'

"'Yes, or no!' thundered Captain Lawson.

"What could I reply? I seized the veteran's hand, and bathed it with tears. The next day I notified my worthy skipper that he must find another officer to supply my place. Three days afterward, I was married to my Alice at the residence of the American consul in Havana. The following month, I received my appointment as master of the good ship *Eagle*, of New York, in which Captain Lawson was a very considerable owner."

THE THRONE OF FRANCE.—The birth of a direct heir to the throne of France would, we believe, give general satisfaction to the French people. The present heir apparent is Prince Napoleon, whom the French dislike for two reasons: First, because, as Kendall says, he is a "chucklehead," and secondly, because he showed a lack of pluck in the Crimea. He has no merit but the negative one of looking like the Great Emperor.

"Children," says Mrs. Grant, "are first vegetables, and then they are animals, and sometimes come to people." But it is sad enough to see how few now-a-days get beyond the second stage.

GREEN LAKE, MORRIS CO., N. J.

BY SMITH ELY, JR.

Above the plain—upon the mountain's crest—
Far from the ways of men, thy waters rest.
Pure as the cloudless sky, we find no trace,
In the calm beauty of thy placid face,
Of those wild tempest-bursts whose rage was spent
On these storm-twisted oaks, and rude rocks lightning-
rent.

Enchanted lake! each nook and tiny cove
That stud the blooming banks thy waters lave,
Are fairy haunts—and quickened eyes may see
Their legions joined in elfin revelry:
While o'er the scene the smiling day-king nods,
As mother earth uplifts this chalice to the gods.

Thou gem of wondrous beauty! what to thee
Are all the jewelled toys of majesty?
When thy clear sun-lit depths, and wavelets bright,
Flash on our gaze their overwhelming light,
We deem thou art a mighty emerald, set
By the great Artist's hand, in Nature's coronet.

THE SPOILED DRESS.

BY DELIA WARD.

STITCH, stitch, stitch, and tick, tick, tick, has been the burden of a duet, kept up between a bright-eyed needle, and a stout old pendulum for the last two or three hours, this clear, cold autumn night. Now the pendulum is singing his solo, for the needle rests awhile, and Margaret lays the last fold in the rich silk she has been making; looking the while admiringly at its exceeding loveliness.

"Done at last, mother dear, and very glad am I—stop a minute, here are still a few bastings." Stooping down to pick out these, some fringe became tangled, and suddenly pulling the tablecloth by which she was sitting, the room was in total darkness. A large oil lamp completely overturned, and nothing to receive it but the beautiful dress.

"Why, Margaret, what have you done?" exclaimed Mrs. Nelson.

"Mother! mother! what shall I do?" sobbed her daughter, in the same breath. "I dare not look—Mrs. Ecley's dress is ruined—what shall I do!"

"Keep it perfectly still, my dear, until I get a lamp, it may not be so bad as we think."

The few seconds which elapsed before her mother could procure a light, seemed an age to poor Margaret. One flash of thought showed her the indignant owner of the dress, and the attendant evils resulting from the unfortunate accident stood out as brightly as though written

in phosphorus, and only awaiting this unlucky darkness to show themselves. It was no half-way ruin, the lamp had done its very best or worst, and not one breadth only, but two or three showed upon their glossy surface, dark, desperate-looking spots of lamp oil.

"We ought to be very thankful, my child, that this is all," said Mrs. Nelson, after carefully examining the dress.

"All, mother! pray is not this enough? Rain, you see—utter ruin."

"Bad enough, no doubt, and yet it remains to be seen what we can do. But just think of it; if I had not refused to burn that dangerous fluid, what might have been the consequences? you might have been ruined for life, instead of a dress alone. Trust me, Maggie, no circumstance is so dark but there is a darker."

"Yes, I know it, mother," answered Margaret, piteously, not half convinced, as she knelt, looking intently at those indelible spots; "yet I must say I could have made quite a display of my gratitude if this, too, had been spared. It is done, no help for it now; and all the little sayings we made for the coming winter must go to replace it;" and Margaret looked at the lamp, as reproachfully as though it might be touched, and in some way repair the injury. "I will not mourn over it. There, your toast will be burned, and the tea is getting cold; you are tired, too; sit down while I get every thing ready." So saying, she playfully pressed her mother into a seat.

Mrs. Nelson sat quietly as her daughter could have wished, watching her as she flitted about their small but pleasant room. The round table was set out, the bright blaze made shadows dance up and over the clean, white cloth, two fragrant cups of tea were smoking all ready, and Maggie waited to do the honors of their quiet meal. What a loving cheat was that, each trying to eat, when we all know that a sudden misfortune, like a fine dinner, is quite enough for a time to banish hunger.

Margaret did not notice that her food remained wholly untasted, and that she had been sitting for at least ten minutes in a brown study, until a sigh from her mother aroused her. She brightened up at once, and reproached herself for making a bad matter any worse by a sad countenance. "Do not sigh, mother, I was only thinking of how many comforts you must be deprived, just through my carelessness; I cannot forgive myself—yet I was so glad to have it finished, I could not be very quiet. Next time, the rejoicing must be reserved until the dress is fairly out of the house."

"We cannot prevent accidents, and this was purely an accident," said Mrs. Nelson. "I am sure if we are in want, something will be provided; so keep your happy spirit, my child, do not check it; among all my priceless blessings, this is by no means the least."

"There, I have been trying very hard to keep from crying, and if you flatter me, I certainly must;" and tears were already glistening in her bright eyes, though she brushed them away, and tried to look very cheerful.

"Shall you have sufficient time to finish the dress? It will take you several hours probably to match the silk."

"O, yes, Mrs. Spring is making several for Mrs. Eddy, they are to be finished any time this week. She expects me to do one more, and as this is only Wednesday there will be plenty of time."

Margaret set off in the morning with a light heart. The clear, bracing air came with its cold kiss upon her cheek, making it rosier than ever. The city spires looked taller against the blue sky, and distance looked more distant, with no leaves and foliage to soften the scene. The brown trees were stripped and bare, while beneath them, strewn upon the ground, the yellow leaves sent up to the boughs where they had clung, a perfume, even in their withered beauty.

It was quite early, and the shops being quite empty, Margaret was readily served, and had neither her time nor patience exhausted. She entered one, another and another, without any success, when at last the truth began to dawn upon her mind; the silk could not be matched. At the very last place where there was any chance, to her inquiry, the shopman replied, "I think, miss, you will find it impossible to obtain anything of the kind in this city; it is a peculiar style of silk, and if there had been any in the market, I should probably have noticed it."

"None in the market!" reiterated Margaret, while a frightened feeling began to creep over her. Throwing it off with an effort, she thanked the shopman, and went out again into the street. Where to go now? what to do? she must think it over, and try to understand the extent of her misfortune. It would be a pity to return to her mother with the disappointment, as she could do nothing to alleviate it; so thinking, Margaret turned into a by-street, where there were few persons passing, that she might walk slowly, and meditate on the next thing to be done. The idea had at first suggested itself to go to Mrs. Ecleý, but had been at once rejected as impracticable. Now, however, there seemed no other alternative. It was far preferable to telling Mrs.

Spring, who was anything but mild when her affairs went on smoothly; and the effect of such announcement, even Maggie's independent spirit shrank from encountering. The grossness of Mrs. Spring's anger was very, very trying. A well bred person, even if offended, would be less demonstrative; and if at all generously inclined, Mrs. Ecleý might tell her where the silk was procured, and give her time to obtain it, and remake the skirt, without Mrs. Spring ever being the wiser. So argued Margaret, as she paced up and down the quiet street, until at last, having fairly persuaded herself all would come out right if Mrs. Ecleý could only be seen, with new hope beaming from her fine eyes, she bent her steps in the direction of C— street. Alas for her courage, the first sight of that interminable range of handsome houses sent it off like a frightened bird. Nothing but that stern promoter of deeds, necessity, kept her on her way.

The fronting pavements and heavy granite or marble steps were cold and damp from the recent morning drenching given by the brisk serving-men, and as the number of the house had escaped her memory, she was obliged to run up and down many of these to read the names which were not legible from the street. Any one of the servants, polishing the plate-glass windows or otherwise engaged in renovating these aristocratic establishments, could have informed her of the object of her search at once, but anxiety, and the thoughts of the dreaded explanation sealed her lips. There was some relief in putting off the evil moment by making herself believe it was very difficult to find Mrs. Ecleý. The name was before her at last, however, appended to the door of a mansion as frightfully *distingue* as any of the others, and there was nothing for her but to ring the bell, which she did with a timidity which was sure not to bring a speedy response. As neither the first nor second appeal succeeded in arousing any one, the fear of telling her story was wholly merged in the more trying apprehension that the lady was absent from the city, and that Mrs. Spring's anger was inevitable. As she stepped back to examine the premises more closely, to see if there appeared to be any one at home, a hurried footstep was heard coming through the vestibule, and the door was thrown hastily open by an elderly woman. Margaret made known her wish as quickly as possible; but seeing the woman draw her breath to reply, and half close the door before the request was fairly made, she added, with a little assumption of authority, "I am sewing for Mrs. Ecleý, and it is necessary I should be admitted."

"O, yes, come in then," she answered, her countenance clearing a little; "wonder I hadn't known you were the sewing-girl;" then in a lugubrious tone, "I am sure there can't be too much help in a house like this. There," pointing to the broad staircase, "go right up, and I will send a housemaid to you, get your things off as quick as ever you can." So saying, the matron hurried away, while Margaret ascended the stairs as she was bidden. There was evidently a mistake, but if it afforded an opportunity of doing the errand there would be no harm in making the most of it. Arrived at the landing, she hesitated; nearly fifteen minutes elapsed, and no person came to speak to her or tell where she should go. One could not fail to notice the air of disorder which seemed to prevail in the house. Light but hurried steps were constantly going to and fro, there was a sound of muffled voices, and now and then suppressed sobbings. Margaret had just decided to return without intruding any further, when a servant-girl appeared at the end of the hall, and beckoned her forward. In a low voice, Margaret suggested she had best take her name to Mrs. Ecley; if not the person she was expecting, it might not be agreeable for her to be shown in. The girl answered only by a look of wonderment, and passing along the gallery threw open the door of a large, partially-darkened room, and left her to make her own way. It was a sleeping apartment. Two children's cots with the snowy drapery tumbled and unmade, were on one side, at the other the nurse was seated upon a couch, having a young child in her arms, and at her feet upon the floor, were two little girls with their heads buried in her lap and sobbing piteously.

Margaret's sympathies were at once excited. It was plain she was mistaken for some one who was expected to do something, and throwing her bonnet and shawl upon a chair by the door, she went across the room, and putting a hand upon each of the little weeping heads, asked tenderly, what had happened, and if there was anything she could do?

"Why, don't you know their mother is dead, poor little dears?"

"Mrs. Ecley dead!" exclaimed Margaret, in astonishment.

"Yes, died last night, very sudden, nobody thought of such a thing. She was perfectly well, getting all ready to go off a journey just as soon as Mr. Ecley got better of the terrible fever that has been on him. Now she's gone so sudden, and he's ten times worse for the shock, and he getting on so well before, too. O, dear, it's dreadful."

At this the children began to cry afresh. Margaret saw that the enumeration of their troubles was the worst thing possible, and telling the nurse she would remain there, begged her to ask the housekeeper to step up to the room for a minute and let her know what was to be done.

"Why, miss, you are to see about the children's dresses."

"Very well, you had best go ask her to come up; or, I will go to her if you will show me the way."

"No, you may stay. I haven't eaten a mouthful of breakfast to-day, for them poor dears, and I'd rather you'd stay." Disengaging herself from the girls, she laid the sleeping child in his crib and went out.

Margaret, the tears starting from her own eyes, strove to comfort the little ones. Her gentle, judicious words soon had the effect to make them rise from the floor and nestle upon the couch at her side. No one had had time to look after them, and the peculiar method of comforting which servants always adopt, of pitying, and going over again and again with the cause of sorrow, had worn upon them to such a degree that they were trembling all over with a feverish excitement. Margaret's cool hand smoothed their brows, her loving kiss and low tones of tenderness cheered and comforted them, and when Mrs. Primmins, the housekeeper, came in half an hour after, they were sleeping sweetly side by side upon one of the beds, with each a hand in Margaret's, who was leaning over them.

It was the same person who had admitted her an hour before. "I am really thankful to see that," she said, in an under tone; "they have not slept a wink since twelve o'clock last night. Now what do you wish of me? I am in great haste, besides having a racking headache."

In a few words Margaret explained the mistake which had occurred, and was about resuming her bonnet and shawl.

"But the other person has not come," said Primmins, with a woe-begone look, "and I am sure I don't know what's to be done. Can't you possibly stay to-day at least? The goods will be sent right up for you to work upon. There is not a soul to see to anything but me. Mrs. Ecley's sister, Mrs. Evans, is over, but she's just good for nothing, what with her grief and her watching Mr. Ecley."

Margaret reflected that the day was her own; even if she had the silk, now there was no need of hurrying about poor Mrs. Ecley's dress, so the heart of Primmins was cheered by her consenting to remain; promising, however, that she must first go home for a short time. This was

gladly acceded to, and in a few minutes Margaret was on her way back. With chastened feelings she left the house of mourning, and with a deep impression of the truth, that where death leaves the loved circle unbroken, other sorrows should be held lightly, and borne bravely.

Stopping at Mrs. Spring's, she told of her engagement. For once, that lady was not offended at one of her employees presuming to have a mind of her own. "It happens very well after all," she said, "for Mrs. Evans has sent for some one to work for her, and as you are at the Ecleys, there is no use in my sparing any one else. Go, and get through just as quick as you can, for I hear there will probably be more fashionable mourning to be got up in that street before the week is over; there is nobody else to put the crape folds on if you are busy."

"Heartless," murmured Margaret to herself; then recalled it with a tinge of conscience. "It is all habit, I dare say, one cannot expect her to mourn for every one, I must not judge so readily." She soon reached home, and Mrs. Nelson's first words to her daughter, were to inquire if she had procured the silk. "No, ma'am, I have not, but let me tell you all about it." The circumstances which had transpired were speedily narrated, and with a most portentous sigh, the usually hopeful girl concluded: "Now what will be done when this is all over and the dress is called for? I suppose there is no one now who can tell me anything about its purchase."

The matter was discussed and re-discussed between mother and daughter, but without bringing it to an issue. Margaret had not been idle during the conversation. With light step and busy fingers, a dozen little trifles had been accomplished, which would be of service to her mother during her absence. It was arranged that should she be obliged to remain at the Ecleys over night, Mrs. Nelson would go and stay with a neighbor over the way, who was always pleased to have her company. She was a cultivated woman, and her society was always welcome to the few friends who had not lost sight of her in her humble position. The father of Margaret was a lawyer of superior talent, but he died young and left his wife and infant daughter dependent on the bounty of relations; too proud to remain so, Mrs. Nelson had struggled on alone, supporting herself and child, until her eyesight, from too constant application, beginning to fail, the greater part of the labor of necessity devolved upon Margaret. Bravely did she perform her task, but it became daily more perceptible within their little domicile, that but one pair of hands supplied the necessities. This af-

fair of the dress, to take away their slender savings just as winter was in prospective, appeared the greatest misfortune which could have happened. The hour which Margaret thought to remain at home had already elapsed. Bidding her mother good-by with a much more cheerful air than her heart sanctioned, she returned to C— street.

It was the evening after Mrs. Ecley's funeral. Margaret had been so constantly employed in one kind office and another, from the first moment she returned, until the present, that it was impossible to go home. Now, she sat in the bay window of the spacious sitting-room, with the children about her, trying to make them understand she must go. Ellen and Grace strove with all their powers of reasoning to make her remain, and the baby boy, Willie, with his chubby arms clasped tightly around her neck, defied her to attempt such a thing. It did seem hard to leave them just then, for their aunt wished to return to her own home for the night, the servants were all condoling with each other in the lower regions; the children were of course banished from their father's sick room, and but for her, would be lonely enough. There was no reason why she should remain, and telling them for the hundredth time it was not possible, she vainly endeavored to unclasp Willie's arms.

Just at the moment Mrs. Evans's carriage was brought round and that lady entered the room. The children immediately commenced importuning her. It was not necessary, however, in order to obtain their wish, for she had come for the same purpose. If Margaret could remain it would be much more satisfactory than taking the children home with her, as she had intended. Their father would prefer they should remain at home, if it was possible to make them comfortable. There was no great reason for a refusal, and Mrs. Evans had been so kind Margaret was happy to be of service to her in any way.

The next morning a note full of directions came to Primmins from Mrs. Evans. Excitement and grief had completely prostrated her strength, and she would not be able to come over during the day. The little girls were in want of warm dresses for the autumn, and Miss Nelson had better remain during the week and sew for them, unless she had some previous engagement. The purport of this was communicated to Margaret, and, notwithstanding Mrs. Spring's avowed determination that her best girls should not be kept upon children's clothes, she at once consented to sew for them. But Margaret would not have dared to brave her employer's displeasure in this manner, had she ex-

pected to be dependent upon her as usual. She had resolved to leave Mrs. Spring. Her judgment had pointed out, and not without sufficient reason, a much more congenial way for maintaining herself and mother, than the one she now followed.

Maggie meant to be a governess. The idea would have appalled her once, and nothing short of a collegiate course have seemed sufficient to qualify one for such a position. But the often expressed wish of Ellen and Grace that she should be their governess, for Aunt Evans had said they must have one, had caused her to fathom her own acquirements and see what they were good for. The result was satisfactory even to herself, and on a proper opportunity, she determined to ask Mrs. Evans if the thing were possible. If she would hear of it, which Maggie had great hopes of, it would be quite easy to be examined by a competent person as to her proficiency in the necessary branches, and bring to Mr. Ecley a statement of her qualifications. Being in the family and already loving the children, it did not seem so formidable as it would have appeared in any other case. Margaret hied home to her mother to tell of her arrangement for the week, and to lay before her the new design which had fixed itself so strongly in her own mind.

Mrs. Nelson knew her daughter to be capable of filling the position with credit to herself, and even of educating much older children than Mrs. Ecley's; but she was not so sanguine as Margaret, and pointed out many discouraging circumstances which her knowledge of the world taught her existed in this case. "However," she continued, "do not by any means give up the idea; hope and resolution are the guide-posts to success."

It would be an era in her life should she be successful, and not without earnest prayers, that only if it were best might it take place, did she, when the proper time came, make her wishes known to Mrs. Evans. She was greatly surprised at first, but having already become much prepossessed in Margaret's favor, promised to speak to Mr. Ecley about the matter at once. His reply, to Margaret's great joy, was in the affirmative. The whole arrangements were soon made, and she was installed governess.

One might think it no great thing to be a nursery teacher, but not so Maggie, for she knew it would give her much time, and many facilities for educating herself and preparing for something higher. The affair of the dress was confided to Mrs. Evans by Margaret, before she would assume the duties of her new position. It

was dismissed as of no great moment; especially as it was a painful subject. Mr. Ecley purchased the dress in a neighboring city, and could probably tell her all she wished to know in regard to it.

Several weeks had elapsed since Margaret took up her abode in C— street, when one morning, the first on which Mr. Ecley was to attempt breakfasting down stairs, he asked his sister-in-law her opinion of the children's governess.

"My opinion—why do you just ask, pray? has anything happened?"

"No, nothing important. But since I am getting better the children are with me more or less, and they are constantly prattling of 'Maggie.' It struck me she must be very young, and quite incompetent to control them; if she allows such familiarity."

"Have you seen her yet?" asked Mrs. Evans.

"No, I have not," was the laughing reply, as he wrapped his dressing-gown closer, and tried to steady his footsteps, by holding to the easy-chair.

"You had best see her then; why are you smiling?"

"Your manner seems to imply that only is needed to convince one emphatically of something."

"Well, as I recommended her, there is some personal feeling in the case. You will find, I think, my good brother, she may be young, be called 'Maggie,' and yet implicitly obeyed at the same time."

"I dare say. Just pull that bell for Tom."

Mrs. Evans complied, and by Tom's assistance Mr. Ecley reached the breakfast-room. It was not understood that he was to be down. The children were at table, and Margaret presiding as usual. With a sigh, almost a groan, Mr. Ecley saw his wife's place filled by a stranger, and scarcely glanced at poor Margaret as his sister mentioned her name. The delighted voices of the children were some relief to his thronging memories, but it was a weary meal for all. A thousand fears came into Margaret's mind, which, when by herself, she freely indulged. Would that stern-looking man, when he came to see for himself, be satisfied with her? Would the method she had adopted with his children suit him? They were certainly doing well so far, but would he think so? These tormenting questions had to be thrust aside, and Margaret resolved to try and look on the sunny side, and see what time would do. The old gentleman behaved very wisely by letting well enough alone. Mid-winter found her still there, and for aught that appeared to the contrary

likely to remain. But one subject had become a constant source of annoyance to Maggie. Mr. Ecley had never been informed of the destruction of the valuable dress, and every day her conscience reproached her for concealing it.

In a fit of desperation one morning, she seated herself at the table, and resolved to write a note telling all the particulars, be the result what it might. The epistle was written and despatched, and the reply awaited with no little trepidation.

"Come in," called out Mr Ecley, as a rap was heard at the library door, and Tom forthwith presented himself.

"Letter, sir. Miss Nelson."

"Ha," said his master, with a look of interrogation.

"Miss Nelson wished me to hand it t'ye."

Mr. Ecley read the laconic epistle through, laid it aside, and fell into a reverie. Suddenly it occurred to him, the governess might be anxious for a reply; the tone of the note had said as much. He rang the bell, desired to see Miss Nelson, and began pacing the floor.

"You sent for me, sir," said Margaret, as after entering, she tried vainly, by moving a chair, laying down a book and the like, to attract his attention, which had become absorbed by something passing in the street.

"Ah, yes, Miss Nelson—pray be seated."

He took a seat opposite. Margaret's color was a little heightened in anticipation of an expected rebuke, and her fingers played nervously with a curl of sunny brown hair, which had somehow escaped, and rested upon the shoulder of her modest dark dress.

Robert Ecley's first thought on seeing that girlish figure, evidently so much afraid of him, was to say, "do not be frightened, my child;" but the next, as he caught a full glance from her earnest, anxious eyes, was to upbraid himself for having been so uncourteous, nay, rude, since she had been in the house. He remembered how his own motherless children had been tenderly cared for, and had often whispered to him of what Maggie had told them of heaven and the angels, and he knew in all her duties, she had been strictly conscientious. It was but a flash of thought, yet it made him thank her cordially for her kindness, and established, by an electric power, an understanding between two persons who had been so long beneath one roof almost unacquainted.

"And what shall I do with what I wrote to you of?" asked Margaret, as she rose to go, after a half hour's conversation. A shadow crossed her companion's brow as he answered, "nothing, I prefer it should remain as it is."

This was but the beginning of pleasant hours passed in that luxurious library. Nearly every day through the spring time and summer, Mr. Ecley sent for Miss Nelson to bring the children that he might read aloud to them for an hour.

The autumn leaves were again beginning to fall, and Maggie was not as happy as she had been a year ago. It was a brilliant sunset, and she sat alone in the bay window, where the little ones had first begged her to remain with them.

A handsome carriage dashed up to the door, and Mr. Ecley stepped from it and leisurely ascended the steps. A flood of crimson colored Margaret's cheeks, and a short gasp came from her parted lips, as if his presence had betrayed her thoughts.

"You here, Miss Margaret?" he asked, looking in, tossing down his driving gloves, and coming forward. "Nellie is wanting you for a drive; are you inclined to go?"

"Now is my time," thought Margaret; "it is weak for me to delay longer." He was bending over her, waiting a reply. She could not speak firmly thus. Rising from her seat and turning away, the words came, stern, abrupt, and with an effort that was only too perceptible "Mr. Ecley, it is a year to-day since you employed me to teach your children. I think I will not remain any longer, if you please."

She meant to say employ, to speak like a servant, anything, everything, to frighten herself out of the burning devotion which had crept uncalled for into her heart, and ruined her peace.

Could she have seen the emotions which swept across that manly face at her side, as the little speech fell upon his ears, it might have kindled an unthought-of hope. But no, his answer, distinct and cutting, was all she comprehended.

"You have anticipated my own wishes," he said, "I have thought for some time it would be as well for you to relinquish the situation."

With unsteady steps, the words sounding like a knell, she sought the door.

"Margaret, child," exclaimed her companion, starting forward, "did you, can you believe me in earnest? Spare thee, darling, never!" And drawing Maggie gently to his arms he murmured a fervent "God bless thee." The revulsion of feeling was too much, she had nerved herself to endure and suffer, but kindness, love, his love, had thrown off every barrier, and she wept like a child—Soon the humble Margaret Nelson became the loved and cherished wife of Mr. Robert Ecley.

Minds of the very highest order, who have given an unrestrained course to their caprice, or to their passions, would have been so much higher by subduing them.

THE MOTHERLESS.

BY MRS. E. F. SLDREDGE.

I saw a little dark-eyed boy, with shining auburn hair,
That waved around his pure, pale brow in ringlets long
and fair;
But o'er his brow there dwelt a shade, and in his eye a
tear—
I felt that he was motherless in this cold world so drear.

"Come to me, darling, come to me!" in gentle tones I said,
"And on a childless mother's breast repose thy aching
head;"

With cautious step he sought my side, like some poor,
frightened bird,
And gazed with wonder in my face, as love's glad tones
he heard.

And soon the little tear-wet face was fondly pressed to mine,
I whispered softly in his ear, in accents low and kind,
"Dost know, sweet darling, there is One that dwells in
heaven above,
Who will watch o'er thee night and day with never chang-
ing love?"

'Twas thus I soothed the suffering one till smiles succeed-
ed tears;

'Twas sad to see grief touch the heart of one so young in
years;

To see a young and tender heart just bursting into life,
Chilled by the cold and blighting frost of bitterness and
strife.

God shield the motherless from harm—the poor and help-
less things!

O, may they early feel the joy a Saviour's blessing brings!
May some kind angel linger nigh, earth's orphaned ones
to bless;

This be the prayer of every heart: God shield the mother-
less!

THE DIVORCED.

BY ARTHUR MERVIN.

WITHIN the softly illuminated parlor of a state-
ly mansion in Berkely-square, seated upon a
rich lounge, was the widow of Sir Richard Earle
and her young daughter, Constance.

The mellowed rays from a silver lamp fell full
upon their faces, revealing the exquisite contour
of two of the most beautiful heads in old England.
What the elder had lost of youthful bloom, was
amply made up by an intellectual loveliness rare-
ly surpassed. But the broad and lofty brow was
contracted now, by what seemed extreme men-
tal anguish; and the large dark eyes that gleam-
ed below were mournful and melancholy as
death.

"Constance—Constance," she murmured,
"my only, my beloved child! Never has your
mother denied you aught that could add to your
happiness. O, believe her when she solemnly
assures you, that William Taunton can never

make you happy. Would to God I had died, ere
I admitted him to my house and hearth! But
who could have dreamed of his wooing thee, my
young, my beautiful child! Why, he is nearly
double thine own age, and already a husband in
the sight of the Almighty. But you do not, you
cannot love this man. He has enlisted your
sympathies, but yet your heart is untouched.
Say that it is so, Constance, say that I am right."

The sweet young face that had nestled to
Lady Earle's bosom flushed crimson, and the
soft blue eyes drooped till their long, brown
lashes shaded the rounded cheek below, as she
answered:

"Mother, dear mother, forgive me, but I do
love Sir William Taunton, and believe him to
have been wronged by the woman who deserted
him. Why, O, why, if you have loved him not,
have you permitted his visits here?"

"Because," answered Lady Earle, "because
he once benefited your dead father; and I could
not bear to give way to the suspicions I have
entertained of him. Besides I deemed you a
child, and knew his visits could not injure me.
O, Constance! promise me that you will listen
to no love-words from Sir William, for two
years; if at the end of that time you still love
him, or fancy that you do, I will make no ob-
jections to your union."

And Constance promised, but she sighed as
she did so, and her rose-lips quivered as she re-
membered the soft voice and the melancholy
dark eyes of her lover.

As the jewelled fingers of Lady Earle gathered
the heavy brown curls from her daughter's neck
and heaving bosom, she wondered that she had
not noticed how womanly Constance had be-
come. The rich crimson, flooding lips and
cheek, the dreamy expression of the thoughtful
eyes, revealed to the anxious heart of the moth-
er, that though the innocence of childhood remain-
ed, its unconsciousness had departed forever.

One year of Constance's probation had passed,
and still her veins throbbed, and her pure cheek
flushed at the mention of Sir William's name.
Rigidly had she adhered to her promise. Never
had she given her lover an opportunity of speak-
ing with her alone; but upon the street, in the
park, at the theatre, she had met him frequently,
and his reproachful looks nursed the fire that
still burned in her young breast.

"Come, Constance," said the clear voice of
Lady Earle, "it is time to dress for the theatre,
to-night. Remember the new prima donna is
to appear, and with all the rest of the world, I am
all eagerness and expectation."

The light form of Constance was soon robed

in a dress of blue velvet, and her soft throat and arms adorned with strings of pure, satin-like pearls. Her eyes flashed, and her cheeks glowed, for at the theatre she was sure to see Sir William. Lovely she looked, and was; and Lady Earle's heart throbbed with pride, as she smoothed with her own white hands the long curls of brown hair, and fastened them back from the snowy forehead of her child.

The theatre was crowded to overflowing, and a thousand eyes bright and eager with expectation were fixed upon the stage, as the curtain slowly rose and revealed the fine face and exquisite proportions of the new prima donna.

Constance's glance rested upon her lover, and a sickly feeling seized her heart, as she saw him start forward in his seat, and gaze with intense interest, and visible emotion, upon that beautiful face, now the centre of attraction to countless eyes.

Robed in a dress of pink silk, totally without ornament or furbelow of any kind, her long shining mass of coal-black hair streaming wildly over neck, shoulders and arms, nearly to her feet, weird-looking eyes, fixed, it seemed to Constance, upon Sir William Taunton, stood the new star of the theatre! Young as that face was, there were lines about the passionate mouth rarely seen at even mature age. And within the dark depths of those melancholy eyes, gleamed an expression of conscious power and passion seldom equalled. Never rested that look in eyes that have not poured forth the bitter tears of suffering and neglect.

"O, there are those young in years, whose hearts are prematurely old. Wise are they in that mournful wisdom, born of a too early appreciation and knowledge of human ills. Woe to the heart, taught by an early acquaintance with wrong, to turn from mankind with loathing and suspicion! Woe to the youthful breast that frets beneath a burden of melancholy experience, belonging only to those who have passed the meridian of life, and are moving with rapid strides downward to the grave! Bloom, beauty, hope, are the especial prerogatives of the young, and woe be to the heart robbed in childhood of that ignorance and innocence which lead it to gaze only upon the flowers bedecking the entrance into life, and not upon the faded blossoms and withered wastes that lie beyond! The duller intellect in that vast assembly felt at once, that such had been the woman's fate, now, for the first time before the public. Bitter indeed had been the experience that lifted her above and beyond the necessity of even the sympathies of the multitude before her.

Clear, sweet, as the carol of a bird, rose her powerful voice upon the air. Higher, still higher it ascended, in its thrilling and sharp sweetness, until it seemed to pierce through the lofty arched roof of the building, and float onward and upward to the very gates of heaven. Not a sound, not a breath, disturbed the perfect silence, as the last note died upon the ravished ear of thousands.

Again the silver voice gushed forth in music, and Constance herself forgot all things in the deep interest she now felt in the singer, as she murmured rather than sung, in tones that brought tears to every eye:

"Restore me, restore me the depth and the truth,
The hopes that came o'er me in earliest youth;
Their gloss is departed, their magic is flown,
Despairing, faint-hearted, I wander alone.

'Tis vain to regret thee, you will not regret,
You will try to forget me, you cannot forget;
We shall hear of each other, O, misery to hear
Those names from another that once were so dear.

What slight words will sting us that breathe of the past;
What slight things will bring us thoughts faded at last;
The fond hopes that centred in thee are all dead,
But the iron has entered the soul that they fed.

Like others in seeming, I walk through life's part,
Cold, careless, and dreaming, with death in my heart;
No hope, no repentance, the spring of life o'er,
All died with the feeling, he loves me no more."

"Mother, mother!" sobbed Constance, "how much she must have suffered! Did you see that look of utter wretchedness shining from her eyes?"

Lady Earle grasped her daughter's hand in both hers, and hurried in a state of feverish excitement to her carriage. "O, Constance!" she gasped, as the door closed upon them, "Can you bear to hear a terrible truth? That singer is the separated wife of Sir William Taunton. I recognized her from a picture he has in his possession. I am sure of it, as that I breathe this moment!"

And Constance recalled the pale face of her lover, and his emotion at the singer's appearance upon the stage, and her heart told her it was true.

"Mother, mother!" she murmured, "she loves him even now. O, can we not reunite them? There is some terrible mystery, I am sure, in this separation between them! That woman never was false to him! I read in it her face, this moment present to me!" And the high-souled, generous Constance wept in the deep sympathy she felt for her.

After all, Constance was not really in love;

and Lady Earle clasped her hands in gratitude as the truth burst upon her.

But Taunton was not the selfish being Lady Earle had thought him. Had she remained a little longer at the theatre, she would have seen him rush like a madman to the stage, and with the speed of light, disappear behind the curtain. Could she have seen him as again and again he buried his haughty head in the silk robes of his long-lost wife, she would have pitied him.

"O, Isabel! Isabel!" said Sir William, as he gathered her long black hair in his hands and held it passionately to his tearful face. "O, Isabel, I have sought thee to beg forgiveness for the miserable past. Unjust, unmanly, ignoble was I to torture thee to the steps thou hast taken. Innocent! I feel that thou wast of the insinuations I tortured thee with, driving thee from the heart too proud until now to seek thee, and confess its fault. O, my wife! my wife! I was mad to dream of taking another to my house and heart. Say that you will forgive the years of banishment, sorrow and grief that I have caused thee! The divorce that I in my passion and madness at thy continued absence obtained against thee; and to the eyes of the world all shall be made clear. Come to my home—thy home—for O, it is thine still, at once—and I will devote my life, my whole future life, so long as God shall spare it, to thy happiness."

And Isabel St. Pierre, the long-absent, haughty, passionate, but still loving, divorced wife of Sir William Taunton, wound her soft arms around his neck, and drew his head to her grief-worn breast. Back to the home, once made miserable by his unworthy suspicions, was Isabel borne; and humble and loving, clinging to her garments, and following her steps like a child, was the repentant husband. Again were they united, and with the years of happiness that followed, passed the grief-stricken lines, once so apparent upon Lady Taunton's face.

LOVE AMONG THE TURKS.

A young man desperately in love with a girl at Stancho, eagerly sought to marry her, but his proposals were rejected. In consequence of his disappointment, he bought some poison and destroyed himself. The Turkish police instantly arrested the father of the young woman, as the cause, by implication, of the young man's death, under the fifth species of homicide; he became, therefore, amenable for this act of suicide. When the case came before the magistrate it was urged literally, by the accused, that if he, the accused, had not a daughter, the deceased would not have fallen in love, consequently he would not have been disappointed, and have died. Upon all these counts he was mulcted to pay the price of the young man's life, which was fixed at eighty piastres.—*Scioto Gazette*.

THE UNEXPECTED EVIDENCE.

BY R. H. NEWELL.

It was at the close of a lovely day in the month of June, 183—, when I arrived in the village of L—, in Virginia, and repaired to the Union Hotel—or, rather, tavern,—kept by one Timothy Brown, Esq.; celebrated throughout the country for the excellent quality of its wines, etc., and the suspicious flavor of its "Havana" cigars.

Having resigned my travelling trunk to the tender mercies of a burly negro porter, I sauntered into the tavern (excuse me, I meant hotel), and taking possession of a copy of the only newspaper of which the village could boast, I seated myself near the door, and eagerly prepared to enjoy its contents, which consisted of a most ominous list of advertisements, marriages and deaths, the latest news from Richmond, and the virgin perpetration of some rustic laureate, "born to blush unseen."

Having fully satisfied myself of the fact that the earth still continued to revolve upon its axis, I ordered a bottle of Madeira, and invited "mine host" to partake of it, hoping thereby to obtain some information respecting the world in general, and the village of L— in particular.

The wine speedily developed its admirable qualities in the person of Mr. Brown, who at once produced a duplicate bottle, and proposed a toast. We filled our glasses, and I inquired, "What shall it be?"

"Long life to Ned Marston, and confusion to his enemies," said Timothy, as he quaffed the inspiring draught.

"And pray, who is Ned Marston?"

"Why, the young fellow that's to be tried to-morrow for murdering Squire Somers. Haven't you heard of it?"

"I have not," said I; "but should like to hear all about it, if you will consent to gratify my curiosity."

He at once assented, and accordingly I comfortably located my feet upon an adjoining mantel-piece, and having lighted a cigar, I listened to the following graphic detail of the circumstances, which I subjoin for the benefit of the reader:

"It is about two years to-day," commenced Timothy, "since Mr. Somers came here, bringing with him his daughter Emily, as fine a girl as the sun ever shone upon. He bought the big white house just beyond here, on the hill, with all the ground near it, and called the place 'Somerville Grove.' Some weeks after they had got

settled, there came a young chap from Richmond, Ned Marston, a second cousin to Miss Emily, and a great friend to the family. It seems that he lost his father three or four years ago, who left him nothing but a widowed mother, and a good education. He went to practice law, but his heart was too big for his pocket; so he came down here and commenced over again."

"Did his mother come with him?"

"O, yes; but the old lady died in a short time after it, and left Ned alone in the world—that is, as far as near relations are concerned. He took a great fancy to Miss Emily, and the old gentleman, her father, was very kind to him, and helped him along as much as he could. Things went on very well until last July, when Ned had a long talk with Mr. Somers, and finished by asking him for his daughter. People say that the old man refused him. Anyhow, Ned left the house in a huff, and never went there again."

"But why should Mr. Somers refuse him, if his daughter loved him?" I asked.

"Well, he told him that it took money to keep a wife, and that he couldn't expect to live on love."

"One night they had a party at John Fairley's, who lives near the grove. Miss Emily was invited, and so was Marston. Old Fairley's son James, who had just come home from college, was very polite to her, and was mad enough because she danced with Ned, and wouldn't have anything to say to him. After that he called to see her very often, but she always managed to avoid him."

"Did her father favor his advances?" said I, again interrupting him.

"No. He said she was her own mistress, and could do as she pleased. Young Fairley said he knew who was at the bottom of it all, and swore he would fix him for it. He soon had a chance, and called Ned a poor pettifogger; but he got knocked down for his trouble."

"A few days ago, Mr. Somers went with Fairley to hunt rabbits among the hills. They had only been gone a short time, when Fairley came running in here, almost out of breath, and pale as a ghost. He said that old Somers had been murdered, and that Ned Marston had shot him."

"I started right off with him, and found the body lying on its face, and the back of his head full of shot. And there sat Ned close by it, with his face on his hands, and his gun close by him. As soon as he saw me coming, he jumped up, and said: 'My God, I've murdered him!'

and then fell down, and fainted. We carried the body to the house, and poor Miss Emily was almost crazy; but she wouldn't believe that Ned had done it."

"Did he not attempt to escape?"

"O, no; it nearly killed the poor fellow. He staid by the corpse until it was buried, and then gave himself up."

"What is the general opinion respecting it?" I asked.

"Well," said Timothy, "most people think it must have been an accident, and I think so too; but I can't forget how savage Fairley looked when Miss Emily said, 'I don't believe Edgar would do it.' However, he's to be tried to-morrow, and then I suppose it will all come out."

The village clock now admonished me that the hour for retiring had arrived. After thanking my friendly host, I adjourned to a small box up stairs, dignified by the title of "Room No. 1." And resolving to attend the trial on the morrow, I resigned myself to the embraces of Morpheus, and was soon buried in the "sweet forgetfulness of sleep."

The court-room was densely crowded, the judge had taken his seat; and when I arrived the officers had gone for their prisoner. The clock struck ten, and the accused was conducted to the bar, there to answer to the laws of his country for the murder of his benefactor, the father of her whom he loved. All eyes were at once fixed upon him, as though to read his very soul; but he bore the scrutiny with an unflinching firmness, which naught but conscious innocence could have supported. An almost breathless silence was maintained while the clerk read the accusation.

"Prisoner at the bar," said the judge, "you are arraigned here to answer to the charge of wilful and deliberate murder. Remember that the law does not dictate what answer you shall give. Are you guilty or not guilty?"

Edgar Marston bowed low, and answered in a clear and distinct tone:

"Not guilty."

Never shall I forget his appearance at that moment. His commanding figure was drawn up to its utmost height; the raven locks which hung in disordered masses over his pallid brow, were brushed aside, and as he uttered those momentous words, he would have served as a fitting representative of innocence repelling the assaults of malice.

The clerk now called the name of "James Fairley." The person thus named mounted the

witness stand with an assumed confidence, which it was plain he was far from feeling; and while endeavoring to maintain an expression of commiseration for the accused, he studiously avoided meeting his glance.

He was a young man, about two-and-twenty years of age, fashionably dressed, and possessing a countenance on which dissipation and vice had left unmistakable traces. During the examination, his eyes wandered in quick, uneasy glances over the crowded room, as though fearful of some unexpected intruder, yet his answers to the questions of the opposing counsel were clear and apparently truthful. His statement was as follows:

"Last Thursday morning, about ten o'clock, I went to the residence of the deceased, and invited him to join me in a hunting excursion among the hills. He at once accepted the invitation, and taking his gun we started together. After beating about the bushes for some time, Mr. Somers started a rabbit, which ran down into the hollow near which I was standing. He requested me to remain where I was, while he approached it from the other side. As he walked round the hill, I lost sight of him. Almost at the same instant I heard a loud report, and looking up, saw the prisoner rushing toward me, with a gun in his hand. As he neared me, I discovered that he trembled, and was deadly pale.

"Save me! hide me!" he said. "I'm a murderer!"

"I asked him what was the matter. He pointed to the top of the hill, and then added:

"O, Emily, why did I ever know you!"

"'Tis false!" exclaimed Marston, frantically.

"I never uttered those words, and I call on Heaven to witness the truth of what I say."

A smile of bitter malignity passed over the face of the witness, as he continued:

"I went in the direction which he had indicated, and there found the body, as has been before stated. I bear the prisoner no ill will, and am sorry to appear against him."

Fairley then left the stand, and several others were examined, some of whom, while they testified to the general good character of the accused, stated that there had been some difficulty between him and Mr. Somers, which to their knowledge had never been adjusted; that at the funeral Marston had betrayed the greatest agitation, and other symptoms of guilt.

The judge addressed the jury, informing them that although the evidence was all circumstantial, it bore heavily against the prisoner, and warned them not to let their sympathies inter-

fere with the demands of justice. They consulted without leaving the room, and for a few moments nothing broke the deathlike stillness which prevailed. At length the foreman stated that they had agreed upon a verdict.

"Is the prisoner at the bar guilty or not guilty?"

In an instant every ear was stretched to catch the sound.

"Guilty!" was the response.

The multitude waved to and fro, as though under the influence of an electric shock; a wild, heart-piercing shriek rent the air, and Emily Somers was borne senseless from the court-room. Women sobbed; and even men—stern, iron-hearted men—did not disdain to drop a few honest tears of pity.

"Edgar Marston," said the judge, again addressing him, "have you any reason to show why sentence should not be pronounced upon you?"

There was no faltering hesitation, no unmanly terror, in his tones as he answered:

"The laws of my country declare me guilty of a foul and heinous crime, of which my own conscience declares me innocent. My hand may have done the deed; if so, it was purely accidental, and fate has decided against me; but hear me, while I swear that James Fairley has this day perjured himself before God and man. On the morning of this sad occurrence I was hunting upon the same hill with my accuser. A rabbit started up before me, and I discharged my gun at him. The report sounded uncommonly loud, and almost at the same instant I heard a loud groan. I hastened to the top of the hill, and there beheld my friend, my benefactor, weltering in his blood. My horror and despair knew no bounds. I rushed madly toward the foot of the hill, where I met James Fairley, and implored him to go for assistance. I never used the expressions of which he accuses me, although I believed myself to be the murderer. I shall soon appear before the Great Tribunal above, there to prove my innocence and confound my enemies. I have nothing more to say."

At this moment a noise was heard at one of the doors, and an aged man was seen making his way toward the witness-stand. All gave way before him, and John Fairley stood before the astonished justice. No hat covered his head, and his silver locks streamed wildly over his brows, while the clenched hands and glaring eyes bespoke the fearful tumult that raged within him.

"I come," he said, or rather shouted, "I

came to clear the innocent and point out the guilty. Edgar Marston has committed no crime. *My son is the murderer!*"

James Fairley approached his father with pallid cheeks and trembling limbs, exclaiming:

"Believe him not; he is a madman! How should he know?"

"Off, viper! murderer!" screamed the old man fiercely; "touch me not with those hands, red with innocent blood! I am not mad. Listen to me, and you shall hear a father prove his own son to be a perjured assassin. I was close to the spot where Mr. Somers was brutally murdered, and saw the cowardly deed committed. I saw my child; he whom I had cherished with all a father's pride,—I saw him fire the fatal shot directly at his victim, at the same instant that Marston fired at the top of the hill. Little did he dream that I knew and saw it all. The feelings of a parent prompted me to conceal it, hoping that Marston would be acquitted for want of evidence. But when I heard that my son was the accuser, conscience could no longer be restrained, my brain seemed on fire—visions of the gallows and its struggling victims haunted me, even in sleep, while the blood of the innocent called for vengeance!"

Here he staggered forward, and fell senseless to the ground.

Loud rose the voice of the multitude, mingled with the cry of "Death to the perjurer!" as they rushed forward to liberate the astonished Edgar. James Fairley rushed toward him, and drawing a pistol from his breast, fired it, exclaiming: "Think not to escape me thus, Edgar Marston—die!" Fortunately, his arm was struck up by an officer, and the ball pierced the ceiling.

The baffled villain looked sullenly around, as though seeking some means of escape. Two constables stepped forward to seize him, when he suddenly drew another pistol, and placing it to his own breast, fired. With a howl of agony and despair he sprang high in the air, and fell a disfigured corpse at the side of his suffering parent. Edgar Marston stepped forth from the hall of justice a free man. He had undergone a fearful ordeal, and came forth without a blemish.

Years have rolled on, and Emily Somers is now Mrs. Marston. Edgar has become a judge in the very court which witnessed the most trying event of his life, and although relentless Time has placed its indelible signet on his forehead, and threads of silver are thickly strewn among her auburn locks, they never cease to thank Heaven for their good fortune, and bless the memory of the UNEXPECTED EVIDENCE.

Truth fears nothing but concealment.

BRAN-TEA VS. BRANDY.

Mr. L——, the famous scene painter, had a fancy that he could cure all diseases, and accordingly prescribed liberally for his friends and others, willing to fall under his hands. A person of great faith applied to him for a cure for a very bad cold, and L——'s advice was:

"Do you see, sare, can you like to drink bran-tea?"

"Brandy," replied the patient, nothing loth to find so palatable a medicine hinted, as he imagined. "Certainly, I have no objection to it, whatever."

"Vy, then," said L——, "bran-tea is the very thing for you. Take three, four—ees, four—cups of it, as hot as you can soup—good big tea-cups, just after breakfast."

"What, sir," asked the patient, rather amazed, "without water?"

"Vidout vater," said L——, "vat do you mean? No more vater than is in the bran-tea itself ven made. Take it as you get it. Take four large, very large cups, between breakfast and dinner; and ven you find a change for better or worse, come to me."

The faith of the patient was great, and so was his swallow. For five days he stuck to what he thought was the prescription of the painter—was of course drunk all day—and at the conclusion of his exertions in this way, he came to L——, full of gratitude for his advice.

"I am quite cured, Mr. L——," said he. "I never imagined that brandy was so complete a cure—I feel quite obliged."

"O, yes," said Mr. L——, "I was sure it would cure you—you felt quite cool all the time you were taking it!"

"Cool," said the patient, "no, not exactly cool, I was rather hot. Zounds, no man can drink a quart of spirits in the forenoon and keep cool."

"Spirits," said Mr. L——, rather astonished, "vy, there is no spirits in tea made of bran."

"Tea made of bran!" said his amazed friend; "it was hot brandy I drank."

An explanation, of course, followed. The gentleman, however, was cured.—*Saturday Evening Gazette.*

VALUE OF AN EDITOR'S TIME.

That renowned violinist, Miska Hauser, who has been travelling in Australia and the Sandwich Islands, gives the following account of how an editor in Sydney values his time. We wonder how the system would work in this country? He says: "A few days after my arrival, I paid my visit to the different editors of Sydney. At my first call, I came to a palace-like house, the ground floor occupied by the printing-office. On the first floor, among other advertisements, I found a tablet informing visitors that the editor cannot be spoken with unless paid for his valuable time. Accordingly everybody, without exception, is advised to buy a ticket of admission at the door of the waiting-room—one hour costing 10s.; half an hour, 6s.; fifteen minutes, 3s. Such were the contents of this singular price-current of time."—*New York Tribune.*

Many a man's vices have at first been nothing worse than good qualities run wild.

SONG OF THE MERMAIDS.

BY BLANCHE D'ARFOISE.

Child of mortality! sing we a song,
Down in the wavelets shining and clear—
Mermaids dance in the billowy foam,
In grottoes light, devoid of fear—
Amber, and pearls, and costly gems
Glisten in lustre surpassing thine—
Coral and alga on dancing stems
Besoon us back to the heaving brine.

Child of mortality! hie thee away—
Hie thee away ere the storm-king's wrath—
Fierce are the perils that border thy way,
Black is the whirlpool that lies in thy path.

Child of mortality! sing we again,
Down in the waves of the heaving sea;
Neptune reigns there lord of the main—
We his nymphs and maidens be!
Dance with us to a roundelay—
Yield to our kind and friendly greeting—
Quickly with us—away! away!
"Life is short and time is fleeting."

Child of mortality! hie thee away—
Hie thee away ere the storm-king's wrath—
Fierce are the perils that border thy way,
Black is the whirlpool that lies in thy path.

THE CRIMINAL WITNESS.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

In the spring of '48, I was called to Jackson to attend court, having been engaged to defend a young man who had been accused of robbing the mail. I had a long conference with my client, and he acknowledged to me that on the night when the mail was robbed, he had been with a party of dissipated companions over to Topham, and that on returning, they met the mail-carrier on horseback coming from Jackson. Some of his companions were very drunk, and they proposed to stop the carrier, and overhaul his bag. The roads were very muddy at the time, and the coach could not run. My client assured me that he not only had no hand in robbing the mail, but that he tried to dissuade his companions from doing so. But they would not listen to him. One of them slipped up behind the carrier and knocked him from his horse. Then they bound and blindfolded him, and having tied him to a tree, they took his mail-bag, and made off into a neighboring field, where they overhauled it, finding some five hundred dollars in money in the various letters. He went with them, but in no way did he have any hand in the crime. Those who did do it had fled, and as the carrier had recognized him in the party, he had been arrested.

The mail-bag had been found, as well as the letters. Those letters from which money had been taken, were kept, by order of the officers, and duplicates sent to the various persons, to whom they were directed, announcing the particulars. These letters had been given me for examination, and I had then returned them to the prosecuting attorney.

I got through with my private preliminaries about noon, and as the case would not come up before the next day, I went into the court in the afternoon, to see what was going on. The first case which came up was one of theft, and the prisoner was a young girl, not more than seventeen years of age, named Elizabeth Madworth. She was very pretty, and bore that mild, innocent look, which we seldom find in a culprit. She was pale and frightened, and the moment my eyes rested upon her, I pitied her. She had been weeping profusely, for her bosom was wet, but as she found so many eyes upon her, she became too much frightened to weep more.

The complaint against her set forth that she had stolen one hundred dollars from a Mrs. Naseby; and as the case went on, I found that this Mrs. Naseby was her mistress, she (Mrs. N.) being a wealthy widow, living in the town. The poor girl declared her innocence in the most wild terms, and called on God to witness that she would rather die than steal. But circumstances were hard against her. A hundred dollars, in bank-notes, had been stolen from her mistress's room, and she was the only one who had access there.

At this juncture, while the mistress was upon the witness-stand, a young man came and caught me by the arm. He was a fine looking fellow, and big tears stood in his eyes.

"They tell me you are a good lawyer?" he whispered.

"I am a lawyer," I answered.

"Then—O!—save her! You can certainly do it, for she is innocent."

"Is she your sister?"

The youth hesitated and colored.

"No, sir," he said. "But—but—"

Here he hesitated again.

"Has she no counsel?" I asked.

"None that's good for anything—nobody that'll do anything for her. O, save her, and I'll pay you all I've got. I can't pay you much, but I can raise something."

I reflected for a moment. I cast my eyes towards the prisoner, and she was at that moment looking at me. She caught my eye, and the volume of humble, prayerful entreaty, I read in those large, tearful orbs, resolved me in a mo-

ment. In my soul I knew that the girl was innocent; or, at least, I firmly believed so—and perhaps I could help her. I arose and went to the girl, and asked her if she wished me to defend her. She said yes. Then I informed the court that I was ready to enter into the case, and I was admitted at once. The loud murmur of satisfaction which ran through the room quickly told me where the sympathies of the people were.

I asked for a moment's cessation, that I might speak with my client. I went and sat down by her side, and asked her to state to me candidly the whole case. She told me she had lived with Mrs. Naseby nearly two years, and that during all that time, she had never had any trouble before. About two weeks ago, she said, her mistress lost a hundred dollars.

"She missed it from her drawer," the girl told me, "and she asked me about it, but I knew nothing of it. The next thing I knew, Nancy Luther told Mrs. Naseby that she saw me take the money from her drawer—that she watched me through the key-hole. Then they went to my trunk, and they found twenty-five dollars of the missing money there. But O, sir, I never took it—and somebody else put that money there!"

I then asked her if she suspected any one.

"I don't know," she said, "who could have done it but Nancy. She has never liked me, because she thought I was treated better than she was. She is the cook, and I was the chamber-maid."

She pointed Nancy Luther out to me. She was a stout, bold-faced girl, somewhere about five-and-twenty years old, with a low forehead, small gray eyes, a pug nose, and thick lips. I caught her glance once, as it rested upon the fair young prisoner, and the moment I detected the look of hatred which I read there, I was convinced that she was the rogue.

"O, sir, can you help me?" my client asked, in a fearful whisper.

"Nancy Luther, did you say that girl's name was?" I asked, for a new light had broken in upon me.

"Yes, sir."

"Is there any other girl of that name about here?"

"No, sir."

"Then rest you easy. I'll try hard to save you."

I left the court room, and went to the prosecuting attorney and asked him for the letters I had handed him—the ones that had been stolen from the mail-bag. He gave them to me, and,

having selected one, I returned the rest, and told him I would see that he had the one I kept before night. I then returned to the court-room, and the case went on.

Mrs. Naseby resumed her testimony. She said she entrusted her room to the prisoner's care, and that no one else had access there save herself. Then she described about missing the money, and closed by telling how she found twenty-five dollars of it in the prisoner's trunk. She could swear it was the identical money she had lost, it being in two tens and one five-dollar bill.

"Mrs. Naseby," said I, "when you first missed your money, had you any reason to believe that the prisoner had taken it?"

"No, sir," she answered.

"Had you ever before detected her in any dishonesty?"

"No, sir."

"Should you have thought of searching her trunk had not Nancy Luther advised you and informed you?"

"No, sir."

Mrs. Naseby then left the stand, and Nancy Luther took her place. She came up with a bold look, and upon me she cast a defiant glance, as much as to say, "trap me, if you can." She gave her evidence as follows:

She said that on the night when the money was stolen, she saw the prisoner going up stairs, and from the sly manner in which she went up, she suspected all was not right. So she followed her up. "Elizabeth went into Mrs. Naseby's room, and shut the door after her. I stooped down and looked through the key-hole, and saw her at her mistress's drawer. I saw her take out the money and put it in her pocket. Then she stooped down and picked up the lamp, and as I saw that she was coming out, I hurried away." Then she went on and told how she had informed her mistress of this, and how she proposed to search the girl's trunk.

I called Mrs. Naseby back to the stand.

"You say that no one, save yourself and the prisoner, had access to your room," I said. "Now could Nancy Luther have entered that room, if she wished?"

"Certainly, sir. I meant no one else had any right there."

I saw that Mrs. N., though naturally a hard woman, was somewhat moved by poor Elizabeth's misery.

"Could your cook have known, by any means in your knowledge, where your money was?"

"Yes, sir; for she has often come up to my

room when I was there, and I have given her money with which to buy provisions of market-men, who happened along with their wagons."

"One more question: Have you known of the prisoner's having used any money since this was stolen?"

"No, sir."

I now called Nancy Luther back, and she began to tremble a little, though her look was as bold and defiant as ever.

"Miss Luther," I said, "why did you not inform your mistress at once of what you had seen, without waiting for her to ask you about the lost money?"

"Because I could not make up my mind at once to expose the poor young girl," she answered, promptly.

"You say you looked through the key-hole and saw her take the money?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where did she place the lamp, while she did so?"

"On the bureau."

"In your testimony, you said she stooped down when she picked it up. What did you mean by that?"

The girl hesitated, and finally said she didn't mean anything, only that she picked up the lamp.

"Very well," said I. "How long have you been with Mrs. Naseby?"

"Not quite a year, sir."

"How much does she pay you a week?"

"A dollar and three-quarters."

"Have you taken up any of your pay since you have been there?"

"Yes, sir."

"How much?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Why don't you know?"

"How should I? I've taken it at different times, just as I wanted it, and have kept no account."

"Now if you had had any wish to harm the prisoner, couldn't you have raised twenty-five dollars to put in her trunk?"

"No, sir," she replied, with virtuous indignation.

"Then you have not laid up any money since you have been there?"

"No, sir—only what Mrs. Naseby may owe me."

"Then you didn't have twenty-five dollars when you came there?"

"No, sir; and what's more, the money found in the girl's trunk was the very money that Mrs. Naseby lost. You might have known that, if

you'd only remember what you hear." This was said very sarcastically, and was intended as a crusher upon the idea that she could have put the money into the prisoner's trunk. However, I was not overcome entirely.

"Will you tell me if you belong to this State?" I asked next.

"I do, sir."

"In what town?"

She hesitated, and for an instant the bold look forsook her. But she finally answered:

"I belong in Somers, Montgomery county."

I next turned to Mrs. Naseby.

"Do you ever take a receipt from your girls when you pay them?" I asked.

"Always," she answered.

"Can you send and get one of them for me?"

"She has told you the truth, sir, about my payments," Mrs. Naseby said.

"O, I don't doubt it," I replied; "but still the ocular proof is the thing for the courtroom," I added, with a smile. "So if you can, I wish you would procure me the receipts."

She said she would willingly go, if the court said so. The court did say so, and she went. Her dwelling was not far off, and she soon returned, and handed me four receipts, which I took and examined. They were all signed in a strange, straggling hand, by the witness.

"Now, Nancy Luther," said I, turning to the witness, and speaking in a quick, startling tone, at the same time looking her sternly in the eye, "please tell the court, and the jury, and tell me, too, where you got the seventy-five dollars you sent in a letter to your sister in Somers?"

The witness started as though a volcano had burst at her feet. She turned pale as death, and every limb shook violently. I waited until the people could have an opportunity to see her emotions, and then I repeated the question.

"I—never—sent—any," she fairly gasped.

"You did!" I thundered, for I was excited now.

"I—I—didn't," she faintly uttered, grasping the rail by her side for support.

"May it please your honor, and gentlemen of the jury," I said, as soon as I had looked the witness out of countenance, "I came here to defend a youth who has been arrested for helping to rob the mail, and in the course of my preliminary examinations, I had access to the letters which had been torn open and rifled of money. When I entered upon this case, and heard the name of this witness pronounced, I went out and got this letter which I now hold, for I remembered to have seen one bearing the signature of Nancy Luther. This letter was

taken from the mail-bag, and it contained seventy-five dollars, and by looking at the post-mark, you will observe that it was mailed on the very next day after the hundred dollars were taken from Mrs. Naseby's drawer. I will read it to you, if you please."

The court nodded assent, and I read the following, which was without date, save that made by the post-master upon the outside. I give it here verbatim:

"SISTER DORCAS: i coud ya heer seventy fiv dolars, which i want ya to keepe for me til i cum hum. i cant keepe it heer coz ime afrade it will git stole. dont speke wun word tu a livin sole bout this coz i dont want nobodi tu kno i hav got enny money. ya wont now wil ya. i am first rate heer, only that gude fur nothin snipe of liz madwurth is heeryit—but i hop tu git red ov her now. ya no i rote ya hout her. giv my lav to awl iniquen frends. this is from your sister
til deth

NANCY LUTHER."

"Now, your honor," I said, as I handed him the letter, and also the receipts, "you will see that the letter is directed to 'Dorcas Luther, Somers, Montgomery County.' And you will also observe that one hand wrote that letter and signed those receipts. The jury will also observe. And now I will only add: It is plain to see how the hundred dollars were disposed of. Seventy-five were put into that letter and sent off for safe keeping, while the remaining twenty-five were placed in the prisoner's trunk for the purpose of covering the real criminal. Of the tone of other parts of the letter, I leave you to judge. And now, gentlemen, I leave my client's case in your hands, only I will thank God, and I know you also will, that an innocent person has been thus strangely saved from ruin and disgrace."

The case was given to the jury immediately following their examination of the letter. They had heard from the witness's own mouth that she had no money of her own, and without leaving their seats, they returned a verdict of—"NOT GUILTY."

The youth, who had first asked me to defend the prisoner, caught me by the hand, but he could not speak plainly. He simply looked at me through his tears for a moment, and then rushed to the fair prisoner. He seemed to forget where he was, for he flung his arms about her, and as she laid her head upon his bosom, she wept aloud.

I will not attempt to describe the scene that followed; but if Nancy Luther had not been immediately arrested for theft, she would have been obliged to seek the protection of the officers, or the excited people would surely have

maimed her, if they had done no more. On the next morning, I received a note, very handsomely written, in which I was told that "the within" was but a slight token of the gratitude due me for my efforts in behalf of a poor, defenceless, but much loved, maiden. It was signed "SEVERAL CITIZENS," and contained one hundred dollars. Shortly afterwards, the youth came to pay me all the money he could raise. I simply showed him the note I had received, and asked him if he would keep his hard earnings for his wife, when he got one. He owned that he intended to make Lizzy Madworth his wife very soon.

I will only add that on the following day, I succeeded in clearing my next client from conviction of robbing the mail; and I will not deny that I made a considerable handle of the fortunate discovery of the letter which had saved an innocent girl, on the day before, in my appeal to the jury; and if I made them feel that the finger of Omnipotence was in the work, I did it because I sincerely believed my client was innocent of all crime; and I am sure they thought so too.

FEELING SERVANTS.

In a recent number of Household Words, treating of the ancient custom of giving vails to servants, it is narrated that at one of Garrick's many dinners, Fielding was present, and vails to servants being still in fashion, each of the guests at parting made a present to the man-servant of the great actor, David, a Welshman, and a great wit in his way. When the company had gone, the lesser David, being in high glee, was asked by his master how much he had got. "I can't tell you yet, sir," was the man's reply. "Here is a half-crown from Mrs. Cibber, Got pless hur!—here is a shilling from Mr. Macklin; here are two from Mr. Havard; here is—and here is something here from Mr. Fielding, Got pless his merry heart!" By this time the expectant Welshman, wearing the great actor's livery, had unfolded the paper, when, to his great astonishment, he saw that it contained a vulgar and unmistakable penny, and no more. Garrick, it is said, was nettled at this, and spoke next day to Fielding about the impropriety of jesting with a servant. "Jesting!" said the author of Tom Jones, with seeming surprise; "so far from it, that I meant to do the fellow a real service—for, had I given him a shilling, or a half-crown, I knew you would have taken it from him; but by giving him only a penny, he had a chance of calling it his own." The discontinuance first, it is said, commenced seriously in Scotland.

Little children!—holy angels that throng our pathway, and draw our feet from the by-ways of sin and crime. How much the world is indebted to them for their saving influence, for the controlling power they exercise over the mind of man.

WHY DO WE MURMUR?

BY FREDERICK PARMENTER.

Trials are given us, to make us better, truer and holier.
Jay.

Then why do we pine and murmur,
At our Ruler's holy will!
Why not cease our sinful grievings?
To our hearts say "Peace, be still!"
Ah, we love too well and fondly,
E'er to murmur and repine—
Never have we learned to whisper,
"Not our will, but Father, thine!"

And the Bible's beaming sunshine
Never pierces in our gloom;
For we veil our saddened eyesight
With the shadows of the tomb;
And our hearts, so cold and stony,
Never open to His call;
For we deem our gloom submission,
Thus forbidding God and all.

But we ought not thus to sorrow,
Bright our hopes, and dim our love;
For it pleaseth not the Saviour—
He who dwells in light above.
And he sighs with deep compassion,
As he views our downward ways,
When we ought "be up and doing,"
Adding to his sounding praise.

Then let's cease our sinful murn'ring,
Take strong courage to our hearts;
And fight proudly in His battle,
Nobly bearing each his parts.

MY AUNT ADELAIDE.

BY SARAH K. BARSTOW.

At the parsonage, there was what we little folks called "a grand time," that Thanksgiving day. As many of us as could gather together there, for the storm, made the great parlor merry with our own happiness. There were our grandparents, seated in their own easy-chairs, on either side of the wide chimney place, alternately watching, with amused interest, the merriment of the young ones, and talking over their early days, and bringing back many a pleasant Thanksgiving that had passed with their own youth.

Then there was Uncle Herbert, "the pastor," sitting by grandmama's side. Handsome was Minister Grahame, and gentle, and good, and noble-hearted; an upright, earnest-souled man, and in every sense a Christian. How we loved him! He always allowed us to be as merry as we pleased, provided we were not boisterous, and he not unfrequently gladdened our hearts by joining himself in our mirthful games. He was

never stern, or gloomy, or austere; for moods to which these names can be applied, are not those of a true Christian. He was always gentle, genial, friendly; with ready sympathies for all; showing us, in his daily life, and his beautiful character, what true Christianity is.

There, too, were Uncle Edmund, and his wife, and their lovely daughter, the seventeen-year-old Clara, Harold and Ellen, John and Margaret, the two next married pairs, followed; and to them we four little ones belonged. Then came Aunt Adelaide, the youngest of the daughters. And Aunt Adelaide was thirty years old, and unmarried.

If I had always thought my Aunt Adelaide perfection itself, it was especially so on that particular Thanksgiving night; when, with the fire-light playing over the satin-shining bands and braids of her chestnut hair, and sparkling in her handsome, kindly brown eyes, she sat in her own favorite corner of the nearest window-seat, and gathered the children about her, to tell them stories. All the young people seemed to take to my Aunt Adelaide naturally; and Clara herself, our seventeen-year-old girl, sat at her feet, to listen to the beautiful stories, just like the rest of the children.

So, while the grandparents, and the elder daughters and sons discoursed among themselves around the blazing hearth, Adelaide Grahame, in her own pleasant, winning, sensible way, kept us gathered in a quiet, attentive circle about her, telling the most beautiful and instructive fairy tales that a good-natured author ever wrote. For fairy tales are instructive—ay, and useful, too, say what you will.

Adelaide was a lovely woman. I remember that this was the burden of my thoughts that night, as I stood by her side, with my hand lying clasped in hers, and my eyes fixed upon her fair, calm, noble face; for much as I loved story telling, I could not help thinking of her and her beauty, too; so that I sometimes lost the thread of the narrative, for very admiration of the fascinating narrator.

It was something quite incomprehensible to me, that she had never married; for I could not conceive of attractions greater than those which she possessed. But it was true that her thirtieth year had arrived, and Adelaide remained a single woman, and dwelt still in the old parsonage, with her parents and her brother Herbert. And a blessing she was to the place that claimed her. For beauty, and goodness, and excellent sense, for powerful intellect, and nobleness of soul, Adelaide ranked a very queen among women. It was not, however, as I knew when I grew

older, that none had ever sought her hand, for Clara told me afterwards that my beautiful aunt had declined a score of offers before her twenty-fifth year, and eligible offers, too.

But I did not know it then; and I wondered quietly and curiously, as I stood there, that she was always there to tell us stories, and keep us in good order, whenever we came."

The fairy story was ended.

"Ah, how charming that was! Tell us more!" cried the children, eagerly. I alone was silent.

"Well," laughed Aunt Adelaide, "I must think of another, I suppose. Be patient a moment, my dears." And there was a moment of silence.

"Ellen Aubrey," said my Uncle Herbert's voice, close beside me. "Ellen Aubrey, what is there in your aunt's face, which so deeply interests you?"

I looked up. He stood by me, with folded arms, his amused and penetrating glance fixed on mine.

"You have not heard a single word she has been saying, for the last ten minutes," he went on. "Tell me your thoughts."

I looked from him to my young companions. I was three years older than any of them. Then I looked at Clara. She was waiting for my answer. Aunt Adelaide was thinking of the proposed story: but all the rest of these girls and boys!—

Uncle Herbert's fine eyes sparkled. "O, well, you needn't tell it before them," he said. "Come over to that great chair with me, where nobody but you and I can hear."

And crossing the room, he placed himself in the above-mentioned chair, and perched me on his knee. "Now for it, Ellen."

"Uncle Herbert, I was thinking about Aunt Adelaide. I was wishing, when you spoke to me, that she would get married, like Aunt Margaret, and Aunt Eveline, and my mama."

"That's my frank Ellen! Well, but I cannot say that I quite agree with you in your wish. What should I do without my good sister Adelaide? What would Adelaide's father and mother do, do you suppose?"

"I can't tell, sir. But why shouldn't she marry, like the rest?"

He laughed, and then grew grave. "True enough, why shouldn't she, Ellen? But don't talk about so dreadful a thing! Maybe, Aunt Adelaide will take it into her head to fly off, some day; but we mustn't suggest such a flight you know. It never would do in the world!"

"Uncle Herbert, I meant to ask her. I am glad you told me not, if you wouldn't like it."

"So am I." And he smiled.

"But you won't tell grandpapa, and grand-mama, and the rest, what I have said to you?"

"No, Ellen, I will not," he answered.

I slid down from his knee, and then stood where I had landed, listening to a sound without.

"Now what, Ellen?"

"I hear sleigh-bells, Uncle Herbert."

He listened also, with inclined head.

"So do I. Sleigh-bells are no very uncommon things, but I confess they surprise me to-night. I thought the road was completely blocked up."

We went together to a window, and he drew aside the curtain. The snow had ceased to fall. The night was fine and clear. A plain of starlit whiteness extended for miles away on every hand. You could not see the road for drifts; but floundering up through them, coming from the direction of the town, were visible a pair of powerful black horses, and a sleigh, with three or four persons in it. For a moment, the horses were reined in; then their heads were turned towards the open gateway of the carriage drive, leading up to the door.

"It is somebody coming here," said my uncle, letting the curtain fall; and with a word to the rest, he left the room, and crossed the hall to open the door. I went with him.

A flood of light poured out upon the snowy drive, revealing the horses, the sleigh, and the people at once. There was a man in a shaggy overcoat, who sprang from the sleigh, and advancing towards my uncle, said, in brief and plain speech, yet with a certain courteousness of manner that softened some little apparent testiness of feeling:

"Sir, we must beg pardon for this intrusion, but the fact is, that my horses here are unable to go further up the road, which is quite impassable beyond this, and I am forced to entreat your hospitality for a few hours, till men can clear a way down from the Hedge."

"You are quite welcome, sir," returned my uncle—"you are quite welcome. Come directly in, if you please; I will send a servant to attend to your horses. Ellen," to me—"run and speak to Thomas, my dear."

I ran, and when I came back, I found three persons in the hall—the gentleman whom I had first seen, who turned out to be Mr. Arthurson, our new neighbor of the Hedge (a fine estate somewhat more than a mile beyond the parsonage), his ward, Richard Hilton, a young and handsome man, and—I mention her last, because I must tell how beautiful she was—a young girl, of sixteen or seventeen, standing just under

the hall lamp, so that the light fell full on her bright, fair curls, her white brow, and flushed cheeks, and left in violet shadow the sweet, shy eyes, that looked bashfully about, and then dropped to the floor again. My Aunt Adelaide had come out, and my mother; and they were taking off the cumbersome cloak that enveloped her little figure. She was Louise Milward, the niece of Mr. Arthurson.

Their wrappings removed, our guests were introduced to the company in the parlor. We found they had come from C—— that afternoon, with the expectation of reaching the Hedge by eight o'clock, and had got on very well, until the drifts up the road impeded their further progress. They were cordially invited to take up their quarters at the parsonage, until the road was broken up. There was no prospect of their being able to push on, for two or three days.

A slight appearance of impatience, consternation and amusement was visible among them at this announcement; and no wonder, for Richard Hilton and pretty Louise Milward were to have been married, at Mr. Arthurson's house, that evening!

"*Cannot we get on, I wonder?*" was Mr. Hilton's serious inquiry. He seemed disappointed. Pretty Louise laughed with Clara at the delay. Richard would have the groom up, to get his opinion. Thomas was called; he listened, calculated the strength of the horses, and shook his head dubiously, in answer to the inquiry of Mr. Hilton whether there was any possibility of a messenger reaching the Hedge.

"No, sir, I dinna think ye'll get there the night," was his decision.

"Well, my dear sir," said Uncle Edmund, laughingly, to Mr. Arthurson—"since there is no prospect of your reaching the Hedge to-night, and this evening was set for the marriage, why should it not take place, still? My brother Herbert, here will, I am sure, be only too happy to offer his services."

Mr. Arthurson turned quickly to my Uncle Herbert. "Indeed!" he muttered, scanning him rapidly. Then—"I beg your pardon," aloud—"then we are at the Grahame Parsonage, after all? I thought as much at first."

My Uncle Herbert bowed, and said something confirmatory of his brother's words. Mr. Arthurson meditated a moment, and then referred the matter to Richard Hilton. In a moment all were discussing it, while the lovely little bride elect trembled and blushed like a rose-leaf, and seemed wavering between smiles and tears.

"You had better not postpone it, my dears," said our grandmother, "people say there's no good in putting off a wedding."

And all were on grandmother's side. All declared that it would be a charming thing to have a wedding to vary the evening's entertainment; and the aunts clustered about the little Louise, with all sorts of encouragement. The children were in a fever of excitement. Clara Howell fluttered about with delight.

I stole my Uncle Herbert's hand. "Wouldn't it be splendid to have a wedding, uncle?" I asked, confidently; "now *don't* you think it would?"

He looked amused. "I think it would be decidedly fine, my little Ellen. Why can't you use your influence with the lady?"

"I don't dare. They wouldn't mind me, I'm so little. But you just go and say something to Mr. Hilton. It's all he wants, I'm sure."

Uncle Herbert laughed. "You are a person of decided penetration, Ellen. Aunt Adelaide could not have covered the case better herself." And he crossed over to Mr. Hilton's chair.

And while they were all talking, Mr. Arthurson stood with his back to the fire, his arms folded on his chest, and his eyes fixed on the floor. I have not described Mr. Arthurson yet.

He was a rather tall, and square-built man, with a form that displayed at once strength, activity and grace; yes, certainly grace, for I could not help admiring it. His head was massive, and covered with abundant, close-curling locks of black, silken hair; the forehead was broad and square, the eyes very dark, and large, with spirit and penetration flashing from beneath their heavy brows; the nose and mouth expressive of pride, firmness, decision and energy. Nature had used no delicate chisel—no exquisite marble here. In an hour of inspiration—with rough materials and a free hand, she had hewn out a form and face in which power and beauty lived and breathed. He started suddenly from his silent mood; leaving his position by the hearth, he advanced towards the group at the opposite side of the room.

"Well, Richard—Louise! have you decided?" was his question, asked in that brief, abrupt manner characteristic of him. "Mr. Grahame, what have you been able to effect?"

Uncle Herbert and the rest had pretty well persuaded the young people to have the matter consummated then and there; but both evinced some little natural hesitation about appearing as the sole actors in so large a company, and all strangers.

"O, we must find some couple to stand up with them," said my mother, gaily. "Come, who will volunteer? We must have a bridesmaid and groomsman, good people."

Everybody began to look about him, and then there was a general laugh. Besides my Uncle Herbert, there was no unmarried gentleman in the company, except Mr. Arthurson himself. He was pressed into service.

"The mischief's in it!" he muttered. "This comes of people's getting married! Well! I yield—with all the resignation I possess. And now, mesdames, since you have selected me, I beg leave to make choice of a partner. Miss Grahame!"—and he bent, with deferential grace over my Aunt Adelaide's chair—"may I ask you to favor me with your assistance?"

She was evidently a little startled by the suddenness of the application. I think she had been calculating on Clara for the part of bridesmaid; but she quietly assented.

And now the laughter and merriment quite subsided. Everybody grew still. What a serious moment that was! I remember that it seemed to me, just then, that there was something really awful in standing up to be married. I heartily repented my wish about my Aunt Adelaide. I was very thankful, on the whole, that she was not the bride.

The wedding was like all other weddings, I dare say; but I could have told not a word of the proceedings then, for I saw nothing but my Aunt Adelaide, in her gray silk dress, crossing the room with Mr. Arthurson. She looked handsomely; she was quiet, and self-possessed. Mr. Arthurson looked down at her, and he admired her as much as I did.

It was over in a few moments; the blessing given—the prayer breathed—and our pretty, shy girl guest was a bride.

Then came kisses and congratulations, and the subdued confusion that follows home-weddings in general. The color came trembling into my Aunt Adelaide's fair cheek, as Mr. Arthurson led her back. He looked down, saw it, and smiled. There was something beautiful exceedingly in that smile.

"You are a little agitated, spite of yourself, Miss Grahame?" he said.

"A little."

"It is quite natural. You gave Louise a great deal of courage, however, the little scared thing!"

"She is young—a mere child. I do not wonder at her timidity; especially in a room filled with strangers. Though, certainly, we need not seem like strangers, since we are friends and neighbors of her uncle."

"No. Then you think that age ought to bestow self-possession? Miss Grahame, I am thirty-nine. I am not at all sure that I shall have the coolness to conduct myself satisfactorily,

when the time comes for me to assume the yoke matrimonial. Will you promise to assist in keeping me and my wife in countenance, on that occasion?"

My Aunt Adelaide laughed. "Willingly, if you and your wife desire it."

"It is an agreement. You will remember it?"

"I will remember."

In three days, the roads were cleared, and our bridal party set out for the Hedge. A cordial feeling of friendship had sprung up, during that brief visit, between them and the family at the parsonage. Nobody could help liking frank, boyish, handsome Richard Hilton and his pretty bride; and Mr. Arthurson was equally beloved.

Among my aunt Adelaide's nieces and nephews, I was her favorite next to Clara; and so she persuaded my mother to leave me at the parsonage, when all the other children with their papas and mamas, departed. Thus I remained, much to my satisfaction, with my grandparents, and uncle Herbert, and my beloved aunt Adelaide.

Mr. Hilton and his wife also remained at the Hedge, for some two or three months, and during that time we saw them quite often. Mr. Arthurson, too, rode over occasionally. My uncle Herbert liked him; my grandparents liked him; so did I. I always sat very still when he was near, and obeyed his least command. In return, he loved me; for which, my uncle Herbert sometimes pretended to look very grave.

One bright afternoon, my uncle Herbert came into the room where Aunt Adelaide and I were.

"Adelaide—Ellen, will you drive over to the Hedge with me?" he said.

"If you will take us," she returned, smiling. So we got our bonnets, and accompanied him in the sleigh.

We found Mr. Arthurson smoking, upon the piazza. He threw away book and cigar, and welcomed us cordially.

"Smoking in the cold, sir?" said Adelaide.

"Exactly, I became desperate indoors. Since Richard and Louise have taken their leave, I find it monotonous, this bachelor life of mine. I think seriously of either breaking up housekeeping, or getting married. Which would you advise, Mr. Grahame?"

"I should hesitate about giving advice, in such a case, my dear sir. You must remember that I never tried the benefit of either step."

"Ah, then I must move on my own responsibility, I suppose, and trust, for safety, to the little penetration which I possess. I shall start matters in one way or the other very soon, you may be sure. But I confess that I have become at-

tached to the Hedge, and I am not anxious to leave it, if I can make myself—or get somebody else to make me—content to stay there. It is a fine place, don't you think so, Miss Grahame?" and he turned carelessly to my aunt.

"Yes, it is beautiful," she said. "I frankly confess to a little surprise at your inclination to leave it."

"I should like some one to persuade me into remaining. I came out here for very eunni, fifteen minutes ago, to find company in the spruce-trees, and the icicles."

"Why did you not come over to us?" asked my uncle Herbert.

"I was not company sufficient for myself; how could I bore other people to death? But I beg your pardon (we had been standing all this time in the porch); I believe I have fairly forgotten to invite you to enter. You see, Miss Grahame, I am getting out of date, losing all the manners I ever possessed. (Precious few, by the way!) All the consequence of leading a bachelor's life. I am out of humanity's reach!—decidedly!" He went in, preceding us, and threw open the drawing-room door. "*Entrez!* and cheer up my lonely den, for a little while. Seat yourself here, Miss Grahame," drawing a fauteuil from the hearth to the bay-window. "Herbert, make yourself comfortable. Come here, Ellen Aubrey. What is that great book, which you carry?"

"The Encyclopedia, sir, which you sent to my uncle Herbert. We brought it over in the sleigh."

"And I am greatly obliged to you for the use of it, sir," said my uncle.

"A fig for the obligation, my dear friend! The whole library is at your service, on condition that you will exercise the contents sufficiently to prevent the books from getting musty for want of use. By the way, I received a package of volumes from town, yesterday, which I think you will like. They are on the library table. Are you going in? Be kind enough, if you please, to give me an opinion of the engravings, which you will also find there. Tell me if they are right."

Uncle Herbert went. I wanted to go too, but my aunt was holding my hand.

"Adelaide," said Mr. Arthurson, turning to her, "do you remember a certain contract which we made the evening Louise was married?"

"Yes, sir."

"You abide by it?"

"I do."

"I shall require your assistance in a short time. I have looked about for the person who is to be your companion during the ceremony."

"I suppose you have fixed upon the individual?" said my aunt, with a slight smile.

"Yes, I leave you to decide upon the wisdom of the choice. His name is Robert Arthurson. Will you take him, Adelaide?"

He held out his hand. An expression of mingled astonishment and perplexity blended with the lingering smile in my aunt's eye, and then gave place to a sweet seriousness. She laid her hand in his, without speaking.

I suppose I made big eyes at this incomprehensible scene. I tried to extricate my fingers from my aunt's clasp, with a vague feeling that I was *de trop*. Mr. Arthurson laughed.

"Adelaide, do let that poor child go! She is longing to be safe with Herbert. Away with you, Ellen Aubrey! and tell uncle Herbert that we are practising charades—*aunt Adelaide and I—for private representation.*"

And so they were. The charade was enacted at the parsonage, the next Thanksgiving; and the solution was—*Marriage.*

THE WHITE OWL.

This bird, so common in Europe, is rare in this country, and is never found here except during severe winters. This, we are told, may possibly be owing to the want of those favorite recesses, which it so much affects in the eastern continent. The multitudes of old ruined castles, towers, monasteries, and cathedrals, that everywhere rise to view in those countries, are the chosen haunts of this well-known species. Its savage cries at night, give, with vulgar minds, a cast of supernatural horror to those venerable, mouldering piles of antiquity. This species being common to both continents, doubtless extends to the Arctic regions. It also inhabits Tartary, where, according to Pennant, "the Monguls and natives almost pay it divine honors, because they attribute to this species the preservation of the founder of their empire, Genghis Khan. That prince, with his small army, happened to be surprised and put to flight by his enemies, and forced to conceal himself in a little coppice; the owl settled upon the bush under which he was hid, and induced his pursuers not to search there, as they thought it impossible that any man could be concealed in a place where that bird would perch. From henceforth they held it to be sacred, that every one wore a plume of the feathers of this species on his head. To this day the Kalmucs continue the custom on all great festivals; and some tribes have an idol in form of an owl, to which they fasten the real legs of one.—*Buffon.*"

God made both tears and laughter, and both for kind purposes; for as laughter enables mirth and surprise to breathe freely, so tears enable sorrow to vent itself patiently. Tears hinder sorrow from becoming despair and madness; and laughter is one of the very privileges of reason, being confined to the human species.

MY COUNTRY.

BY ARRY RAMPTON.

I am proud of my country! the land of all others,
Where mankind are equal, and all are as brothers;
Where rank and where birth are as naught in the scale,
Where the rich meet the poor with as kindly a hail,
As though fortune had smiled on them equally here—
This land of my fathers to me is most dear.

I am proud of my country! yet more for this cause,
That here they are governed who make their own laws;
Our rulers and statesmen are men who've been tried,
Whose fitness for office can scarce be denied;
And if they prove truant, to change we have right—
They're upheld by the people, and not by their might.

I am proud of my country! for all here may know
The blessings which wisdom alone can bestow.
None need be degraded, unlearned, or a dunce,
If he have but the will, he's the power to advance.

A NIGHT AT DIXVILLE NOTCH.

BY WARREN CHASE.

THE inhabitants of the White Mountain section of the Granite State often allude to the charm which that peerless region seems to exercise over its visitors, rarely permitting them to extend their rambles beyond its cherished glens and streams, and dimming the lustre of those varied objects of natural beauty and interest, which so unquestionably abound in the more northern portion of the State. A small, but more adventurous class, however, dissatisfied with the meagre facilities which the White Mountain waters offer to the lover of the angle, have, from time to time, repaired to the wild shores of Lake Umbagog, to gratify their piscatory taste; and on their way thither, have passed that great natural curiosity, Dixville Notch, which rears its crumbling walls forty miles to the north of Mount Washington.

My attempts at trout fishing, last July, in the waters of Peabody's River, having resulted in the capture of five insignificant specimens of the finny race, after laboriously following the windings of that stream, from the date of its formation, above the Glen House, until it finds a home, eight miles distant, in the Androscoggin River, I resolved to compensate for so disgraceful a failure, by a visit to Lake Umbagog; and it was on the way thither that occurred to myself and companion the incident which forms the subject of this sketch.

Taking the railroad at the Alpine House, in Gorham, we sped our way through the smiling meadows that skirt the Androscoggin, Amonocuc, and Connecticut Rivers, as far as the North

Stratford station, where we took a coach, in waiting to convey passengers to the pleasant village of Colebrook. This is the most northern settlement of New Hampshire, and the few farms, which lie scattered at a distance of a dozen or so of miles to the northeast of it, form the outskirts of New England civilization, in that direction.

From Colebrook, we found it necessary to proceed on foot, as our course lay through the desolate townships of Dixville and Milan, as yet little affected by the influence of man. Wending our way up the tortuous valley of the Mohawk stream, which falls brawling down from Dixville Notch to the Connecticut, we rested our tired frames at Farmer Young's, who hospitably furnished us dinner, and gave us directions for the continuance of our journey to the lake. We learned that there was a dwelling, the year before abandoned by its builder, a short distance beyond the notch, which we could, by dint of effort, reach that night; so bidding adieu to our host and hostess, we resumed our march along the base of those bleak peaks which rear their spectral forms in that vicinity. We fortunately enjoyed a favorable view of the notch, and partook of a lunch on the brink of its renowned spring, whose waters, gushing from their rocky bed, rival ice in coldness.

In the mean time, an ominous cloud revealed itself in the west, and the lowering aspect of the skies gave evidence of an approaching shower. Believing ourselves to be at no great distance from the house which was to furnish us shelter for the night, my companion and I sought to reach it, with as much speed as the savage nature of the path would allow. Before we had proceeded a quarter of a mile, however, the storm overtook us, in all its fury. We were drenched by the falling torrents, and had the mischance, also, to wet our rifle charges. Night had now closed around us, in its darkest state, and it was with much difficulty that we followed the ill-defined way. At length, however, the longed-for shelter appeared, and through its windows we were surprised to see gleaming a light. On a nearer approach, the sound of voices met our ears; and on opening the door, we found three men and a woman engaged in roughly despatching a supper. They welcomed us with surprise, but apparent good will, and having assisted us to lay aside our luggage, and some of our wet garments, we were invited to take a seat at the table. A variety of questions ensued, on their part, which I left my companion to answer, while I began an examination of the place and the appearance of the inmates. The woman,

and one of the men, were whites; the two others were Indians; and all possessed that roughness of manner and feature, which bespoke a backwoods life. The Indians were dressed in hunter's garb, and on the hearth slept two of those lank, savage-looking curs, which generally belong to such masters. The white and his wife, as I soon learned from the conversation, had arrived the week previous, from the Umbagog settlement, and taken possession of the deserted dwelling, with a view of effecting a clearing in its vicinity. The Indians were from Canada, and on terms of former acquaintance with the host.

Not to speak of the suspicion which might naturally arise in the mind of a person unaccustomed to such scenes, there were other reasons which tended to augment my apprehensions, and convince me of the insecurity that surrounded us. My companion, on the contrary, did not seem to harbor any degree of doubt as to the character of the company, and laughed and talked with as much freedom as if seated at his own fireside. To their inquisitive demands as to our place of residence, our family relations, the reasons of our attempting the excursion, and the real object of our visit (for they could not believe it to be a simple sporting errand), my companion made bold replies; and, with an air of magnifying greatly his importance in their eyes, assured them that it was our purpose to purchase the first promising farm that we should see in the Umbagog settlement. What imprudence! The state of my nerves could bear no more, and I at once broke the thread of their conversation, by proposing to retire for the night. The place assigned to myself and companion was on the floor above, attainable by a ladder, where a huge bear-skin and a blanket had been spread for our comfort, beneath a row of venison and ham which strung one of the rafters. My companion imprudently took his valise, under pretence of using it for a pillow, and I could easily see the greedy eyes of our entertainers fixed upon it, as we bade them good night and disappeared.

My first duty, after mounting, was to communicate my suspicions to C., and chide him for the unguarded tone of his conversation. It was in vain that I spoke of the savage, determined air of those around us, of the danger of our situation, and the reasons which might easily induce them to effect our robbery, and it was with a shudder that I saw him creep disregardingly beneath the blanket, and in a few moments sink into profound slumber.

How little did C.'s indifference conform with

my excited state. I eagerly bent my ear to the floor, but I could hear merely a hoarse sound of voices. I went to the window, but on taking aside the board that protected it, I was greeted by a volley of harks and growls from without, which quickly induced me to replace it. I returned to the door, and, seating myself behind it, painfully awaited the result.

The night had nearly passed, and my fears had undergone great allayment, when a sound from beneath, as of persons engaged in dispute, served suddenly to renew them. I placed my ear to a crevice of the floor, and was able to distinguish these awful words from the mouth of one of the men: "Kill them both?" to which the female replied, "yes!" and I was able to distinguish no more. An irrepressible feeling of fear overcame me for the instant; I could hardly draw a breath, and my whole body assumed a deathlike coldness. I soon recovered, but only to awaken to a still stronger sense of our deplorable situation. Two youths, unarmed, against three swarthy men, equipped to the teeth. My comrade, too, dead with sleep and fatigue! To arouse him, to make the slightest noise, I dared not; to escape alone, I could not, for the window seemed guarded by dogs.

At the expiration of ten or fifteen minutes, which seemed to my excited mind an age, I heard footsteps below; and looking through an aperture of the door, I saw the husband cautiously approaching the ladder, a candle in one hand, and a huge knife in the other. He ascended, and as he raised the latch, I noiselessly retreated to watch his movements. Barefooted he entered; and screening the lamp with his hand, lest its glare might disturb the sleep of his victims, I saw him stealthily approach the resting-place of my unconscious companion, whose neck lay exposed to the stroke of the murderer. He paused before him, raised the glistening blade, and—cut a huge slice from one of the hams that hung to the rafter, when he withdrew, as quietly as he had entered.

When day appeared, the husband came to awaken us, for I was sleeping, and apprized us that breakfast was in waiting. We were soon at the steaming table, upon which was spread, for our gratification, a far greater variety, considering the circumstances, than one would be led to expect; and among other things, which the good woman had provided, were two pallets, one of which was to form our breakfast, and the other to solace us on the wilderness shores of the lake. On seeing them, I could easily understand the sense of those terrible words: "Shall we kill them both?"

EDITOR'S TABLE.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

CROWDING THE CITIES.

While our great seaboard cities owe a large share of the best portions of their population to the infusion of the country element, to the vigorous, robust and energetic men who come thither to make their fortunes, it must be confessed that far too many young men abandon the country for a city life. The supply outruns the demand. No young man, who is not sure that he is possessed of extraordinary business tact, of the soundest moral principle, of unwearied patience and fertile resources, should ever abandon the certainty of rural pursuits for the lottery of trade. And such should remember that the days of rapid fortunes are past and gone, that success in business now-a-days requires very large capital, and very great ability, and that mediocrity and poverty have no chance of success. It is crushing to the hopes of a young heart to discover that industry and a willingness to work do not always command a decent livelihood in the city. In the country they are sure to do this, and to secure health into the bargain. Our cities are over-crowded already; business is overdone; there must be a reaction. There is work enough and room enough for all in this favored land; but it will never do to glut with labor particular pursuits and particular localities. By so doing we throw away our great and inestimable national advantages.

TOO TRUE.—It was Louis XII. who said that when he made an appointment to a vacant office, he disappointed a hundred men and made one ungrateful. Presidents, and other high officials, soon find out this philosophy of patronage.

THE PRESS.—A country editor thinks that Richelieu, who declared that the "pen was mightier than the sword," ought to have spoken a good word in favor of the "scissors."

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—The great English philosopher was Bacon, one of the finest Scotch poets, Hogg, and one of the pleasantest British essayists, Lamb.

GREAT NOVELTY.—Bonnets are to be worn on the head this winter. No one knows who commenced this extraordinary revolution.

A BRIGHT IDEA.

The London Post thinks "there is no doubt we (the English) might find most valuable irregular troops in the North American Indians; not as fighting men, but as scouts. The stealthy character of their own system of war would fit them admirably for the task of watching the enemy, and not a movement could escape their vigilance. It is worthy of note, that of the four great actions which have taken place since our troops landed in the Crimea, two have partaken largely of the character of surprises, and very many of the disadvantages arising from want of preparation would have been obviated in both cases had a body of red men been prowling during the night in the valley of the Tchernaya." An excellent suggestion! What will you give them for Russian scalps?—the same price you paid for the scalps of Americans during the Revolutionary War? O, Johnny, Johnny! you have much to learn in your old age, and among the first things you must master, is humanity. It will never do for you to talk of Russian barbarity and the enlistment of savages in the same breath.

GIGANTIC REFORM.—A commissary of police at Havana has been discharged lately for taking a bribe from the keeper of a gambling saloon. Really, Havana is getting to be a very moral place. To be sure, it is notorious that the captain-generals of Cuba become enormously rich from the bribes they receive; but it would not do to interfere with the perquisites of a captain-general, while it is perfectly safe to make an example of a petty policeman. Public justice scowls on the petty official, but is blind, and deaf, and dumb to men of rank and power.

A GOOD MOTTO.—*Aut inveniam viam aut faciam* (I will either find a way or make it), was the lofty motto of Lord Bacon. The young man who adopts this is sure to save his bacon in the end.

CLAY CLOCKS.—Aluminum, the mineral extorted from clay, is used in Paris for the manufacture of clock works. It is better than brass or steel, and as good as gold.

STAGE ILLUSION.

The verdant days have gone by when we believed that the fleeting shows and pageantry of the stage, its simulated passions, its loves, its joys, and its sorrows, were things real—as real as the beauties of nature, and the pleasures and woes of actual life. We have been behind the scenes, we have seen the sylphides chalking the soles of their slippers, the bereaved father indulging in a pot of porter and a pipe of tobacco; and Macbeth rating his jackall, in set terms, for not bringing him the Welsh rabbit he had ordered. But without knowing anything of the inner life of the stage, its illusions vanish as they become familiar. And this is well. If we could persuade ourselves, even for a brief space, that the woes and horrors of tragedy were real, we should derive pain, and not pleasure, from the representation, and avoid the inside of a theatre as we do that of a pest-house. In tragedy we are pleased with the performance, because we know it is art and not nature; and in comedy we are not displeased when the performers exhibit a consciousness of the presence of the audience.

Charles Lamb says: "We confess we love in comedy to see an audience naturalized behind the scenes, taken into the interest of the drama, welcomed as bystanders, however. There is something ungracious in a comic actor holding himself aloof from all participation or concern with those who are come to be diverted by him. Macbeth must see the dagger, and no ear but his own be told of it; but an old fool, in farce, may think he *sees something*, and by conscious looks and words express it, as plainly as he can speak, to pit, box and gallery." The French never speak of going to see a play; they always say the public "*assist at the representation of a play*," and this conventional phrase expresses the sort of correspondence of feeling that exists, and shall exist, particularly in comedy, between the actor and audience. This correspondence should be felt rather than seen; no telegraphic communications or direct appeals to the public are ever made by the true artist. It is only your half-price tragedian, who, having braved the tyrant on his throne, as he is dragged away in chains to the "lowest dungeon of the castle," addresses to the boisterous "b'hoys" his *Valets et plaudite*. It is only a very low comedian who is on nodding or winking terms with parquette and sideboxes. The understanding between a true artist and his audience is a tacit one, a sort of magnetism, and this we suppose is the kind of correspondence Lamb approves. The foot-lights should be as sacred and impassable a barrier as

the line which the Roman ambassador traced with his wand about his person, at least so long as the curtain is up. The only violation we admit of is in comedy, or farce, where at the close of the piece an address to the audience by one or more characters is admissible. But the appealing tag in a serious drama, the moral, presented like a bayonet to your heart, is odious. So is also the call before the curtain of a popular tragedian.

"While we admit that even tragedy should not be perfectly illusory, still we protest against the seven leagued stride from the sublime to the ridiculous inseparable from the instant re-appearance of the "blood-boltered" hero who had just fallen, covered with wounds, to bow his acknowledgements to the tumultuous approbation of the audience. It was not long since that we, "albeit unused to the melting mood," were moved to tears by the simulated death-pangs of the great French *tragedienne* as Adrienne Lecouvreur. The curtain descended on such a *tableau* as is rarely presented on the stage. Instantly, while we looked to see the audience quietly and reverently disperse—the greatest homage they could have paid to the genius of the greatest living actress—rose discordant shouts of "Ray-chel!" "Raw-shell!" and "Rochellé!" (the latter pronunciation being most prevalent), and the resuscitated Adrienne was led forward to curtsy her thanks for "doing the death scene to the life," and sweep away again in a cloud of diaphanous drapery, having destroyed every trace of the momentary illusion her genius had created. Stage illusion is never, and ought never to be complete; but it never ought to be so grossly violated as in the instance we have here noted.

ANYTHING FOR SUCCESS.—Lord Amherst, the English ambassador to China, refused an audience with the emperor because he would have been obliged to prostrate himself before him. Napoleon ridiculed his scruples, and said to his lordship: "I should have told my ambassador, Lie flat on the ground two hours if necessary; but at any rate, succeed!"

SCARCITY OF FOOD.—The scarcity and dearth of food has already caused disturbances in Spain. Before the winter is over, the same causes will produce the same effect in France, only they will be more intense and formidable.

SUPERSTITIOUS.—At the sale of the estate of the late Sam'l Porter, in Halifax, Va., the sum of \$600 was paid for a *mad stone*, a mineral supposed to have wonderful healing virtues.

CONVERSATION.

There are few really good conversers in society, though there are plenty of gifted men who can harangue and lecture their auditors. Gabblers and babblers abound, and there are male and female gossips in plenty, but the number of those who possess the art—for it is an art—of conversing brilliantly and agreeably, is quite limited. The most gifted minds have constantly proclaimed the great importance of conversation. St. Evremont says: "Conversation is a peculiar property of man; the same as reason. It is the bond of society. By means of conversation the commerce of civil life is kept up, minds communicate their ideas, hearts express their emotions, and friendships are formed and retained." Swift says, in substance—we are not sure of his words, for we are quoting from memory: "Conversation is the great school of mind; not only by enriching it with knowledge it would have obtained with difficulty from other sources, but by rendering it more vigorous, more just, more penetrating, and more profound. A great majority of men, and those even who have given the highest culture to their minds, derive much of their knowledge from conversation."

This power of the civilized world has, among all nations, followed the progress of ideas; and as soon as men were able to emerge from the concerns of material life, and appreciate the phenomena by which they were surrounded, they must have experienced the need of communicating their ideas, and this want, increasing with civilization, regulated itself, and conversation became an art which had its forms and precepts. Philosophy, among the ancients, readily lent itself to the colloquial form, and Plato, at the Academy, when teaching the highest laws of nature and wisdom, conversed with his disciples. Probably the most brilliant talkers on record were to be found in France, in the age of Voltaire.

Those unfortunate mortals, to whom time, that priceless treasure, is so often a burthen, find in conversation a diversion as innocent as it is agreeable. Whatever may be the origin of the necessity for conversing, it exists, and this want is experienced by all men after labor, study and business. It is keenest with the wealthy, who are not subjected to any kind of employment; but it is particularly felt by women, who are endowed with keener sensibility, and condemned by their sex to a mere monotonous existence. "What a delicious city Venice is!" exclaimed a lady. "What did you find so seductive there?" asked one of her hearers. "O, I talked all day!" was the reply.

Few, even, among those men who have professed misanthropy, and led a hermit-life, retired from the world, have been proof against the charms of conversing with an occasional visitor. Timon of Athens is cited as an exception to the rule. He was supping one day with Apemantus—another misanthrope like himself. They were celebrating together the feast of "Funeral Libations." After a long silence, Apemantus, charmed with the *tete-a-tete*, exclaimed: "O, Timon, what an agreeable supper!" "Yes," replied Timon, "if you were not here!"

We may apply to conversation what Alferi said of travelling. "We learn by it infinitely better than by all the charts in the world, not to esteem or despise men, but to know ourselves, and, in part, to become acquainted with others."

TYRIAN PURPLE.—It is stated that the secret of this splendid color, which has been lost to the world since the days of the Romans, has just been discovered in Paris. The discoverer is a Mr. Depouilly, a chemist in a great dyeing establishment at Paris, and the principle of the splendid color he produces is found in guano. Perfectly successful experiments were made at the Universal Exposition before Prince Napoleon, and Messrs. Chevreton and Dumas, the most expert men in the empire. It is impossible to estimate too highly the effect of this discovery on the arts.

AFFABILITY.—This quality must not be confounded with politeness—the latter is the result of external polish, the former an indication of goodness of heart. When the Abbe Raynal was presented to Frederick the Great, surrounded by his generals, the monarch held out his hand to him, offered him a seat at his side, and said to him with a simplicity worthy of the heroic ages: "We are both of us old; let us sit down together and converse." This was something more than mere politeness.

THE DAGUERRETYPE BUSINESS.—There are about 10,000 daguerreotypists in the United States, taking daily twenty pictures each, at an average of \$2.50, giving 200,000 pictures at an expense of over half a million of dollars.

IN THE NAME OF THE PROPHEET—FIGS!—This delicious fruit, chopped up fine, makes an admirable addition to the ingredients of a mince pie. Remember it, ye housekeepers!

LITERARY.—Ainsworth, the popular English novelist, is engaged on a new serial work.

WINTER.

It is no marvel, since the weather has such an effect on health and spirits, that it is the first topic that rises to our lips in conversation, and the readiest theme that suggests itself to the pen. One of the finest poems in the English language is Thomson's Seasons; and atmospherical phenomena suggest one half the charms of landscape painting. We need not apologize, then, for a word or two on the season, as we sit before this glowing fire of anthracite, and listen to the wind as it drearily rattles the window, or clashes the thread-bare branches of the trees together, or sends the icicles rattling down from the projecting eaves. Yes, we have fairly entered on the reign of Winter, but the grey-beard monarch is not half so formidable, on acquaintance, as he appears at a distance. Had we pencil and palette in hand, we should not personify him as a grim tyrant, but as a vigorous old man, with snows upon his brow indeed, but the glow of health burning in his cheeks and lips. We have learned to love the old gentleman. We are quite sure, if we were doomed to a land where Lady Summer reigns eternally, we should rebel against her sovereignty. Our pulses would miss the quickening touch, our blood the healthful stir, imparted by the "lusty winter." And gorgeous as are the hues with which Summer decks her court, the carpets of flowers, the pyramids of swaying trees, the flash of falling fountains, Winter has his pagantries for his liege subjects. He knows them not who has never threaded the mazes of a New England forest at a time when the sharp frost, following hard on the heels of a warm rain, has changed it to a wilderness of gems, outshining in splendor the royal treasure-house of Dresden, or the fabled glories of Aladdin's Cave. What cathedral pile, with its soaring pillars en-crustated with the wealth of nations, can compare in magnificence with this structure of Nature? And this is only one of the many phases which makes us love the reign of winter, in spite of its length and its severity. We cordially exclaim with Eliza Cook:

"Here's a health, then, a health to old gray-haired December,
With his holly-crowned brow and his carolling lip."

SILENCE!—Why will not loquacious people learn that silence is sometimes more eloquent than words? Phocion called loquacious people robbers of time, and compared them to empty hogheads, which sound louder than full ones.

MAIL ROBBERS.—A great noise is made about these rascals now-a-days; but it seems that there are also a great many female robbers about.

CHARITY.

It is very easy to assume a tone of misanthropy. It is very easy to assert that this is a hard world—that there is no good in it—that the prosperous have no charity—that the poor are impostors, etc.—but it is a difficult matter to prove. When we look below the surface, we shall find individuals and societies, in every large community, devoting time, money, tact and talent to the amelioration of the condition of less favored fellow-beings. We shall find such men doing the more good, because acting noiselessly and unostentatiously. In our city, for instance, see what a single association, the Boston Young Men's Benevolent Society, has quietly accomplished in its sphere. They have assisted three hundred and eight families, most of whom have seen better days, during the past year—old men, lone women, children, who can scrape along during the summer without help, but who require aid, when the pinching season of winter comes down upon them in its rigor. These are not persons who make a trade of begging. You never hear them ask for help; but they receive it, gratefully invoking blessings on the heads of the giver. There are other societies in this good city, also, laboring in this good cause.

OLD LETTERS.—How many sad thoughts and glad thoughts are awakened by glancing over a file of old letters. Memorials of the loved and lost, expressions of maternal tenderness, Judas phrases of treachery, records of hopes long since blasted, rays of sunshine from happy hearts—all are blended together. It is a sore trial to the nerves to look over a collection of these long-dated missives.

PENN'S READINESS.—"You will never be the wiser if I sit here answering your questions till midnight," said one of the upright justices to Penn, who had been putting law cases with a puzzling subtlety. "Thereafter as the answers may be," retorted the quaker.

FEMALE LAWYERS.—The New York Times thinks ladies cannot make good lawyers, because they haven't got brass enough. We have no doubt there are many ladies who would make as good pleaders as Portia in the "Merchant of Venice."

SHAKESPEARE IMPROVED.—Away out "beyond the Mississippi," when they play Macbeth to the backwoodsmen, the hero in the dagger scene always says:

"Is this a bowie-knife I see before me?"

SUNDAY IN THE CITY.

A Sunday in the country presents no very striking contrast to a country week day—the number of laborers is so distributed over the large extent of territory, that their withdrawal does not produce a marked effect; but nothing can be more striking than the difference in the aspect of a great city on the Sabbath, from its appearance on the week day. What a universal stillness broods over its whole extent! Go along the wharves, where on six days the confusion of Babel reigns. Everything is quiet. Sails spread to dry, hang idly from the yards and masts; the flags and streamers dally in the sunshine. Look at the long lines of warehouses and stores—they are hermetically sealed, and look like solid masses of granite, as impervious as the Hoosac Mountain. Pass up on 'Change, "where merchants most do congregate." Where are the bulls and bears—the buyers and the sellers—the heavy men, the small speculators, the carb-stone brokers, the "Jews of all religions?" They have all retired to their domiciles, and State Street is deserted. Inert piles of notes, and heaps of gold, lie idly in the safes and vaults of the temples of Mammon—the balance wheel of trade has ceased to vibrate. But this condition of things conveys no impression of stagnation—only of healthy repose; the rest which gathers energy and vitality for a new career.

A Sunday in New York—the great imperial city of the empire, the most peerless in extent and magnificence on the American continent—is particularly impressive. Approaching it early on a Sunday morning, in a steamer, you are deeply struck with this Sabbath stillness, contrasting with the immensity and the exhaustless materials of activity and animal life. It is strange that so holy a calm broods over the miles and miles of shipping that line the water on either hand, over the acres of monstrous magazines and store-houses, and over the prodigious multitude of quays. You round the Battery—hardly do a few promenaders meet your eye on the esplanade. The bustle attendant on the arrival of the steamboat, and the embarkation of the passengers, though less demonstrative than usual, seems a jarring episode in the tranquil history of the day. You wait till the crowd has dispersed, and then taking your carpet-bag, quietly walk into Broadway. The glitter, the confusion, the crowds hurrying to and fro—where are they? What has become of that human tide who ebb and flow so febrile, almost convulsive, upon week days? You diverge into the region of groaning presses, and busy

hands and busy pens, that minister to the intellectual wants of the nation. There all is seeming quiet. Only a few newsboys, with their piles of marketable wares, scramble swiftly out of doorways, and up from areas, breaking out with their shrill enunciatory cries, as they dart into the large thoroughfares, or wend their way to the hotels.

But the general silence is in time broken by the musical thunder of a thousand steeples, and they make the air reel with their ponderous melody. Another interval of silence, another pealing summons, and the streets are crowded. A dense tide of human beings, some richly, all respectfully attired, throng the streets. The shuffling and trampling of innumerable feet is like the rustling of fallen autumn leaves in the eddying winds of December. But quiet is the order of the day. The non-church going part of the population quietly betake themselves to carriages, railroad cars and ferry-boats, and slip out of the city to spend the day in suburban haunts, returning at nightfall, and darkness shrouns upon a peaceful, silent place.

Not long after midnight, the city begins to awaken to its week of toil like a giant refreshed from his slumbers. The rumble and roar of carts, the tramp of feet, indicate the feverish pursuit of the stirring purposes of life; but that one Sabbath day of rest extends its happy influence throughout the week.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MAGAZINE.—Though our monthly may be had at all of the periodical depots at ten cents per copy, yet the cheapest and best mode to receive it is by subscribing to the office of publication direct. It is then obtained in a neat, clean form, and at the earliest possible moment.

BOOK SALES.—In England, to sell ten thousand copies of a work of fiction is considered a great business; in this country, the sale of an edition of fifty thousand copies is not an extraordinary event. Boston is equal, if not superior, to New York, in the book manufacture.

EMIGRATION.—Few persons, not observant of statistics, are aware how large a number of our sterling New England citizens are steadily pressing forward as settlers in the Great West. God speed them.

POPULATION.—Russia averages about eight persons to a square mile, France, 170, and England, 230.

DRESS.

The art of dressing well consists in knowing how to unite elegance with an original simplicity. Fashions have their revolutions, their anarchies, their catastrophes, but the most exquisite neatness has always been the basis of dress. On the day of the interview between Napoleon and Alexander on the Niemen, Murat and General Dorsenne came up at the same time to take their places behind the French emperor. Murat, as usual, was loaded with embroidery, furs, and sigrettes; Dorsenne, with that elegant and select but severe attire, which made this fine general the model of the army. Napoleon, perceiving Murat in this garb, said to him: "Go and put on your marshal's coat—you look like Franconi, the circus-rider." And then he affectionately saluted Dorsenne. This lesson in dress was not lost on the army, with the exception of the vain and showy man to whom the rebuke was addressed.

STREET MUSIC.—Some of the New York papers are down on the itinerant musicians who perambulate the streets of the Empire City. It is their music which seems hideous to ears trained to "Ansonian airs," and yet there are thousands of the poor who, but for these wandering minstrels, would never hear any music at all. National melodies and tender love strains, even if not executed with Italian skill, are not without their good effect on the listeners.

SYSTEM.—"Order is Heaven's first law," says the poet, and Dr. Hall, in commenting on the theme which suggested the axiom, says rightly: "A wife who has her whole establishment so arranged from cellar to attic, that she knows on any emergency where to go for a required article, is a treasure to any man."

BEAUTIFUL EYES.—We believe it has never been settled whether blue or black eyes are the prettier. The Turks talk about stag-eyes in their ladies—and Lady Mary Wortley Montague liked the epithet as expressive of "fire and indifference." Homer's Juno is ox-eyed.

OUR NAVY.—We are pleased to see that Uncle Sam is "brushing up" a little, and getting his steamers and sailing craft in serviceable condition. It is the best policy. War is often prevented by being prepared for it.

A CANAL.—Business men and capitalists talk of connecting the Mississippi River with Lake Borge by means of a canal.

THE POOR.

Ye men of fortune, as ye sit in the quiet evening in rooms splendidly draped and furnished, and warmed to summer heat, so that flowers bloom around you as in August, while the clashing sleet strikes your window-panes with a not unmusical murmur, forget not that there are hundreds all around you, fireless, hungry and ill-clad. If you have not energy to seek out the needy, at least, never refuse assistance when it is asked. In this world of mutual dependence, those who have nothing have a right to ask and receive help of those who have.

GOOD HUMOR.—Nothing is more unphilosophical than the exhibition of ill-humor in circumstances that you can possibly prevent it. Seneca's remedy in unavoidable misfortune was to "smile and sustain it." We think resignation is a national virtue of our countrymen. Just before an election you would think them capable of cutting each other's throats—the day after the defeated party wears a good-natured smile, and there is not a bit of bullying on the part of the victors.

RICH MEN.—The Rothschilds—poor fellows—are not quite so well off as we supposed them to be. It was stated that they were worth \$700,000,000; it is now thought best to take "a little off the thinnest part," towards the latter end, and to change the first figure, which cuts the family down to \$40,000,000. We assure our readers that we do this out of consideration to the money, but will see ourselves hanged before we take off another million to please anybody.

HIS FIRST PLAY.—Charles Lamb was taken to the theatre when six years old, to see Artaxerxes. He says: "It was all enchantment and a dream. No such pleasure has since visited me but in dreams." Elsewhere he intimates that, but for certain physical disqualifications, he should himself have been an actor.

CONVERSATION.—Life is a mixture of pains and pleasures; of good and evil days; be equally varied in your discourse; show yourself by turns sad or gay, serious or sportive, according to the subject or the circumstances.

SPIRITUALISM.—A machinist in Charlestown has been sent to the Lunatic Asylum, having lost his reason by dwelling on spiritualism.

YANKEEISH.—A machine has recently been invented that will peg a boot or shoe in thirty seconds.

Foreign Miscellany.

Spandaw, the Dutch poet, has lately died, at the age of 80 years.

In London, ready-made sermons are sold to brainless clergymen at half a crown each.

A report comes by way of Paris, that Russia has granted letters of marque to some American ships, as privateers.

Sir Thomas Trowbridge, who had both legs shot off in the Crimea, has just been united in marriage to Miss Garney, of Norwich.

Victor Hugo with his son, and those who signed the recent protest, have been expelled from the Channel Islands.

The Manchester peace party have caused placards to be issued, with the catching head, "Stop the war!"

The Sultan has promoted the Bey of Tunis to the rank of Muchir (Field Marshal), with the customary present of a sword of honor.

Nearly six thousand people connected with the Paris Exhibition have signed a petition praying that it may be re-opened on the 1st of next May.

Distress prevails in Tuscany from bad harvests, cholera, and mismanagement in government. The inhabitants are anticipating a winter of unparalleled suffering.

A biographical sketch of Lord Palmerston in the Banbury Guardian says that his Lordship is a descendant of Leofrec, Earl of Mercia, and husband of the famous Lady Godiva.

A Paris letter speaks of a young lady who received intelligence from the Crimea of the death of her lover, her father, brother and uncle, all by the same post! Such is war.

There seems no doubt the son of the Prince Royal of Prussia is affianced to the Princess Royal of England, although they probably will not be married for twelve or eighteen months.

An Imperial firman has been granted by the Sultan for the purpose of lighting Constantinople with gas. This concession has been given to an English gentleman of influence, long a resident in that city.

It is said that the Bible is received with increasing readiness by the Turks, and they appear to countenance all efforts made in a quiet way for the promulgation of the word of God among them.

The identical boat in which Grace Darling earned her celebrity, now lies bottom up on the beach at North Sunderland, and is regarded by the unromantic dwellers in that region with perfect indifference!

It is rumored in London that the Bank of England and the Bank of France are about uniting in the establishment of branches in Constantinople and in the Crimea with the view of opening offices of circulation and deposit in those parts.

The Dublin Hospital Gazette states that diseased teeth have been rendered insensible to pain by a cement composed of Canada balsam and slacked lime, which is to be inserted in the hollow of a tooth, like a pill. It is stated that such pills afford immediate relief.

Gen. Le Vaillant is appointed French Governor of Sebastopol.

The high commissions in the British army are held by old fogies and young striplings.

At Glasgow a man has been sentenced to sixty days' imprisonment for stealing a farthing.

At an idiot asylum in the north of England, seven out of ten of the patients are the children of parents related to each other by consanguinity.

The Piedmontese Gazette announces that Silvio Pellico's correspondence will shortly be published.

There is a printing-office in Paris capable of printing the Lord's prayer in three hundred different languages.

The king of the Belgians has offered a prize of three thousand francs to the author of the best history of the reign of Albert and Isabella.

The annual value of the manufactures sent forth to the markets of the world by French goldsmiths, silversmiths, and jewellers, is upwards of two millions sterling (\$9,800,000).

During a thunderstorm in Liverpool, lately, the electric fluid ignited the contents of a fire-work manufactory, and a fearful explosion, accompanied by loss of life, was the result.

A late London paper says the Russian officers at Constantinople, asked permission, which was granted, to celebrate the birthday of the Emperor Alexander.

A botanist, in one of the interior towns of France, is said to have discovered a native weed, which grows in abundance, and furnishes an infusion closely resembling, in color, aroma and taste, the black tea of China.

A Pole was sent from St. Petersburg to Kiev with 680,000 roubles to purchase horses for the Russian army, but he mistook the way, went to Warsaw, and then to Paris. This is the greatest horse trade we have heard of lately.

The Pope of Rome had a narrow escape recently from the hands of the banditti, who intended to seize him as he was riding out of the city, with the intention of securing a ransom. The Bishop of Imola, in Greece, was recently served in this way and ransomed.

A recent number of Galignani's Messenger says: "At an exhibition of flowers which took place at the beginning of this month, at Mannheim, a prize was awarded for a very extraordinary floral curiosity, a green rose. The petals of the flower were green, and had somewhat the form of leaves.

From statistics just published, the vastness of London is clearly exhibited. It is stated that 200,000 persons enter the city each day on foot by different avenues, and about 15,000 by the river steamers; and that, beside the cab, cart, carriage and wagon traffic of the streets, the omnibuses alone perform 7400 daily journeys.

At Cairo there are now about twenty Coptic Protestants, with a priest among them, who meet to read the Bible. There is a Greek Catholic, or United Greek bishop, said to preach almost the pure Gospel. The old Armenian bishop, while expressing himself very strongly against tradition, speaks of the Holy Scriptures as containing all that is necessary for salvation.

Record of the Times.

About one in five of the deaths which occur in New York are from consumption.

The population of Hartford, Ct., is shown by the new census to be 24,024.

Lope de Vega, who wrote 1500 plays, was a soldier, alchemist, priest, and twice married.

Baron Damier, a negro diplomatist, has been sent to London by the Haytian emperor.

Mrs. Maeder (formerly Miss Clara Fisher) is fitting young ladies for the stage in New York.

Leopold de Meyer, the lion-pianist, has gone to Grafenberg for his health.

The remains of the lamented Countess Rossi-Sontag repose in the convent of Marienthal.

Why is a woman living up two pair of stairs like a goddess? Because she is a second Flora.

The oldest husbandry we know is when a man in clover marries a woman in weeds.

The lawyer who believes it is wicked to lie, is spending a week with the Quaker who indulges in marine hornpipes.

A new counterfeit bank-note is described as having for its vignette a "female with a rake in her lap."

In Kentucky, a wealthy man who courted a girl "just for the fun," has been mulcted in \$6000 damages for breach of promise.

A fossilized mammoth tooth of the Mastodon Maximus, weighing three pounds, has been found lately in a creek at Canemah, Oregon.

The St. Louis Intelligencer states that from thirty to forty dead men are taken out of the river opposite that city monthly.

The Illustrated London News says that Nebraska Territory is a tract of several millions of acres lately purchased by the Americans from the Mosquito King!

In the New York Fair there is a knitting machine which knits a full grown stocking in three quarters of an hour. The elderly ladies are lost in admiration of it.

The Plough recommends smokers to try hops instead of tobacco, observing that the fragrance is balsamic, and, diffused in a bed-chamber, will always bring calm, refreshing sleep.

"American genius," says a late letter from Russia, "rules the hour at St. Petersburg. A legion of accepted war inventions are under careful trial in the way of experiments, besides an infinite number that have been declined as impracticable or unsuited to the present exigencies."

Dr. John C. Warren, in his treatise on the preservation of health, sets forth the importance of gymnastic exercises with clearness and force, as exercising all the muscles of the body, and particularly those of the upper limbs, thus expanding the chest, and developing the form.

At the railway termini at London Bridge, 10,845,000 persons arrived unparted elaps'd year; at the Southwestern, 3,308,000; from the Shoreditch station, 2,143,000; Easton Square station, 970,000; Paddington station, 1,400,000; King's Cross station, 711,000; Blackwall station, in Fenchurch Street, 8,144,000.

Both the Irish and German emigration to this country has sensibly decreased.

The African slave trade has revived, from the withdrawal of British cruisers.

Mannuel Ganzales, a California burglar, had ninety-six buckshot fired into him, and recovered.

A young man at Washington, while boxing, lately received a blow that killed him.

Mrs. Jameson says the "bread of life is love." But love is not always bread.

Mr. Berdan, of New York, has invented an improved life-boat.

Punch rejoices that the fadge of "Simpson & Co. is no longer played in the Crimea.

The Princess Murat, who may possibly be queen of Naples, is a native of Charleston, S. C.

Immense beds of soapstone have been discovered in Walcottville, Ct., and a company has been formed to open and quarry them.

A traveller in Canada West estimates the surplus of wheat, in that province, at fifteen millions of bushels.

"Dinna Forget, Johnny, to plant young trees wherever ye can set them," was the last advice of a shrewd Scotch landholder to his heir, for they'll grow while ye're sleeping."

The "iron-tailed cow," as the pump used to be poetically called, has quite superseded, in fact, the ordinary animal known by that name in natural history.

In 1794, a paper mill was built at Fairhaven, Vt., by Col. Lyon, at which paper for wrapping, and even printing, was made from basswood bark.

It is said that if the English language be divided into one hundred parts, sixty would be Saxon, thirty would be Latin (including French), five would be Greek, and the remaining five from the other languages of the world.

In New York city, there are eighty Episcopal clergymen; in Brooklyn, twenty-eight; in Philadelphia, sixty-six; in Boston, twenty-two; in Baltimore, twenty-four; in Charleston, twenty-one.

A New Bedford paper, in speaking of the contemplated additions to the whaling fleet, says that "several houses (in that city) are in pursuit of ships for the service." It must look funny to see a house in pursuit of a ship.

The village of La Crosse, Wisconsin, the terminus of the La Crosse and Milwaukee Railroad, was laid out only four years ago, and is now said to contain two thousand houses. It supports a newspaper, and enjoys the frequent visits of some thirty different steamboats.

One of the religious papers has an article on the benefit of life insurance to clergymen. It says: "We have heard of congregations who have presented their ministers with a tomb; a life insurance policy, it strikes us, would be a much more acceptable gift."

A banker in Buffalo recently lent \$12,000 to two Germans, taking as security fifty or sixty English lever gold watches. The Jews did not call for their watches, and it was found that they were all made of pinchbeck, except one which had served as a sample.

Merry Making.

A Yankee editor says that the girls complain that the times are so hard the young men can't pay their addresses.

"A dreadful little for a shilling," said a pennurious fellow to a physician who dealt him out an emetic, "can't you give more?"

A wag passing by a retailer's shop and seeing him measuring out molasses, called out to him: "Sir, you have a sweet run of business."

TO DRESS POULTRY.—When the weather is very cold, cut out, and make each fowl a jacket and trowsers. Put them on and your poultry will be dressed.

TO CURE HAMS.—First ascertain what is the matter with them. Then apply the proper remedy, and if you do not succeed in curing them, it isn't your fault.

Why should a little boy be careful to watch the conduct of his papa's sister? Because the Bible says, "Consider the ways of the saint and be wise."

A queer gatherer of statistics says that of 158 pretty women whom he met in the streets of a fashionable resort at a given time, 100 were sucking their parasol handles.

A genius remarked the other day, with a grave face, that however prudent and virtuous young widows might be, he had seen many a gay young widow err.

Men are like bugles, the more brass they contain, the further you can hear them. Women are like tulips, the more modest and retiring they appear, the better you love them.

Shakespeare defines a man as having seven ages, whereas, we accord him only two: the first is childhood, when he "cuts his teeth," and the last is old age, when his "teeth cut him."

A lady was requested by a bachelor somewhat advanced in years to take a seat upon his knee while in a crowded sleigh. "No thank you," said she, "I am afraid such an old seat would break down with me."

A Western writer thinks that if the proper way of spelling tho' is "though," and ate "eight," and bo "bean," the proper way of spelling potatoes is "poughteighaux." The new way of spelling softly is "peoughtleigh."

An Irishman in Chicago has just discovered a substitute for potatoes. It consists of pork and cabbage. He says he has tried various other things, but this is the only "substitute" that he'd like to warrant.

We understand that the man who could sell shoes for less than the cost, and afford to throw in an extra pair where you bought a dollar's worth, has suddenly decamped, after putting some \$100 bad money in circulation, and pocketing the silver spoons at his boarding-house.

Caraccioli, the Neapolitan minister, a man of a good deal of conversation and wit, used to say, "that the only ripe fruit he had ever seen in England were roasted apples!" and in a vivacious conversation with King George II., he took the liberty of preferring the moon of Naples to the sun of England.

Why was Herodias's daughter hard to beat at a horse race? Ans. Because she got a head of John the Baptist on a charger.

Why is a Ohio railway contractor like a German emigrant? Because he *makes tracks* for the West.

When a petulant individual politely observes to you, "You had better eat me up, hadn't you?" don't you do it.

Sydney Smith said of a great talker, that it would greatly improve him if he had, now and then, "a few flashes of silence."

We agree with a cotemporary that young ladies should never object to being kissed by editors; they should make every allowance for the *freedom of the press*.

"Steam," says Dr. Lardner, "is the great annihilator—it annihilates time and space." "Yes," says another, "and multitudes of passengers, too."

A late number of the Brookline American announced the destruction of the editor's hat whereupon the Connersville Times impudently wonders if any lives were lost.

At Funchal, Madeira, it is the fashion to wear white boots instead of black ones. A lump of chalk serves in the place of the blacking-box and brush.

"Mother, I'm afraid a fever would go hard with me." "Why, my son?" "Cause you see, mother, I'm so small that there wouldn't be room for it to turn."

An Irish gentleman having a small picture-room, several persons desired to see it at the same time. "Faith, gentlemen," said he, "if you all go in, it will not hold half of you!"

Mr. Knight, who has been treasurer of the Howard Society of Portsmouth for twenty years, has resigned the place, and is very properly succeeded by Mr. Day.

Never trust a secret with a married man who loves his wife, for he will tell her, she will tell her aunt Hannah and aunt Hannah will impart it as a profound secret to every one of her female acquaintances.

An editor once said to a bore who had sat about two hours in his office, "I wish you would do as my fire is doing." "How is that?" said the other. "Why, sir, it is going out," replied the editor.

T. Starr King once said that the best idea of weight was given by an Indian, who, when asked how much he weighed, replied: "As I am I weigh one hundred and fifty pounds, but when I am mad I weigh a ton."

Ellen Emery, who lives down South, cautions all girls against having anything to do with her runaway husband, David. She thinks he will be easily known, "because," she says, "David has a scar on his nose, where I scratched him!" Sc-a-at!

A man upon the verge of bankruptcy having purchased an elegant coat on credit, and being told by one of his acquaintances that the cloth was very beautiful, though the coat was too short, replied with a sigh, "It will be long enough before I get another."

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• WHOLE No. 12.

INTRIGUE.—A DOMESTIC SKETCH.

BY MRS. MARY MAYNARD.

FARMER BECKWITH's old farm-house looked unusually lively one fine sunny summer afternoon (it matters not how many years ago), for it was brightened by the presence of a gay city party, and the old walls were resounding to merry, laughing voices; and happy faces were seen at the windows, and light figures flitted through the old orchard; and altogether, the old house wore quite a different aspect from what it usually did. A very gay party they were, from Silas Warren, Esq., the head of it—and who had left a large portion of his accustomed dignity behind him in the city,—down to his fair, young daughter, Ida, the youngest of the company. Very merry they all were, out there in the midst of the green woods and grassy fields; far from the dusty, wearisome streets, the endless blocks of buildings, and all the sights and sounds of the city.

Mr. Warren had long promised his child this visit to the old farm-house; and when the hot July days came, and her city home was no longer bearable, he took her and a party of favorite young companions out into the country to spend several weeks.

Mr. Warren was a poorly gentleman of forty, or thereabout, with dark hair, through which little silver lines were faintly visible; fine eyes, very dark and expressive—but not always expressing what they ought to; for Mr. Warren, though an excellent man, and very benevolent and kind-hearted in cooler moments, was of a passionate and easily excitable temper, and at

such times his eyes were apt to display his feelings more than his words. In his youth he had been called handsome, and at forty, after making allowance for good living and luxurious indulgence, he was still a good-looking man, and he knew it. The next in years to him came three Misses Meyrick, the two eldest of whom were engaged to be married, and were accompanied by their admirers, while the youngest was Ida Warren's chosen companion and friend.

The Misses Mary and Anna were commonplace young ladies enough, interesting to nobody on earth but their own parents and their own lovers. But Laura, the youngest, was of a different stamp, and with her twin brother, would have furnished an interesting study for any one desirous of searching out the mysteries of human nature and the human mind. Possessed of scarcely one excellence, she yet passed among her friends as a pattern of daughters and sisters; and parents held her up to their own children as an example worthy of imitation.

Her brother was as faulty a character as herself, and having less art to disguise his habits and inclinations, had already been the object of some unpleasant but whispered remarks; confined, however, to his own acquaintances, and unsuspected by his friends. He was now in his twentieth year, and already initiated into all the mysteries of a gay, young man's life in a large city. A very unfit companion was he for Ida Warren—beautiful, innocent Ida Warren,—who treated him with so much kind cordiality, as she

brother of her friend, and strove to look over those blemishes that could not fail to shock and distress her, hide them as he might.

It was a pity Mr. Warren had not exercised his judgment a little more, when he allowed these dangerous young persons to become the intimate friends of his daughter, even though they were the children of a once valued friend. But Ida liked them, and they seemed to love his darling in return, and that was sufficient to win the way to the father's heart direct, setting aside the many agreeable qualities and accomplishments possessed by the young people themselves, that rendered them pleasant companions even for one so many years their senior.

Ida Warren, even as a child, had won the love of all around her, and as she increased in years and beauty, her father's heart swelled with pride and affection for his cherished and only child; and his regret for the loss of a deeply loved wife was made more poignant by the reflection that she could not behold their daughter from the far-off spirit land, that he supposed she had gone to; for truth to tell, Mr. Warren had very indistinct ideas of a future state, and certainly indulged in no such "sentimental delusions" as to suppose the spirits of those we love hover around us.

Nat he, indeed! Death, to him, was a dark, horrible mystery, a something he did not like to hear named, or to encounter in the shape of tombstones and coffins; a something that struck terror to his heart when thought of alone, or in the silence of the night; a fear altogether unrelieved by the afore-mentioned belief, or delusion, or whatever it is, so dear to many of our race.

But with Ida it was quite different; and from the day, when yet a little child, she had seen her mother laid in the grave, she had associated the mournful trappings of death with the memory of this mother, and so far from causing horror or dismay, they brought back sweet and memories of that fair, calm face, resting on its soft pillow, the white hands crossed on the stilled heart, and the whole aspect so peaceful and calm, that Ida sometimes longed to go away out of the noisy city world, and lie still and quiet in the green graveyard beside her mother.

Ida was a very beautiful girl at sixteen (the time when our story opens); with dark, soft curls falling around her white shoulders, and large, thoughtful eyes, that everybody said were black, and everybody found out were gray. But it mattered little what color they were, so long as the black lashes that shaded them, and rested on the delicate cheek. She had a very peculiar way of shaking back her long curls

and raising those eyes when talking with her friends—a very peculiar and bewitching manner it was, and so thought young Egerton Beckwith, the farmer's handsome grandson, who soon became her special cavalier, escorting her to all the romantic and beautiful places around Abbevale, and being frequently blessed with one of those earnest, thoughtful, and inquiring glances.

Young Beckwith had lived all his life (some twenty years) in the old farm-house at Abbevale, and it, and its surroundings, were dearer to him than aught else the world contained. Little wonder was it, then, that he was charmed with the unforgotten praises Ida bestowed on his home; and when he found she admired some places and prospects that he had always thought peculiarly beautiful, they at once became friends.

Egerton Beckwith had been brought up under the careful guidance of his grandparents, and from his earliest youth had been taught that religion, the worship of his Maker, was the first object of life. How great, then, was his astonishment, his horror, his distress, to find that Ida, the beautiful, sensitive, gentle Ida, on whom a kind Providence had lavished innumerable gifts, who revelled in the possession of wealth, health, and happiness, was as a heathen in her total ignorance of all appertaining to religion, its mysteries, its beauties, its power.

He was a very young man then, and lacked the courage that in after years enabled him to stand forth in the defence of his God and religion; but even then he longed to show these gay, young people the road to happiness, as he had found it; and if he had thought, with a sigh, of the many advantages a city education had given them over himself, the regretful feeling passed with the knowledge of their one great want.

Young Meyrick and his sisters were obliged to treat Egerton with some show of civility from the known regard that Mr. Warren had for him; but in secret they repaid him for their condescension by the most contemptuous coolness, which became actual rudeness after they discovered the friendly feeling existing between him and Ida. But proof alike to their sneers and remarks, he kept a steady watch over Ida, attending to her wants, and providing for her comfort, in a tender, brother-like manner, that was both felt and appreciated by the young girl.

If, as it often happened, they spent the warm afternoons in the shade of a neighboring grove, there was always a pleasant seat provided for Ida. Did they in their rambles behold beautiful flowers on the sides of the mountain (for Abbevale could boast of a very respectable mountain), she would exclaim, behold a magnificent cluster of

them laid beside Ida's plate, when the party assembled at the morning meal. A fine moonlight night caused her to wish that they might have a sail on the bright sparkling waters of the river, and the next day a boat made its appearance at the landing, and the whole party embarked in high spirits, while Ida, who knew to whom they were indebted for the pleasure, gave her little hand to Egerton, to assist her in, and raising those beautiful eyes for an instant to his, whispered a word of thanks that more than repaid him for all he had done for her.

"I am getting tired of this dull life," said young Meyrick, one morning, as the party were lounging about after breakfast. "Can't we get up something new to-day, just to prevent our all dying of the blues?"

"I second that motion," exclaimed his sister Laura, throwing down her novel, and going up to where he sat balancing his chair on two legs, and puffing his cigar smoke out of the window.

"Well, what shall it be, sis? I see you have some plan in your head."

"A picnic down by the river, and a rustic bridge built over the stream at the turn where it is so narrow."

"What an idea! Who do you suppose is going to build rustic bridges such weather as this? And as for a picnic, the very word is sickening."

"But I want it, and will have it," was Laura's answer, and Mr. Warren entering at that moment, she danced gaily up to him, and repeated her request, begging at the same time that he would join in her scheme.

"Certainly, Miss Laura; anything that you propose we shall all be too happy to assist in."

And so after some little demur on the part of young Meyrick, which was silenced by an impatient "Do be quiet, Fred," from his sister, it was agreed that the day should be spent as she proposed, viz.—the morning in erecting a tent and a little bridge, and the afternoon in holding a picnic in the former. Many girls would have felt annoyed that her opinion had not been asked, but Ida Warren had no jealousy in her nature, and she showed no displeasure that her father should so readily acquiesce in another's proposals.

But when the old farmer loudly remonstrated against any such risks being run, she joined her voice with his in entreating them to give up anything attended with such danger. Vainly, however; for Laura, more and more determined to carry her point, as the others opposed it, exerted all her influence with Mr. Warren, and the matter was settled. Some men from a neighboring

farm were summoned; the gentlemen assisted as far as they knew how, and, pleased with the novelty, they really exerted themselves; and Laura had the satisfaction of seeing a beautiful little structure span the narrow but rapid stream, and of hearing them say it was completed, at an hour that still allowed them time to enjoy themselves, and entertain a party of friends, who came all unexpected, save by Mr. Warren and his fair young friend.

On leaving their work, the men had warned them not to place too much weight on the new bridge; and above all, not to jar it, as in that case, the hastily constructed foundation might give way. The afternoon wore away with mirth and music, and all, merry and light-hearted, enjoyed the coming of the cool evening and the attendant breeze, that rippled the bright waters of the river, now sparkling in the moonlight. Ida had resisted all entreaties to pass over the frail bridge; but when they had all done so, she felt rather ashamed of her cowardice, and was not sorry to see Fred Meyrick coming back to make a last effort to induce her to consent.

"It is only half a dozen steps; now don't be so timid." And then seeing she was willing to go, he snatched her hand and hurried her on, to the little arch.

Laughing aloud at his victory, and rendered foolhardy by his frequent crossing, he paused in the middle of the bridge, and holding Ida firmly, so that she could not escape, he stamped heavily once, twice, three times. Screaming with terror, she struggled to free herself from his grasp, and at the same instant, their friends on the bank heard the fearful sounds of the parting planks, as the tottering structure swayed to and fro in the air.

With a cry of agony, Mr. Warren sprang upon the shaking timbers, but only to hurry the catastrophe; for ere another word could be spoken, he, together with his child and her companion, were hurled violently into the deep, eddying waters, and last sight of amid the confused mass of planks and poles that had composed the unfortunate bridge.

The party, for an instant, stood speechless at the suddenness of the accident, and then, with one accord, arose a chorus of screams, and two of the Misses Meyrick fainted, while Laura rushed wildly to the edge of the stream, as if to plunge in. But a strong arm drew her forcibly away; and young Beckwith, having thrown off his coat, boldly plunged into the stream, and swam to where Ida's white dress was now seen in the moonlight. He had nearly reached her, when his left arm was tightly grasped, and

young Meyrick's pale countenance rose above the waters.

On the impulse of the moment, Egerton violently flung him off, and unheeding his wild entreaty, "Save me! save me!" once more struck out in the direction of the glimmering white mass, which he could now see was rapidly whirling round in the eddies. She was reached at last, and as he clatched her dress in his hand, a silent thanksgiving went up from his heart, deeper than words can explain or express. It was a wild struggle; for the rapids, certain death, lay below. But the bank was gained at last, and Ida, all pale and corpse-like, was in his arms.

Pale faces and trembling forms stood that night around the couch whereon rested the form of Ida Warren. The physician had arrived, and as he bent over her, the father watched in breathless agony the changes of his countenance. But soon their fears were quieted, and as the word passed through the house, "she will live," Egerton Beckwith solemnly raised his eyes to Heaven, and there was registered his thanksgiving vow.

"At any time, at all times, command my purse and services. I never can repay you for what you have done for me."

"Mr. Warren, if the day shall come that I ever occupy a station equal to your own, have I your consent to seek your daughter's hand and heart?"

The father started, and after a moment's confusion, replied:

"My dear young friend, you ask for something not in my power to bestow. Ida's hand has long been promised to the son of my old friend. It is a union we have long contemplated with pleasure, and I should be deeply grieved to see it broken off."

"And is Miss Warren aware of this engagement?" Egerton Beckwith asked, with ill concealed emotion.

"Not yet. Mr. Meyrick and myself thought it best that they should be kept in ignorance of it until such time as their sense of duty would have some weight. Young people are not always the best judges of what is best for themselves, you know."

"What is that, dear, that you are hiding so carefully from me?" laughingly asked Laura Meyrick, as she entered Ida's room on the same day the above conversation took place. It was the last day of their visit to Abbotsdale, and the rest of the party had already returned to the city.

Ida blushed, and attempted to talk of some-

thing else; but Laura was not to be so baffled, and so, by dint of coaxing and caress, she persuaded the young girl to tell her what it was.

"A letter from young Beckwith? Why, Ma, what can that great country boy have to say to you in a letter?" And then seeing how bright the angry flush rose on her friend's cheek, she added, more mildly: "But perhaps he thinks, because he saved your life, that you will give him your hand and fortune by-and-by? Am I not right?"

Unwilling to listen longer to her rascally, Ma gave her the letter, which, after perusing, she returned, with the remark:

"He is a better fellow than I thought him. Write an answer, dear, and I will give it to him myself for you."

As Ida crossed the room to get her desk, Laura slipped the open letter into her pocket, and then seating herself at the writing-table, watched the little fingers as they nervously guided the pen over the paper, tracing the kind words dictated by the heart of the writer.

Three hours afterwards, the carriage drove from the door, and Egerton hastened to his room to open the envelope slipped into his hand by Miss Meyrick. One start, alone, betrayed his astonishment, and with a heavy sigh, he tore the enclosure in pieces—it was his own letter returned.

Time hurries on, and when we resume our tale, it is after a lapse of over a year. It is September, and the bright autumn sun is shining through the richly tinted curtains of a magnificently furnished parlor. The occupants, a lady and gentleman, are, seemingly, heedless of the richness and beauty around them; for on the countenance of the one there are marks of passionate anger, and the other seems almost equally disturbed.

"Did she dare to say that?" exclaims Mr. Warren; for it is our old acquaintance; "dare to add insult to disobedience? Now, by Heaven, this is too bad! and she shall learn to yield her will to mine, or she is no longer my child!"

"My dear husband, do not excite yourself; you do not know the consequence of getting in a passion. Perhaps it will be better, after all, to let her have her own way. Of course it will be hard for Frederick, but he must sacrifice his own feelings sooner than cause ill feelings between you and your daughter."

"Don't talk to me, Laura. I say she shall marry Frederick, or not one cent of my money shall she ever touch!"

As it was evident that Mr. Warren was now

angry enough, Mrs. Warren prudently withdrew, while he, after a stormy interview with his daughter, in which she steadily refused to have anything to do with young Meyrick, proceeded to fulfil his threats, and actually made a will, bequeathing his whole fortune to his wife and her brother.

It was a most unjust and outrageous proceeding, but Laura Meyrick had not married Mr. Warren without understanding exactly how he might be ruled, and she now exercised the power thus gained in gradually undermining his love for Ida. Completely under the control of his beautiful, talented and fascinating young wife, the old gentleman continually found fault with his daughter for betraying the dislike Laura's duplicity had created in her bosom. But when his pet scheme of Ida's marriage with Fred was threatened with destruction, his anger knew no bounds; and the flame, gently fanned by his wife's artful pleadings in Ida's favor, caused the explosion and ending we have seen.

For several weeks after the affair of the will, Ida remained a prisoner in her own room; partly by her father's orders, and partly from a wish to escape all communication with her step-mother. But Mr. Warren, when cooled by time and reflection, repented of his injustice to his gentle child, and though ashamed to ask Laura to return the fatal paper he had left in her keeping, secretly perpetrated another, in which he did justice to his daughter. This he carried about with him, but even this did not appease his conscience; and as he missed Ida, so did he seek to drown the painful recollection of her absence by partaking freely of wine, and the consequence was that he began to have symptoms of apoplexy, a disease his medical attendant had always warned him of.

Half dizzy with the pain in his head, he went to his office, one day, and there found all in confusion. A forgery of a large amount had been committed, and his head clerk had clearly traced it to Frederick Meyrick, Mrs. Warren's brother. The sad news, broken as gently as possible to the old gentleman, produced fearful results, and coming in addition to his previous excitement, realized the physician's forebodings.

Mr. Warren was borne home insensible, and laid in the splendid chamber from which he never more should move until carried out to take his place in that narrow house, of which, in life, he had entertained so deep a dread. In silent agony Ida bent over him, vainly endeavoring to recall intelligence to the staring, glassy eyes, that had once beamed so lovingly on her own.

But hours passed ere Mr. Warren recovered sufficiently to recognize his child, and when he

did, the power of articulating was gone forever, and he could only lay his hands on her head in silent blessing. For a day and a night she sat beside him, and then the attendant physicians insisted on her leaving her post for a few hours' rest; and when she again saw him, it was all over!

Poor Ida mourned sincerely for her parent, forgetting all the pain his harshness had caused her, and only recalling the thousand acts of kindness, the unnumbered benefits he had bestowed. For the future, she felt no fear, knowing that his fortune was amply sufficient to provide both for her and his wife. How great, then, was her astonishment, when summoned to hear the will read, to learn that she was penniless, or what amounted to the same thing, that her claim to any part of the property depended on her marrying young Meyrick. Stunned by the shock, she sat speechless and immovable while the remainder of the document was read; but what was her surprise to see Mr. Grey, the head clerk, who had been requested by the lawyer to be present, stand up and deny the validity of the will, on the ground that there was another and later one, that he, Mr. Grey, had been witness to, in which the property had been rightfully bequeathed to Ida Warren, only child of the deceased.

Of course, such an announcement made a great sensation, and an immediate search was made for the missing paper; but as nothing of the kind was forthcoming, the general belief was that Mr. Warren must have destroyed it; and Ida, refusing to be advised by those who wished her to dispute it with Laura and her brother, left her father's house to seek her living in the world. As it always happens in such cases, there were many who pitied the young orphan; and others, again, who rather rejoiced that one who had always been their superior, should suffer such a reverse.

But Ida had friends who came forward and offered her a home, with all the respect and kindness that they would have shown had she been her father's heiress, instead of a poor girl, destitute and friendless; and on learning that she could be of service to them, she willingly accepted their offer. It was Mr. Grey and his wife who thus sheltered the child of him who had been their benefactor, and in so doing they felt as if making some return for the father's kindness.

Mr. Warren had paid his head clerk so liberal a salary, that at his employer's death, the latter was able to bring a handsome sum into a good business, in which he was offered a partnership.

and thenceforth the road to prosperity was open to him.

They had one little girl of their own, and to the instruction of this child Miss Warren devoted herself, determined to drive away all regretful memories of the past, by keeping her mind employed on this work of grateful love. But with all her resolution, she found her strength tasked to the utmost in the struggle to banish her cares, not the least of which was the insulting pertinacity of young Meyrick, who seized every opportunity of renewing his unwelcome suit.

In vain she returned his letters unopened, in vain attempted to pass him in the street. His importunity became so annoying at last that she was forced to ask Mr. Grey's interference. His suspicions still more aroused by this strange conduct of the young man (for Mr. Grey had always suspected him of wronging the orphan), he sought him, and after a very amicable conversation, departed, more than ever convinced that the lost will was still in existence. No good was to be done by anger, and he dissembled his real sensations, contenting himself with securing Ida from further molestation, by advising the young man to wait patiently for some change to take place in her sentiments, assuring him that he was injuring his own cause by too great anxiety.

Believed from this annoyance, Ida felt more courage to endure the slights of some and the pity of others; the cold, unrecognizing glances of those who had once flattered and caressed her, and the over-strained sympathy of those who, if they had any feeling on the subject, she well knew it was not compassion for her. The days were passing pleasantly; she was gradually becoming more and more attached to her little pupil; and if she sometimes sighed over the loss of her once numerous acquaintances, it was not alone for the fine friends her poverty had estranged, but one, she knew, who set little value on earth's glittering and deceitful treasures.

We have too long neglected our old friend, Egerton Beckwith, whom we last saw at the farm-house at Abbevale, sad and disappointed at Miss Warren's supposed scorn of his letter, which asking, as it did, nothing but her friendship, he scarcely thought merited such a pointed slight.

It was some surprise, but no sorrow, to old Mr. Beckwith, when some few weeks after the departure of their guests, his grandson announced his intention of preparing for the ministry, and soon after left Abbevale for that purpose.

The old people regretted his absence, but at the same time rejoiced that he should devote his talent to that, above all other professions; and a liberal share of the savings of their years of industry and economy was added to his own somewhat limited income.

As Mr. Warren had held no communication with the Beckwiths after his marriage with Miss Laura Meyrick (and they lived very quietly after Egerton went away), it happened that the death of their former friend was not known until nearly a year after it took place, and consequently two, after the first meeting of Egerton and Ida. When made acquainted with this change, the young man's first impulse was to proceed at once to the city, and offer his services and sympathy to the young girl, who, he rightly judged, must deeply feel the loss of so kind a parent. But then came the recollection of the significant answer his first offers of friendship had received; and he shrunk from exposing himself to another insult.

"She is young and rich, and surrounded with friends; why should I seek for what she cannot bestow? Would that I could drive her from my thoughts, when, for aught I know, she may be the wife of another. I will strive once more to overcome this hopeless passion."

But striving and accomplishing are two different things; and so Egerton found that, spite his good resolutions, the image of the young girl still haunted him; and even when seeking refuge from his thoughts in his studies, those dark eyes still seemed to come between him and the somewhat dry theological work he was attempting to peruse. Strange that so hopeless a passion should fasten itself so firmly into a man's soul, that neither time, nor coldness, nor good resolves, nor earnest efforts, can efface it! But with all the clouds that obscured his prospect, young Beckwith at times felt an inward conviction that love, pure and unselfish as his, would be rewarded at some period, and the event proved that he was not mistaken.

Three years from the time they parted, Egerton and Ida accidentally met in New York city, whither the young man had gone to visit the family of one of the professors of the college, with whom he was a great favorite. Words cannot describe his astonishment at learning the state of Ida's pecuniary affairs; and he now repented of the pride that had prevented his making inquiries sooner.

There was apparent coldness on both sides for the first few times they met; for Ida felt justly hurt that his pretended regard should have ended as it did, and he could not but remember the

unnecessary slight he had received. But glad to see one of her old friends, and one that had always borne a larger share of her regard, poor Ida soon forgot to look coldly on Egerton, in her joy at meeting him; and he, as he looked into her beautiful eyes and read that joy, banished the remembrance of the pain she had once caused him. It soon became a habit to pass his spare hours at Mr. Grey's, and when jested with on the subject by his host's family, he openly avowed the reason, and had the pleasure of introducing the professor's wife and daughters to Ida.

Coming home from their house one evening, he commenced speaking about Abbevale, and the time they first met; and as it was a subject he had hitherto avoided, Ida readily conversed on it, and evinced so much pleasure in the remembrance of her visit that he was emboldened to proceed still further, and question her on what was now a mystery.

"There was one circumstance connected with your visit, Miss Warren, one unpleasant circumstance, that has always been a mystery to me. Will you, if there are no particular objections, set my mind at rest by explaining it?"

Now Ida was not conscious of having done anything to deserve blame; on the contrary, she rather felt herself the aggrieved party; but, nevertheless, the hand that rested on Egerton's arm trembled violently, and it was almost a minute before she could recover self-possession sufficiently to answer him in the affirmative.

"It is a strange question, Miss Warren," said Egerton, coldly; for he had felt that she was much agitated, and imagined he knew the cause, "a very strange question, and perhaps you would rather I should not ask it. But do not answer it unless you wish to. I have no right to demand your confidence."

They were passing under the bright glare of a gas-light, and Ida lifted her eyes to his face, astonished at his tone. There was something in these eyes that seemed to upbraid him for cherishing ill feelings, and laying his hand lightly on her own, he quickly said:

"Forgive me; I have had some things to try me since I saw you. But now tell me why you sent back my letter. What had I done to deserve such treatment? And why did you not tell me my fault plainly, instead of letting me puzzle and annoy myself by unnumbered conjectures as to the cause of the change in you?"

There was no answer; and when Egerton looked at his companion, large tears were rolling down her cheeks; for Ida instantly comprehended how the trouble had all arisen, and her heart

ached to think of all the unhappiness they had suffered through Laura's treasury.

"I answered your kind letter immediately, Mr. Beckwith. Don't think any longer that I could have been guilty of such ingratitude to my preserver. I see now how our mutual mistakes have arisen, and also why my diligent search after the missing letter was fruitless."

As may well be supposed, a long conversation followed this confession, in which both acknowledged to so much unhappiness as the consequence of this blunder, that Egerton was induced to make a proposal to Miss Warren, which, if she accepted, would put it out of their power of enemies to create disturbances between them for evermore.

It would not do to repeat all he said on this occasion, as I am quite certain he never intended a third party to know what passed; but we may mention, without any scruples of concealment, that Ida listened with earnest attention to all he so earnestly said to her, and when he paused for an answer, there was one in the confiding impulse that induced her to lay her hand in his, and, for one instant, raise those speaking eyes to meet his own.

It was a new, strange feeling with which Ida that night sat and thought over the events of the last few hours. Betrothed, with her lover's fond words yet sounding in her ear, his parting kiss yet lingering on her cheek, his affectionate clasp yet warm on her hand. She was very happy in the knowledge of Egerton's deep and long-hidden love, and all that caused a feeling of regret was the remembrance of her own poverty. Could she have bestowed that wealth on him that had once been hers, could she even have brought a moderate dowry to her husband, her feelings would have been less painful; but Egerton's teachings had taken deep root in her heart, and she gradually schooled herself to feel content with the lot she could not change.

It was a bright summer day, much such a day as that on which we introduced our friends to the reader, when the young pastor of C— brought his bride to her home. The long years of study and preparation are past, the highest hopes are crowned with success, and Egerton Beckwith realizes as he sits beside his wife, and shows her each successive beauty that surrounds their home, that his cup of happiness is full to overflowing.

And Ida, too, is happy in her own quiet way; and when her husband's people welcome the bride, and lavish unnumbered kindnesses upon her, she no longer regrets the want of wealth.

that even in her proud young days never brought her such sweet fruits.

The pastor's home is the abode of peace and happiness, and neatness and good taste are behold on every side. And Ida shares with him the duties and labors of his charge. Her sweet voice and winning smile are welcomed at many a bed of sickness and suffering. She instructs the ignorant; she whispers hope to the despairing; she pleads with the erring. To her husband, she is what every good wife ought to be—a friend, a companion, a consoler in trouble, cheering him when the overtasked mind is gloomy and desponding, speaking of a bright future when disappointment is followed by discouragement. Such is Ida, and as such treasured by her husband as the best earthly gift Providence could bestow.

From the time that Fred Meyrick came in possession of his share of Mr. Warren's property, he indulged in the most uncontrolled dissipation; and not until he found his funds getting low, did he at all retrench in his extravagances. And even then he was not warned for long, but when all was gone, he applied to Laura for more.

This caused an angry dispute with them, and led threats on the brother's part, but safe in the knowledge that her destruction would be his own, she obstinately refused him the slightest assistance, and with threats of vengeance for her selfishness, he left her.

From this time young Meyrick plunged deeper and deeper into crime, and at last became one of a regular gang of forgers and counterfeiters. He was gradually discarded by his friends, and cast off by the crowd of flatterers and hangers-on, that had gathered round him in the days of prosperity. Reckless and hardened, he grew bolder as his deeds became worse, and at last committed a forgery, that was immediately discovered, traced to him, and caused his arrest.

Mr. Grey had always kept his eye on this young man, from having had great suspicions of his honesty in the affair of the will, and a perfect knowledge of his guilt in the forgery committed on Mr. Warren, and discovered on the day of that gentleman's death, when it was all brushed up. It was through him that this last crime was discovered, and he made one of the party sent to search the prisoner's lodgings. In the miserable room he had occupied, in one of the worst streets of New York, the police officers found numerous proofs of previous guilt, and among the rest, the pocket-book of Mr.

Warren, containing several important papers, and with others, the missing will, the cause of so much sin and sorrow.

We may as well finish the history of this wretched young man at once. He was tried, found guilty of the crime charged against him, and sentenced to the state prison for ten years, but did not live to serve out more than one-fourth of the time—poverty, dissipation and remorse having done their work, and closed a career unmarked by one truly great deed.

On obtaining possession of the will, Mr. Grey immediately took steps to inform Mrs. Warren that she must refund her ill-gotten property. Of course there was no alternative, and thankful to escape public disgrace, Laura left New York; and being still young and good-looking, and quite cast off by her family, she accepted an offer from the manager of a travelling company of play-actors, and is now one of their greatest attractions.

We will now return to the lovely home of the pastor of C—. It is again summer, and the garden that surrounds the cottage is blooming gay with bright flowers. At an open window, Egerton Beckwith is standing, evidently striving to conquer some emotion that had agitated him unusually. He is looking out on a magnificent prospect, a beautiful blending of earth, and sky, and mountains, and lake. But it is plain that he beholds not the loveliness of nature, for, as we look, we see the quivering lips move in silent prayer, the delicate hands unconsciously clasp; but there is a beautiful smile of grateful love on the upturned countenance, and we are satisfied that more joy has come to fill the hearts of the happy inmates of that pleasant dwelling-place. But why is Ida not beside her husband, to share his joy?

Let us follow him into this darkened chamber, where all tread lightly, and speaks happy words in hushed voices. Ida is there; and as she beholds her husband clasp his infant to his bosom, and hears the whispered blessing on both child and mother, there is no room in her heart for more happiness; and the tidings that she is again the possessor of gold and lands adds not one iota to her joy.

We could follow our friends through long years of content and worldly prosperity, but it is not necessary to particularize. The wealth that they possessed was shared with those whose lot had been differently ordained. They lived, not for themselves, but for the good of all it was in their power to benefit; and in making others happy, they secured continual joy.

SORROW.

BY MATTIE HERBERT.

A sunbeam danced before me—
I blessed its gerial ray;
A dark cloud broaded o'er me,
And smothered the beam away.

Kind hope was whispering softly,
Of future golden hours,
A spectre hand was on her,
And palsied all her powers.

A flower of perfect beauty
Was opening to the light—
The frost-kiss saw and cried—
My flower was crushed that night.

The beam, the hope, the blossom,
Transplanted from this earth,
I trust to find in heaven,
Blessed with immortal birth.

PROMISES AT RANDOM.

BY AUSTIN C. BUDICK.

PERHAPS there is no fault more prevalent among business men than that of making promises at random, making them only to please or quiet a customer for a while, without due thought, and then in the end meeting the promise only with disappointment. This is the case in all kinds of business. The merchant or the mechanic promises to pay a certain bill at a certain time. Perhaps he hopes that he shall be able to meet the pledge, but when the time comes, he finds himself no more able to pay than when he first made the promise. Of course this can have but one tendency. After a young man has made a few such promises and broken them, people will begin to distrust him. By-and-by he may be "caught in a snug place." He may have a note in the bank, and, unable to meet it, he runs out to borrow a little for a few days, just to help him over this pinch, but none of his friends have any money to spare. The fact is, they know not when they shall get it back if they lend it to the man who has disappointed them so often. They know he is perfectly honest, and that he means to pay, but they prefer to have their money where they can know when it will return. The result is, that the young man's note passes under protest to the hands of a notary, thus injuring his reputation at the bank, and causing him additional expense. Or he may raise the money of some street broker, by giving good security, and paying an exorbitant interest.

And how many mechanics lose their best customers by the same fault. A simple story of ac-

tual life, will show what we mean, and we hope convey a salutary lesson to those who may need it.

In a small but thriving village in this State lives a man by the name of Albert Brown. At the age of four and twenty he took to himself a wife, and in three years afterwards he opened a shop on his own account. He was a tin-worker by trade, and his work gave the utmost satisfaction. He had bought out the shop and interest of a man who had moved away, so he had a run of business already on his hands.

For a while all went on well; he had as much as he wished to do; his patrons were prompt in their payments, and his prospects were bright. His dwelling joined his shop, so that he was always convenient to his place of business. But at length there began to be murmurings among his customers.

"Albert," said his wife, one evening, as he came in from the post-office, "Mr. Cummings has been here after the funnel you promised to make for him."

"Ah, has he?" returned the young man, looking up from the paper he had just opened.

"Yes, and he seemed quite anxious about it, for the weather is cold, and his family are unable to use their sitting-room just for the want of that funnel."

"Well, I must make it to-morrow."

"But you know you have promised to have Mr. Moore's cooking-stove ready to-morrow, and you have all the funnel to make for that, besides a boiler and tea-kettle."

"Yes, I know; but Moore'll have to wait. I must make that funnel for Cummings."

For some time Alice Brown sat in silence. Her face revealed a troubled mind, and her hand moved tremulously over the silken hair of her infant.

"Albert," she said at length, "you will pardon me, I know, for what I am now going to say," she trembled as she spoke, for she was not used to reprimanding her husband. She was a mild, modest little woman, and severity of language was something she could not use, unless, indeed, it may have been once in a while to her little son, who often tried her patience.

"Go ahead, Alice," returned the young man, with a faint smile.

"I must speak, Albert, for I am sure you do not realize how you are injuring yourself. You do not realize, I fear, how often you disappoint your customers. Now I heard Mr. Cummings say he had better have sent to the city at once, and then he should have got his funnel in some kind of season."

"Then why don't he send? I never asked him for his custom."

"Ah, Albert, you do not mean what you say. You have asked for his custom. You have asked for the custom of all the people in town; and not only so, but in your advertisement you promise to do your work with promptness and despatch. Now listen to me calmly, for surely I am anxious only for your good. You have often promised people certain things at a given time, and you know how often you have disappointed them. Now why is it not just as easy to have your promises and performances agree, as to have them so often at fault? When Mr. Cummings came for his funnel, why could you not have made up your mind just when you could do the work, and then do it at all hazards? Of course, sickness is always a reasonable excuse."

"But you do not understand these things, Alice," said the husband, in an explanatory manner. "When I have so much work on my hands, it is impossible always to tell just when such and such things can be done. I do them all as soon as I can."

"And yet, Albert, you disappoint your customers. Now just reflect a moment. You do all the work you have, but the trouble is, you do not do it at the time promised. Now, for instance: when Cummings came for his funnel, he asked you if he could not have it by the next day at noon. Instead of carefully considering what you had on your hands, and answering accordingly, you simply wished to please him for the time being, and told him he should have it as he wished. But when he came for it, it was not done, and you thoughtlessly told him he should have it by night. This evening he called again, and again was he disappointed. His wife is now fretting, and he is angry; and he has good cause for it. And now look at to-morrow: If you make his funnel to-morrow, you must disappoint Mr. Moore, for his is an all day's job, most surely; and you know how particular he is."

"O, I know what you mean, Alice, but I should like to have you take hold and try it. You'd find talking and doing two different things, I'm thinking."

"Perhaps I should, Albert; but yet I'd make them both agree in the end. When I had promised Mr. Cummings his funnel I would have done it. Last night I would have called to mind all the work I had on hand, and if I had been sure that I could turn it off as promised without working in the evening, I would have spent the evening in the house; but had it appeared otherwise, I would have worked till midnight if need be. Ere I would break a business promise, I

would work all night while my health and strength lasted. But there would be no need of this. Keep a book, and in it put all your work engaged, with the time at which it is promised, and then go at it. If a man wants such a thing at a given time, just refer to the work on hand, and if you find you can reach it without disappointing others, then promise him; but if you cannot do so, then tell him so plainly, and also when you can do it. Be sure no sensible man would find fault with this. Let people see that you will be prompt and reliable, and you need not fear of losing custom; but if things go on in this way much longer you must lose money, it cannot be otherwise."

Albert Brown tried to laugh, but it was rather a ghastly performance. His wife had spoken the truth, and he knew it, but he made no promises, for he did not feel exactly like owning up to the error.

Mr. Cummings was a good customer, and on the next morning Brown made his funnel. It took him until after ten o'clock to do it, and then he went to work upon the things for Moore. After dinner Cummings came in and got his funnel, but he was not so thankful to find it done as Albert hoped he would be.

Just at dusk, Mr. Moore came in. He had a heavy wagon with him, for the purpose of taking his stove away; but the boiler and tea-kettle was not done.

"I declare," said Brown, "I haven't got your job done yet."

"But how's that? You promised me that I should have them to-night without fail."

"I know—but I had a funnel to make for Cummings, and it put me back."

"But you should not have engaged other work until mine was done."

"O, I had engaged this before yours."

"Then you might have calculated upon that, and not promised me as you did. Had you set to-morrow night as the time for me, I should not have left my work at a busy period, and ridden seven miles away from home for nothing."

"I am sorry, Mr. Moore; but really, I could not help it."

"Perhaps you could not," said Moore, with a dubious shake of the head; "but you remember you bothered me in the same way last spring about my milk pans. I came twice for those before I got them."

Poor Albert felt ashamed, and he stammered out some apology.

"Now I'll tell you the truth," resumed Moore, rather severely. "I am just now very busy, and have several hands engaged to work for me, so I

cannot leave them again. If you will finish these things and send them up to me to-morrow, I should like it, otherwise, I shall not want them."

Brown promised to send them up, and Mr. Moore took his leave. But the young tinman was not cured of his fault. Things went on as before, and Mrs. Brown was obliged to hear much complaint. The winter passed away, and in the spring another tin shop was opened in the village. A young man named Ames came to the place, and sought the patronage of the inhabitants. Within a month after this, Albert Brown found himself almost without a customer. To be sure he could make up any quantity of tinware for peddlers, but this was not to his taste. The most profitable branch of his business was gone, for all his old customers now flocked to Ames's, where their orders were promptly answered.

"I declare, it is too bad," said Albert to his wife, as they arose from the supper table.

"It is too bad, Albert; but you ought not to complain of your old customers."

"I don't—but why should Ames come here?"

"He was asked to come here, Albert. You know the people had become tired of waiting your motions. And there is Mansfield, the tailor; he is also obliged to go without customers."

"I noticed that Mansfield's shop was closed as I came by," said Albert, thoughtfully.

"Then he's had to quit," resumed the wife.

"I heard some time ago that the people would not put up with his negligence much longer. He is a good tailor, but no one could depend upon him."

For some moments Albert sat in silence and gazed into the fire. At length, while a sad expression rested on his countenance, he said:

"Alice, I cannot deny that I have lost all through my own fault. I remember what you have often said to me, and how you have warned me of this; and I know that all this could have been avoided had I but listened to you. But it's too late now."

"No, no, Albert! not too late," uttered Alice, moving to her husband's side, and putting her arm about his neck, "you can yet work on."

"But not here. We must give up this snug little house and move to some strange place."

"Well, 'twere better so, than to live without business here."

"And could you be contented to give up this pretty house, Alice?"

"I shall be contented wherever your own good calls you, my husband."

Albert Brown kissed his wife, and shortly afterwards he went out. As he passed down the

street, he saw a light in the shop which Mr. Ames occupied, and he went in. A friendly greeting ensued, and after some common-place conversation Brown asked Ames how he prospered.

"O, very well," replied Ames. "I am doing very well; yet I can do better. My brother has sent me an offer to come to L——, and go into business with him. I was intending to call on you to-morrow to see if I could not make a trade with you. If I can sell out my heavy stock without loss I shall move, for my brother needs me, and the place will be far better for me than this. What say you now? If you will buy my stoves and manufactured ware at wholesale prices, you can have them, and I am off."

"How much will they all come to?" asked Albert, anxiously.

"The whole that I must sell will come to about three hundred dollars—not over that."

"I will give you an answer to-morrow noon," Albert returned.

This was satisfactory, and after some further conversation the latter left and returned home. He told his wife how the case stood, and she at once advised him to make the purchase.

"We can raise the money," she said, "and I suppose everything he has will sell."

On the next day Mr. Brown accepted Ames's offer, and as soon as a list of the goods was made out he paid the money over, and ere long he had the field once more to himself. He issued a new advertisement, and after enumerating the articles he had for sale, he added these significant words: "Try me."

And now Albert Brown commenced anew. He took a book and set down every order as it came in, and noted the time set for its completion. He now made no promises without referring to his book, and the consequence was, that he never failed to meet his engagements. And yet how simple it was. Ay, how much easier than the old method. How smoothly all went now. His work was more than before in quantity, and yet he completed it more easily than before.

The result was soon apparent. Customers flocked in upon him; his old friends returned, and within a year he was the most thriving mechanic in town. People from adjoining places heard of his promptness and faithfulness, and they came to employ him. Surely he never regretted the short sojourn of the other tinman in the village, nor did he ever fail to bless his wife, as each returning season found his coffers gradually but surely growing full.

And so it must always be in all the departments of business life. Try it, ye who need, and see.

THEN AND NOW.

BY WILLIAM D. COREY.

O, once there was for me, my love,
When we did roam in wood and meadow,
A sunnier light around, above,
A lovelier grace in leaf and shadow.

While birds with wings like sunbeams came,
And bright and red grew flowers and berries,
Thy lovely cheeks with softened flame,
Seemed cherry-blossoms, thy lips the cherries.

Nor wert thou then as now thou art,
And blent were our imaginations;
So sweetly, that in either heart
Dwelt all the other's aspirations.

Love liveth still, yet not for thee
My fount of pure affection floweth;
But unto all that need to be
How true my heart kind heaven knoweth!

The earnest soul that once was thine,
Though by thyself remembered never,
Still walks with me a shape divine,
A glorious form, beloved forever.

And still I see the violet eyes
Of her my ever present charmer,
And still the past before me lies,
A moving, beaming panorama.

THE COMMODORE'S FLIRTATION.

BY FREDERICK W. SAUNDERS.

"Come, Jack, spin us a yarn, will you? or do something to pass the time; for, to my thinking, we are getting confoundedly dull," remarked one of a party of midshipmen, who were lazily reclining upon the various articles of furniture pertaining to their somewhat limited quarters, with their hands and feet firmly hooked on to some stationary object, to prevent their being thrown into the lee scuppers by the violent motion of the ship, as she plunged heavily through the opposing waves in her homeward track across the stormy North Atlantic. "Come, Jack, how about that yarn?" he repeated, as the individual addressed made no sign.

"What yarn? I don't know any. I've told you all the yarns I can remember," responded Jack, bringing himself to a sitting position, and brushing the heavy black curls from his handsome forehead. "What sort of a story would you like?"

"O, anything; I'm not particular. You ought to be able to give us a good nautical story—you are naughty enough, everybody knows."

"I think that epithet will apply to more than one on board this ship," returned Jack, with a

grin. "But did I ever tell you how Tommy Tompkins circumnavigated the commodore when we were up the straits, in the *Somerpinkins'* last cruise? You know Tommy, don't you? Well, it was at the tail end of the cruise he joined us, while we were laying at Gibraltar, and a jolly good fellow he was, as ever carried a glass into a top. But he was rather too fond of a stork, now and again, to get along very smoothly with the superior officers. That, however, did not make him any the less liked by the mids, as you may suppose.

"He succeeded, before leaving Gibraltar, in gaining the ill will of the commodore by a trick or two played upon him; but Tommy cared little for that, as we were so soon to be homeward bound. However, nothing very serious occurred, until, leaving Gibraltar, we hauled round to Marseilles. The ship was to lay there some time, and we (always meaning the mids) promised ourselves no little fun running about the town to the theatres, opera-houses, and the like, to say nothing of a little flirting, upon an occasion, that, of course, being understood. Nor were we altogether disappointed in our expectation. The first two or three weeks, nearly all of us were ashore daily, and you may believe, we let slip no opportunity of diverting ourselves at any one's expense. The commodore was ashore almost constantly, and it was not long before Tommy—who was always prying into everybody's affairs—discovered that he was carrying on a desperate flirtation with an alarmingly pretty little gipsy, the daughter of a high municipal officer of the city. How Tommy discovered the fact, I am unable to say, or by what means he managed to find out that the commodore was to accompany the young lady to the opera the following evening, I am equally ignorant; but I do know, that when he made known his discovery, we were all seized with an irresistible desire to behold the potent dame who had captivated the U. S. Mediterranean squadron, and the easiest method to accomplish this desirable object was unanimously voted to be to secure a box for the ensuing opera night.

"With this object in view, Tommy spent the next day waiting at the box office to ascertain which one would be taken by the American commodore, and this accomplished, to secure the box adjoining. Accordingly, when the evening arrived, it found us four mids—which were as many of us as could obtain leave—in a private box at the Royal Opera; and a very absurd figure we made, I've no doubt, with our affection and our airs. But excessive self-esteem is, I believe, a characteristic of midshipmen, as any

one at all acquainted with either of you chaps, can attest.

"The opera was a brilliant one. Sontag sang delightfully; but in our impatience for the commodore, we paid little heed to anything beside. The first act passed, and he did not make his appearance. We began to fear he had postponed his coming, altogether, but the fates had not doomed us to disappointment on that night. Soon after the commencement of the second act, with no little bustle and confusion, the commodore entered his box with a most bewitching young lady leaning confidently on his arm, and accompanied by an elderly lady and gentleman, in all probability her parents; though whether they were or not matters as little to this story as their presence did to the commodore, who, without doubt, heartily wished them at home, as they, it is reasonable to suppose, would have been, were it allowable in France for a young lady to appear in public with a gentleman, unaccompanied by a *chaperon*. We were all prodigiously struck with the beauty of the commodore's lady, which, in some degree, mitigated our surprise that such a man as our respected and venerable and—as we, at least, considered—unutterably ill-natured commander should have his tough old heart pierced by a shaft from Cupid's bow.

"Separating our box from the one adjoining was a partition, sufficiently elevated to prevent occupants of one box overlooking the other, though not so high but by standing upon the seats, we could see all that took place, and what was more, hear all that was said by either the commodore or his lady. The curtains in front of the box effectually screened us from being observed by other persons in the house, and our friends had no sooner taken their seats, than our four faces, looking very saucy and impertinent, I dare say, and resembling so many cherubim, in having no visible bodies, were protruded over the partition, our chins resting compositely upon its upper edge, from whence we gazed serenely upon the scene of love-making beneath us.

"The old boy's heart was evidently touched, a fact which completely overturned the unanimous decision to which we had often arrived, at times when the commodore was more than ordinarily ugly, to wit, that not one spark of human feeling, sympathy, or affection, found a resting-place beneath the double gilt breast buttons of his blue uniform coat. But his words and actions, on this occasion, removed the erroneous impression from our minds, altogether. Even we, in fact, who by no means thought any small things of ourselves, could not but envy the easy grace of his manner,

and the irresistible air with which he whispered no end of fine things to the fair being at his side.

"She, on her part, not only encouraged his addresses by a thousand coquettish airs and speeches, but seemed highly flattered by his attentions, as also did her parents, a circumstance which excited no little wonder in our unsophisticated hearts, knowing, as we did, that the young lady's family were highly respectable, and as jealous of their honor as the noblest Frenchman of them all; while, at the same time, not only was the commodore already provided with a wife—albeit, by no manner of means so pretty, or so gentle as his present love—but an anchor watch of grown up daughters, who might readily have passed for her elder sisters. But we were yet to learn that a long life as a roving sailor begets a tact and ability in love affairs, of which, till then, it had not entered into our hearts to conceive.

"The commodore, after a profusion of florid speeches (which, I grieve to say, were not, in all respects, in such strict accordance with truth as would have become a high official of the U. S. naval service, and shed lustre upon the flag of this overwhelmingly glorious republic), addressed to his fair one with that low tone of voice in which all experienced lovers delight, gradually passed from the light and sportive to the sentimental style of conversation—the burden of his song being the hard fate of sailors in general, and himself in particular, in that he was deprived, for so great a portion of his existence, of the enchanting society of females.

"This sentiment struck our truthful young minds as rather curious, to say the least, he not having been at sea for nobody knows how many years, previous to that cruise. But when, warming with the subject, he, with a whole broadside of killing glances, began to deplore the excessive and unremitting services his country required of him, the which had been the cause of his leading the lonely life of a bachelor; but which circumstance he now felt (a perfectly murdering glance at *mademoiselle*) had been ordained by a kind fate that he might be free in hand, as well as heart, when the only woman to whose shrine he could bow with perfect adoration, crossed his path—when, I say, the wretched hypocrite had proceeded thus far, the thought of what his wife—who, if report speaks true, makes her loving lord walk Spanish when within hail of her voice—would say, could she behold him at that moment, came upon us with such ludicrous vividness, that it was with the greatest difficulty we could restrain our mirth; indeed, poor Tommy did not succeed in checking his laughter, and be-

Since he could remove his head from the wrong side of the partition, an ill suppressed giggle, which found vent, in spite of himself, startled the commodore, who, looking upward, at one glance took in our four unfortunate faces.

"The look with which he regarded us was well calculated to inspire us with the extremest reverse of pleasant sensations, and it was with visions of all manner of courts-martial flitting vaguely through our heads, that we slunk down into our seats. It was no joke, I assure you, making an enemy of the commodore, for he was a terrible man, and by no means to be made light of when pacing the deck of his own flag-ship. So long as our fun was undiscovered, we enjoyed the joke immensely, but now that we had been caught in the very act of playing the eaves-dropper upon, and making game of the commodore, it was a decidedly serious affair. To be dishonorably discharged from the service, was the very least I expected, for my share in the business. It was, therefore, with extremely long and sheepish-looking faces, we sneaked out of the theatre, down to the boat, and back on board of the ship, where, snugly stowed in our hammocks, we awaited, in fear and trembling, the return of the offended commodore. But although he came on board at the accustomed hour, we heard nothing from him that night; and the following morning, notwithstanding the certainty we felt that something dreadful was about to occur, he went on shore, as usual, without speaking to us, or, so far as we knew, to any one concerning us, contenting himself with bestowing a fearful scowl upon us, as we stood by the gangway, when he passed over to the boat.

"The sudden transition from fear and apprehension to a feeling of safety, put us in the highest possible spirits, and we laughed at ourselves and joked each other hugely upon our late fears, wondering how we could have been so stupid as not to consider that the commodore could not inflict any very serious punishment upon us without exposing himself, which he would naturally be rather loth to do. In view of this fact, we felt assured of safety so long as we maintained a wise silence touching his flirtation. Accordingly, throwing dull care to the winds, and donning our newest and best uniforms, we proceeded to request the officer of the deck for permission to go on shore, as usual. The first luff—who had the deck—regarded us with a grim smile as we approached to make known our wishes.

"So you want to go on shore, do you, young gentlemen?" he remarked, with a malicious grin, as Tommy meekly preferred his request for a day's liberty. "Well, it gives me sincere pleas-

ure to inform you, that all four of you have got your feet for the last time on the soil of France, during this cruise, at least."

"May I ask, sir, of what have we been guilty, to have our liberty stopped?" persisted Tommy, respectfully touching his hat, as the first luff turned to continue his walk across the deck.

"You are the best judges of that, yourselves," he returned, with evident gratification at our chop-fallen appearance. "I only know that it is the old man's wish for you to remain on board while the ship lays at Marseilles."

"And how long is she likely to lay here?" we inquired, with no little interest.

"Two months, perhaps three, possibly longer, for the commodore is in no hurry to leave, at present, I believe; and I will tell you, young gentlemen, as a friend, you had better not get in the old man's way, at present, for I can assure you, he could find it in his heart cheerfully to string you all up to the yard arm; and, in my opinion, he could render the country no greater service, not particularly for this last prank of yours, whatever it may be, but for your disgusting and villanous behaviour generally. And I think every one would justify him in inflicting such a punishment. For my own part, I think I never beheld four persons, in whose countenances crime and villany of the deepest dye were more strongly depicted, than in yours. That will do, young gentlemen; you can now go to your duty."

"So saying, he continued his walk, glancing at us, occasionally, over his shoulder with a look so full of gratified malice, that I could have cheerfully decapitated him, had it been in my power to do so. There was no contradicting his remarks concerning our personal appearance, even if the rules of the service allowed us to enter into an argument with our superior officers; so, with hearts full of all uncharitableness, we proceeded below and divested ourselves of our now useless go-a-shore garments. You may be sure, the time hung heavily enough upon our hands. Had the ship been at sea, we could have borne the confinement, and thought it no hardship, whatever; but to be laying where we were, within sight of the city, to see our fellow midshipmen, who, not having been connected with our unfortunate frolic, were not deprived of their liberty—going and coming from the city, at their own sweet will, and bringing us news of all sorts of adventures, was perfectly unbearable. And more than all, our innocent little flirtations were being interfered with by our mischievous shipmates, who set themselves at work to 'cat us out,' as they were pleased to term the—to us—decidedly

unpleasant operation, adding the pang of jealousy to our already sufficient disquietude, and a very silky set of midshipmen we were, indeed, for the succeeding three or four weeks.

"Innumerable were the plans formed to compass our liberty, and almost as quickly rejected as impracticable. Indeed, it was hardly to be expected the commodore would be disposed to forgive our insolence, even if he did not fear we might play another and still more provoking trick upon him. All but Tommy gave up the hope of regaining our liberty, while at Marseilles, but he was not the person to despair of anything. He was determined, he said, to have his shore-leave again, or that the ship should leave Marseilles, and that speedily. Either object seemed so unobtainable to us, that we gave little heed to his repeated asseverations that he would accomplish no less. Accordingly, it was with no little surprise and wonder that we listened, one evening, to his declaration that he was going on shore that very night.

"How! What do you intend to do?' we asked, with no little earnestness. 'Not desert, surely?'

"No, not so bad as that,' he replied; 'but I think it's nothing more than right to put an end to our imprisonment, or attempt it, at all events.'

"We assented to this with great unanimity.

"And I think it is equally proper that the young woman, whom the commodore is hoaxing at such an unmerciful rate, should be relieved from his addresses.'

"And so you intend to inform her that he is a married man, do you? A nice little muse you are preparing for yourself. Her very first act would be to inform the commodore of your officiousness.'

"O, no,' returned Tommy, 'you don't understand it, at all. I'm only going to make the old man a little jealous, that's all, and that will do our business for us, as well as him, I'm thinking. I have made up my mind to go ashore to-night, and as there is but one boat—the commodore's—going, I must go in her.'

"Impossible!' we all cried in the same breath. 'There is no possible chance to stow away out of sight. You would be discovered in an instant.'

"I do not intend to stow away,' he replied. 'Getting on shore will be the simplest part of it. Indeed, that is already arranged. I've made friends with the boat's crew, and am to go in disguise as one of their number, and pull the bow-ear. The night will be dark, and the chances are altogether in my favor.'

"The experiment was a dangerous one, but

Tommy was not to be deterred. Accordingly, at the accustomed hour, which was considerably after dark, the commodore's gig was piped away, and Tommy, with a sailor's white duck frock and trousers over his uniform, slipped into the boat along with the boat's crew. A moment after, the commodore passed over the gangway, and the boat started for the shore. So far, all was well. Tommy had said truly, getting on shore was the easiest part of the affair; but he was equal to almost any emergency that required only perseverance and impudence, or rather 'brass,' to use a very expressive term. Upon reaching the stairs, the commodore, with the order to be ready to start at any moment, proceeded up the pier, while Tommy, divesting himself of his outside garments, leaving him in his very pretty uniform, quickly followed.

"The commodore was a spacious and heavy man, whose step had lost some of the elasticity and speed of youth, so that Tommy quickly overtook and passed him. He knew, by the unusual care the old gentleman had bestowed upon his toilet, that his destination was the residence of his fair one; so hastening onward, with all possible speed, to the distant quarter of the town in which she resided, he arrived, as nearly as he could judge, about ten minutes before the commodore could possibly traverse that distance.

"Marching boldly up to the door, he rang and was admitted. His inquiry for mademoiselle was answered by his being shown into a parlor, in the rear of which, and opening out of it, was a large conservatory, in which was the lady herself busied in arranging a bouquet.

"The situation in which he stood was so favorable to his plan that he at once proceeded to the part of the room where she was, as rapidly as possible, to prevent her approaching nearer the door than she was at the moment. She recognised his uniform as belonging to our tremendously gallant navy, and with a sweet smile, answered his salutation, doubtless thinking he bore a message from the commodore.

"To discover whether she understood English, he accosted her in that mellifluous tongue; but her look of surprise convinced him that he was all right upon that head. So far, all had gone better than he could have hoped. His main object, now, was to pass the time in some manner until the arrival of the commodore. With this object in view, he commenced a long rignarole speech, in his frightfully imperfect French, taking care to get into such a position that the lady would be back towards the door, while he partially faced it.

"She seemed surprised at the total want of

some and reason in the speech that he was with no little difficulty composing; but the ludicrous accent which he contrived to affect kept her in good nature the few minutes that elapsed before the commodore's arrival.

"The rooms were large, and the Turkey carpet soft and thick, so that any one, coming in by the door at which he had entered, would scarcely be heard by a person in the conservatory whose attention was engaged, as hers was, with the tale which Tommy was delivering as slowly as possible, and which he intended her to understand as a prelude to a message of some sort. He began to get quite alarmed, as minute after minute elapsed and the commodore did not come. He felt that his story must be brought to a close some time, and how to get out of the scrape, in case he did not come at all, was rather more than even he could imagine; but his ingenuity was not called in requisition for that purpose. As he kept his eye upon the door, it gently opened, and the commodore stepped into the room, but stopped short, upon seeing a gentleman in conversation with the lady. Fortunately, the very slight noise occasioned by his entrance did not attract her attention, and Tommy, resuming his native English, and raising his voice sufficiently to be heard by the commodore, threw himself into an interesting stage attitude, and, notwithstanding the amazed look of the young lady, went on as follows:

"*'Say once again you love me, dearest Marie. O, how kind of you, to remove my jealous frenzy! Repeat those words again and never, never will I doubt you more. Repeat once more that you abhor and detest the commodore, for, dearest Marie, I have been jealous even of him, although you do call him a silly, conceited old booby, whom you only encourage for the sake of the presents he makes you. But how is it possible, dearest Marie, that you have been able to make him believe, all this time, that you did not understand English? I should think the old goose would—'*

"But the commodore, who had been turning all sorts of colors during this pretty little speech, stopped to hear no more, but jerking open the door, rushed out, closing it after him with a furious bang.

"Tommy's object was accomplished; and leaving the lady the picture of bewilderment, he, too, fled, and rushed with all speed for the boat. Nor was he a minute too soon, for scarcely had he arrayed himself in his frock and trousers, and taken his seat at the bow oar, when the commodore, puffing and panting, made his appearance, and throwing himself into the stern sheets, or-

dered the boat back to the ship, in a volute like the roaring of a winter's gale. With the silence and rapidity always observed in the naval service, the boat was propelled through the water, the ship's side reached, and the commodore, rushing up the gang ladder, bellowed for the officer of the deck. The first luff, who had the deck, was on the spot in an instant.

"*'How dare you, sir,'* he fiercely growled, as that functionary made his appearance, *'how dare you allow any one to leave the ship against my express orders?'*

"*'To what do you allude, sir?'* inquired the first luff, in astonishment. *'I was not aware that any one had disobeyed your orders.'*

"*'But they have, sir—they have, and you know it. What boat has left the ship, since dark?'*

"*'None besides your own, sir.'*

"*'Then, how, let me ask, does it happen that one, or perhaps all, of those confounded midshipmen, are prowling about the city? By Jupiter, they shall be expelled from the service. Every one of them that has been on shore to-night—'*

"*'I think you must be mistaken, sir; the midshipmen are all on board—'*

"*'I tell you they are not. Don't dispute me, sir—don't do it,'* he yelled, in a complete rage. *'Turn up the midshipmen, and we'll see who is missing.'*

"The word was passed for the mids, and in no time we were on the quarter deck, Tommy, who had had ample time to divest himself of his externals, among us, looking, at the very least, ten per cent. meeker than Moses.

"*'You perceive they are all on board, sir. It is utterly impossible that any one of them could have been on shore to-night,'* said the first luff, triumphantly.

"As we all filed before the astonished commodore, he gazed piercingly at Tommy, but his honest look of perfect innocence dispelled whatever suspicion there might have been in his mind.

"*'Is it possible I could have been so mistaken?'* muttered the commodore, with a bewildered air; *'probably some chap belonging to that English frigate.'* Then turning away with something very like an oath, he ordered the first luff to have everything in readiness to heave up anchor at daybreak.

"Next day, the ship left Marseille, and after a pleasant run, dropped anchor in the bay of Naples, where, as the commodore had no fixation on hand, we were not deprived of our shore liberty."

THE AUTUMN FLOWER.

BY T. A. CHILDS.

The leaves were falling around me,
 In a wood far away;
 Where I stood alone and thoughtful,
 On a bleak autumn day.
 No sound was heard but the singing
 Of fall birds on the trees,
 Or the sighing through the dense woods
 Of the autumn's breeze;
 But hush! all this and doozy,
 A little wildwood flower
 Alas! raised its tiny head,
 Beneath the colored bower.

I saw it and I was gladdened,
 And hope came to my heart,
 And I thought that when death bids us
 From this vain world depart,
 We are placed with grief and sorrow,
 Till like this simple flower,
 Religion sheds its light around,
 And comes to us in that hour.
 When we leave this world behind us,
 And those whom best we love,
 To fly to heavenly regions,
 And be with God above.

MARRIED AND SINGLE.

BY SUSAN R. BLAISDELL.

THE latest rays of sunset shone fadingly in through the long windows of the lofty library, resting brightest upon the figures of two persons who sat opposite each other, at a paper-strewn table in the centre of the apartment, and shedding long lines of light upon the wall beyond; but leaving the rest of the place, with its many nooks and angles, in gradually deepening shadow. It was a winter sunset, silent and mournful. There was desolation and sadness in its feeble radiance; and the dusk that was everywhere growing about the old library, made it appear more desolate—more lonely and melancholy still.

The brother and sister sat opposite each other; the sister, facing the light, that fully illumined her calm and handsome countenance, which was somewhat more serious than usual, to night, and somewhat paler, as well; he, with the outline of his sharply-shaped and haughty head strongly defined against the background of the sunset glow, his dark face, with its proud features, and present sharp and impatient expression, left in shadow; that its peculiar traits were scarcely perceptible; but no incorrect estimate of them might be formed from the cold, yet hasty and business-like with which he addressed his sister.

"You are blind to your own advantages,

Caroline," he was saying. "That you should refuse Hartley Colverton is entirely incomprehensible to me. I insist on an explanation of your reasons."

He waxed hotter as he proceeded. She answered, calmly:

"An explanation would, in this case, be useless, Maurice. For so inclined are you to favor the suit of Mr. Colverton, that any reason which I might choose to render, would have no weight with you. I merely say, then, that I do not wish to marry him."

He regarded her in silence for a moment; but the frown on his brow was blacker than the shadows that surrounded it. He would have sworn, if he had dared. As it was, for bare self-respect, he kept down his wrath; but the bitter sneer that accompanied his next words, quite revealed to Caroline Morton the smothered volcano that she had almost, by her woman's rebellion, caused to burst forth.

"So! You are not too perfect, notwithstanding the declaration of your admiring friends, to betray the childish whimsicality belonging to your sweet sex! And, by my faith!—but you exercise your prerogative gloriously!"

She slightly colored; but returned, with unruffled quiet of manner:

"I am not whimsical, Maurice, and you know it perfectly well. You know it too well to repeat your words."

Maurice Morton did know it. And knowing it, was sufficiently wise to refrain from contesting the point. But it only angered him the more, that he was unable to prove her in the wrong.

"In any case, it is due to me that you should specify your reasons, if you have any worth stating, for declining him."

"I do not perceive the obligation. I am not aware of being accountable to any one for my actions; and especially in a matter which, like this, concerns the happiness of myself alone."

"Then you disown my right to a voice in the affair?" he uttered, wrathfully.

"Not so, Maurice. Since the death of our parents," and she glanced sadly downward at her mourning attire, "I have, in every instance of importance, sought your advice, deferred to your opinion; and we have seldom differed. I have always felt happier in knowing that I had some one stronger than myself to lean upon, in the consciousness,"—her voice quivered—"that I was not quite alone in the world. Now I see but too clearly the path which it is necessary for me to take in order to avoid much unhappiness in the future; and believe me, it is deeply painful to me that we do not think alike on this sub-

ject. Yes, Maurice, it is yours to advise me—to be my support; but O, my brother, I entreat you to let your judgment be unbiassed! To open your eyes to the true aspect of things; for—”

“All this, I suppose,” he interrupted, coldly, “means, that so long as I am pliable enough to mould my judgment by yours, so long you are content to *yield* to my opinions; but the moment that sees our views at variance, gives you an excuse for freeing yourself from my direction. So be it!”

“Maurice, Maurice!” she cried, “you misunderstand me—wilfully misunderstand me!”

“I do not think so.”

“It is true. You know that I ever sacrificed my will to yours, where I knew you in the right; and now it should be the same; but you are in the wrong. You are deceived with regard to Mr. Colverton’s principles; your friendship for him blinds you to his defects; and I cannot—nay, I *will* not trust my well-being to the care of such a man!”

“Aha! there it is—his principles!” exclaimed Maurice Morton, catching at her words. “Well, what have you to say against Hartley Colverton’s principles?”

“I will say nothing, Maurice,” returned Miss Morton; “and if you were not so strangely infatuated, that no words can show you his defects, you will not need to ask me.”

“Indeed!” he said, sarcastically. “Well, what appalling defect can it be, I wonder? Curious that no other woman was ever fortunate enough to discover it! You are marvellously particular,” he continued, while his tone became most bitter, “that you can take the trouble to pick out a flaw, imperceptible to others, in a man who leads the world of fashion, and has never shown himself other than a gentleman! And most singularly fortunate, too,” (ironically) “that you can afford, with the pittance you possess, to throw away a magnificent fortune, and a home that another in your circumstances would be thankful to secure.”

“Maurice!”

She rose from her seat, with a glance of calm and sorrowful rebuke.

“I know that the Morton estate belongs to you,” she said. “I know that I have no right here; and especially since you are married. I know that the time is fast approaching when I must be expected to seek another home; but I did not need you to tell me of it.”

And straightway Caroline Morton left the library; left it to its shadows and its gloom, and her somewhat discomfited and irreful brother to

his own reflections. He had not expected she would make such direct application of his last words. “But since it is so,” he said, hotly, “let the rebellious girl take her own course. She will soon learn to repent her folly.”

Miss Morton had scarcely taken her departure, before the hall door was heard to open and close, and directly there ran into the library a handsome young girl, with flushed cheeks and animated dark eyes, laughing happily, and bringing in a current of the fresh and frosty air from out-of-doors. She was the youngest of the three—Jessie Morton—and the pet of both Maurice and Caroline, as she had been the pet of her parents.

Her brother’s severe countenance relaxed into a smile, as she came running to the amply-filled grate, laughing, and looking so charmingly happy and careless, to warm her hands. Her warm gray eyes sparkled in the pleasant firelight, and her red cheeks grew redder, as she leaned over the fender. Maurice Morton thought she had never looked so lovely; and there came, besides, the exulting reflection that for her, at least, he was about to secure a brilliant position, an eligible *parti*. No wonder he grew bland—self-satisfied.

“Where have you been, Jessie?” he said.

“Down on the lake, sliding. O, glorious, Maurice! I had such a grand time, sir!”

He looked a reproof.

“What you, Jessie Morton?—my sister, who is to be married in three weeks?”

She glanced up in his face with mischievous eyes, and a saucy, confident smile.

“O, don’t be severe, Maurice! Wait till my stiff, starched-up lover—”

“Jessie! I must insist upon your taking a more appropriate tone in speaking of Mr. Wellingcourt.”

“Ah, well; I mean to behave well enough when he comes, as I was about to say when you had the impoliteness to interrupt me;” and the incorrigible maiden cast a sidelong, mischievous glance at her brother; “but *until* then, why, I intend to have my liberty. But where is Caroline, I wonder? I expected to find her here. She was to come in at four, you know; to give you an answer to that all-important question of Mr. Colverton’s.”

“Your sister has been here,” was his reply.

“She has? And of course Hartley is to be—that is to say, he is accepted?” she said, eagerly.

He looked straight into the fire.

“On the contrary, Caroline, from some motive best known to herself, has decidedly refused Mr. Colverton’s offer.”

Jessie sprang from her chair.

"It is not possible, Maurice! O, how could she!—and at twenty-six, too! She never will have another offer, never. She will be that most detestable of all horrors, an old maid! But she shall have Mr. Colverton, if I can make her." And the impetuous Jessie was springing to the door.

"Stop—stop a moment, Jessie!" said her brother, hastily.

But he was unheard. The impulsive young girl was already half way up stairs; and he sank back in his chair again.

"It is as well, perhaps, after all," he murmured, "to dispense with cautions. They would only make the matter worse. But at all events, her eloquence will never prevail."

And it did not. Jessie Morton's dread of seeing her sister an old maid lent her appeal the most passionate and persuasive earnestness; but all to no purpose. She enlarged on every advantage, possible and probable, attendant on the proposed union; she extolled the elegant personal appearance, the address, and the talents of Mr. Colverton, to the skies; she begged, and coaxed, and reproached, by turns, till she was at a dead, despairing loss for further argument; and in vain! It was like the vexed beating of a tiny rill against the sides of a rock-based tower. Caroline smiled and was grave, alternately, as she listened to Jessie's pleading; but not an inch did she yield. What the anger and severity of Maurice had been unable to effect, the persuasions of little, volatile Jessie were equally hopeless in their attempts at forwarding.

"And I did so hope," pouted the young girl, "that we should be married at the same time! And now to think that you utterly and altogether refuse Mr. Colverton's offer! What can make you so obstinate, Caroline?"

"What should make me, Jessie?" said the elder sister, half gravely, half smilingly; "what do you suppose makes me?"

"Indeed, it is more than I can tell," answered the young girl, with slight and pretty pettishness; "and it is as much of a puzzle, I am sure, to tell why you have refused every offer that has been made you since you were eighteen. And here you are unmarried at twenty-six, and throw away with a chance!"

"Jessie," said Caroline, seriously, taking her sister's hand, "should I marry a man to whom I am perfectly indifferent?—who, I am confident, would make my life an unhappy one?"

"Caroline, that is just all nonsense," exclaimed Jessie, despairingly. "All I know is, that you, the handsomest and most graceful woman

in the county, who has had six proposals to every other girl's one, and for whom half a dozen gentlemen have broken their hearts; you, Caroline Morton, the lovely and admired daughter of the late Charles Morton, of Morton Place, — Shire—will be an old maid, after all!"

And in a very undignified passion of grief and passion, the old maid-hating Jessie ran out of the room.

Caroline was somewhat amused at her petulant vehemence, and for a moment could not forbear laughing at her; but the laughter was soon quieted, and a time of serious and most painful reflection followed. For the first time in her life, she found herself at variance with her brother; his anger was severely distressing to her; and more distressing the remembrance of the unguarded words, which, in his wrathful mood, had escaped him, giving rise to the sorrowful and rebuking answer with which she had left him.

"Am I, am I, indeed," she said, to herself, with grief and shame, "growing an encumbrance here!—or did I apply to his words a meaning which did him injustice?"

In the winter twilight—that was fast deepening into night, Caroline Morton sat in her lonely chamber, wrapt in a most unhappy reverie. What her thoughts were, may not be known; but ere that hour passed, her resolution was made, her path for the future marked out.

Emily, the wife of Maurice, met her in the drawing-room that evening; and she, too, made it a point to mention to Caroline her opinion concerning the all-engrossing subject. In her calm, business-like way, she spoke of the incalculable advantages of such a match as the one under discussion, and advised her sister-in-law to reconsider the subject.

"You will take a very unwise step in sending so decided a refusal to his suit," she said; "a step which you cannot but repent hereafter. Harlecy Colverton would be an eligible husband for any woman. Of course, we should be sorry to part with you, here; but you will naturally marry in the lapse of a year or two, at any rate; and you will do well to accept the present opportunity, since it is scarcely probable that a better will present itself."

Caroline, serious, even bitter, as was her mood, could not but smile.

"You think it, then, a matter of course that I shall marry at some time?" she said.

"I do. You will not lead a single life. No woman, in my ideas, would do so, of her own free will."

"You are slightly mistaken," returned Caro-

me, gently. "You see that I can have Hartley Oolvertown by uttering a single word. That word I never shall utter. Whether, if I live and die a single woman, the case is a compulsory one, you will be judge."

"Then you have fully determined to decline his proposal?"

"Fully. I have other views. I shall leave Morton Place immediately on the marriage of Jessie, and—"

Mrs. Morton's beautiful blue eyes were raised with a glance of surprise to Caroline's face. Caroline paused an instant, and then concluding: "You can tell this to Maurice to-night if you like," turned away to chat with a gentleman visitor whom the domestic had just announced, thus briefly dismissing a subject, the discussion of which had become intensely distasteful to her. She could not judge of the reception which the announcement of her intention would meet with, but her mind was firmly made up.

Mrs. Morton acquainted her husband that night with the design of his sister. Slightly startled by this, he made a point of waiting instantly on Caroline, to ascertain if it were actually her intention to leave Morton Place. Miss Morton assured him of the fixedness of her determination.

"May I ask," he said, "what course you propose taking, if you go from here?"

"I shall reside at the Home Farm, which was left me by our father," returned Caroline, very quietly.

Maurice Morton took two or three turns up and down the apartment, with folded arms and head bent. There was a stern and disturbed expression upon his haughty features, that told of perplexity and annoyance. Consciousness was there, too.

Presently stopping short, he came and sat down by his sister.

"Caroline," he said, uneasily, "I cannot help thinking that this sudden resolution of yours has some connexion with our yesterday's conversation in the library."

She was silent.

"If it is so," he continued; "if you were hurt by any observation of mine, I have only to say that I think you must have misapprehended my meaning, as, from your parting words, I concluded you had done. I simply alluded to the somewhat narrow income you possess, not to your position here. That you should have placed so injurious, though perhaps not unwarrantable a construction, upon my somewhat ill-advised remark, is, believe me, exceedingly painful. It has been a happiness for us all to have

you make Morton Place your home. To feel that I have been the means of causing you to entertain a different view, touches me nearly."

And it did; it cut his pride, his delicacy, most keenly, thought at first he had been too angry to feel it so deeply. Morton Place belonged to Maurice since his father's death; and having taken up his residence here, with his wife, he had also prevailed upon Caroline and Jessie to continue to dwell in their old home. As a matter of course, Caroline felt differently about remaining now that his brother's wife was mistress where she, herself, so long had reigned; but Maurice had delicately managed to banish hitherto everything like a consciousness of dependence on his sister's part. Now he had, by his own hasty temper, brought on the very evil he had striven to avert.

Miss Morton saw the pain this affair caused him, and sincerely regretted now the wrong done.

"Maurice," she said, gently, "I am sorry for this. I feel that you would never have given me pain intentionally. I know that you have never been otherwise than pleased to have me remain at Morton. But—"

"Caroline, do not say it," he uttered, energetically. "Say only that you forgive me, and will remain here, in your rightful home; for being mine, it is also yours."

"I think it better not, Maurice; but do not imagine that you are the cause," she hastened to add. "The truth is, I have for a long time been contemplating a visit at the farm; and since I have been dwelling upon the matter so seriously it would be as well, perhaps, not to change my plans. I shall continue, however," and she smiled, "to regard Morton as a kind of second home, where I may come when I please, and be always sure of a welcome. I shall be very happy, also, to receive you and Emily at the farm, whenever you feel inclined to make me a visit."

He looked dissatisfied. It hurt him that Caroline should persist in her intention; but he was forced to yield.

"The marriage of Jessie will take place shortly," she said, "and directly she goes away, I shall leave for the farm. I think, in such a lovely place as that, my life will be happy, notwithstanding it is destined to be a single one."

Her brother met her light smile with laughing eyes.

"Then you never mean to marry? You intend to remain that horrible abomination, that bugbear of Jessie's ideas—a single woman?"

"I do. I desire no nearer ties than those that bind me at this moment; and never will assume

them. I am free; I have none to control me; and I may shape my way as I will. Let me take my own course, Maurice, and then nobody will be to blame if I am discontented."

"Do as you like, Caroline. Perhaps, as you say, you will be happier as a single woman; but I cannot help expressing my disappointment that you have refused Mr. Colverton."

"You will be glad some day that I caused this disappointment."

"You perplex me, Caroline. What do you mean?"

"Wait, Maurice, and you will see."

He was silent and thoughtful for some moments, reflecting upon his sister's singular peculiar for—singularity.

"Caroline," he cried, suddenly, "tell me, do you think there is no happiness in married life?"

His sister laughed.

"How prone you are to catch at extremes, Maurice! No, indeed, I do not think so. I have seen married people the happiest in the world. Our own parents, for instance;" and she grew serious; "but in my creed, it is set down that there is as much happiness in the single as the married state, if people could only think so. I hold that each one, provided he has only sufficient self-dependence, can make his own happiness."

And notwithstanding the wonder and disapprobation of her friends, called forth by her peculiar modes of thinking, and by her repeated refusals of the many offers she received, Caroline Morton held her quiet course, unruffled and serene, and professed herself perfectly willing to own the careless, and often spiteful, appellation bestowed upon her by the many, heeding little the estimation depending upon a mere title. The old maid was a very contented and happy old maid, for all their sneers.

Time went his tireless round, and Jessie, the pet and the beauty, was married. As the bride of the aristocratic and elegant Mr. Wellcourt, and mistress of unnumbered luxuries, with her country residence and her town house, her magnificent equipages, her jewels, the envy of a thousand wealthy dames, and gold in Midas' profusion at her command, Jessie was now pronounced the most fortunate of women. True, she was a spoiled and petted child, scarcely seventeen years old, full of whim and caprice, and merry as a bird; while Mr. Wellcourt was a man of nearly forty, precise, stiff and methodical, fond of quiet, and accustomed to enjoy it. Jessie and her husband were paired, and that was all. But, of course, they were expected to be happy.

As soon as the bride and bridegroom had departed from Morton, Caroline also bade adieu to Maurice and his wife, and sought the retirement of her new home, to enter upon the life she had chosen. There was nothing to make it otherwise than a pleasant one. Caroline had no dread of solitude, for in her own resources she found ample food, both for employment, and amusement. But she was not entirely dependent upon these either; for in the care of the well-stocked and well-kept farm on which she lived, there was enough to do.

It was a busy place. The farm was a large one, and the work-people employed upon it, who had been for many years in her father's employ, being accustomed to the place, seemed as a part of it. All things went on harmoniously. The man whom Caroline kept to look after the farm, kept everything in order, and maintained a close and faithful watch over her interests. Thrift and plenty followed his efforts; and with honest zeal, he took pride in adding to the little fortune of his master's daughter.

Caroline was a happy woman. The life she led here was a busy and cheerful one; and not only busy and cheerful, but useful as well; for she cared not alone for her own well-being, but for that of others. She found ways of doing a great deal of good among the village people with the means that Providence had bestowed upon her, and there was always some one whom she could benefit in one way or another. For many poor, she obtained employment; among the sick, Caroline Morton's name was a beloved one; to all she was a true and noble friend, and a Christian neighbor—the neighbor, who "passed not by on the other side." Everybody was the better for Caroline Morton's coming to the Home Farm.

She had no moment unemployed, for her attention, scarcely free from one engrossing object, was directed to another, calling forth equal energies and equal interest. She laughed at the idea of loneliness; she had no time to be lonely. A year passed before she could think it half gone, and another went by; and another; and the quiet, sincere happiness she felt, only grew deeper and more abiding. Living not for herself so much as for others, she realized the true value of life. She enjoyed that life to the utmost. It was most sweet to her, for her own noble efforts lent it its actual zest.

Maurice and his wife made her a visit during the first year of her residence at the farm. They made no allusion to Mr. Colverton, or any of the many suitors whom she had discarded. It was already evident, from the general appear-

ance of things, that Caroline had mistaken neither herself nor her sphere. They found her happy, cheerful, industrious, and more beautiful than ever.

Mrs. Maurice Morton beheld the daily avocations of her sister-in-law with no little curiosity and interest.

"Caroline, how do you find time to do all this, and to see to so many people?" she said.

"They are all I have to see to," she answered, smilingly; "and I have twenty-four hours in every one of my days. You can tell now, perhaps, how much better it was that I should not marry. A husband in addition to my household, would effectually prevent me from attending to anything beyond them, so that I could do nothing of all that I find to do now; for husbands are selfish creatures, Emily," and she glanced laughingly up towards Maurice.

"Then, I suppose," said her brother, with an air of amusement, "I suppose you consider your household, your neighbors, and your pensioners, in the light of a husband?"

"Exactly. I wish for no better. I am very happy, Maurice."

And in her clear beaming eyes and truthful smile, the brother read the truth of her assertion.

They had anticipated a rather dull and tedious visit, at a quiet farm house, with little to relieve the tedium of a country life. They found a most agreeable difference; they became convinced that Caroline's judgment was better than theirs. Instead of subsiding into a selfish, capricious old maid, leading a forlorn, solitary, monotonous existence, Caroline made life beautiful, both for others and herself, and became more agreeable every day. Maurice and his wife allowed that they had been wrong.

They had not seen Jessie since her marriage. Several letters had been received from her while travelling with her husband; letters describing the thousand-and-one gaieties into which she entered, the society in which she mingled,

"And other brilliant matters of that sort."

But lately, these epistles came more irregularly, were more brief and hurried, and altogether less satisfactory. Maurice grew thoughtful, and as he spoke of it, sighed. Emily, with all her natural indolence and apathetic indifference of manner, was roused into interest as the matter was mentioned; and the why and wherefore discussed.

"You may be confident," she would say, to Caroline, "that she is so engrossed in the general gaiety everywhere she goes, as to find a multitude of excuses for not writing as she used to."

Another month, and Maurice and Emily left the farm, earnestly pressing Caroline to come to them soon, and gaining from her a kind of conditional promise to comply with their request during the approaching winter. Then she was left alone once more to continue her customary routine of duties. And once more, in the midst of those duties, she forgot the great world that stretched beyond the circling hills which bounded the horizon, finding quiet and serene contentment in the lot she had chosen, and the places where that lot was cast.

Autumn came. The harvest was gathered in, and in all Caroline's barns and granaries there was not room for the plenty that flowed in upon her from the full and prosperous year. The poor flocked round her doors, and were sharers of her abundance, and went away with glad and grateful hearts. And Caroline Morton, rejoicing in her prosperity, was glad for the sake of those about her. "Freely ye have received—freely give." She bore in her heart the command, and scattered, with unsparing bounty, the largeness of her many blessings.

The winter came. And then leaving for a time the scene of her labors and her happiness, she went to pay the expected visit to Morton. She found Maurice and his wife well, and truly glad to receive her. From Jessie and her husband no news had come very lately. All were perplexed. But Caroline saw that Maurice was more than perplexed. He was anxious—uneasy. And her own fears and suspicions, within a little while awakened, grew with tenfold strength.

"Maurice," she said, earnestly, "this is very strange. These letters—so brief, so abrupt, so strained and artificial in their style—are not like our merry, rattling Jessie. And latterly, that even these should cease. Maurice, tell me what you think!"

He was grave. A heavy sigh, struggling for utterance, was repressed.

"I do not know what to think, Caroline," he answered; "I do not know what to fear; but I am afraid there has been a mistake; and if so, I have helped to make it!" And his voice grew hoarse; his manner desperate.

The subject was not often reverted to; but there was not a day in which each one did not think of it with anxiety and suspense. The time of her visit being expired, Caroline returned to her own dwelling; but she carried with her a less careless heart than she had borne away from it. The sight of her beloved home, with its gladdening welcome and pleasant associations, revived and cheered her; yet in the midst of her many engrossing duties here, would ever

and anon steal in a thought of Jessie, to disturb her otherwise perfect peace. The winter wore away, and no news came from the petted younger sister. But it was coming soon enough.

One day, when spring was garlanding the wide and lovely land with bloom, a magnificent carriage drove slowly up the wide green lawn leading to the door of the farm house; and as Caroline, sewing in her cool sitting-room, bent forward to look from the latticed window, the coachman lowered the steps, a lady attired in a brown travelling dress, and a plain straw bonnet, descended from it, and immediately entered the house. She advanced directly into the apartment where Caroline sat, and paused just within the threshold, regarding her silently.

She was young and beautiful, but pale as death. A reckless, weary, careworn look stamped itself upon her delicate features, and the sweet, dark eyes were almost haggard.

Slowly Caroline rose, and the work fell from her unconscious hand, while, with paling cheeks, she gazed upon the stranger's face.

"Surely, surely, this is not Jessie!" she uttered, in a tone scarcely audible for the emotion that filled her.

"Why yes, it is Jessie!" answered the wife. "Am I so altered, then, that Caroline does not know me?"

She tried to laugh, as of old, in her happy girlhood; but the tears sprang first, and quenched the false sparkle of mirth. Without a word, Caroline's arms were about her; Caroline's soft and loving kisses were pressed upon her pale brow, and the poor, weary child laid her head once more on her sister's breast—the shelter of her golden days—where never such mournful tears had she shed before.

"O, Caroline, I am so glad to see you—so glad!" she said, looking up into the gentle, pitying face above her with mingled smiles and weeping. "I have wanted so many times to come, and I never could!"

"Why not?" asked Caroline, quietly removing the bonnet and shawl, and smoothing with caressing tenderness, the young girl's bright hair.

A painful flush stole over the sweet face.

"He would not come." The words were almost whispered.

Caroline's eyes grew stern.

"And now?"

"I came without him. He dared me, and I came!"

"Jessie!"

"It is true! He was cruel, cruel, not to let me come! And at last I thought I might die

after I got here, and then it would make no difference to him, afterward, that I had been disobedient; so I came alone. And I am so tired now, Caroline. Let me lie down."

So Caroline led the poor child to her chamber, and there, sitting by the couch in the darkened room, she listened to Jessie's story. It was a sad one; and the young girl's tears fell fast and free while she told it.

It was the history of an almost broken heart. Jessie had seen little happiness since her marriage. She had pleased her husband at first with her piquant, merry ways, with her childishness and careless abandon; he had indulged and petted her to excess, gratifying every possible wish, and pleased in seeing her admired and courted; but the novelty wore off, and old habits asserting their sway, he sought to withdraw her from the sound of gaiety into which he himself had introduced her, to seclude her from society, young as she was, within the stately and solitary home which he had hitherto occupied alone.

"But I could not bear to go," said Jessie, sobbing. "It was so soon to shut me up in that grand old house! And I would not yield. So he gave it up, for a little while, and went about with me, as he had been used to do. But he did not like it, and told me so. I did not mind it. I knew I should be obliged to give up my liberty soon enough, and I meant to enjoy it while it was mine.

"Then he used to speak plainly sometimes. He told me, more than once, that he would not have me go out so much. He said I attracted more attention than he chose that his wife should do. But whose fault was it?" and her cheek flushed. "I had never known what it was to be courted, and flattered, and admired, before he took me out into the world, and I found it very sweet—so sweet that I would not leave the path I had been led into. Evening after evening we were out together, and I grew fairly bewildered with gaiety, so that I never could bear a quiet hour at home. Then he grew jealous, irritable, ill-humored. He could not bear to have me looked at or spoken to; and at last he declared that if I would not withdraw from society, there should be a separation. Think of it, Caroline!"

She wept passionately; but Caroline, even while she pitied her beautiful, ill-fated sister sincerely, could trust herself neither to pity nor rebuke. If Jessie had been wrong, might not her youth excuse her?

"Finally," continued Jessie, "he commanded it so sternly, that I was truly afraid to resist any longer. I let him take me away; but it was so

hard! I cried every day. I would not speak to him sometimes; and that made him more angry still. He reproached me continually. I answered him angrily; and so it went on. At last I told him I desired to come to Morton, and see you all. He declared that since I had been so unwilling to please him, he should not trouble himself to please me. He said I only wished to go away from him, when I had but settled down at home; he would not come with me.

"For a time, I submitted; for I did not know what to do. I was so lonely, so helpless, so sorrowful, Caroline! You would have pitied me, if you had thought me ever so much to blame, I was so miserable! I was dying with homesickness. I asked him again to take me to Morton; still he refused. I told him I would come alone, then—if I walked every step. He dared me to do it. He told me—and swore it, Caroline!—that if I came, I should never enter his doors again. But it was too late. I had grown reckless—desperate; and I came!"

The story was ended.

"My poor Jessie! You have been very unhappy," said Caroline, with tender pity.

"Unhappy? O, yes!" and her tears streamed afresh. "How I wish I were free again! O, if I had not married! I would gladly live single all my life. Do you remember, Caroline, how angry I was because you said you never would marry?—I despised an old maid so much; and now I would give all I possess to be one."

"It is too late for regret, now," said Caroline, sadly. "You could only learn by experience, and that experience has been severe. I am sorry for you, Jessie. Let us pray that the heaviest of the evil is passed."

* * * * *

But Jessie Wellingcourt had come home to stay. She never returned to her husband. A reconciliation was attempted by Caroline, but the effort was fruitless.

Maurice Morton repented most bitterly his own short-sightedness in marrying Jessie to a man of more than twice her age, merely because the match promised to be an advantageous one. He had passed lightly over the fact of their dissimilarity of disposition, of habit, and of taste, never considering that a union of two so exactly opposed, in all these points, to each other, could never be happy together; and now he suffered deeply in his sister's unhappiness. Jessie and her husband never met again. Mr. Wellingcourt settled upon her a handsome allowance, which she received quarterly, through his lawyer, and henceforth they two were twain.

Caroline continued to dwell at the Home Farm

Jessie made her home alternately there and at Morton Place, and always seemed to be happy; but it was a happiness the mere wreck of that of old days, changed as much as she was herself. She never quite regained her former beauty, or exuberant spirits; but gradually a quiet calm stole over her, from the deeper and more serious, thought induced by her sorrows and her trials. They made her wiser.

Two years from the time when Caroline had so angered her brother by her decided rejection of Mr. Colverton, Maurice one day made his appearance at the farm. He was graver than usual, as his sister instantly observed, and the cause was soon betrayed.

"Caroline," he said, "Hartley Colverton is dead."

"Dead!" echoed his sister.

"He died a month ago, in France, at the gaming table; shot through the heart by a man whom he had just beggared."

Caroline shuddered; but a sigh, that was almost a sigh of gladness, escaped her, as she reflected on her own freedom.

"I can interpret that sigh," said Maurice; "and it is a gentle reproach to me, Caroline. It is not my fault that you did not become a gambler's wife—that you are not at this moment a gambler's widow. Hartley Colverton was addicted to gaming at the very time when I so strenuously urged you to marry him; but let me do myself the justice to say that I was unconscious of the fact at the time. Caroline, can you pardon me for all that passed that day when I became so offended with you for your refusal to comply with my wishes in regard to him! I was harsh, unkind—unmanly, even. Forgive me!"

He held out his hand. Caroline clasped it warmly.

"You were not to blame, Maurice," she returned. "You thought it all for the best; but I could not yield. I had heard of his propensities, and resolved to avoid him. I liked best the path I had chosen. I do not think I would have married the best man on earth. Each one has his own taste you know, Maurice; and I cannot help thinking that I am one of those few women who are happier in the single than the married state. There are two ways, and one is as happy as the other, if a woman chooses to make it so; and a great deal more so." And she glanced laughingly at her brother.

And Caroline lived, content and cheerful, at the Home Farm, through her many and pleasant years. She never married, reader. I cannot spoil my story.

THE LOST AT SEA.

BY IMOGEN APTON.

Outward bound, with a hopeful heart,
I saw a young sailor from home depart;
The future glowing fair and bright,
Hlingling with the shades of night;
And thus he bade his friends adieu,
To breast the waves of the ocean blue.

And swiftly borne from his native shore,
That he was doomed to see no more;
Ah, little he thought, as he onward sped,
That soon he must lie with the silent dead;
And find a grave in the mighty deep.
Alone to lie in death's dreamless sleep.

But there came a night o'er that fragile bark,
When the wild winds howled, and the sky grew dark,
And she was borne 'neath the whirling wave—
Then sank with her the true and brave,
To sleep in the caverns of the deep,
And o'er his fate we are left to weep.

And thus he died—no bell there tolled,
But the ocean moaned, as it onward rolled,
A requiem o'er the sailor's grave;
And oft we have wept for the true and brave,
That afar from his kindred alone must sleep,
Till summoned on high from the mighty deep.

But why do we mourn the frail body that dies?
That beneath the ocean slumbering lies?
The spirit hath soared to its home on high, &
To dwell with God beyond the sky,
And sing glad songs forever more,
With angels on the immortal shore.

MABEL FLORENCE.

BY ANSON B. CLIFFORD.

In one of the private apartments of the Astor House, sat Mabel Florence. She was now an orphan, and the only relative with whom she was acquainted, was her own brother William. She was eighteen years of age, and as beautiful as the evening star. Her dark golden hair fell in glossy, curling clusters about her neck and temples, and her eyes, which seemed almost too dark for her hair, were deep and lustrous, with a sparkle which betrayed a quick, energetic mind. Her features were faultlessly regular, and her form was naturally full and erect. But Mabel Florence was now pale and sad, and her form was wasted. She had not been in possession of perfect health for some months. She held an open letter in her hand, which she had just been reading. It was from her brother, and ran as follows:

"MY OWN DEAR SISTER: You will forgive me, if I do not write much at the present time.

I have seen Mr. Winslow, and he is very anxious that you should come and take charge of his children. He will pay you a good salary, and will treat you, in every respect, as a member of his family. You can take the boat to-morrow morning, and he will be at the landing in Troy for you. I hope you will be anxious to please him, and also to make yourself pleasing to all. I have secured a berth as supercargo on board one of the ships our father used to own, and shall sail for the East Indies this very day.

"And now, Mabel, let us forget the severe blow which has fallen upon us, and give our hearts to God. I am resolved that no man shall ever hear a complaint from my lips. My own energies shall lift me up again, and I know that you have as much energy of character as I have. O, find peace and joy, if you can. Look never again upon the past only for lessons of experience, but remember that life lies in the future. God bless and protect you ever. Write me often, and I will do the same. Courage, Mabel, and pray.

"Your brother, truly, WILLIAM."

This letter Mabel had read twice.

"O!" she groaned, starting to her feet, "and has it come to this? Mabel Florence a governess!"

The very thought seemed overpowering, and she sat down and wept aloud. It was, indeed, a fall for her. Among the gay of the metropolis, she had been the gayest; among the rich, the richest; and among the proud, the proudest. Beaux had been at her feet, and favored maidens had envied her; and even duels had been projected on her account. And now she had the offer of a place of governess over a family of children in Troy! At first, she had thought only of rejecting the place with scorn; but a few calmer thoughts brought a different result. Her mother had been dead several years, and her father had passed away only about six months previous to the present time. She had thought her father wealthy, but when his affairs came to be settled up, she saw, by the result which was presented to her, that both she and her brother were penniless. So she must either accept the proffered place, or beg, or starve. She resolved to go to Troy, but the resolution came with many bitter tears.

Closely veiled, Mabel Florence stepped into the coach, and was conveyed to the steamboat landing, and shortly after her trunk had been put on board she was on her way up the noble Hudson. She kept her state room all day long, for she feared there were people on board whom

she knew, and she dared not see them. It was nearly dark when she reached Troy, and she found Mr. Winslow waiting for her. His greeting was kind, in the extreme, but it could not make her happy. That man had once been one of her father's customers, and now she was going to be a servant in his family! That was the thought that dwelt uppermost in her mind.

Nathan Winslow was about forty years of age, and was a merchant in Troy. He had formerly bought goods of Mr. Florence, and had been among that gentleman's warmest friends, so that when the old merchant was taken away, he was among the first to offer his services to the orphans, and had, at the request of William, made a place for Mabel in his family. Mrs. Winslow was an excellent woman—one who had been schooled in the rough ways of life, and who had helped her husband up to his present position. They had only four children. Lucy was fourteen; Mary, eleven; Fanny, seven, and the youngest, which was a boy, was only two. It was the three girls Mabel was to take charge of, but she rested a few days ere she commenced her labors. She found Mr. Winslow's dwelling to be plain and simple in finish and furnishing, though everything that real comfort could ask was there. She was to receive four dollars per week, and her board, and in consideration thereof, she was to devote six hours per day to teaching the children, and also to give Lucy such music-lessons in the evening as might be convenient and agreeable.

After this bargain was made, Mabel went away to her little chamber and cried for an hour. To think that she had been hired, for so much per week, to work for another, was painful, and, in her eyes then, degrading. But she could not escape from it. Her head ached, and she threw herself upon her bed, and there she went to sleep. Four days passed away, before she commenced her duties as governess. She had by this time learned that her mistress (*mistress!* O, how that word galled her!) was a kind and affectionate woman, and she could not but feel grateful for the favors that were bestowed upon her. Only the thought that she was a dependent embittered every other feeling. Mabel commenced the task, but her head often pained her when she did not own it, and she was weak and faint when she professed to be strong. But Mrs. Winslow could see, and she made the governess take another week of respite. By that time, Mabel was in reality stronger and better, and she now commenced her work in earnest.

For a while, things moved on coldly and formally. Mabel treated the children *politely*, but

not affectionately. Mrs. Winslow sat one evening, and talked with her husband on the subject, and on the next morning, she called Lucy into her room and had a long talk with her. Lucy was a pretty girl, and very intelligent; and, added to this, she possessed a sweet and loving disposition. And so did the other two children; but only Lucy was yet old enough to reason with on the subject of winning their teacher's love.

From that time, Lucy's peculiar mildness and sweetness of manner won gradually upon the governess, until, at the end of two weeks, love began to manifest itself in the study-room. Mabel had been gaining health and strength, and with ease of body came ease of mind. She now kissed her little scholars, and when she saw how delighted and happy they were with her caresses, she felt a new bond of union with them.

The summer passed slowly on, and the rose came back to Mabel's cheek. The unsteady, riotous life she had led in the city, had almost broken her down, but she had at length regained her lost health. The regular hours she now kept, restored repose and quiet to the frame which had suffered from the nightly debauches of the great Babel; and the simple, nutritious food which she found at Mr. Winslow's table, restored purity and vigor to her blood and whole system. When the cool winds of autumn came, Mabel Florence was a new being. Her fulness of frame, the elasticity of step, the rosy flush of cheek, and the deep, warm light of the full, dark eyes, all told that she was strong and healthy.

But her body was not alone in the blessing. Her mind was as new as that. First, the gentle love of the innocent children had won her soul away from its gloomy thoughts, and when once the light of true affection found its way to her heart, the whole flood was not long in pouring in upon her. She now sang as blithely as ever, and in the evening, when her merry laugh rang through the house, the good people almost fancied they had given home to one of the fairy spirits that carry sunshine around to distribute in dark places.

"Well, Mabel," said Mr. Winslow, as he came in, one evening—it was after the snow had come—"we are to have a visitor to-morrow."

"Ah! And who may it be?"

"Mr. John Lambreth."

Mabel's countenance fell in a moment. This was a man to whom she had been affianced about a year and a half before. She thought she loved him then, but she thought so no more.

"Don't the news please you?" inquired the merchant.

"Ah, no," quickly replied Mabel. "I wish he wouldn't come."

"Why, I thought he was your affianced husband?"

"So he was, but—but—that was a year and a half ago. I was different, then. Then, I only looked upon the outward show and glitter of life. I fancied I was happy amid the wickedness and sin of those who flattered me. Mr. Lambreth then pleased me, and I promised to be his wife; and I remember how angry I was with my brother because he objected to the match. Lambreth was rich, and my father favored him. But, O, I could not love him now!"

"But John Lambreth is not rich, now," said Mr. Winslow. "A year of dissipation in Europe has altered his circumstances, somewhat—or, at least, so a friend writes me. The young man has not probably heard of your misfortune, and may be coming up to draw upon the purse which he thinks you now hold."

"Do you think so?" asked Mabel, starting with sudden hope.

"Wait and see."

Yet Mabel was not wholly happy. She had once pledged her word that she would be Lambreth's wife, and she feared he would now hold her to her promise. And again she looked into her own heart, and she fairly shuddered when she reflected upon the fatal life she was so thoughtlessly leading, a year before. And she knew, too, that she could never be happy with a man of Lambreth's character.

But the morrow came, and with it Mr. John Lambreth. He was a young man, not more than six-and-twenty, and was dressed in the very height of fashion. He was not a bad looking man, by any means, only so far as the marks of dissipation were concerned, and they were not to be disguised or mistaken. He greeted Mabel most lovingly, and his protestations of love and delight upon "once moah bweholding the object of his affections," were without bounds. After dinner, he gained an opportunity to speak a few moments with Mabel alone. He had already told of the wondrous things he had seen in "Euwope," and he was now prepared for business.

"Mabel," he commenced, "what the deuce made ye wan away from the city?"

"I came up here on business."

"You on bwisiness? Ha, ha, ha. But you must make a capital hand. Up to see about yer father's pwoperty, eh? What a dem foine time you must have had."

"You mistake, sir," returned Mabel, calmly.

"My father left no property. After he was gone, I found myself absolutely penniless, and I came up here to accept the place of governess in Mr. Winslow's family."

"Eh? Aw, confounded rich joke. Ha, ha, ha."

"It's no joke, sir, I assure you. Did not my friends in New York inform you of this?"

"No. I didn't see 'em. I only found out where ye was. But d'ye mean that ye're done up—cleaned out—not a red—eh?"

"Really, sir, your terms are rather mystical. But I can simply assure you that I am now actually obliged to teach these children here, to find myself in food and clothing."

For some moments Mr. Lambreth moved uneasily in his seat. Then he looked at his watch, and started up.

"Six o'clock!" he cried. "By the mass, I promised to meet a man at six. Excuse me a moment."

And with this, Mr. John Lambreth left, and Mabel never saw him again; but on the following day, she received a note, which read after this fashion:

"MISS MABEL FLORENCE: Perhaps you may have thought that we were bound, by former vows, to be married; but you must be aware how circumstances can alter cases. In fact, you are not the female to whom I promised my hand. She was an heiress—you are only a governess. Of course, you are henceforth free to bestow your hand where you choose.

"JOHN LAMBRETH."

A cloud rested, for a moment, upon Mabel's face, but soon a smile drove it away, and finally, as she threw the note into the fire, a loud, merry laugh broke from her lips. She was astonished at herself. The reference to her pecuniary misfortune affected her not at all. She looked back upon the past, and in her soul she vowed that the misfortune was a blessing in disguise, for not for all the wealth of the great city would she exchange the health and content she now enjoyed.

In a little while, a new visitor came. It was Mr. Winslow's youngest brother, a young man only four-and-twenty years of age, and who had just graduated from the medical school, having left college at the age of twenty-two. He came to spend a few weeks at his brother's, previous to commencing practice. Of course, it was natural that he should seek Mabel's company, seeing that she was the only one in the family near his own age; and when he found how richly the maiden's mind was stored, he made himself very familiar—in fact, dangerously so, for he seemed uneasy now only when Mabel was near him.

And how was it with her? Edwin Winslow was not only one of the handsomest young men of his time, but he was noble looking, too. None of your effeminate, dandified fellows, but a man of sound, practical common sense; and one, moreover, who never spoke a foolish thing in his life until he became acquainted with the governor of his brother's children. He was a *man*, too—tall, stout, erect and full, of energy and noble emulation. In truth, Mabel wondered what she should do evenings, when Edwin had gone—and the thought was unpleasant.

At length, the two young people became suddenly timid, and seemed afraid to speak to each other. Instead of sitting down upon the sofa and taking their books, they selected opposite sides of the room, and from these strange positions, they cast quick, tremulous, furtive glances at each other.

This state of things lasted a week, and at the end of that time, Mabel had become unhappy, and Edwin resolved 'twouldn't do. So that very evening, he sought Mabel's side, while they were alone in the sitting-room.

"Mabel," said he, very plainly, but yet tremblingly, "you will pardon me, if I speak to you bluntly, and to the point, for no good can ever come of hiding truth. Do you think you can ever love me well enough to be my wife?"

Surely, that was blunt and plain. But Mabel was not to be outdone, for she replied:

"Yes, Edwin, I can love you well enough."

"Then you will be mine?"

"Ah, that is a different question. You do not want a wife now."

But Edwin didn't believe that. He *did* want a wife, right off. Mabel asked him how long he had thought so, and he told her ever since he had known her. However, she finally referred him to his brother.

"Ask him first," she said. "I am but a poor, penniless dependent upon him, and cannot promise you my hand, without his consent. My heart is yours."

"But what has Nathan to do with me or mine?" cried Edwin.

"He has much to do with me?" Mabel answered. "He took me here, and gave me a home, and I cannot become your wife without—"

The remark was cut short by the entrance of the elder brother, and Edwin at once said:

"Well, we'll have it settled now, at all events."

"What is it?" asked Nathan.

"Why, I have asked Mabel, here, to become—" Here Mabel left the room, as though something had frightened her, "The gipsy!"

But I'll tell you, Nathan: I asked her if she loved me well enough to become my wife, and she told me yes. But she says she won't marry me, without your full consent. How's that?"

A cloud came over the elder brother's brow in a moment, but he tried to hide it.

"Wait—wait, Edwin, until you know what to do with a wife. When you get settled in practice will be time enough to think of that."

"Pooh! I'm settled enough, now. I can have practice right here in Troy, or in Albany."

A few moments of silence ensued, and then Nathan said: "Let this matter rest until Miss Florence's brother returns. If you have the least regard for my honor, speak not on the subject again to Mabel until you can first see her brother."

The next morning, Mr. Winslow took Mabel aside, and asked her if she would promise not to allow Edwin to speak with her upon the subject of marriage until her brother returned. She gave the promise readily.

But they did not have to wait so long as might have been expected, for within a week of that time, Mr. William Florence himself walked into the house. With a low cry of joy, Mabel sprang forward and fell upon his bosom. He held her off, and could scarcely believe his eyes.

"So rosy—so healthy—so lovely—so happy!" he uttered. "O, is it—is it, my own Mabel?"

"It is," cried the happy sister. "But not the same Mabel you left."

That evening was a joyous one; but Edwin was uneasy, and he could not sleep until he had spoken privately with William. So, after the rest had all retired, he took Mr. Florence by the hand, and told his love for Mabel.

"But," said William, "you may find a wealthier—"

"Stop!" cried Edwin. "If you have objections to make, make them against me. Mabel is all I want for a wife, and if I cannot, with my health and education, and by the energies God has given me, support my home, then let me die at once."

"I will speak with my sister, sir," replied William, with a moistened eye.

"And you will not refuse her request?"

"Of course not."

So Edwin Winslow went to bed very happy, and as he passed his brother's door, he could not help snapping his finger at it.

In the morning, William saw his sister alone, and he soon found that she loved Edwin as truly and fondly as he loved her.

"But," said her brother, "you must remem—"

ber that, as a physician's wife, you will have many duties to perform."

"And have I not had duties to perform for the last nine or ten months?"

"But do you not sometimes hope that some fortunate marriage will place you back amid the glitter and amusement of your old city life?"

Mabel started to her feet. A strange flush overspread her features, and her dark eye burned.

"My brother," she said, slowly, and with thrilling power, "do you think I have found the spring of true life only to cast it from me again? I have worked here, and my work has been a source of such joys as I never before knew. Health, peace, joy and virtue are secured to me here. William, ere I would go back to the city, and live the life I lived there two years ago, I would calmly lie me down and die!"

William Florence caught his sister to his bosom in deep feeling. "Mabel," he said, "did I not see that you were dying by inches in that great Babel? That false pride held you aloof from gentle persuasions, and designing sycophants held you in their power? I saw but one way to save you, and that I determined to adopt. But I resolved to bear all that you bore. If you have been a simple governess, for nine months, I have imposed upon myself a task equally arduous, and during all that time, I have not used a penny that I did not earn. And now I know you will forgive me. Mabel, our father left us a fortune of eight hundred thousand dollars!"

"William—"

"I speak truly. He left that sum of money in safe, solid funds, and it is now ready for us at any moment. I forged those papers I showed you, and our banker helped me. You know, now, why I did it."

The astounded girl could not speak in words. She flung her arms about her brother's neck, and wept a long, long while.

At length, she became calm, and then William explained more fully. He told her how long he had pondered upon the plan, before he dared adopt it—how he made sure of Mr. Winslow's help, by explaining all to him—and how it pained him to leave his sister as he did.

"But I dared not see you on that day when I sent the letter," he said, "for I feared your tears would unman me."

"And Mr. Winslow know all?" Mabel said.

"Yes. I had to tell him, of course."

So Mabel now knew why her employer had been so earnest in his objections to his brother's proposal. But all was bright, now.

Nathan Winslow was informed by William that Mabel's salary might now cease, and shortly

afterwards, Edwin was informed that he might go up and see the governess, and make any proposal to her he pleased. He leaped up two steps at a time, and in a moment more, he was by Mabel's side.

"But suppose I was worth four hundred thousand dollars," said she, looking up with a merry twinkle.

Edwin laughed. "I never hope to reach that figure," he said; "but you shall have a comfortable home, and you shall have a faithful, loving heart to beat in unison with your own."

But finally Mabel made him understand that she was really worth four hundred thousand dollars, and the knowledge made him look sad.

"Can you love me, now?" she asked.

"I won't be a fool," he uttered, energetically, "by being the first to show a shade of doubt of the love of one like you. But you are not the governess, now, and I'll propose anew to the heiress. Will you take a poor but honest, loving man, like me, for your husband?"

"Yes. There's my hand, and it's your's forever."

And so the young doctor found wealth sooner than he had expected; but, truly, he thought little of the dollars, when compared with the sweet, gentle wife who brought them. And Mabel, though this last life-lesson was a joyful one, could not but look upon that other lesson which her brother had given her as the very foundation of life itself.

A FINE STREAM.

A good story is told of a Philadelphia judge, well known for his love of jokes. He had advertised a farm for sale, with a fine stream of water running through it. A few days after, a gentleman called on him to speak about it.

"Well, judge," said he, "I have been over that farm you advertised for sale the other day, and find all right except the 'fine stream of water' you mentioned."

"It runs through the piece of woods in the lower part of the meadow," said the judge.

"What, that little brook! why, it does not hold much more than a spoonful. I am sure if you empty a bowl of water into it, it would overflow. You don't call that a fine stream, do you?"

"Why, if it were much finer, you couldn't see it at all," said the judge, blandly.

We never heard whether the gentleman bought the farm, but we rather suspect he didn't.—*New York Dutchman.*

Before you ask a man a favor, consult the weather. The same person that is as ugly as acid while a cold rain is rattling against the window panes, will no sooner feel the gladdening influence of a little quiet sunshine than his heart will expand like a rosebud.

THE FAIREST FAME

BY GEORGE H. COOMER.

Dark clouds that wing the thunder,
Still wield the shaft of light;
They thrill all earth with wonder,
And shake the dome of night;
But their's is glory mad and vain,
Where passion and despair
Are pictured in the shivered chain,
Hurled downward from the air.

When morning sweet upspringeth
O'er all the dewy vines,
The bird that sang still singeth,
The sun that shone still shines;
And from her green tree springs the dove,
And from her bud the rose;
And from the fount of heavenly love
The same deep current flows.

With stormy passions human,
With all the power of woe,
Have soul-struck man and woman
Pierced wondering hearts below;
But never torrent, storm or flame,
The bliss of love can bring;
And his must be the fairest fame,
Who sweetest breathes of spring.

MR. APTHORPE'S WILL.

BY HARRIET A. DAVISON.

THIS summer I spent a few weeks in the village of Carmel, a very pretty place, situated at one hundred and six miles south from Albany. The scenery was very beautiful, and I spent very pleasant hours there. When I entered the village, I was surprised to see put up for sale a very handsome brown villa, which stood rather out of the village. The house was very large and handsome, standing on a slight elevation, with a very fine lawn sloping in front down to the main street of the village. The lawn was belted by a double row of trees, which were on each side of the winding avenue. On the street were two very massive freestone gateways. When I made my first visit in the village, some four years ago, a Mr. Bemus Apthorpe lived there, with his three daughters; and I expected to find him still living there, but no—the house was closed and the gates also. The grass had grown up here and there in the middle of the avenue, and the borders were overgrown with weeds. I wondered at the changes which had taken place since I was last there, and determined to ask my aunt what had become of the family. My aunt lived in a pleasant little cottage in the centre of the village. It was nearly tea time when I reached that, so I had to curb my curiosity till evening. When the

table was cleared off, and my aunt had resumed her sewing and I produced my everlasting crochets, I eagerly demanded why the Apthorpe house was for sale. Aunt Sarah seemed surprised that she had forgotten to mention it in her letters, because the circumstance made such a stir in the village. This is the story she told me, and I hope it will be as interesting to my readers as it was to myself.

Mr. Bemus Apthorpe moved into the village twenty years or perhaps more ago, with his wife and one child, a little girl about three years old. The brown house on the hill had been recently built by a speculator from New York, whose transactions failing, he had been obliged to give up the house and move away. Bemus Apthorpe had purchased it, and it was whispered in the village that he had not been wholly fair in his dealings; but be that as it may, the house was his, and he intended henceforth to live in it, and among us.

The Apthorpes lived very secluded, scarcely ever making their appearance save on Sundays. Few of the inhabitants of Carmel knew them much; but Mrs. Apthorpe's gentle, sweet face made all who saw her, love and feel interested in her. About eight years after their settling in the village, Mrs. Apthorpe died, leaving three daughters, of the respective ages of twelve, nine and eight. They were pretty little girls, and everybody felt a deep interest in them when they were left to the care of their very morose father. Mr. Apthorpe had made himself generally disliked for his hardness and very evident neglect of his wife. All the villagers shook their heads sadly when they heard of Mary Apthorpe's death, and murmured, 'She is happy now.' The three girls were named Hope, Faith and Patience: strange names for such a man to give his children, but I suppose as those feelings were no dwellers in his breast, he thought he would have them as familiar spirits, that no man could say he was without hope, faith and patience. But that is a digression.

The three girls attended the village school, and afterwards the academy, and proved very brilliant scholars and endeared themselves to all their schoolmates and friends by their gentle, amiable ways. But though they were children of the richest man in the village, and living in one of the handsomest houses, with closely-shaven lawn and well-kept paths, they were dressed very shabbily, and oftentimes so thinly and poorly clad as almost to suffer from the cold. They grew up, notwithstanding all this, into pretty, genteel girls, beloved by everybody who knew them, as much as their father was disliked.

About ten years after Mary Apthorpe's death, it was reported that Bemus Apthorpe lay on his death-bed. The neighbors were very kind with offers of services, but Hope Apthorpe, then an elegant girl of twenty-two, declined their kind offers, saying that her father was unwilling to receive anybody but the lawyer who was with him. The next day the news of his death spread through the village. None, I dare say, were sorry when they heard that Bemus Apthorpe, the miser, was dead. His funeral was large, owing to the interest that all felt in the orphans, who were loaded with kind, unobtrusive attentions. The news soon circulated through the village that, agreeably to his dying injunctions, the will of Bemus Apthorpe was to be read aloud, the Sunday after his death, in the three village churches. Everybody was astonished at such a request, but when Sunday came, of course everybody went, curious to hear what the will could contain. Some thought that at the last moment, repenting of his harshness and parsimony, he intended to leave a sum of money to each church. The day was beautiful, and every pew in every church was filled. After the services were ended in the church my aunt attended, young Mr. Harris, the minister, rose; he seemed very much agitated, and his face was very pale; pausing for a few moments, to recover his composure, he read as follows:

"I, Bemus Apthorpe, dying, make this command; that my will be read aloud the Sunday after my death, in the three churches in the village of Carmel. If this be not complied with, my curse shall rest upon whosoever opposed it, and upon my undutiful children."

Then came the will, which read as follows:

"I, Bemus Apthorpe, give and bequeath the sum of seventy five thousand dollars, together with my real estate, to my three daughters, Hope Apthorpe, Faith Apthorpe and Patience Apthorpe, to be divided equally between them while they remain unmarried; but if any of them marry, the whole property shall be given to the unmarried ones, or if they all marry, the whole property shall go to the one last married."

Such was the strange will that was read one Sunday morning from the pulpit. The congregation could scarcely suppress their general feeling of indignation; for this will seemed like the final act of injustice and tyranny and malice, too, for the two oldest girls were already engaged, and had been for some time previous to their father's death, to very enterprising, fine men; and that Mr. Apthorpe knew and had given his free consent to. Hope was engaged to Mr. Harris, the minister, and Faith to a young farmer who lived about three miles from the vil-

lage. Nobody could conjecture why this will had been made, for Bemus Apthorpe had never taken any particular notice of his children, and was not known to have any favorites.

About two months after Mr. Apthorpe's death the girls closed the house, and went away to remain for an indefinite time with an aunt—Mrs. Kenny,—their mother's only sister. All were sorry to lose them and feared they would never wish to come back to the village, which seemed only filled with sorrow and trouble for them.

A year rolled away, and still they came not, neither did any tidings of them reach us. Mr. Harris, upon being questioned, had said that he had freed Hope from all engagements with himself, when he knew that she would lose all property by her marriage; but Hope had refused to be liberated, and went away, telling him she should not write, but he would see her again. We were beginning to think it a settled thing that they were never coming back, when all the village were surprised and rejoiced with the news that in one week they would come back to their home. At the appointed time back they came, attended by their aunt and three servants. The house now assumed a cheerful, sunny look; the grounds were cleared of all rubbish, the walks nicely cut and rolled, and the borders filled with bright flowers. The house had always had a grand, cold look, but now it looked cheerful and pleasant. After the first excitement was over everything went on as usual, and the thought of Bemus Apthorpe rarely entered people's minds.

About two years after Mr. Apthorpe's death the village was thrown into an intense state of excitement and expectation by the reception of invitations for the coming week, to attend the wedding of Miss Hope Apthorpe and Mr. Harris. The will came vividly to the minds of all, and many were the conjectures as to who would be married last or remain single. All concurred in calling Hope high-minded and just, and the congregation of the little Unitarian church looked forward with delight to the prospect of her becoming their beloved minister's wife, and determined that they would do all in their power to prevent her from ever regretting the course she had pursued.

The evening so anxiously expected arrived at last, and the Apthorpe mansion was one blaze of light, and filled almost to overflowing with company. Mrs. Kenny received the guests with grace and dignity. Everybody was on tip toe with excitement, and the minutes seemed to move on heavy-laden wings; at length the hour arrived and a door opened, and the three girls—dressed almost exactly alike—entered the room, each

leaning on the arm of a gentleman. The girls were dressed alike, save that Hope was clad in white satin, and almost shrouded by an elegant wrought veil, fastened by a tiara of pearls, and her sisters were clothed in white silk, with plain veils.

Hope and Mr. Harris walked in first; next came Faith, leaning upon the young farmer's arm; and lastly, Patience, accompanied by a gentleman—a stranger to the company. A murmur of admiration filled the room; for three more beautiful, queenly girls were never seen in the village, or elsewhere, I think. Hope and her sisters were dark eyed and haired, dignified girls. The sisters and their companions ranged themselves at the upper end of the room. As they so placed themselves, three clergymen separated themselves from the company, and stood each before each couple, and simultaneously began the ceremony. Side by side they kept, and together pronounced the words which made them man and wife. The company were voiceless with surprise. When the ceremony was ended, a lawyer,—the one who had drawn up Benrus Apthorpe's will,—stepped forward and read the will; upon concluding the reading he said to the company:

"Ladies and gentlemen, friends:—You have just heard the will; neither young lady is unmarried; neither was married a second even after the other, and I consider if the property is equally divided, the will is not set aside or violated. Any one who thinks this not so will please come forward and give his reasons."

A cheer filled the room, and very warm and heartfelt were the congratulations which were offered on all sides to the blushing brides.

Such was the story my aunt detailed to me. Mr. and Mrs. Harris lived in a pretty, brown Gothic cottage, not far from the church; Faith and her husband lived on a farm out of the village; and sweet little Patience had gone with her husband to Albany, and the house was put up for sale.

THE VILLAGE IDLER.

Everybody knows him. He is an easy, harmless, lounging, good-for-nothing creature! He has time, but it is wasted; talents, but they are utterly uncultivated; opportunity, but it is never improved; he spends it without object, or use, or aim, or end. In youth he neglected school, disobeyed his parents, was a stranger to the house of God, made no effort to prepare for the future, and now, without character, respectability, employment, or a home, he wanders about from the bar-room to the street, and back again to the bar-room;—a burden to himself, a disgrace to his relations and to all a warning, that a mis-spent youth brings after it a useless manhood and miserable old age.—*Scioto Gazette.*

AN UNFORTUNATE HABIT.

Some persons are in the habit of dwelling upon and greatly magnifying every little injury they receive at the hands of others. They thus render themselves very disagreeable to those in whose ears they are continually pouring their complaints; and at the same time greatly injure themselves in the estimation of such, whilst they are contributing very much to their own personal misery. How much better would it be, were such persons to bury their little troubles, or at least to keep them entirely out of sight! It is to be presumed that they do not sufficiently reflect upon the true nature of their conduct, else they would be more careful to avoid it than they are. Jamieson forcibly exposes the great folly of such conduct by the following illustration:—"A man strikes me with a sword, and inflicts a wound. Suppose, instead of binding up the wound, I am showing it to everybody, and after it has been bound up I am taking off the bandage continually and examining the depth of the wound, and make it fester till my limb becomes greatly inflamed, and my general health is materially affected; is there a person in the world who would not call me a fool? Now, such a fool is he, who by dwelling upon little injuries, or insults, or provocations, causes them to agitate and inflame his mind. How much better were it to put a bandage over the wound, and never look at it again."—*German Reformed Messenger.*

DO BIRDS REASON?

That the inferior animals have intelligence distinct from that instinct which is common to them and to man, is a notion now generally prevalent. An interesting illustration of this opinion was related at a late meeting of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Liverpool. The authority for the fact is such as to leave no room for question. A pair of goldfinches had built their nest on a small branch of an olive tree, and after hatching their brood, the parents perceived that the weight of the family was too great for the strength of the branch which supported the nest, it had begun to yield. The provident parents, with an intelligence which cannot be resolved into instinct, were seen to fasten, by means of a small string which they procured, the branch which supported their nest to a stronger and higher branch of the tree. Thus redeeming, by an extraordinary effort of reason, the original error which they had committed, and guarding their parental hopes from the threatened ruin.—*New York Tribune.*

FILIAL OBEDIENCE.

"How old are you?" said Major Garver to a dwarfish young man.

"Twenty."

"I wonder you aint right down ashamed of being no bigger; you look like a boy of ten."

"All comes of being a dutiful child."

"How so?"

"When I was ten, father put his hand on my head and said, 'Stop there!' and he then ran away. I've never seen him since, and didn't think it right in me to go on growing, without his leave."

I'M THINKING NOW OF THEE.

BY CLARE DOKE.

I'm very sad to-night, love,
I'm thinking now of thee,
Of days now long since past and gone,
That ne'er again we'll see;
Of the old school-house, the youthful forms
That there I used to see;
And why I think of them, beloved,
Is because I think of thee.

There I used to sit and on my book,
My task to perfect learn—
Why was it that such pains I took?
'Twas a smile from thee to earn.
At noon, the happiest in the throng,
I joined with merry glee;
Those days are long since past and gone,
But I'm thinking now of thee

O, those were happy hours I spent
Upon those rough, rude seats,
And oft I gazed on thy soft blue orbs,
And drank their luscious sweets;
Those orbs were filled with treasures rich,
More dear than gold to me,
Or all the gems in monarchs' crowns,
Beyond the rolling sea.

But those days are past and gone, love,
Those happy days of yore,
Through many scenes we since have passed,
But we ne'er shall see them more.
But we'll hope for happier days to come,
Beneath our own roof-tree;
Cheer up, my love, my own Louise,
I'm thinking now of thee.

LOVE WITHOUT SIGHT.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

THE sound of the opening gates was no longer heard, that of the carriages even was about to cease. In a saloon, lighted by a multitude of wax candles two thirds consumed, before the remains of a large fire, were still seated two persons, a woman nearly thirty, and a young man who might have numbered some years less.

"There is one malediction," said the baroness, "which I have often had occasion to repeat in my life."

"I hope, madame, that it is not against preceptors."

"No, Ralph; it is against the people who, leaving a ball at two o'clock in the morning, take with them in their flight the whole assembly. When one has danced till two, one cannot retire to rest and sleep immediately. Do not withdraw yet; my children are fatigued, and I have given them permission to rise late; their

teacher may therefore do the same. Have you not some story to tell me? or rather will you answer me a question suggested by your attentive examination of the different ladies who were here a quarter of an hour since. Of all the number you have ever known, who have you thought the prettiest?"

"Exclusive of yourself, madame?"

"A woman whom I have never seen."

"This is a strange folly."

"Not so strange; I judge of beauty not by the mathematical proportions of the body and the countenance, but by the effect which it produces, and whatever love-affairs I may hitherto have had, the most passionate, the most vehement, the most poetic, is unquestionably that with which I have been inspired for a woman, even the extremity of whose foot I have never seen."

"Not excepting that lady dressed in blue, whom I sent you to invite to dance."

"The one whose beauty you praised so very highly?"

"The same."

"I did not see her. When I attempted to approach her through the groups of dancers, she passed into another room, giving her hand to a more fortunate man."

"Or a more active one. But will you commence your story?"

Ralph commenced.

"A few months since I was on the coast of Brittany preceptor to two young sons of the last member of a noble Armorican family. I had with pleasure accompanied my patron to his summer residence. This was a beautiful mansion, somewhat in ruins, but picturesque, and so near the sea that the breeze from the bay sometimes left on the lips a saline taste. The day was entirely devoted to the studies of my pupils and to walks on the sea-shore. In the evening I played at chequers with their father.

One pleasant evening being indisposed to sleep, I descended into the garden. As I was enjoying the quiet and coolness of the night, I suddenly heard a female voice singing to a simple and monotonous air a song I had heard hummed by the inhabitants of these coasts. This song is neither harmonious nor poetic, but it is naive and odd.

"White sea-gulls, have you not seen, floating, the planks of a wrecked vessel? I have promised my wife a broad ribbon, red as a flame, to adorn her infant."

"The wind has destroyed my poor roof, and it has rained all night in my cabin. The reverend officers have taken my powder and guns; they have taken my net which was drying on the

beach. Among the green algae, sea, bring me to the deserted shores, wood for my roof, dry powder, a Damascene gun, fishing nets, a ribbon for my newborn child."

I sought for a long time, in vain, to discover whence this voice proceeded—this voice which seemed to fall, if not from heaven, from the trees which, tall and tufted, concealed the wall terminating the garden. At last I perceived a light at a little window masked by the foliage. It doubtless belonged to a house on the opposite side of the wall; this house was inhabited by two women only, with their domestics. The voice ceased, and the light was extinguished. I remained some time longer in the garden under a magical impression. That night, I could with difficulty sleep. On the morrow, I forgot it.

Nevertheless, in the evening, the light reminded me of the little window and the voice, and as soon as I had finished my game of chequers, I descended to the garden. There was a light at the window, and this light, through the leaves, looked like a glow worm in the grass. But there was no singing. My mind lost itself in vague reveries; I sought to represent to my imagination the occupant of the little chamber. She must be young; this was the only conclusion which the voice allowed me to form.

Several days passed, during which I was a little more interested in my dream than was desirable for my tranquillity. One day as I was walking with my pupils and my gun on the seashore, I saw pass near us a child who sometimes came to our house to sell fruit. I called him, and by chance or thoughtlessness asked him whence he came. He replied that he had taken a long walk unavailingly. Mademoiselle Pauline was very sorry not to have had flowers for his mother's fête; but the north wind, which had been blowing for several days past, had withered them all.

"And who is Mademoiselle Pauline?" asked I.

"Your neighbor; a very good lady and beautiful as the angels. She teaches me to read and write, that I may one day be a clerk, and pays me generously for doing errands."

My curiosity was too much piqued not to gratify it by other questions. I learned that these ladies never went out; that the little window among the leaves belonged to the chamber of Mademoiselle Pauline, and that after leaving it in the morning, she did not occupy it until she retired for the night. I passed the rest of the walk in deep thought. When my pupils had re-entered, I took my way to a garden at a little distance, which I knew to be always adorned with flowers, because of the care which its proprietor took to shield it from the sea-breezes.

At night, when I was sure everybody was asleep, I climbed one of the trees, and felt my heart beat violently as I approached the window; it was closed and all was dark. I fastened a box of flowers to one of the bars, and descended, a little bruised.

I dared not be in the garden at the moment when she should notice the flowers; only, I perceived during the day that the flowers were no longer there.

I soon attracted to myself the little errand-boy; I was happy to converse with some one who had seen her, who had heard her voice. I also wished to teach him something, and I gave him lessons in arithmetic. A short time after I had commenced, he said to me: "Mademoiselle Pauline is very glad I am learning to cipher, and has told me to be very grateful for your instructions." As I saw by this that he had spoken of me, I dared not ask too many questions about my neighbor. Nevertheless, one day, little Louis had a blue ribbon with which he had proudly decorated himself; he told me that this ribbon had been given him by Mademoiselle Pauline. I offered him a piece of money for it; but he obstinately refused to give it up. Only I concluded from the ribbon that she must be a blonde. All this interested me more than I can tell.

One evening the sun had set in a horizon radiant with long red stripes, the southeast wind was beginning to blow with violence, and the sea appeared to be heaving in its depths. It rose to the horizon, and seemed to advance in long billows upon the shore as if to engulf it. At last the most terrific tempest burst upon us. The whole neighborhood was in great agitation; several boats had gone out for fishing the preceding day, and had not yet returned. The women and children were on the beach, and vainly watching the horizon. A wooden Christ, near the church, was surrounded with people on their knees. At last, we perceived in the yellowish tint which the setting sun still left on the horizon, the black outline of the sails of the boats so anxiously expected.

At this moment I returned to the house, not to be absent at the hour when I saw the light among the leaves. The chamber was illuminated; I heard the sweet voice: "Genevieve," it said, "to-morrow morning, as soon as you awake, come and tell me whether any misfortune has happened. This tempest terrifies me!" Then I heard a door shut, and by the fainter light, saw that one of the candles had been extinguished. Then I returned to the seashore; the two boats were at two gun-shots from the coast; but the sea broke with such fury, that the fishermen,

as it was easy to see by their movements, were using all their efforts not to be thrown upon it.

There was a moment when the wind ceased to blow, and only a heavy and distant roar was heard; the sea rose up like a mountain, seemed to touch the sky, then this immense wave broke into foam and rolled towards the shore. A cry of despair was heard from the land. The two boats rose upon the wave and disappeared from our eyes.

But we soon saw them again, half wrecked. Besides the blow from the wave, they had struck against each other. The wave caught them and brought them to the shore, then ran far up the beach; but on returning seized the boats and carried them back. A second wave had risen, meanwhile, and threw them again on the shore, where they were dashed to pieces. The fishermen, with the exception of a man and child, were saved.

In the midst of this scene of desolation, my prominent thought had been of my neighbor. I could have wished that an opportunity might present itself for useful devotion. I was in love, but with that love of noble souls, that love which ennobles and elevates, and gives as it were a necessity for heroism. The sea brought the body of the child; everybody believed it to be dead; I thought I perceived some signs of life, and hastened to bestow upon it those cares, for want of which ignorance would have left it to perish. I had the happiness of restoring it to life. The mother did not stop to thank me, and carried away her child. As for me, I re-entered the garden; I hastily wrote on a piece of paper: "*The tempest has wrecked the two boats. All the men, with the exception of Jacques, are saved.*"

Then I climbed up to attach my note to the bars of the window.

The next day as I was walking in the garden, about dusk, several persons suddenly entered, took me in their arms, and overwhelmed with caresses; they were the relatives of the child whom my cares had recalled to life. I was affected by this gratitude, and, by a natural and instinctive movement, turned towards the little window; I saw there a movement as if some one was retiring precipitately. Pauline had seen me; my heart dilated with happiness.

The day after, it was about the middle of the day, the window was open; I climbed a tree, and could look into the chamber; it was simply furnished. I saw a white bed, the carpet on which she stepped, and the slippers which her little feet had worn. I drew one inference from all, from the size of the slippers and that of a pair of gloves forgotten on a table.

I soon saw little Louis again. Pauline had questioned him respecting me; she had seen the gratitude of the fisherman's family; she had heard the narration of the simple act which had awakened it, and had said: "I cannot help weeping to see the joy of these good people."

Precious tears. I would have given half of my blood to have possessed the handkerchief which had wiped them. "I must go," said little Louis, "for Mademoiselle Pauline, may need me; she will soon return."

"Return!" exclaimed I; "has she then gone out?"

"Yes, she has gone to mass with her mother."

I hurried out and ran towards the church. Louis followed me; but, at the moment of our going out, he showed me afar off two women returning. "There they are." I saw only the folds of the white robe of the one who entered first. Louis said to me: "It is she," and went to join her. As for me, I returned home sadly depressed.

Another day, when Louis had expressed the desire to have a fine jacket for an approaching fête, I caused to be made for him mysteriously, a neat costume which Pauline found in her room with a word of writing announcing that it was for Louis. One evening, the light did not appear in her chamber, and I learned on the morrow that the mother of Pauline had been very sick, and that they wished to send to the neighboring city, for a physician. I immediately mounted my horse; I quickly reached the house of the physician, to whom I gave my horse, and returned on foot. He was beside the invalid, before the other messenger was half-way towards his house.

The mother was sick for a long time, but Pauline was rarely permitted to pass her nights beside her. She always found in her chamber whatever she had desired during the day, whatever might be agreeable to the invalid. I interrogated the physician; he told me that there was no longer any hope, that the malady might be prolonged for a month, but that Pauline's mother could never come out again.

Then I was plunged in the deepest grief; I represented to myself in advance the despair of the young girl, her loneliness, her isolation. Nothing would give me a right to console and sustain her, in these moments of mourning and desolation, what were daily approaching.

It happened that one day as I was conversing with the physician, a man who was leaving the house of the father of my pupils, after a visit of a few days, and whom a post-chaise was awaiting at the door, stopped, seeming to listen to

was attentively. When the physician had gone, he approached me and said: "This doctor is an ignoramus who is killing his patient, when bleeding would save her life."

"O, sir," said I, clasping my hands, "go to her, and save her."

"I cannot," said he to me, "I am a physician, and cannot interfere with a brother. Besides, a quarter of an hour's delay would prevent my attending to the business which causes my departure, and on what my fortune and that of my children is involved. Let your brother bleed the invalid, and all will go well."

"Sir," said I, "are you sure of this?"

"I have been a physician for forty years," replied he, "and have never prescribed with more certainty and confidence." He departed.

I fastened a note to the bar of the window. "In the name of heaven! demand that your mother be bled; a physician of great talent has promised that this shall save her."

For three days I heard nothing, and was a prey to the most intense anxiety. On the fourth day I thought I saw my note still attached to the bar. Nevertheless, it had been removed. What had happened?

I hastened to take it. It was not mine; it was another paper, on which was written: "Sylph, or angel, thanks."

It was she. Her mother was saved; she had felt the necessity of manifesting her gratitude to me.

A short time afterwards, I was obliged to take a journey of a week. On my return, I found that the mother and daughter had left the neighborhood. I was astonished. No one knew whither they had gone; all that I could learn was that they would not return, and that the house was for sale. I left this spot, now become insupportable, without delay; and after two years travelling which has softened somewhat my regret, leaving me in profound melancholy, I was admitted to your house, where I have ever since remained."

"My dear Ralph," said then the lady composing the assembly, "you ought to be very much obliged to me. Never was auditor more benevolent; I have listened to your story, and yet I knew it all before."

Ralph made a gesture of surprise.

"I will tell you the sequel; Pauline married, and became a widow at the expiration of a year."

"Ah! madame!" said Ralph, "this jesting is cruel."

"I am not jesting. It was from herself that I received her story and yours, and at the mo-

ment I spoke to you, she is on her way to rejoin her mother, already installed in the house with the little window."

"What! do you know her?"

"That lady of whom you only saw the blue dress—"

"Well!"

"Was Pauline."

"And she has gone?"

"She has gone."

"To Brittany?"

"Yes. If you had appeared before her as I requested, she would have recognized you without fail."

"What, did you know that I was spoken of in her story?"

"No."

On the morrow, Ralph set out. Never did a carriage travel so slowly. While it is on its way, let us see what is passing in the place of its destination.

Pauline had rejoined her mother; she had seen with emotion the little chamber and the barred window; she had seen her pupil, her favorite. Louis had become a young man. He was very happy at seeing Pauline. On the morning after her arrival, Pauline wished to go to the sea shore. The weather was fine, the sky was cloudless, the sea was blue and transparent, and its smooth surface ruffled only by a light eastern breeze; the birds flew aloft, and seemed like motionless specks in the high regions of air.

Louis invited the two ladies to take a sail; the serenity of the weather induced them to accept.

How pleasant it is to glide over the water! How the sea-air refreshes the brow! How the mind becomes free, and disengages itself from the cares which it leaves on the land!

What charming harmony is that of the water rippling before the keel, and gurgling against the sides of the barque! What sweet reveries seize the imagination and hold it captive!

Pauline gave herself up without restriction to the charms of this smooth gliding over the water; she soon forgot Ralph, in this life, when, for her, the events which usually compose human existence, had rolled away in the space of a few hours. But the impressions which seized upon her then returned to attach themselves to some remembrance or some hope; as she looked upon her home, her chamber, her window, she recalled that mysterious being so submissive to her will, who had anticipated so many of her desires. Louis, who was now his uncle's clerk, was not a skilful navigator. A false movement

which he made agitated the boat in such a manner as to terrify Pauline and her mother; by an instinctive movement, they both threw themselves on one side, and the boat, which no longer retained its equilibrium, was upset.

Then a loud cry was heard on the shore.

At that moment, a man on horseback was traversing the beach. He urged on his horse and quickly arrived.

"Who are these! what is the matter?"

See! her white robe is floating.

He threw himself into the water.

The sea was calm, blue, and transparent. A beautiful sunset was reflecting on the water its hues of purple and gold. He reached the dress; Pauline clung to him, and he clasped her in his arms. He was a skilful swimmer; he bore his burden safely to the shore, and returned to seek the other. It was not too late; all were saved.

Need we pursue the story further? The ties which were already formed were but strengthened by the new relation of deliverer and rescued. The home of Pauline became the home of Ralph, and the ample fortune left by her first husband served to enhance their happiness. Often as they looked upon the little garden beneath the window of that room, associated in the memory of both with days of hopes and regrets, did their hearts expand in gratitude to Him who had through so many vicissitudes, given them to each other.

SPELLING WORDS MORE THAN ONE WAY.

Several years ago, "when the country was new," Hon. Myrum Reynolds, of Wyoming county, enjoyed quite a reputation as a successful pettifogger. He wasn't very well posted up either in "book-larin'" or the learning of the laws; but relied principally upon his own native tact and shrewdness—his stock of which has not failed him to this day. His great success created quite an active demand for his services. On one occasion he was pitted against a "smart appearing" well-dressed limb of the law from a neighboring village, who made considerable sport of a paper which Reynolds had submitted to the court, remarking among other things, that "all law papers were required to be written in the English language, and that that one under consideration, from its bad spelling and penmanship, ought, in fairness, therefore to be excluded." "Gentlemen of the jury," said Reynolds, when he summed up—and every word weighed a pound—"the learned counsel on the other side finds fault with my ridin' and spellin' as though the merits of this case depended upon such matters! I'm agin lugging in any such affairs, but I will say, that a man must be a fool that can't spell a word more than one way." The jury sympathized with Judge Reynolds, and rendered a decision in favor of his client.—*Onwego Herald*.

THE PILGRIMAGE OF THOUGHT.

BY WILLIAM E. BASQUE.

Through the solemn gates of silence
Went I into quiet land,
Where the angels keep surveillance
Over all who in it stand.

In a solitude enchanted,
In the holy hush of awe,
Roamed I down the angel-haunted
And the angel-guarded shore.

And my thoughts were with me ever,
Floating on the wave of mind,
Like a white ship on a river,
Or an eagle on the wind.

They were like to forms of beauty,
Seen in visions of the night,
Leading evermore to duty,
Until duty seemed delight.

With their eyes so full of pleading,—
And their fingers, white as snow,
As the moments were receding,
Pointed out the way to go.

And I followed, till the dawning
Of a glory undefined
Raised the mist that draped the morning
Of the summer of the mind.

Floating down a sylvan meadow,
Like a cloud in April day,
Went the sad and solemn shadow,
Followed by the sunny ray.

'Twas as if had been uplifted
Curtains in some Persian hall,
Where the golden sunshine drifted
Round about and over all.

Glory seemed to blend with glory,
In mosaic rich and rare;
As one sometimes reads in story,
Of a rainbow'd earth and air,—

Till it seemed as if my spirit
Had asunder rent its clay,
And had risen to inherit
Bliss as endless as its day.

In beatitude supernal,
Such as angels feel above,
In a lease that was eternal,
It was living out its love.

THE TURQUOISE.—The name of this gem is supposed to be derived from Turkey, whence it was originally brought. Nicol ascribes to it a wonderful property. He says it is reported "that if it be worn in a ring of gold, it will preserve men from falls, and from the bruises proceeding of them, by receiving that harm into itself, which otherwise would fall upon the man: yet these virtues are said not to be in the gem except the gem be received of gift."—*Bizarre*.

TAKING THE WRONG PATH.

BY EMILY R. PAGE.

THE Walnuts were a strange family, so all the neighboring gentry remarked, and so said the simple country-folk throughout the whole township of Kent; and so, indeed, they were, to be sure. What I am about to relate of them is nothing to their discredit—(peace to their ashes!) Indeed it touches others much more than them, so I trust they will lie quiet in their graves, and never rise up to trouble me because of the liberty I now take with their name, and a fragment of their singular lives.

General Cavendish Walnut, although numbering nearly seventy years, was still erect and commanding, with a tall, military figure, and an air of stern dignity that repelled all approach. The fine, broad sweep of his ample forehead, combined with a noble but severe cast of features, imparted to his countenance an appearance of majesty that awed the beholder. Towards his sister, who was his sole companion, he preserved a stately and unvarying courtesy, but with all others, he was haughty, reserved and forbidding. His sister, Miss Elizabeth Walnut, a little, lean and laboriously precise lady of sixty, in French crape caps, and stiff black silks, who was always distant and self-possessed, treated her brother with formal deference, but politely discouraged every external advance, from whatever rank or position it was made.

Thus it fell that the Walnuts lived on in utter isolation, unknown to all surroundings, and a perpetual mystery to the wondering commoners, who, as they leaned upon their spades at noon-day, were often seen gazing curiously at the sombre, desolate-looking pile, half ruin as it was which, for many successive generations back, had been the grand old family mansion of the Walnuts. Strange that these, the last lineal representatives of so ancient and once powerful a house, should retire in gloomy solitude within the ancestral walls, and thus suffer them to decay idly away, year after year, above their heads, in the mournful grandeur of decay.

Time was, indeed, within the memory of many an honest villager, when the old hall thronged with beauty and rank, and up and down the stately avenues passed and repassed the lordly equipages of the nobility; but that, they marked, was before the tiles had been forfeited, and a portion of the estates confiscated, through the recklessness and crime of the young Lord Derby, the elder brother of the present survivors. Now, there was no hoof to break the

strong turf that closed gradually over the deserted ways, except that, at long intervals, there came grand carriages down from London, bearing grave-looking people, who were formally received by General Cavendish, in full military dress, and still more formally, by plain Miss Elizabeth, rustling in stiffer silk than was her wont.

Lights were then visible from the tapestried windows of the old dining-hall, and shone softly through the stained oriel; and on one occasion a blabbing groom, being warmed by wine at the village inn, talked freely of the dignity of the guests, and the splendor of the feast at which they were entertained.

By all this, it became known that the Walnuts had not forgotten the ancient hospitality of their house, albeit, as before said, it was never extended to any of the surroundings. As soon, however, as the last carriage rolled away upon the great high-road, the lights expired in the oriel—solitude reigned again, and the mystery of their strange life deepened.

Many rumors floated busily about, of the lawless acts of Lord Derby, which had brought reproach upon his name, and disgrace to his honored house, and some, even, whispered mysterious hints of a low marriage, contracted with a beautiful peasant girl, whose heart he had broken by his subsequent neglect and contempt, and many there were, who hesitated not to say that to his misdoing was owing the present profound seclusion of the proud remnant of the family, who, bowed down by his shame, had retired to hide their haughty grief from the curious eyes of the world.

But none knew the truth of this, and at length conjecture exhausted itself, upon the subject, and settled down upon the probable disposition which would be made of the estates by the succeeding heir, a handsome, dashing, and somewhat dissolute youth, fresh from the classic portals of Oxford, who, being a distant and the only supposed existing relative of the decayed house of Walnut, was looked upon as the future proprietor of its vast lands, now laying waste and untenanted.

And so young Richard Olney, for that was his name, had been taught to regard himself; and with this princely prospect before him, and with the first delightful sense of freedom from the restrictions of grave professors, and prying tutors, he pushed gaily up to London, joined a party of his college associates, and in the whirl of alluring pleasure into which they hurried him, it is scarcely strange that he plunged thoughtlessly into extravagance and excess, and soon scattered the abundant patrimony, which, moderately expend-

ed, would have been sufficient for a comfortable maintenance.

Not that young Richard was lawless or vicious, but volatile, spirited, and greatly inclined to be making merry with his high-born companions, and indulging in the light sports of the gentry, rather than betake himself to anything earnest or solid. Early bereft of parental guidance, he had suffered from unwise and fitful authority, until his entire emancipation from control precipitated him headlong into the extreme of gay abandonment.

It was at this point that I chanced to stumble upon him, as I was hurrying through London, on my way to my brother's manor, in the north of England. We had been playmates together in boyhood, and though during all his Oxford term we had never once met, it was with none the less pleasure that I shook him by the hand, and begged him to accompany me on my visit to Lord Raleigh.

Nothing could be more exhilarating than our six weeks at Derne, passed almost entirely in the saddle, for my noble brother was devoted to the chase, and no one could relish its excitement more keenly than young Richard and myself.

One day that we had been, since high noon, in hot pursuit of a fine deer, our party had become dispersed, and when, as the twilight began to fall, the signal for return was sounded loudly from a high cliff, and after an interval repeated, and re-echoed with startling distinctness by the surrounding rocks, we grew restless and alarmed that there came no answering blast from Sir Richard's bugle.

The groups of retainers, together with the dogs, were despatched in various directions in quest of the missing, while Lord Raleigh and myself rode anxiously along the base of the mountains, only taking our horns from our lips to listen for a reply. Our only answer was a dismal echo, and at last, wearied by our vain search, which the deepening darkness prevented our continuing, we gave our hunters the homeward rein, and galloped back to the castle, with a faint hope that something unforeseen might have called the object of our solicitude there before us.

We were disappointed. In the fever of apprehension, Lord Raleigh ordered fresh horses, and was now about sending forth an armed equipment, of sufficient strength to encounter successfully the gangs of marauders which at that time were numerous among the mountains, when a sharp clang of hoofs sounded from the court without, and Richard, covered with dust and foam, came riding furiously up. To our

hurried and anxious inquiries, he answered quietly that he had unconsciously detached himself from our number, and by accident taken the wrong path, which led him a wide circuit over rock and flood, and but for the sagacity of his well-trained steed, might have cost him a night in the forest.

Politely expressing his regret for the uneasiness he had caused us, and complaining of drowsiness and fatigue—a most unusual plea with young Richard—he retired at an early hour. Being convinced that no one save myself had noticed his strange and abstracted manner during the evening, I resolved to forbear any remark, but determined to observe him closely, feeling confident that something had occurred to cloud his accustomed buoyancy.

Two or three days of ill-weather detained us within the castle, during which time he was restless, moody, and seemingly ill at ease, except when roused by some bantering attack from Lord Raleigh, who attributed his lack of spirits to want of excitement, and finally declared desperately that his unfortunate guest must have surrendered his heart to some fair divinity of the forest—nymph or goblin or will o'-the-wisp—whose treacherous smile had led him his late unwilling ride across the country. Richard colored violently, cast a searching glance at his lordship, and stammered a staunch denial.

The following day we were again in the saddle, but little heed paid Richard to the splendid game that started up from the thick under foliage and shot across our path at every new turn. He remained thoughtful and pre-occupied, apparently taking no interest in his favorite sport, except to ride out of sight at near sundown, in chase of a miserable fox, scarcely half grown, and very lean and unsightly. An hour later, he cantered back at high speed, but his game-pouch was empty, and the poor fox had probably escaped with his life.

In the same manner, however, he contrived to disappear for a short time just before our return, at every successive day's chase, but as this attracted no marked attention from others of the party, I remained a silent but amazed observer of his movements.

His altered manner continued the same during the remainder of our stay at Derne, and although I apprehended some serious cause for so abrupt a change, I never ventured an allusion to the subject until on our return to London, when his troubled face struck me with so much pity that I no longer hesitated.

Richard grasped my hand, and thanked me warmly for my friendly sincerity, and I then

learned the mystery which I had always attached to his solitary ride at Derne, and his subsequent inexplicable conduct.

It seems that at a late hour he had been attracted by a fine flock of rare birds, and in the hope of seeing them re-unite, that he might obtain a better shot, he followed them in their scattered flight to the mountains, and there, in one of the wildest ravines, down which he was dashing at the height of speed, he was suddenly startled by a vision of the rarest female loveliness that had ever met his eye.

Not to give place to poor Richard's enthusiastic ravings, which consumed nearly half our homeward journey, I will merely say, with a rational composure which he, half-mad lover as he was, could not be expected to command, that this guardian maid of the spot, this enchantress of the wild, whose charms, like those of the syren Lorely, were swift and fatal to the unwary victim, was the daughter of a bandit chief, reared in rugged solitude, and accustomed only to the savage life of an outlaw.

All that it behooved a gallant knight to do, did Richard. He leaped from his saddle, and with gentle courtesy re-assured the startled maiden, himself filled her rude water-jar, and in the hour that followed, he had won her whole history from willing lips, and, as he nothing doubted, her innocent heart besides, in fair exchange for his own!

But alas for Richard and his beautiful nymph! the vision passed away, and up from the hollow glen came the muffled tramp of approaching feet, and then a quick shrill whistle.

"It is the clan," gasped Theresa, with a sudden pallor: "there, there"—pointing to a dense thicket near at hand—"I will come to you at dusk;" and Richard lost no time in betaking himself to the friendly shelter, leading in his track his faithful steed, which, seemingly conscious of danger, trod cautiously and silently.

From this point, he could see distinctly the stout, brawny forms and dark ferocious faces of the desperado band as they filed singly up the rough ascent, but they passed rapidly from sight, though he heard their high words and foul curses long after they had disappeared, and shuddered as he thought that they fell, too, upon the shrinking ear of the beautiful being so lately by his side, and then and there arose within him the stern resolve, to secure from such terrible associations, at whatever risk or peril to himself, the gem, that even in so rude a setting, shone with pre-eminent lustre, out-dazzling the brightest dames of court or hall, and he was busy with a half formed plan, selected at random from a

hundred others floating through his brain, when, with a slight rustle among the shrubbery, Theresa stood beside him.

"All is safe," she said, enchantingly; the clan had returned unexpectedly, but had marched again, upon a new expedition in another quarter, and the way was open for him to proceed unmolested; but Richard was in no ungallant haste to take advantage of his escape, and tarried till the interrupted plan was perfected and proposed, and she had refused, with a tumult of pretty sobs and tears, to accompany him to London, and be placed under the protection of a female friend—a lady of station and influence—for though longing for a different life, her duty lay at present with her suffering father, who was sinking in a slow decline and required her utmost care.

Richard admired her filial devotion, and though it had defeated his dearest hope, he yet dared to look forward to the fulfilment of another still as dear, and so it was afterwards understood, at the frequent meetings which the chase afforded them, that Richard should sometimes apprise himself of her welfare by a trip up to Derne, and that, if it should please God, to take from her her father, who, though stained with atrocity and crime, was still a fond parent and protector, she should find in him an even dearer and closer demand upon her duty and affection.

With this point at rest, Richard was secure and content, so far as that lay. Howbeit, in the midst of so much anticipated happiness, he found room to be miserable.

A fertile source of perplexity and care was his wasted fortune—gone, now that he had reached its greatest need—and he tortured himself with a thousand regrets and reproaches that he had so recklessly squandered his ample means, only to reap the idle wind. A thousand times he cursed his heedless folly, and his heart misgave him as he glanced a span's breadth forward into the blank future, but I forced upon him my assistance, adding an injunction to put himself as he had previously determined, to a useful profession at once, which should serve his necessities until such time as he should claim his expected estate.

Richard overwhelmed me with gratitude, and we both parted happy at London. I took a long road back to Kent, making many pauses by the way, at the fine country-seats of my friends, and arrived there at nearly two months from the day I waved my adieu to Richard as I rode out of London.

I found the whole parish inflamed with reports of the incredible overturnings and remodellings

at Walnut Hall. Not a word could I hear, save the marvellous transformation which everything there was undergoing, and in truth I found it not a whit exaggerated. The mystery of silence had suddenly become a mystery of sound. Life had sprung up and spread itself in broad channels, and everything took a new look, a new bloom and freshness.

Here, a fallen terrace was replaced, a decayed column restored, or a sunken gable rounded into form—there, a moulded lintel-stone was re-carved, or a dimmed and richly fretted panelling re-chased. Walks were graded, grounds re-flowered, and the noble old park enclosed and shorn.

I inquired what had led to these extraordinary movements, and was surprised to be told that they were supposed to be in honor of the anticipated reception of a newly discovered heir, whose claims would utterly supersede those of my poor friend Richard.

This would be a bitter reality to succeed his long-cherished expectations, and I set myself to learn what cause there had been forso apparently unreasonable a belief, and discovered that the wizened family lawyer had twice remarked in various hearings that young Master Richard was no longer the heir elect, and the sooner he looked to the making of his own fortune, the better; and also that the discreet old butler had once been heard to let drop the significant—"When young mistress comes."

I discredited such trifling testimony, and wondered much at the state of things at the hall, until a letter came by post from Richard, confirming the unfortunate fact! He had received legal advice of it from the obnoxious lawyer, but he had most nobly resolved that the rude wresting away of what he had so long been taught to regard as his own, should not disconcert nor discourage him so long as his abilities and energies remained, and the star of affection, his guiding-star, hung large and bright above his path.

Full of lively hope, and ardent as a school-boy, he was just setting out on his first journey to Derne, as he clapped seals to his letter—and I internally rejoiced in his composure and spirit, and bade him godspeed, at the same time nearly bursting with wrath, at this unmannerly usurpation of his long-conceded right!

Meantime, if there had been any doubt of the existence of a new heir, it was now crushed into silence.

General Cavendish, in his plain but stately carriage, newly polished, and no longer bearing the emblazoned crest of the Walnuts, had rolled slowly out on the great coach road toward London, and returned betimes, bearing (as many an

inquisitive pair of eyes peering out from behind hedges could testify) a beautiful lady, who thrust her bright, queenly head constantly from the window—pointing here and there, energetically and delightedly, and keeping the grave general bobbing in and out, responsively, in a manner ill-suited to his lofty dignity, which, however, seemed to have relaxed a point or two, since the villagers looked upon him last.

This strange bird of paradise, as she seemed, had been but a week at the hall, and had set half of Kent in ecstasy at her great beauty and magnificent horsemanship—for she was always seen galloping across the park at daybreak, followed by her groom—when down from London came Richard, looking thin and worn, the ghost of himself—and having altogether the air of a madman!

His bird had flown! He had hastened up to Derne—hunted with Lord Raleigh, strayed from the party as usual, and given the accustomed signal; he had repeated and multiplied it, but received no answer; and dreading, he scarce knew what, he drew nearer and nearer, and at length, in his suspense, he ventured to set foot in the gloomy retreat of the robbers, and found it deserted!

Day after day, he explored it in vain; there were no traces of the sweet presence that had so long dwelt among and glorified its rude haunts! She had gone, and left no sign or message for him, and Richard was distracted!

He knew not where to seek her. He was paralyzed by the fear that her father had been suddenly snatched away, and she, unprotected and unable to resist, had been dragged by his lawless followers to a life of horror in some inaccessible den, which only accident might discover.

Determined never to abandon the search, he had come down to beg my aid in its prosecution. This I was only too glad to grant him, but insisted that he should remain at Kent until a little mended, and better able to draw his plans wisely, and follow them out successfully. I had great difficulty in compelling him to do this, but seeing me firm, he subdued his impatience, and I soon had the pleasure of finding him calmer and more hopeful.

It was on the third morning of his stay, as we were making our accustomed early stroll, that—Richard growing vehement in urging the impossibility of a longer delay, and the necessity of setting out as soon as practicable, that very morning—we prolonged our walk abstractedly to the very border of the Walnut lands, from whence the high rookery and clustered roofs of

the hall were plain and distinct in the mellow gray of the dawn.

Fearing an unpleasant effect upon Richard, I grasped his arm, and was endeavoring to draw him in another direction, when suddenly a light female figure swept past us on a splendid hunter, almost rustling with her drapery the thick sward at our feet, and wheeled gracefully at a few rods in advance of us.

"That," said I, seeing Richard's intense stare, "is,"—but disregarding my intended explanation, or even my voice, with one quick bound he was by her side, and the haughty head, with its shining hair and tossing plumes, inclined tenderly to the supporting shoulder of my friend.

I waited to witness no more, but divining sufficient of the riddle for my own satisfaction, and reflecting profoundly upon what had transpired, I turned homeward.

An hour and a half beyond our breakfast hour, Richard rushed impetuously in, with a violence which overthrew Lady Rockford's pet mocking-bird, set to sun himself at the inner entrance, giving him spasms of terror, but which Richard paid no heed to, nevertheless.

"My dear fellow," said I, intercepting and dragging him into the breakfast hall—"pray have the coffee brought in at once, and be served instantly—the horses wait."

"For what? For where?" asked he, in amazement.

"I believe you proposed to go first up to London, to obtain the aid of the police, and—"

"But—I shall not go there; that is—I—"

"What course then *will* you take?" I demanded, perseveringly.

"I shall go nowhere, at present, if still permitted to claim your generous hospitality;" and here he proceeded to tell me precisely what I had already presumed—that the heir and future lady of Walnut Hall, and the lovely equestrian of the morning, were identical with his lost Theresa!

Her father, the former Lord Derby, had caused his situation to be made known to General Cavendish, at a period before his death, desiring that his child should be restored to the dignity of their house, and, arranging that at his decease, she should be taken immediately to London.

This occurred very suddenly. News of it was transmitted through a faithful follower to Kent; and ere she had recovered from the terrible shock which had accompanied her father's loss, she found herself in a light post-chaise, hurrying away, she knew not whither.

In the city, she was set down at the mansion of the disagreeable solicitor, with his lawyerly

phiz, hard and yellow, and seemed all over like shrivelled parchment—his sagacious-looking nose, and small, keen, bird-like eyes. From him, she learned everything relating to herself and her future position, and much that interested her more, touching the disappointed heir expectant, who was one Richard Olney—a cleverly young, though gay and luxurious, and taking to nothing, so far, but his pleasure.

Thus set at rest, as to all that concerned her promised lord, she had gone down to the hall in rare spirits, when the general came in his carriage to fetch her, and from thence had sent a despatch up to town, at the kind suggestion of her uncle, on the morning of her arrival, to summon him there. This had failed to meet him, since he was too much crazed in pursuit of her, to pause for a moment in London on his return from Derne.

But in spite of his rashness, which he condemned with sufficient asperity, he had been destined to be happy—and who had he to thank for the working out of that destiny? Certainly not himself—and he seized my hand with an energy which he, evidently, was not aware of, but which made every nerve quiver long after, as with an ague—protesting the most intense gratitude for services which I modestly disclaimed, and dismissed him to his apartment to regain his reason and moderation.

A short time after, at the lamented death of Gen. Cavendish, who had given over many of his singular ways, and become accessible and esteemed, Richard succeeded him at the hall, and soon becoming eminent and conspicuous in the political strife of the day, arose to the distinction of Sir Richard—the control of several boroughs, and the high favor of the crown.

Happy and honored in private, high and powerful in public life—consulted in all the momentous secrets of state—with a seat in the cabinet, and unlimited influence in the house of peers—Sir Richard never ceased to attribute his brilliant fortune to his hazardous adventure in the wrong path among the mountains, which had led to the three distinct and greatest blessings of his life—a lovely wife—a prudent self-reliance, and a vast estate!

A REMARKABLE CASE.—The Auburn, N. Y., American states that Joel Schoonover, a man ninety-eight years of age, was sentenced in that city, recently, to two years' imprisonment in the State Prison, for the crime of arson, he having been convicted of burning no less than three barns belonging to near relatives—children, it is said. He exults in the commission of the deed, which consigns him to the convict's cell.

STANZA.

BY NEAL HOWARD.

Maiden! thy heart is light,
Falsely deceiving;
Stunned o'er with beauty bright,
Cupid's spells weaving,
Flaming vows breathing,
Bringing the heart to thee,
Till it is heaving,
Till the fool parts from thee,
Weeps his believing.

Why bow thy head so low?
Tremble, when boldest?
Showing thy neck of snow,
Shaking when coldest?
Catching the oldest?
Glancing with swimming eyes!
'Tis thus thou mouldst
The fool that becomes thy prize,
And thus thou holdest.

Beware then this maiden,
Be not confiding,
She will not be laden:
From the noose alighting;
Seeking—yes hiding.
Trust her not—I've seen her
Falsely deriding,
When St. Philomena
Scarce looked as abiding.

THE LOVERS OF CLOFTON BRIDGE.

BY FRANCES P. PEPPERELL.

The sun was setting over the Avon, throwing red radiance on dipping bough and rippling water, transmuting the great stone piers of Clofton bridge into massy gold, and half hiding with long, level shadows the two young figures upon a low abutment beneath the shoreward arch; the figure of a young man, who, sitting carelessly, ever and anon threw his line far into the river, unmindful of piscatory success, while his eyes were bent upon his companion, an English girl wearing the beauty of sixteen summers, who stood, half leaning over the broad stream from her nook of masonry; and they both wore the costume of the peasantry.

"Thou wilt never fill thy basket, O agile fisherman!" said the girl, stooping to admire the changing hues of a brace of fish struggling on the rushes therein. "How vivid the colors of their shining sides, like the sparks of half burned embers. In dying, methinks they evince a beauty that all their lives between cool, flowing currents, they never owned. Dost thou not perceive it?"

"I perceive only a beauty before which all other fairness fades to an ashen paleness," answered the youth, seriously.

"Away with thy flattering speeches!" she replied. "Hast found another ladie-love, that thou must needs revert to idle phrase, here in the cool, rural shadows whither we have fled in our simple garb, to speak truth and be earnest, away from all those trivial palace whims."

"I could have no other love, for my eyes give not one glance at other form than thine."

"What alleth thee to-night?" asked the girl, with a merry laugh. "Thy mood is tragical, yet thou art somewhat melodramatic, nevertheless! hast been hearing the plays of the Jolly Childe, or the significant French mystery?"

"Ay, thou hast it: A French mystery, but which reads plain enough."

"Why wilt thou persist in thy moodiness? Thou art sad, tell me why, Suffolk!" and she sat down beside him, laying her hand caressingly on his shoulder.

"Has thy heart changed, Mary," he replied, touching the hand with his lips, "since that hour, by my tablets, two years ago this very day, when under the great elm at Winsor, thou didst vow—"

"Yes, I know!—Foolish boy! and do true hearts change so? Am I a fish, that I should vary with every ray of light, every gasp of breath? Thou, thou art changed. Thou lovest me no longer, or thou wouldst never doubt me. Thou wishest to be free! Go! I release thee! Never will Mary Tudor exact love from any!" and she arose proudly, yet with tears coursing over her cheeks.

"But if love is exacted from Mary Tudor?" said Suffolk.

"Never," she answered, "will any one enforce my will. My brother, who is king, will protect me!"

"Thou thinkest thy brother loves thee, then?"

"I know it."

"And if thou and I should part, Mary. If I should be forced to resign thee?"

"Leave thy enigmas!" she cried, imperiously. "Speak plainly, Duke of Suffolk!"

"Speak lower, Princess Mary," he answered, smiling. "For what do we wear a disguise, if we proclaim our rank to all the world?" and rising, he drew her gently to a seat beside him.

"Ah! thou smilest," she responded, half relieved. "Why dost thou pain me so? Has thy heart gone astray, has another of nobler name or greater wealth and beauty, won thee?"

"Greater beauty all England does not hold. Of wealth, Suffolk himself possesses sufficient; and whoso weds the sister of England's Eighth Harry, can mount no higher on the ladder of rank."

"Then why art thou so strange?"

"I have been thinking of possibilities, remembering what I pray to be but idle, court gossip. Swear faith again to me, Mary! Swear that if danger threatens our love, thou wilt fly with me, into Germany or Spain! France is indeed no refuge for us. Fly now!"

"Is there danger now?" she asked, laughingly.

"Why should I, who have my brother's sanction on our love, fly anywhere? I, who, in another month, become wholly thine?"

"I fear constantly! I fear lest our happiness be visionary. Lest images of our wedded future may be only like the mirages of the desert, that deceive weary travellers with delightful pictures of luxurious rest. Detestable thought! Dreary words! Let us leave them, and dwell only on the present; that at least is ours."

"When the old alderman spanned the tide with these arches, dost think he dreamed of foolish, princely lovers fleeing across them?"

"All men who live in a kingdom, imagine and expect royal reverses and flights, but other lovers than one's-self enter no man's thoughts, when dwelling on the future."

"And why should we not walk over? Why fly? Prudent one! will any fine court lady come running after to seize my lover's mantle, or is there any David to snatch thy lamb, Uriah? Moreover the moon is rising, and the palace lies beyond the bridge, and thy shiner and thy red-finned perch are dead. See those long-necked, white swans swim up that sea of silver beneath the pollard willows, to their nest! Come, my love! leave thy rod and booty, I will wait for thee no longer!" and mounting the rough, stone steps she sprang lightly on the parapet, and skilfully balancing herself, easily tripped along the narrow, dangerous beams. Another instant, and her lover's arm encircling her waist, lifted her down to the foot-path.

"Play me no more such pranks!" said he.

"Where is the haughty dignity that erstwhile made my heart to tremble?"

"That was because thou wert foolish. Three hours I have been no princess, but a happy girl, nor will I call to my lost dignity till, when I am again weighed down with splendor, it recognizes me."

"Walk beside me while thou mayest, darling," he said, dreamily.

"Is thy crimson order across thy shoulder, and thy rapier dangling at thy other side? Methinks I hear thy spurs clattering on the hard stone. One would know thou wert no fisherman. Thou walkest as though a crown lay on thy head."

"Heavier than a crown lieth on my heart."

"Hush!" she answered, coming back to him. "I will never play thee false, thou knowest; leave thy sadness. Hark! the good market-folk are coming. My good fisherman, be merry, as all poor people must needs be! Wear this in your cap!" and she plucked a stem of purple bells growing in a crevice of the wall and handed it to him; and while the country people passed across the city to their homes, the two lovers went the other way and became lost to notice in the crowd and the shadows.

"Robin Blake!" cried one marketman at the other extremity of the bridge, to a companion. "No more war for us, and corn again comes in to our barns."

"And how may that be, Lee," returned his mate, "when our king makes war next month, on the French one, the cur?"

"Thus! stupid clod-heaver! The Princess Mary, blessings on her sunny head, ere that will be Queen of France, and will marry the cur who for a wife sells a kingdom!"

Suffolk, the betrothed of the princess, also knew it.

It was later of the same evening, and long sitting in the rich dusk and semi-moonlight of the boudoir of Queen Katherine of Arragon, not as yet divorced, the lovers had tasted a pleasure too deep and pure not to be the precursor of evil.

The page had just lighted the wax tapers, and in the sudden brilliancy, Suffolk and Mary sat quietly, half obscured by the heavy drapery of the deep window. The queen sat pale and sad at a distance (for she had lately buried her darling and youngest child), and had no part in the conversation. A light step on the stair and a ringing laugh, and as the door opened the lovely Anne Boleyn with a sweeping courtesy presented herself before her mistress. Arranging the queen's footstool she placed in her hand a pretty bunch of fragrant garden roses, and tripped to the window where the lovers sat. Mischievously raising the curtains, "What have we here?" she cried. "A pair of doves, as I live, billing and cooing. 'Hide thy head under thy wing, my dear, and let thy pretty mate sing, my dear!' Why doth thy highness mope there? Ah, a lover's quarrel? Send melancholy away! Step out and have a *pas de trois*!"

"Why speak French?" asked Mary, half angry at the interruption.

"It is a language we shall all speak more of anon," answered the gay maid of honor.

"Would I could hear some one murmur my

beautiful Spanish—soft rounded Arragoneese," sighed the queen, laying her forehead on her hand. The Lady Anne turned roguishly, and smilingly breathed a sentence of purest Spanish, half-hissing the conclusion between her teeth, while with darting glances from the narrowed apertures of eyes partly closed, she steadily surveyed the queen who started at the purport of her words. A heavy step without sounded at the moment, and the king entered unattended; the King Henry the Eighth, who, then in the prime of manhood, was, at this date, by no means of the unprepossessing appearance that characterized him later in life. As Lady Anne stood poised on tiptoe, with slightly extended hands, looking at the queen whose bewildered eyes were raised to hers, and whose whole figure bespoke keen attention, and as the two lovers peered forward from their seat, Henry stayed his impetuous course, and cast an inquiring glance at Anne for an explanation of the tableau.

"Was it pleasant, that Spanish accent?" said Anne. "Am I not, thy majesty, an apt pupil?" and then perceiving the king's unspoken question, "Her majesty sighs for Spain, and its pleasant tongue," she added, with the least touch of malice. "Our dull English hours weary her. Shall we summon Don Godoy, thy majesty, to lighten the tedium?"

"English hours have been light snow hitherto, ha, Kate?" said the king, stooping to kiss his wife.

"Ah—Ay. Be careful nor rumple my ruff. Thou hast brought in so much cool air, Harry! the night is very damp; your English dews—"

"English dews, now? Well, they have not killed thee in a score of years, thou may'st yet escape them. Thou art so fond of Spanish, perhaps thou may'st like, as Lady Anne said, a Spanish lover?"

"Are Lady Anne's words to be repeated to me? I have an English husband!"

"Dear lady, be gentler, or thou may'st not keep him long!" whispered Anne in her ear, as she pretended to arrange the royal head-dress.

"Leave the room, hussy!" cried the queen, starting to her feet, her dark, wan eyes sparkling with anger, and pointing at the door.

"Nay, but thy majesty—"

"Leave me, I repeat! dost dare to hesitate?"

"What hath the wench done now, Kate?" demanded Harry.

"Alas! I am deeply in fault!" said Anne, with mock humility. "I desire her majesty's forgiveness. I dared to beseech her majesty's use of a gentler mode of speech!"

"Pooh! Let the child stay!"

"I will be obeyed."

"Let me beseech thee to pardon her."

"I say she shall leave me!" reiterated the queen.

"And I say she shall stay!" cried the king, stamping his foot. "Sit down, Kate! I came to have a word with my sister. Where is she?"

Katherine of Aragon fell into her seat with a sigh, while Suffolk led Mary forward. The king presented her a low chair, and Suffolk stood leaning his arm on the mantel, and growing paler and paler beneath the light of the branching candelabras; for he felt that the fear and bare suspicion he had entertained at sunset were fast waxing into a dreadful reality.

"Thy highness taketh pleasure in masquerading, albeit thy sadins are donned again," said the king, "yet I doubt if such disguise as a peasant's dress be suitable for the bride of a king!"

"Ah, thy ambition leads thee high, Harry! Do not think to put thy courtiers on the thrones of thine enemies; a crown would be a weight to Suffolk, and I but a sorry queen!"

"What hath Suffolk to do with the affair? I speak of a king. Louis the Twelfth of France. Louis of Orleans! Prepare thyself; to-morrow thou wilt leave England, with thy maidens, and the next day, wilt be his wife! Dost understand me? Speak!"

The princess sprang to her feet, throwing up her arms as if stung by an adder. "And thou hast known it, Suffolk, and hast hidden it!" she cried at last. "All this time when we might have flown—"

"Flown, girl?" queried the king, in sudden wrath. "Ye could fly nowhere from me! Not all Europe could shelter thee!"

"It is true," murmured Suffolk.

"Have thy conquests made thee mad, Henry Tudor?" she cried, catching the king's arm. "Hast thou no pity, no compassion? Canst thou sacrifice thy sister thus?"

"I have pity on my people, as thou shouldst have. Thy marriage will save millions from death."

"What care I for them? It is my happiness that is at stake, and the happiness of one I love better than life. All my future the wife of a greybeard! Never! I will die first!"

"Dying is no such easy matter that every love-sick girl should prate of it, as thou canst find, sweet!" retorted the king. "But thou may'st exert a preference. Marriage—"

"O, I cannot! I cannot!" she cried.

"Or death!"

"Suffer the death to be mine, that she may go free!" besought Suffolk, earnestly.

"Silence thy romance, or I will give thee a taste of what ye both seem to covet!" interrupted the king, brutally. "Marriage with Louis' girl, voluntarily; or the death of the Duke of Suffolk, and marriage forcibly!"

"Do not hesitate, Mary!" said Suffolk. "I am ready, if it will save thee!"

"But it won't!" laughed the king.

"Find Louis another bride, Harry!" begged the queen, moved from her querulous anger to gentle pity. "There are enough other fair, English ladies. Here is Lady Anne would well like a queen's rank," and Katherine, quite satisfied at having repaid Anne, now plead long and earnestly.

"Be silent, Kate!" at last said the king. "It is finished. All summer we have negotiated concerning this. None other will answer."

"None but I? None but I?" cried Mary, pressing her hands upon her burning brow.

"Thou art breaking my heart. O my brother! Hast thou forgotten how our pale, long-suffering mother gave me into thy hands, thou vowing perpetual affection and protection for thy sister, a child then, scarcely more now. I am but sixteen; young and joyous; I feel my life a constant spring of nerve and strength within; wilt thou blight it all, dear Harry? Threescore years and ten, save the short time which I have lived, wilt thou doom me to drag on in misery?"

"Not at all. I gild thee with titles and a crown. I protect thee as our mother would have best liked. Come! no more words about it, thou minx! Go thou shalt, and that, this night, for thy obstinacy! No time for prayers, nor tears, nor plans!"

"His majesty forgetteth," said Suffolk, hollow-eyed and livid, and looking as though in the last few moments he had suffered ages of torture, "that my oath of loyalty obstructs all plans and every escape."

"It is about as well, by Heaven!" roared the king, "since every avenue is guarded and six thousand men are under arms in the square!"

"He swore—cruel brother that he is!—he swore!" cried Mary, "to love and save me!" but the king only laughed gleefully and rubbed his hands while he gave Anne Boleyn some few directions, who, thereon, left the place.

"Finish up, little one!" he cried, turning to the princess. "I will see thee again in a moment; meanwhile await here. I see thou art rather distressed now; recover thyself; be a woman and show thy royal blood! We pity no foolery! Yet thou may'st say farewell, and after all the French are not such strict moralists! Little Boleyn has known of this from the first,

and has already attended to thy wardrobe. She will remain with thee in France!" A glad glance shot from the queen's eye, not unobserved by Harry. "For the present," he added, and left the room.

A long time the lovers stood, silent and apart. At last the princess turned, went calmly and knelt at the feet of the duke.

"Pity me!" she cried, and burying her face in the mantle that hung from his arm, she wept wildly. But Suffolk, contending with as fierce a grief, remained motionless as a statue.

"Suffolk, wilt thou never forgive me the wrong I do thee? Wilt thou hate me always and hereafter! O God! thou must do nothing but forget me!"

He stooped, and lifting her in his arms held her clasped closely to him in silence. "Better we both lay dead in one another's arms!" at last he hoarsely said. A concourse of steps became audible without, a rustling of silken dresses and a clash of swords and scabbards.

"For the last, last time, beloved!" cried Suffolk, straining her to his heart, and sealing his lips to hers in one long kiss, then releasing her from his embrace, he stood by her side as the door opened and the king and all his retinue filed through. "The Duke of Brittany," said the king, as a courtier, raising the princess's head to his lips, placed a cloak lined with ermine upon her shoulders, and saluted her as his most royal mistress; and out into the dark night, in litters and on horse, the train wound away from town to town, seeking the broad coast-line.

Louis the Twelfth of France, the destined spouse of Mary Tudor, had already passed his fiftieth year. His person was tall and obese, his hair entirely gray, his cheeks fat and puffy, and his whole disgusting exterior far more that of a man who, now on the verge of the other world, should be repenting his sins, in sackcloth and ashes, than that of a gay, young bridegroom. But hopes of a longer extension of his life-lease of pleasure warmed his imagination like a cheerful blaze, and though adverse storms had driven the ships containing the bridal train far out to sea, yet on the evening of one day, three weeks from the parting of Suffolk and Mary, all Paris was decked in festive garb, to welcome the bride, once proxy wedded, and now again that day blessed and crowned by archbishop, cardinal and priests.

The halls of the palace were a-blaze with splendor and brilliancy, silver spoons poured forth mouths of flame in every niche and corner of the cornices, crimson draperies tapestried into heavy

gold, relieving white, antique busts, swept the velvet cushions and gorgeous carpets woven in distant Persian looms. Flowers of every clime hung bloomed and budding from wall and ceiling; banners and trophies of a thousand conquered nations adorned the great saloon; clusters of colored lamps illuminated far alleys of the gardens and shot rainbows over dancing fountains and the torrents of diamond-threaded water-spouts, and every fiction of art, every grace of nature, were here brought together to celebrate the marriage feast.

Sitting on a throne at the further end of the grand reception room, was the young queen of the French, wrapped in robes of some rich, snow-white stuff, contrasting brilliantly with the gorgeous tinting of her surroundings, and slightly lightened by the paler shades of a rosy mantle lain upon her shoulders; a veil of shining and transparent silver tissue, like a web of woven dew, was half flung aside, displaying the snowy brow, the blushing cheeks, the perfect features of this vision of northern loveliness, and the golden hair was bound in rich, jewelled braids beneath the crown, the crown itself a mass of jewelry, resplendent as the hidden treasures of genii in an eastern tale. Yet notwithstanding all her magnificence, an inexpressible languor reigned over the queen's form as she half lay in the large throne chair, and now and then spoke dreamily to some gallant French nobleman, some stately dame, or oftener to her pretty English maiden, the lovely Anne Boleyn, who already coquetted admirably with the chevaliers, and added lustre to the queen's prestige; a languor visible in the parted, quivering lip, the half-closed eye, and the *abandon* of posture. All hearts and eyes admired, and very few but pitied the young victim of the hoary man who stood beside her throne.

The merry hours swept by. The queen had danced her measure, and the banquet rooms being thrown open, the noble groups entered beneath the entwined banners of England, France and Scotland. The hall was hung with tapestries of wine color, richly pictured with arabesque of silver work, and festooned with myriad ribbons of glittering whiteness. Fruit pieces, and hunting scenes of masters whose works lived after the creating hand was dust, hung here and there above great vases of sun-fed leaf and blossom, delicious strains of music floated from far distant galleries, and the tables, dazzling in their loads of fine linen, and golden and crystal vessels, in cups whose rims were embossed with rubies and emeralds, and flagons whose necks were encumbered, and in which the sweetest juices of

long lost southern summers had been wrung, in viands, fruits and liquid of every zone, were reflected in mirrors that flashed back with them, from their costly, panelled frames, the wave of plumes, the sheen of satin, the glimmer of the loveliest faces of all France, and above all, like an ugly reptile on a bed of flowers, the form and face of Louis the Twelfth, beside his shrinking bride.

Yes, his bride now, and with no retrieve. Every trivial annoyance with which in mischievous sport she had teased her lover, lay now like a mountain on her memory; for she herself had said the fatal words that riveted her chains, and she grew pale as her heart answered that death was the only emancipator.

The glee ran high, jests circled and wine poured freely, the king had nearly gorged himself, course after course had been swept from the board and still it groaned anew before the guests, when by a sudden movement of Brittany, all eyes were turned upon his majesty. Sitting erect, as though he had suddenly heard one speak, his eyes fixed and glassy, his face purple with the swollen veins of apoplexy and his chin fallen, sat the bridegroom. His earthly sands were almost run. All the court exclaimed with horror, but the queen sat still as her husband, not daring to glance upwards, lest she should behold a dream too happy to be realized, till she shuddered at the wild hope that half formed itself in her heart. At length she raised her eyes. The spectacle was too horrible, and she shrieked aloud with mingled joy, relief and terror. Those who had waited for her movement, now bore him to a couch, and all the physicians of the court essayed their skill upon him in vain, while breathing low and heavily he dragged the hours along, through which his young wife, who had sworn to honor and obey, never flinched, but with soothing compassion bathed his brow, gently chafed his hands and sought to alleviate his pain by all pitying art, even while her heart loathed him. At last it was over; she was free! The eyes were closed, the minions bade to weep, Francis, the heir was loudly proclaimed, and the wife was a widow.

A year of widowhood had passed over Mary Tudor, and yet her seventeenth summer found her smiling, dimpled, happy, and more beautiful than if she had known no pain. Henry the Eighth had sent for her to rejoin him in England, and like the blunderer he was, had made the Duke of Suffolk his ambassador, whom King Francis receiving with cordiality, entertained with a private interview.

"Thy grace is well aware," said the French king, "how materially it would interfere with my interests were her majesty, who is the loveliest woman in the kingdom, to wed a subject of mine. She is too young and beautiful to remain a widow, therefore the Duke of Suffolk had best bethink himself, and—"

"My duty to my king must annihilate all intrigues and all thoughts of self. His majesty mistaketh in thinking otherwise."

"Think again! Few have a queen's hand and dower at their option. Thy peace with burly Henry, Wolsey will make for thee. Thou art silent? Let me call an advocate!" and the silver bell he tinkled was answered by the royal page. Writing and sealing a brief note the king handed it to him, and they were again alone. A few moments elapsed, and the large door swinging on its hinges, "Her Majesty the Queen Dowager!" was announced.

Suffolk saw only a shimmer of soft violet shades and a sparkle of amethysts, ere his sight swam wildly and all senses became absorbed in hearing, where he stood concealed by the dark tapestry, while her voice like a silver chime broke the silence:

"My maidens were masquerading, and it was more convenient for me to wave ceremony and visit thy majesty, than to receive thee!"

"The queen dowager," said Francis, with a mischievous twinkle of his eye, "hath not forgotten one Suffolk."

"Mention not his name to me!" she cried vehemently; "have not I tasted the beginning of quiet pleasure, that thou must taunt me with recollections of a dead joy?"

"We were about to mention that this duke once lost a bride by too scrupulous observance of what is, at best, a form—loyalty. He hath now the golden chain of opportunity in his hand, let him not lose it. I leave thy majesty alone with him!" and the magnanimous Francis passed from the room. A moment the queen glanced amazed around her, the next, she perceived the duke, and sprang gladly forward, but hesitated and stopped half way, while, laying her hand on the back of a chair beside her, her eyes fell and fell, till the long lashes swept her cheek. At last a hand took hers; an arm on her waist drew her forward; a face bent to meet the downcast glance.

"Whom seeketh his grace of Suffolk?" asked the queen, coldly.

The arm and the hand relinquished her. "The queen forgetteth the lover!" he replied, reproachfully.

"The lover hath a long time forgotten her!"

"His memory sufficeth to recall the eve when she vowed never to play him false. Was it possible he could forget?"

"A question easy to answer."

"The ambassador to Spain and the Indies knew nought of the deeds of those two courts around which all his thoughts revolved, till a few long days ago."

"And what errand now bringeth him to our poor company?"

"His majesty of England requested the presence of his royal sister once more."

"And if his royal sister refuse?"

"Nay. His messenger can but bear back such answer!"

"And if," said she, raising her laughing eyes, "he should bear back with him the royal Duchess of Suffolk? an old flame of his, yet but just seventeen."

"Can it be? Do I dream?" cried Suffolk, a rich color flushing his dark cheek. "Speakest thou truly?"

"Now—or thou shalt never wed her!" answered the happy Mary, as meeting his welcoming embrace, the tears and joy she had been so well restraining, burst forth together.

There was rejoicing and revelry at the palace that night, not half so rich and gay as that of a year past, but owning no sadness nor any tearful mist on its shining surface, for Wolsey, who had accompanied the duke, had united the long separated lovers, and all the court joined in their delight with happy and radiant festivity.

But although bluff King Hal, having taken no part in the ceremony, had, on first being apprised of it, withheld his congratulations and uttered in their place sundry threats of the tower and axe, yet he finally, at the intercession of the pretty Anne Boleyn, it was said, and the powerful Wolsey, granted his royal forgiveness and vouchsafing an equal amount of approbation, sealed it with all brotherly appointments and all princely decorations, as he rode with Suffolk along the golden lists, beneath the smiles of lovely ladies, to meet Francis the First in friendly tourney on the plain between Ardres and Guisnes, known as the FIELD OF THE CLOTH OF GOLD.

SENTIMENTAL.

A young lady thus describes her feelings, and courts sympathy.

My heart is sick, my heart is sad—
But oh! the cause I dare not tell—
I am not grieved, I am not glad,
I am not ill, I am not well.

I'm not myself—I'm not the same;
I am—indeed, I know not what;
I'm changed, in all except my name—
O, when shall I be changed in that?

GOD IS NEAR.

BY MERRICK B. STRATTON.

Though the world with sin surround you,
Never fear;
Smiling through the clouds around you,
God is near.
Though bright hopes that once endeared you
All be gone,
And away the hearts that cheered you,
Still trust on!
Though glad tones no longer woo you
With their love,
And this life seem dreary to you,
Look above!
Though the path that lies before you
Be not bright,
And no guiding star shine o'er you,
Still there's light.
Though the lyre once tuned within you
Be destroyed,
And its stillness cease to win you
Back to joy,
Though the world may place beside you
Poison's cup,
And all earth with scorn deride you,
Still look up!
Though no heart be ever near you
Like your own,
Still one hope will come to cheer you,
When alone—
Though no spirit-love connects you,
Never fear,
One there is, whose power protects you—
God is near.

GEORGE BLOOMFIELD.

BY ANNIE CARLTON.

We had emptied the third bottle of champagne.
"George," said my father, at the same time drinking my health, "you are dull and desponding this evening. You do not argue with your accustomed eagerness. From whence comes that *billet-doux*? It has not the appearance of ever having seen a boudoir in Bond Street, or Piccadilly, and you are crushing it with a grimace capable of converting the best French wine into vinegar."

"This *billet-doux*, as you call it, is my tailor's bill," I replied, with a sigh; at the same time uttering an energetic oath, the repetition of which I will dispense with.

"Poor fellow!" exclaimed my father.

"Do you speak of me, sir?"

"No, George, of your tailor; however, I do not know but the epithet might suit you. But never mind, fill your glass, and do me the favor to name the sum due to your tailor."

"Five hundred pounds, sir! a round sum, as you perceive."

"Is that all?" said my father, in an ironical tone; "that is very moderate indeed! a mere trifle!"

"Yes, sir," I replied drily, "but when it shall amount to a thousand, it will be all the same, for there is very little chance of his ever seeing my money."

"You talk very lightly, George, upon this subject, when you ought to consider in what way you can best redeem your credit. This course of life will not last always. How long do you flatter yourself you can continue on this footing with the world?"

"I cannot answer that question immediately, the calculation is too deep for the present state of my brains; a dissipated man resembles a cannon ball, shot from some powerful engine, it runs a long way before it stops."

"True, but it will stop at last, and remark, my dear George, that in this case the charge is not as heavy as the projectile force. But, I have only one thing to say, and though I have repeated it many times before, you have never availed yourself of my counsels. You must marry an heiress, or a rich widow."

"Heaven preserve me from widows!" cried I, vehemently, (for there was one, I recollected at that moment, one, as rich as—but I will not speak of her now). "As to heiresses, I do not believe in them, they are like ghosts, syrens, griffins, or wolves; we hear them spoken of, and even cited as facts, which appear authentic, but one never encounters them face to face—at least, I never have had that good luck befall me."

"That is to say, you have never taken the trouble to inform yourself of their existence. You are so wholly absorbed in your selfish pleasures, as to be indifferent to everything that will render your success certain. Without some little manœvering you will not be likely to win their admiration; though it cannot be denied you are a very handsome fellow."

"That is what all the ladies say," replied I, casting a rapid glance at the mirror.

"Five feet, eight inches."

"Nine inches, sir."

"Still young enough, in all conscience."

"I think so, in spite of my wig."

"Captain in the horse guards, too."

"That is true, and I have been so for ten mortal years; time enough to become weary of the title."

"Heir presumptive to an old baronetcy, and land worth three thousand a year, in the county of Yorkshire."

"An estate encumbered with debts, and the dowry of two old women who will live forever."

"The greater reason for following my advice, my dear George; you well know you have nothing to expect from me; if this projected dissolution of parliament takes place, I shall be obliged to go to the continent for the benefit of my health, for I do not count upon my re-election—but I perceive you are weary of listening to me. Do you go to the opera this evening?"

"I shall just look in for a moment; Lady Hornsey has sent me a ticket as usual."

"Ah, well! my dear fellow, follow up your chance in that quarter. Lady Hornsey is worth the trouble. A fine woman I am told, with a clear income of five thousand a year."

"Yes, and a face the color of a dark nutmeg, squint-eyed, and old enough to be my mother."

"The carriage is at the door," said the servant; very opportunely interrupting our conversation.

Thereupon my respectable father departed, leaving me with no other companions than the empty bottles and my own bitter reflections.

"George," said I, to myself, in this forced soliloquy, "your father is right, you must marry now or never. Thirty years old next month! Time has slightly thinned my hair; and my moustache now and then betrays its age by a silver thread shining through the dark mass, my skin still retains its smoothness, and my step its elasticity. Thank Heaven! it is not too late yet; but time will not tarry—the spring is rapidly approaching, that will put an end to all my prospects, even to the patience of my most obliging creditors. It appears to me more than probable that before the next season, I shall be reduced to the option of Lady Hornsey or the King's Bench. Whatever it be, let it come! Death, rather than the dowager! In the meantime there is no reason why I should not profit by her opera ticket."

"Habit, says the proverb, is second nature; and one can become accustomed even to the most wretched existence; upon this principle, I gaily supported my uncertain position. Happily long practice had taught me to bear with fortitude the contrarieties of life, without which, my entrance into Lady Hornsey's box would have been torture the whole evening; for, exactly across, and nearly closing up the passage way, with his elbow upon the railing, stood my honest tailor, elegantly dressed, and giving himself the airs of a dandy. I lost nothing of my assurance, but approaching him with much politeness, suffered him to see I did not shun his sight. He was only too proud of having been noticed by me."

"Upon what brilliant star are you directing your astronomical observations?" I demanded, after having passed the usual compliments, and seeing his eye-glass resume its former direction.

"My admiration is fixed upon Miss Mary Henderson," replied he, "in that box under the chandelier to the right. Miss Henderson, the great heiress; do you not know her?"

"What! a beauty, and an heiress? that is a conjunction unknown, even in the planetary world of London. Can you not favor me with an introduction to the lady?"

"I wish it was in my power to do so, captain," replied the tailor with a smile, and a respectful bow.

"I wish so, too, with all my heart," I answered, coming out of my box. "It would be as fortunate for you, as for me," added I, trembling lest he should make some personal application.

Approaching the box of this new divinity, I raised my eyes to her face, and was perfectly enchanted, for she was in fact, the most beautiful person I ever beheld—she was truly angelic!

In Miss Henderson, were joined the regularity of the Grecian, with the characteristics of English beauty, black eyes, full of liquid softness, an alabaster brow, and complexion of the most delicate tint; a head of classical beauty was supported by a swan-like neck, the graceful motion of which gave a dignity to the whole; a hand and arm of such perfect proportions, as would have defied the talents of a modern Phidias.

"It is an angel!" I mentally exclaimed, "but an heiress—O, no! that is impossible!"

In despite of all my inquiries, I could obtain only in part any positive information concerning the charming Miss Henderson, who seemed to have attracted universal observation; all those, to whom I addressed myself to obtain either genealogical or financial knowledge, seemed as ignorant as myself, in respect to the sudden apparition of this brilliant star in the firmament of fashion.

It is useless to say, that before the end of the first act, I had placed myself in such a position, as to see my divinity pass to her carriage when the play should be over. The time at length arrived, and she quitted the box, leaning upon the arm of an aged man, evidently her father, accompanied by a man, who seemed to value his moustache far above the attractions of the lady beside him—how I envied the fellow! If she had appeared charming in the distance, her beauty lost nothing by a nearer approach, and the sweetness of her voice, which occasionally reached my ears, completed the fascination which was partially begun.

I followed the father and daughter until they entered the carriage, and the door closed upon them. I felt a strange sensation of despair.

"A carriage, sir? a carriage? a cabriolet, sir? a chair all ready, sir?" resounded on all sides of me, and suggested a thought I could not resist. A moment after the equipage of Miss Henderson departed, I threw myself into a cabriolet.

"Follow that carriage," said I, rapidly to the coachman. "Whip up, whip up, or you will lose the trace of it."

"Do not fear, sir," replied he, with a leer, "I will not lose an inch of ground—but one must not follow too nearly, or those fellows the footmen will guess our purpose and give us trouble, perhaps, defeat our project."

"What a worthy confidant," thought I; "but it matters not, the end sanctifies the means."

We crossed many streets in the pursuit: at length the carriage of Miss Henderson stopped before a house situated a short distance from New-Road. My coachman at the same time reined up his horses, out of breath with fatigue. In fact, at that moment a strange idea came into my head, some trouble to be sure, but one can obtain nothing without trouble—worth the keeping.

"My boy," said I, to the coachman, "I promise you a sovereign, if you will upset me near that house, without breaking any of my bones."

"I understand you," he replied; "but it is not necessary to upset my cabriolet. I will run against that post—you will jump out, fall upon the pavement stunned, and unable to rise—then, I will take care of the rest."

Everything had turned out better than I could have hoped. I was fortunate in having made choice of such a wily coachman in this affair, so I agreed to his proposal. He took his measures so well, he touched the post with so much skill, that his cabriolet was overthrown by the shock and caused great confusion, while I fell very gently upon the pavement, without a wound, escaping with only a few slight bruises.

It is useless to say that the cries of my coachman (who played his part to admiration), upon seeing me extended apparently lifeless, quickly brought the people of the house, which was only a few steps distant, to our assistance, and I heard the voice of Miss Henderson inquiring anxiously if the gentleman was much hurt? Her father was the first to approach me; in another moment two vigorous footmen had borne me in their arms to the house, where I was carefully placed upon a lounge sofa.

"Are you wounded, sir?" demanded Mr. Henderson, with an air of kindly interest, which touched me exceedingly.

"No, sir, I think not," replied I, in a feeble voice—"but I am distressed and embarrassed at the trouble I have given you."

"Do not mention it, my dear sir," he replied; "take some repose, I beseech you, endeavor to calm yourself till the arrival of the physician, he will be here immediately."

If that is the case thought I, I must decamp before he arrives; but I must think of some plan to secure myself admission to the house to-morrow.

"I thank you a thousand times, sir," said I, resuming a little more strength. "I have no need of his services. My left arm is somewhat sprained—but the bones are not broken. I have been giddy from the sudden fall, but in a few minutes I shall be entirely recovered. I will no longer intrude upon your hospitality; my name is George Bloomfield, captain in the horse-guards. I shall return immediately home. I hope you will permit me at some future day to testify the gratitude I feel, for the attentions you have so kindly bestowed upon me."

"I shall be charmed to see you at all times, Captain Bloomfield, for I must tell you I have the pleasure of knowing your worthy father—but I will not suffer you to depart yet; you can scarcely sustain yourself—or, if you insist upon quitting me, my carriage shall conduct you home with all possible precaution."

"Sir, I beseech you—not to—"

"I exact it, my dear sir. But where were you going when the accident happened?"

"You are much too good, sir, my head is confused, I can scarcely remember—I believe, I think—I was going to meet some friends in Regent Street, we were to sup together after the opera; but since you are so kind as to lend me your carriage, I shall return to my father's house immediately."

During this discussion, I furtively surveyed the countenance of the charming Mary, whose interest did not appear to have diminished since the return of my strength.

I was certainly very pale, for a slight bruise and pain in my left shoulder warned me that there was sufficient of reality in the adventure to sustain the progress of its romance. I took my leave at last with as much ease as I could assume, without compromising the good impression I had made, and leaning upon the footman, advanced slowly to the carriage; but having reached the door, I recollected it would be proper to inquire the name of my new friend, of which I must ap-

your ignorant. With as much earnestness in my manner as I could command, I begged to be informed to whom I was indebted for so much kindness and attention. Mr. Henderson replied by giving me his card, and as I had only asked it for form's sake, I put it into my pocket without looking at it.

The domestics of Mr. Henderson took me home with all the precaution which my feeble condition exacted. My father had not yet returned from his club; I forbade any one to inform him of my accident, supposing that, according to his usual custom, he would return in a condition which would require immediate repose.

After passing an excellent night, my sleep embellished by golden dreams, in which the most romantic love, in magnificent contrast with the leaden arrows of Cupid, gracefully intermingled, I awoke in the most comfortable condition imaginable, having nearly forgotten my fall. I had scarcely completed my toilet, in which I had not neglected a black silk handkerchief to support my left arm, a powerful means of attacking ladies' hearts, when I saw upon my table the card which I had received the evening before, and which I had taken out of my pocket upon going to bed. What was my surprise, on reading, instead of the name of Henderson, that of Sir George Dunsmith. Was it certainly the same card? Without doubt it was, for it also bore the number of the house in Horley Street. After my first expression of astonishment was over—I began to reflect in what respect my position would be changed. I took him for her father; he is her uncle, I suppose. Her father is dead, that is so much in my favor, for these parents have always some objections to make, when young persons desire to form disinterested marriages.

I entered the breakfast-room with this consoling thought, and was received by my father with forced compliments upon my evening's adventure, of which he had heard a most exaggerated account.

I then recounted to him the true history, and after my own fashion, taking the liberty of suppressing some circumstances which were better kept to myself. I did not then speak of Miss Henderson, but dwelt a long time upon the kindness of Sir George Dunsmith. He told me, added I, that he had had the pleasure of dining with you a few days since.

"That is true," said my father, "no longer ago than last week at the Seymours, I was seated beside him at the table; he is an amiable, worthy man. The dinner was given in honor of his young wife."

"His wife!" cried I, jumping up from my chair.

"What is the matter with you now?" said my father, regarding me with astonishment.

"His wife, sir! did you say his wife?"

"Yes, sir, his wife, a charming young woman, I can assure you! Above all I was struck with her magnificent black eyes; and what is more to the purpose—an heiress. They have been married about three weeks. She was a Miss Henderson."

I rushed from my chair, upsetting two or three china cups by the rapidity of my movements. I tore off the handkerchief from my arm and threw it into the fire, and then commenced to walk the room with gigantic strides.

"O, heavens!" exclaimed my father, truly frightened. "The unfortunate man is certainly crazy! there is no doubt of it; he has injured his brain in that unlucky fall; and this is the consequence of it."

While thus speaking, he rung the bell with as much violence, as if the house had been on fire.

"For mercy sake, sir," said I, stopping him, "do not thus alarm the neighborhood. I always conduct myself like a fool—an idiot—that's all."

"Ah, well! I am delighted to find it is nothing worse, George; but as it is not the first time, to my knowledge, you should act your part more quietly."

"Act my part!" cried I, "when I have been upon the point of breaking my neck—all for nothing! but I am going to tell you all that has passed, and you shall judge of my disappointment."

I then rectified my former statement, and put my father in possession of my true position. He listened to me with the most provoking glee, and after having complimented me upon what he called my impudence, finished by declaring, with an energetic oath, that I was the son of a worthy father, and resembled him perfectly.

"My son," said he, "let not this failure discourage you. You will find heiresses everywhere, and even pretty ones, if you take the trouble to look for them; besides—at all events you have always a happy resource in the person of Lady Horsey."

"Never talk of that old sorceress, sir! I shall have nothing more to do with her, nor with any other, I am going to throw myself into the Thames."

"Since such is your irrevocable decision," said my father, without showing the slightest emotion, "the pond in Green Park would be much better for your business."

"As being much nearer, apparently, sir, but I

desire to do the thing in an agreeable manner; I cannot dispense with depositing at the house of Sir George Dunsmith a note containing my parting compliments. His house is on the way to the river."

In fact, I presented myself at his door; and in spite of my cruel discovery, I was not the less desirous to show myself to the adorable Lady Dunsmith, in the most interesting light. I had taken care to replace the black handkerchief, in case I should be received into her house. But this slight favor was denied me; Sir George Dunsmith and lady were not at home, and I was obliged to leave my note, with my verbal compliments to testify my gratitude to them.

The mildness in my character was never put to a severer proof than on this fatal day; but whether happy or unhappy, sad or gay, I must finish with a dinner. I recollected in good time that I was invited to dine with Lady Hornsey.

Whether I was deceived in the hour, whether I had given too much time to my toilet, or whether I had been withheld by the sole desire of creating a sensation by my entrance, I cannot determine; but the fact was evident, I arrived late at Berkeley Square, and found the company seated at the table. The first object upon which my eye rested, was the beautiful Lady Dunsmith. I placed myself in the only vacant seat, and, very fortunately, found myself placed at her side. A recognition immediately followed, and my arm still in a sling, provoked questions which indicated anything but indifference on her part.

We were soon engaged in the most animated conversation; her mind and manners appeared as seducing as her angelic beauty; every word she uttered increased my adoration and despair.

I drank wine with Sir George, and could almost have wished, that instead of wine his glass had been filled with a dose of prussic acid. But as I could not act upon such a murderous thought, the only vengeance in my power was, to pay assiduous court to his young wife. So I endeavored to do my best in this act of natural justice, as Bacon calls vengeance.

She listened with complacency to the many complimentary speeches I made to her. Meanwhile, I observed from time to time an expression of surprise upon her countenance which I could not explain. At last, in addressing her, I gave her the title of, your ladyship; she interrupted me with hesitation, while a deep blush suffused her cheeks.

"I think," said she, "you are in error in regard to myself."

"Indeed!" replied I, with apparent calmness, while my heart beat with such violence I could

scarcely prevent it from leaping from my chest, "have I not the honor of speaking to Lady Dunsmith?"

"No," she replied, while directing my attention to a very pretty person, with black eyes, seated at the right hand of Lady Hornsey; "that is Lady Dunsmith. You did not see her last evening, because she was not well enough to accompany us to the opera. She is my sister, and I am on a visit to her. My name is Mary Henderson."

Is there any need of a continuation? No, I think not. Do you not guess the result of my adventure? Two months after this wild freak of mine, I had the pleasure of changing the name of Henderson to that of Bloomfield; a transformation, which, I assure you, neither of us has ever had cause to regret.

ANECDOTE OF FRANKLIN.

Benjamin Franklin was called on by a committee appointed to collect subscriptions towards building a church in or near the city of Philadelphia. The committee was introduced to him in his study, and, after paying their respects, handed him the subscription-paper, soliciting him to commence the same, being desirous he should be the first to contribute, with a view to influence others—he being at that time president of the Supreme Executive Council of the State of Pennsylvania. The doctor took the paper, read the heading, and wrote, *Benjamin Franklin—five pounds* (hard money, as it was called, was very scarce, and paper money at a discount), and handed the paper back. The gentlemen looked at the amount, then at each other, and at the doctor, they still holding the paper in their hands. "What is the matter, gentlemen? Have I made a mistake?" "Why, your excellency, we were rather surprised at the smallness of your donation." "Let me see again," and taking the list in his hand, immediately wrote opposite his five pounds, "*paper money*," and handed them a five-pound bill of the State of Pennsylvania, saying: "Every man is the best judge of what he can give, and I wish to give no false impression. He that gives more than he can afford, is a fool." The committee left, wishing rather that he should have written fifty pounds and not paid one shilling, rather than write five pounds and pay it.—*N. Y. Picayune.*

MAKE A BEGINNING.

Those who are continually thinking what is best to do, seldom do anything. The great incentive to success is to make a beginning. The first dollar saved, the first mile travelled, are something towards amassing a fortune and to completing a journey; they show earnestness of purpose. How many a poor, idle, erring outcast is now crawling through life in a state of wretchedness, who might have held up his head and prospered, if, instead of putting off his resolutions of amendment and industry, he had only made a beginning.—*Channing.*

THE FOREST FLOWER.

BY MRS. E. F. HEDGECOCK.

Lovely, simple forest flower,
 Blooming, fading in an hour;
 Precious to the heart awhile,
 Calling forth one gladsome smile;
 How I love thee, simple thing,
 Friendship's humblest offering.

Bloom and fade, still I will shrine thee,
 In thy forest home I'll find thee,
 Garner up thy fragments fair—
 Whilst their odor fills the air;
 In some book I'll fondly press them,
 Love them, shrine them, and caress them!

BRIGAND LIFE.

One incident was related to us, which is not calculated to show their domestic transactions in a very favorable light, in spite of the usual romantic ideas of the eternal fidelity of a brigand's bride. The chief of a band which infested this province had a young wife, very much attached to him, who followed him in all his perilous wanderings, and presented him with a son and heir worthy, she hoped, of imitating the glorious exploits of his sire. This unfortunate little *bambino*, however, so disturbed the peace of the brigand's tent with its infantine cries, that he threatened more than once to put an end to its wailing; and one night, when returning savage and disappointed from an unsuccessful expedition, he was again provoked by its squalls, rising suddenly in a fury, he put his threat into execution before the eyes of the terrified mother.

From that moment love gave place in her heart to hatred and the desire of vengeance; while her husband, enraged at her continually regretting the child, and perhaps suspecting some vindictive intentions on her part, resolved, after some domestic squabbles, upon putting her also to death. One night, having confided his project to his nephew, whom he had left at the head of the camp of brigands, he told him not to give the alarm if he heard the report of a gun, as it would merely be himself giving a quietus to *la Giuditte*: and with this warning he departed to his own tent, a little distant from the others. Now it so happened that his loving spouse had fixed upon this very evening for the performance of her own long-nursed schemes of revenge; and having deferred her own fate by her more than usually amiable demeanor, and artfully got her victim to sleep, she discharged the contents of a rifle into his body; and cutting off his head, escaped with it to Reggio, where she claimed and obtained a reward from the authorities for his destruction. The nephew heard the report of the rifle in the night; and before warned, merely muttered to himself, "o zio ch' ammazza la Guiditta," and turned quietly round to sleep again.—*Travels in Calabria*.

In a factious and barbarous age, the greatest men, as well as men of the best-regulated minds, adhere to some one of the epidemic frenzies that trouble and agitate the world at that moment.

A LUNATIC DOCTOR.

Recently, while one of the patients of the State Lunatic Asylum, who was formerly a doctor, was taking his accustomed stroll for air and exercise, he was attracted to a house not far from the asylum by the cries of a young girl, who, in climbing over a fence, had fallen and broken her arm. On entering the door he ascertained that the poor, decrepid, bed-ridden mother and the unfortunate girl, whose labor was the only support of the two, were the only occupants. A boy had been sent for a physician or surgeon. The doctor could not witness the young girl's distress, so he instantly went to work and set and splinted the broken limb. The old lady with tears of joy and gratitude, exclaimed, "Doctor, what's to pay?" "O, nothing," he replied; "I am amply repaid in the satisfaction this opportunity has afforded me to relieve your daughter's distress." "Thank you, dear doctor, and God bless you! But when the doctor we have sent for arrives, who shall we say set the arm—what name and residence, doctor?" "Tell him," said our doctor, "that a patient from the New York State Lunatic Asylum did it."—*Utica Telegraph*.

WHAT IS NOT CHARITY.

It is not charity to give a penny to a street mendicant of whom nothing is known, while we haggle with a poor man out of employment for a miserable dime. It is not charity to beat down a seamstress to starvation prices; to let her sit chilled in wet clothes sewing all day; to deduct from her pitiful remuneration if the storm delay her prompt arrival. It is not charity to take a poor relation into the family, make her a slave to all your whims, and taunt her continually with her dependent situation. It is not charity to turn a man who is out of work into the streets with his family, because he cannot pay his rent. It is not charity to extract the uttermost farthing from the widow and orphan. It is not charity to give with a supercilious air and patronage, as if God had made you, the rich man, of different blood from the shivering recipient, whose only claim is that he is poor. It is not charity to be an extortioner—no! though you bestow alms by thousands.—*Boston Journal*.

THE EMPEROR OF FRANCE.

Faith in his star is his all-dominating conviction. Louis XI. had not firmer reliance on his leaden angels than Louis Napoleon on a certain "lucky penny" he got from a Norwood gipsy, representing herself as the granddaughter of that zingaro who foretold that Josephine would be an empress. Describing his acquisition of that enchanted coin, one day, shortly after his escape from Ham, when a very disconsolate looking man about town here, and being asked what he thought would become of him? he replied, he had not the smallest doubt the prediction of the fortune-teller would be fulfilled, that he should become emperor of the French, the arbiter of Europe, and—die by the hand of a woman! How ridiculous! you exclaim. Well, is it any more so than his whole career for the last seven years would have sounded, if spoken of as a thing of possibility seven years ago?—*Liverpool Albion*.

ALL SORROW IS REAL.

BY GEORGE E. COLTON.

All sorrow is real, how'er it arises,
And all of our theories, thoughts and surmises,
Concerning the begging of trials and troubles,
Have only the basis of so many bubbles.

Othello, possessing a glorious treasure,
Was deaf to the pleadings of quiet and pleasure;
Yet doubtless he would, if he could, have enjoyed it,
For who will be wretched that e'er can avoid it?

To me may your troubles seem purely ideal;
This mattereth not, for to you they are real;
Nor lighter to-day is your burden of sorrow,
Because it may seem but a trifle to-morrow.

For sorrow, whenever its shade it unfoldeth,
Is not in the scene, but the mind that beholdeth:
Napoleon grieved over nations unruly,
And so does the man in the mad-house as truly.

At pleasure we move in our various stations,
Yet who of us waketh his own inclinations?
Who ruleth his love, as it swells or abateth?
Or who can help hating the thing that he hateth?

The power of accepting, and power of refusing,
Are ours, yet our passions are not of our choosing;
And over the vicissitudes of various dishes,
We gratify wish, but we make not our wishes.

THE CANDY GIRL.

BY FRANCIS W. SAWTELLE.

It was a cold, stormy night; the rain poured down in torrents, and the wind, alternately dying away almost calm, and again rising in furious gusts, howled mournfully through the rigging of the ships, as, dark and silent, they lay moored to the wharves. The river, roughened with rain, swept swiftly and silently onward in circling and whirling eddies, swinging our boat round and round, now out into the stream, now bringing it in with a thump against the stairs to which the painter was made fast. The distant lights from the city winked feebly through the rain, as though they too felt the dampness that was penetrating us; and altogether it was such a night as any reasonable man would have chosen to pass in his dry hammock in preference to an open boat, such as we were at the time occupying.

Three hours before, after a long pull against head tide, we had landed the captain at the stairs, who left us with strict orders to remain by the boat until he returned. The situation was far from pleasant, but sailor-like, we endeavored to put a good face upon the matter, consoling ourselves with the thought that a top-

sail-yard would be an infinitely worse situation, and beguiling the time with such voracious and intellectual conversation as is common to discontented mariners under like circumstances.

As there had been every appearance of rain before leaving the ship, we had taken the precaution of bringing our water-proof clothes and sou'westers, which, in a measure, protected us from the wet; and as a further shelter, a large tarpaulin, with which the boat was provided, was stretched from one gunwale to the other, and made fast to the rowlocks, so that with our bodies snugly coiled away upon the thwart, leaving only our heads protruding between the gunwale and tarpaulin, the whole concern bore a rather distant resemblance to an immense turtle with four heads, each ornamented with a sou'wester.

Among other topics of conversation, the subject of love had been introduced, and as that had begun to flag, one of the boys fished out from the stern locker a large bottle of "something to take," (this was a good many years ago, when it was as fashionable to partake, as it is now to abstain), to which we immediately paid our respects (just to keep the fog off our stomachs), and as the last one, after a gradual and protracted elevation of the bottle, accompanied with a gurgling sound, returned it with a graceful flourish to the perpendicular, and gave vent to the feeling of gratification which it afforded him by an emphatic "Ha," he resumed his remarks by turning to old Joe Grummet, the coxswain, with the inquiry:

"Well, Joe, what do you think of love? You have been knocking about the world for a good spell, and ought to have some little experience by this time."

"As to that," returned Joe, "I've always been more or less in love with plum duff, swamp seed, and such like, on a banyan day, besides which, I entertain no slight affection for the chap whose sou'wester and jacket I'm wearing."

"Yes, I know," returned the first speaker. "We are all of us a little tender-hearted in that respect. But the kind of love of which we are now speaking, is that which usually terminates in a five-shilling ring, and a couple of dollars, or so, to the parson."

"O yes, I believe in that, too; not that I have had much experience myself, but I've played second fiddle to a good deal of love-making in my day. One affair, in particular, I remember, came near getting one poor fellow twelve dozen at the gangway, but turned out in the end for all the world just like a story book."

The prospect of a story to pass the time was

by no means unpleasant, and edging closer to the speaker, we made big ears to hear what Joe had to say.

"It's not far from a good many years ago that this I'm going to tell you of took place, when I was a bit of a youngster. I was in the service then, as I have been, off and on, ever since. We had been stationed at Boston for some time, and were getting rather weary of remaining so long inactive, when orders came down from the Admiralty to fit out a frigate for a cruise up the Straits, and I was chosen as one of her crew. I was highly delighted, as you may suppose, with the idea of going into the Mediterranean; for, being young, I was of course romantic, and thought all that was requisite to my perfect happiness was to visit the classic scenes of which I had read a great deal too much for my own good, and such a fool did I make of myself, that instead of turning into my hammock to get my regular sleep, as I should have done, I used to poke about the decks moonlight nights, looking at the stars, and repeating to myself some verses of Byron's, that began :

"The Isles of Greece! the Isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho—"

did something or other she ought to have been ashamed of (I forget what now), and altogether I was as happy in anticipation as you can well imagine.

"As is usually the case, when a person has placed his whole mind and hopes upon any one thing, I was disappointed, for happening to be ashore one day on liberty, I cut up a bit of a shine (it isn't necessary to the story to tell you *what*; even if it was, I shouldn't do it), for which my name was removed from the list for the Straits, and I was ordered on board the receiving ship for one year.

"I bore the disappointment with the fortitude and philosophy of a boy of eighteen. Had I been a Frenchman, I should have written a very pathetic epistle, addressed to mankind in general, and at once taken leave of a heartless and unsympathizing world; but, unfortunately, being a full-rigged John Bull, I was merely sulky, a state of mind which procured for me a genteel sufficiency of kicks and cuffs from my shipmates, for what they chose to term my very unsocial behaviour. Nothing could have been better for me than such treatment; for what with whipping one chap, getting whipped by another, and the pair of us being flogged at the gangway the next morning for fighting, I was thoroughly cased, and acknowledged to be a good shipmate before I had fought my way half through our mess.

"Among the many good fellows stationed on board the receiving ship, was one Royal Backstay, a young chap, who slung his hammock next to mine. He was about two years older than myself, a general favorite, and belonged to an excellent family (the Backstays of Staffordshire), was next of kin, and would inherit the title and estate of his uncle, Sir Topmast Backstay, a rich but penurious old codger, and a member of Parliament, who had kept Royal on such an extremely short allowance that, partly in consequence of some little debts, and partly from a spirit of adventure, he had shipped for a five years' term in the navy, a proceeding which caused his uncle to swear tremendously, and set about getting his discharge. Royal, on his part, swore still harder, and utterly refused to accept his discharge, and here the matter rested.

"I had given him some cause of offence the first day on board, which led to a severe and protracted combat, resulting in four black eyes and a pair of broken noses between us, neither being declared the victor; from that day forward we were the Damon and Pythias of the ship. He was a remarkably fine looking fellow, was Royal, and as active as a whole colony of monkeys; a description of talent that seldom goes unrewarded in the service, and he was in consequence promoted to the office of coxswain of the captain's gig, whereupon he lost no time in procuring for me a berth as one of the gig's crew, and I pulled the stroke oar. This was a piece of great good fortune, for while the liberty days of the other men were like angels' visits, we had every day, our only duty being to pull the captain on shore in the morning, and he, being a very indulgent man, allowed us to run about the town wherever we chose, only requiring us to be at the boat in season to take him off again at night, a requirement which we scrupulously complied with.

"The rest of the boat's crew used to take themselves off to places where the web-footed portion of humanity most do congregate; but Royal and myself, being a trifle aristocratic or so in our ideas, found more amusement rambling about up-town among the gentry, and many a nice, little adventure we fell in with by so doing. The spot most infested by us was some two or three miles back from the docks, among the very pretty suburban residences of the better class of citizens, a favorite haunt of nursery maids when taking their little charges out for an airing, and who were not unfrequently accompanied by the ladies of the family. By dint of a lavish but judicious distribution of candy, or 'taffy,' as they call it in England, we suc-

ceeded in establishing a pretty extensive acquaintance among the infantry and nursery maids; and from the children the acquaintance soon spread to the ladies, who were evidently not at all displeased with the respectful familiarity of such a man as my friend Royal; for although his dress showed him to be but a common sailor, yet with his very pleasing address, and uncommon fine figure, which the picturesque costume of the navy set off to great advantage, and evidences of refined taste, such as dainty, little patent leather pumps, elaborately striped stockings, and handkerchief of the finest linen, perfumed with the choicest and most delicate extracts, he fairly realized the ideal sailor-boy of romance and the stage; and many a time have I waited for hours, while Royal, seated upon one of the benches beneath the trees, held long and, apparently, very interesting conversations with some aristocratic young lady, who, with sparkling eyes and suspended breath, listened with intense interest to the thrilling recital of wonderful adventures, and perils by sea and land, through which he had *not* passed, and many a sigh and regret did the thought occasion that he was *only* a sailor.

"Although this state of things continued for some time, and we were constantly meeting the same people, yet Royal appeared to have no preference whatever, which I considered something quite remarkable in a young fellow of his temperament. It is morally impossible that I could have been in his place without falling desperately in love with half a dozen of them, at least. There was, however a marked difference in their treatment of us. Me, they addressed in a patronizing and condescending manner, and to save my life I couldn't get upon a comfortable footing with any one whose rank was more exalted than that of a nursery maid; but although our station in life was supposed to be precisely similar, they always treated him as an equal, which was conclusive evidence to me that a real gentleman will always command respect, though for the time he may be under a cloud.

"Two or three months passed in this manner, and we became as well known as the trees under which we lounged, when a circumstance occurred that gave a new turn to our pursuits. One bright sunshiny morning, having pulled the captain on shore rather earlier than usual, we took a longer and more circuitous route than usual to reach our accustomed place of resort, when in passing a sort of variety store, and noticing a display of confectionary in the window, it occurred to us that our supply of candy for the children was exhausted; accordingly turning

back, we entered the store to replenish. There was no one in when we entered, but a variety of sounds issuing from a room in the rear of the store, showed that it was not entirely deserted, so beating a tattoo on the counter with our knuckles, to attract attention, we awaited the appearance of some one. Presently the door of the rear room opened, and a young girl of, I should say, not more than seventeen, tripped behind the counter, and awaited our wishes. I really think I never beheld a more beautiful creature since I was christened than that same candy shop girl. The pretty pink dress she had on went right to my heart, and Royal's, too, I should judge by the way he gazed at her, saying never a word. She looked at us a moment, but as we did nothing but stare, she blushed vigorously, dropped her bright black eyes, which were fringed with lashes of not quite a fathom in length—at least, pretty near it—and stammered something about her father being out.

"The poor little thing's embarrassment reminded us of our rudeness, of which we did not before consider, so surprised were we at finding such a divinity in such a place, and Royal, who was famous for pretty speeches, assured her he was delighted that her father was not in, as he only wanted a little candy, which would doubtless be all the sweeter for being put up by such a charming young lady. The poor child blushed harder than ever at this, and assumed a very solemn expression, which looked oddly enough on such a pretty young face, mixed up with so many blushes. Royal saw that she did not admire the style of his conversation, and became more respectful."

"I don't know how it happened, but it took a long while to do up that candy. First her little fingers would tremble, and she would drop a stick, which Royal would pick up and return; then the paper wouldn't get in the right position, or the string became tangled, and she and Royal would try a long while to clear it—or, rather, she tried, and Royal only pretended to do so—she, all the time, endeavoring to look as sober as possible; but the string, instead of getting better, got worse and worse; indeed, there seemed some danger that their fingers would get tangled up together in their efforts to clear it, until it becoming evident she would never get the parcel done up in her flutter, she dropped the whole affair on the counter, and burst into a merry, little laugh, so contagious that we joined with as much heartiness as though it had been the funniest thing in the world. This broke the ice, and we chatted away a long while as pleasant as possible; or, rather, Royal and she did; and

for all I know, we might have stayed till this time, so pleased did they seem with each other, had there not entered the shop a little, hard featured old man, who glanced sharply and angrily from us to the girl. We interpreted her anxious and rather distressed look as a wish for us to go. Accordingly paying for our purchases without any more words, we took our leave.

"I expected Royal would have a good deal to say about our adventure as we continued our walk, but to my surprise he was silent as a post, and seemed rather displeased than otherwise at my remarks concerning the little lady; so after two or three trials, I gave up the attempt to make her the subject of our conversation, and we continued our walk in silence.

"We did not remain as long as usual at our accustomed lounging place, but having disposed of the candy, Royal dragged me off to the business part of the town, where we spent the whole day shopping. There was no end of fine things he seemed to have occasion for. You would have thought he was fitting himself out for a four years' cruise with a wedding party, by the nature and amount of the articles he bought that day.

"The following morning found us again at the candy shop. The young lady made her appearance as before, and though a little surprised, not very displeased at our advent. Very much the same performance was gone through as on the day before, except that there was more freedom on both sides, and, as had been agreed upon between us, I sat drumming my heels upon a sugar box outside the door, watching for the old man, who appeared to have some regular business abroad at that hour every morning, while Royal negotiated with the little lady the important trade in candy. As the old fellow made his appearance round a distant corner, I gave the concerted signal, and we quickly took ourselves out of sight before he could be aware of our visit. A look of intelligence passed between Royal and the girl at my signal, and his abrupt departure, and from that day there was a tacit understanding between them. It is astonishing how a mutual understanding, if ever so slight, helps along an acquaintance; that or something else must have done so in this case, for day after day, and week after week, found us at the same spot. I have always been at a loss to conjecture what became of so much candy; the price of sugar, I think, must have advanced very materially during that period.

"At length, one morning, upon going to the shop as usual, the girl was not to be seen, and in her place was the old man, and very cross he

was, indeed. It was easy to perceive that something was in the wind, and what, Royal was determined to find out; for though the old fellow treated him with anything but civility, he persisted in remaining in the shop, while I—more from habit than anything else—took my accustomed seat on the sugar-box outside. I had sat there some minutes, while Royal was trying every possible method to learn something of his little friend, when, quick as a flash, the young lady herself darted from the door adjoining the store, slipped a bit of a note into my hand, and flew back again so rapidly that I hardly saw her myself, and am sure no one else did. By this time, Royal had rendered himself so obnoxious to the old man that he fairly turned him out of the shop, with the request that he would never enter it again. I think I never saw a more dejected countenance than Royal's, as he joined me on the walk, and we left the spot.

"'What's the matter, shipmate?' I asked, as we walked slowly away. 'You couldn't look more down in the mouth if some one had stolen your chest of go-ashore clothes. Has your little bird flown, or sick, or what?'

"'I don't know; that is the worst of it,' he replied, with a face as long as the fore-to-bow-line. 'I must manage somehow to see her again before I go on board the ship to-night, even if I have to desert for the purpose. She would, I feel certain, have communicated with me in some manner had it been in her power. It is from her neglect to do so that I fear something serious has occurred.'

"'Why, the fact is, Royal,' I replied, 'you are not smart. Now, although you have had so much talk with the little gipsy, and I so little, it is clear that I am the favorite, as is evident from her not taking the trouble to communicate with you, while she did with me, though I haven't had time to read her note yet.' At the same time, I drew from my pocket the little letter, which, Royal, snatched from my hand as though his life depended upon getting it away from me.

"'The instant change in his countenance would have been sufficient evidence that the contents were not of a very unpleasant nature, even if he had not passed the note to me upon finishing its perusal. It was evidently hastily written, in a round school-girl hand, with many erasures, and an occasional spot, which may have been made by tears. She commenced by saying that her father had discovered his frequent visits at the store, was very angry, and treated her with great severity in consequence, forbidding her to go into the store again when gentlemen were

present; that she feared she had done wrong in having had any conversation with him whatever; that now they must never, *never* meet again; she wished they never had met; and concluded by earnestly desiring that he would not call at the store again, as her father would be so angry; and, in particular, she hoped he would not endeavor to meet her in the park, where she walked every afternoon from three till four.

"Of course we respected her wishes—all except the last, with which Royal could hardly be expected to comply. At least two hours before the time she wished us not to see her, we were posted in the park, watching every female that passed, as though we suspected her of an intent to pick our pockets.

"At length, after what seemed a young eternity, Mary made her appearance, looking brighter and prettier than ever, and accompanied by a maid-of-all-work, whom we had often seen at the store. Royal and myself, like heartless wretches as we were, to plague such a dear little innocent, hid ourselves behind a clump of trees, that we might have an opportunity of seeing whether she expected us. Upon entering the park, she glanced furtively in every direction, but not seeing the person, her look became more anxious, and upon reaching the spot near where we were concealed—from whence she could obtain a view of the whole place—the certainty that we had not come forced itself upon her, and the poor little thing, raising her handkerchief to her eyes, burst into tears.

"This was rather too much for me, and I gave Royal a tremendous kick to rouse him into action; but he needed no hint from me, for at the instant he was in the act of springing from his hiding place, and coming softly behind them, gently touched Mary on the arm. Starting suddenly, she looked up into his face with an expression so full of joy, and love, and confidence, that my heart smote me for having had anything whatever to do with the affair; for, of course, I had no means of knowing Royal's intentions, and I inwardly resolved if he did not swear to me to deal honestly by her, I would inform her father.

"Mary's first act was to have another little crying spell, and, woman-like, to reproach Royal for doing that which, if he had not, would have broken her heart altogether. Mary's companion soon fell behind, to keep company with yours truly, which she did for an hour, at least, on that day, and a score or two of days subsequently. According to all the rules of story-telling, I ought to have fallen desperately in love with the girl, but that was rather more than

I could do. I tried hard enough, and so I believe did she, but the fact is, I was nearly as much in love with Mary as Royal himself, and the coarse, though good-natured, servant-girl could hardly supplant her, while at the same time Royal was so much more splendid than your humble servant, that I was completely eclipsed.

"The interview, as I have said, lasted a full hour, and it was with a countenance radiant with happiness that Royal parted from Mary at the park gate.

" 'Joe, my boy, I'm the happiest dog alive,' said he, as he joined me. 'She's to meet me here again to-morrow.'

"I felt sorry to mar his happiness, but true to my virtuous resolve, I was determined to find out his intentions; so giving him a peculiar look, I ejaculated 'if—'

" 'If what?' he exclaimed, in astonishment.

" 'If I don't prevent it by informing her father,' I said.

" 'What the deuce do you mean, Joe?' said he, angrily. 'I can bear a great deal from you, but you'll oblige me by not joking upon that subject.'

" 'It's no joke,' I continued; 'I never was more serious in my life. Now listen attentively to what I am going to say, and your answer will decide whether I put a stop to these interviews or not. I want to know what it is your intention to do with our little friend; no doubt you like her, and would not see her injured for your right hand. But consider what you are doing. If you were always to fill the same station you do now, it would be right and proper, no doubt, to keep up the intimacy, and some day marry the girl; but it is not so. In a few years—a few months, perhaps—you will be a rich man, with a handle to your name; one of the aristocracy in fact, and expected to take your wife from your own class. When that time arrives, you will hesitate long, and do much violence to your feelings, sooner than wed one of her station, however much you may like her; and so the poor child must have her heart broken to gratify a passing fancy of yours. Indeed, it is the fable of the donkey and the frogs realized—while it is fun for the donkey, it is death for the frogs. Mary is the innocent little frog, who must die, because you, a great strapping jackass, must needs kick, and flap, and flounce about in the little pond which she inhabits, when you might as well, with the whole world before you, choose some other spot to amuse yourself, where you would then injure no one.'

"Well, really, Joe, I didn't suppose there was so much talk in you," said Royal, with a laugh. "I'm certainly very much obliged to you for the simile. But seriously, I had long ago considered all that you have said, and fully and decidedly made up my mind as to what course I shall pursue in regard to the child, as you call her; so set your mind at rest upon the subject. I intend to marry her as soon as possible, and before I leave Portsmouth. Her father, to be sure, is opposed to such a proceeding, because he hopes for his child to do better than to marry a common sailor; for which I do not blame him; indeed, she is worthy a better fate. Did he know what my prospects really are, he would doubtless be as anxious to promote the match, as he is now to thwart it; while, on the other hand, did Mary suspect the truth, the poor little thing would be frightened by the same doubts that have found a place in your stupid brain. Besides which, it will be a great pleasure and a matter of no little pride to me, if she consents to marry me as a sailor. You perceive, therefore, there are no grounds for your fears, and also why I keep my real condition a secret from Mary. Were I free from the service, I should marry as soon as I could obtain her consent. I would apply to my uncle for my discharge; but if he thought I really wished to be released from the navy, he would keep me there as long as possible. My only course, therefore, is to wait patiently until he himself offers to release me, which will be soon, I fancy; so give yourself no uneasiness about Mary. No one can be more solicitous for her real welfare than I am myself."

"Royal's words carried conviction with them, and I was satisfied. The next day, and the next, and for many succeeding days, did the lovers enjoy their stolen interviews uninterrupted, until one afternoon, while walking, as usual, and fro, on one of the paths, our second lieutenant made his appearance in the park, and seeing Royal in company with a lady, turned his steps in that direction, and gazed earnestly, and in a manner calculated to give offence, to say the least, at Mary. Royal, aware that he would get himself into serious difficulty by resenting his conduct in any way, passed on without any remark, though I could see he with difficulty controlled his feelings. I was overjoyed to see the lieutenant continue his walk without molesting them further; for knowing Royal's proud spirit, I feared an explosion, which would inevitably have resulted in his being deprived of his liberty; for the lieutenant was a person who would stoop to any meanness to revenge the slightest

injury; indeed, he was universally disliked by both officers and men for his insolent and overbearing manner; but being the son of an admiral, and possessing considerable influence, every one stood more or less in fear of him.

"From the character of the man and his manner upon meeting Mary, I feared we had not seen the last of him; nor were my fears without foundation, for, upon returning to the boat-landing that afternoon, we found him waiting for us. Approaching Royal, he addressed him in a condescending manner, and after a few casual remarks, inquired:

"Where did you capture that pretty little craft I saw you conveying this afternoon? Who and what is she?"

"A friend of mine," answered Royal, coldly.

"A friend of yours, eh? You may as well tell me who she is, for I have taken quite a fancy to her, and intend to make her a friend of mine, also."

"That she will never be," retorted Royal, angrily.

"Be careful of your words, young man, or you may get yourself into difficulty," returned the lieutenant. "It would be strange, indeed, if a young wench, who keeps company with a fellow like you, should refuse the civilities of an officer."

"The approach of the captain at this moment, prevented the angry retort which Royal could scarcely refrain from uttering, and in silence we pulled the boat to the ship's side.

"Both Royal and myself were troubled with anxious forebodings that night, for the lieutenant had it in his power, if he saw fit, to prevent our going on shore again while we remained at Portsmouth; a prospect of a not very cheering nature to a young fellow in Royal's situation; and it was with a great deal of trepidation we awaited the hour for the captain to go on shore, when it would be apparent whether or no our liberty had been stopped. To our joyful surprise, we found, when the gig was piped away, that our places in the boat had not been supplied by others, and it was with light hearts we pulled the boat to the landing, reproaching ourselves with having entertained so bad an opinion of the lieutenant.

"Having roamed about the town as usual, through the morning, we turned our steps toward the park at the accustomed hour, and seating ourselves near the entrance gate, awaited the appearance of Mary, and her shadow, the servant girl, from whom she appeared never to be separated; at least, when she came to the park. We had been there some little time, and so busi-

ly engaged in conversation that for a minute or two we had forgotten to look toward the gate to observe whether our friends were in sight, when we were startled by the sound of voices, and looking up, beheld Mary running hastily towards us, while her companion was in a violent altercation with the lieutenant, upon whom she was bestowing a 'piece of her mind' with exceeding emphasis.

"O dear, I am so glad you are here!" exclaimed Mary, as Royal flew to meet her. 'Who is that man, and what does he mean?' and she pointed tremblingly at the lieutenant, who having disengaged himself from the girl, was hastily approaching them.

"Ah, my darling," said the lieutenant, 'so you are playing the modest, are you, and pretending to be frightened? Come, come, that won't do with me; it's a very pretty dodge, but I understand it perfectly.' And he extended his hand toward Mary.

"Stand back, sir!" roared Royal, in a furious passion. 'Stand back, or I'll show you a dodge you don't understand!'

"So you dare threaten your superior officer, do you, fellow? You may consider yourself good for four dozen at the gangway to-morrow morning. So you may as well leave the girl to my care, and go quietly down to the boat, and I may, perhaps, overlook your insolence.'

"Take that, you cowardly whelp!" roared Royal, striking him a crushing blow in the face, which sent him reeling into the centre of a muddy pool by the side of the path, from which he extricated himself, dripping with water, and, without saying a word, walked rapidly away.

"The instant the blow was struck, we became aware of the disagreeable situation in which we had placed ourselves; the rules of the service were strict, and the punishment for striking an officer severe in the extreme. We well knew with what intention the lieutenant had walked away so quickly, and that we might expect a file of marines after us at any moment.

"That Royal should be adverse to having Mary see him arrested, and perhaps brutally treated before her face, was very natural; and he consequently, after soothing and relieving her agitation as much as possible, hurried her departure with an apocryphal story of some business he was obliged to attend to immediately.

"The whole affair had been so strange, and Royal's evident anxiety to terminate the interview so unusual, that it was with a very sorrowful and bewildered countenance Mary left the spot. No sooner had she disappeared round a corner, than with a simultaneous action, though

without exchanging a word—for we both knew too well the necessity of expedition—we hastened toward the boat-landing, to avoid, if possible, being dragged through the streets as prisoners; nor was there a moment to spare. We no sooner reached the landing than we were seized by a file of marines, a pair of handcuffs slipped on to our wrists, and in five minutes more we were in confinement in the brig, or ship-prison.

"The punishment for such an offence as Royal had committed, and in which I was implicated, could only be inflicted by order of a court martial, and our greatest source of apprehension during the first part of our confinement, was that the trial would not take place for a number of days, during which our friends would naturally experience no little anxiety, to say nothing of the indignities the lieutenant might offer Mary, who would be sure to visit the park as usual. But our anxiety upon this point was speedily put at rest, for the lieutenant, in his solicitude to have us punished at once, did the very thing which of all others we could have wished. By his urgent solicitation, the officers convened, and the court martial was held at once, so that scarcely an hour intervened between our arrest and our being led into court.

"The trial was soon over; there being little more necessary in such cases than for the officer making the complaint to state the circumstances, little or nothing being allowed to be said in behalf of the defendant. In our case, the proceedings were unusually abridged, no witnesses being necessary—the lieutenant's magnificent black eye being sufficient evidence, even if we had not pleaded guilty to the charge.

"The court conferred for a moment, when the senior officer proceeded to read the sentence, which was, 'that Royal Backstay, seaman, for assaulting and wounding an officer of his British Majesty's naval service, be, and hereby is, sentenced by a competent court martial to receive twelve dozen lashes upon his bare back, well laid on; immediately after receiving which, to be transferred to the sloop-of-war Teazer, to proceed to the East India station, there to remain during the four years remaining of the term for which he shipped. And that Joseph Grummet, seaman, who appears to have taken no active part in the assault, receive the ordinary punishment of four dozen and four on the bare back.'

"Immediately after the reading of the sentence, we were led back to the brig, and the irons were again fastened on Royal's wrists, while my own hands—on account of the lightness of the punishment—were left at liberty. My own sentence was a mere nothing. Many and many a

time had I received the same number of lashes ; indeed, it was the usual punishment for light offences ; besides which, my back, from repeated and generous flogging, had become hard and callous, as is frequently the case with fan loving men-of-war's-men, and I could take four dozen, and put my jacket on top of them without winking. But the case was different with Royal ; a lash had never touched his back ; consequently the infliction would be much more severe, for in first floggings the back is tender, and the lash enters deeply into the flesh, drawing blood at every stroke, and leaving a scar for life. Besides, twelve dozen are a great many lashes. Men have died before now ere the number was completed, and I had great fears for Royal. But he professed to think nothing of it. At the worst, he thought, it could but lay him up for a month or so ; but then it must be considered he had never tasted the 'cat.' The remainder of his sentence, however, gave him the greatest uneasiness. The Teazer was to sail immediately, and although his uncle might procure his discharge, it would be too late, the ship must have sailed, and a year must elapse, before he could return to England ; and a year is a long while to a young fellow in love.

"We talked the matter over, pro and con, until night, when with the darkness we relapsed into silence, each being sufficiently occupied with his own thoughts. Suddenly Royal turned to me, and said, earnestly :

"Joe, I must communicate with Mary to-night, that she may be prevented from going to the park to-morrow. I would not have her see the lieutenant, and hear his account of my punishment for the world. I must get a message to her to-night."

"Impossible !" I exclaimed. "There is no boat going on shore to-night ; besides, who would take a message to her if there was ?"

"No, it's not impossible," he replied, slowly.

"I understood him in a moment.

"True," I replied, "my hands are at liberty, the brig door is open, with only a marine to guard it. It is possible I might succeed in escaping. I will try if you wish it ; but consider to what you expose me. It is neither more nor less than desertion, and you know the penalty. Is the object to be gained worth the risk ?"

"He made no answer at the time, and for nearly half an hour remained silent, absorbed in his own thoughts. At length, in a low and scarcely articulate voice, he said :

"Joe, I would do as much for you."

"That is enough," I replied. "What shall I say to her ?"

"Whatever you think best. You know my wishes, and can best judge what to say when you see her."

"It was already late, and there was no time to be wasted ; so creeping close to the door, I waited till the marine on guard passed, and slipping softly by him, gained the side of a gun before he turned. Crouching down in the shadow, I waited until he turned again, when quickly and silently I crawled to an open port, and sliding down by the fore chains, dropped noiselessly into the water, and struck out for the shore.

"It was a long swim, and I was nearly exhausted before reaching the land. So clambering up the pier wall, I sat down to recover my breath ; but a single glance toward the ship showed me that my escape was already discovered. There was now no time to rest. Springing up, I ran with all speed toward the part of the town in which Mary resided. Arriving at the house, I saw to my dismay that the store was closed. To alarm the house, would be to arouse the old man, and before I could succeed in seeing Mary, the guard from the ship would be at my heels. As I stood hesitating what to do, I glanced upward, and to my great comfort saw a light in one of the upper windows. Scraping up a handful of gravel, I threw it against the sash. Immediately some one came to the window, raised it, and looking out, inquired who was there. I recognized the voice as belonging to the girl I had seen so often with Mary. Stepping to the spot where the light shone upon me, I answered :

"It is Joe. Don't you know me ?"

"She knew me at once, and telling me to remain where I was, closed the window and vanished. In another minute the store door opened, and entering, I found myself in the presence of Mary, and the girl I had seen at the window.

"What is the matter ? What has happened ?" exclaimed Mary, with the greatest anxiety.

"Nothing, nothing—only Royal wishes you not to go to the park again till you hear from him," I replied, determined to deliver the more important part of my message at once, in case anything should suddenly occur to interrupt our interview.

"Something has happened, I know there has," persisted Mary, not at all satisfied with my reply.

"No, nothing, I assure you," I answered, with as much boldness as though I was speaking the truth.

"Then what makes you so wet ? Tell me, has anything happened to him ?"

"I had forgotten about my clothes, which were sticking to me from the effect of my aquatic performance, giving me very much the appearance of a plaster image. The question was a poser, but I was relieved from the necessity of framing an answer by the regular tramp of a body of men approaching the house, and a succession of heavy raps upon the door, while a voice called :

"Open, in the king's name!"

"What does all this mean?" asked Mary and the girl in affright.

"Why, the fact is," I replied, fairly forced to tell something near the truth. "Royal is in confinement for striking that officer to-day, and I have deserted to tell you that nothing serious has occurred, and bring Royal's request not to go to the park at present. These men at the door are after me as a deserter. But is there no way to escape from here?" I asked, as the raps continued.

"Yes, this way," said the girl, going to a door in the rear of the shop.

"No, no, no! not there!" exclaimed Mary. "Don't you hear? My father is coming down stairs."

"Where then shall we put him?" asked the girl, in a flutter. "O, here's a place, come here," and she opened the cover of one of a long row of boxes, such as you often see behind the counter of a grocery store. The box was about two-thirds full of meal, so scooping out a hole in the centre, I jumped in, and making myself small as possible, they closed the cover, and pushed a heavy box of coffee on top of it. In another minute the old man entered the shop, and opened the door to the officer and marines, who were besieging the front. The box was so close that I could hear but little that took place; but it appeared that the marines, having entered, searched every part of the shop and house in vain, and were about giving up the search, when the circumstance occurred which revealed my hiding place.

"Upon the cover of the box being closed upon me, I became aware that the place was too close to support respiration, no air entering the box. From my confined position, I found it impossible to raise the lid; and to add to my discomfort, the commotion I had kicked up on entering, caused the meal to rise in a cloud, entering my mouth and nostrils in such quantities as to almost suffocate me. I held on, however, resolved to suffer all but death sooner than be taken. But human nature cannot endure everything, and at the last pinch of the game, when the marines were in the act of leaving, I found it impossible to restrain a

thundering sneeze, which made the box rattle. In an instant the cover was raised, and myself pulled out, looking more like a miller than ever did the proprietor of any grist mill.

"I must have made a ludicrous figure, for not a person in the shop—not even Mary—could refrain from a hearty laugh at my appearance. Being saturated with water, the meal adhered to every part of my person—my clothes, hair, every part in fact, to the thickness of an inch. I must have seemed like nothing so much as an animated pudding. That, however, did not prevent their hurrying me off, and in a few minutes, I found myself again in confinement on board the ship; this time, however, in a separate room from Royal.

"The events of the day had fatigued me not a little, and weariness overcoming my anxiety, I fell asleep and was only awakened by the boatswain's whistle the next morning, piping all hands to witness punishment. At the same time a marine entered, with a change of clothes, and materials for making a decent toilet, which being completed, I was then marched to the gangway. Royal, who was already there, looked eagerly at me. I gave him an affirmative nod, which seemed to raise his spirits wonderfully.

"Everything was in readiness for the punishment to proceed. The men were grouped upon the forward part of the deck, the officers farther aft, while in the centre, the boatswain's mate flourished his cat, and the surgeon stood ready to see that the torture did not *quite* kill the victim. The only persons to be flogged that day were Royal and myself. His turn came first. His shirt was stripped from his shoulders, leaving him exposed from the waist upward. Two men now stretched his arms outward and upward, making them fast by a lashing, while another lashed his feet to the grating to prevent the slightest convulsive action.

"Already was the boatswain's mate swinging the lash around his head, preparatory to the first blow, only awaiting the word, when a slight confusion at the gangway announced that some one was coming on board. The order was given to delay the flogging; for naval officers are somewhat averse to letting a stranger and a civilian witness the brutal act, which to a person unused to such things, is horribly sickening.

"I stood quite near the gangway, and, though I hardly know why, watched the stranger as he stepped upon deck with extraordinary interest. He was a little, hatchet-faced man, with sharp, twinkling eyes, that seemed to look through you. Going at once to the captain, he asked some questions, but in so low a tone that I could not

catch the words. The captain, in reply, pointed to the grating where Royal was seized up.

"Impossible!" exclaimed the little man, in amazement. "Why, he is now, since the death of his uncle, a baronet; a man of station; one of the first men in his county. Besides, here is his discharge, signed at the Admiralty."

"I am very sorry," returned the captain; "but the rules of the service are strict. The punishment ordered by a court martial for a crime committed, while the person committing it belongs to the navy, must be inflicted. I would gladly remit his punishment were it in my power, for it is more painful to my feelings than you can imagine."

"How do you know this crime, as you call it, was committed while he belonged to the service?" asked the hatchet-faced man. "When did this affair take place?"

"When was it, Mr. Smith?" asked the captain of the second lieutenant.

"Yesterday afternoon, between three and four," he replied.

"Between three and four, eh?" said the stranger, drawing a paper from his pocket. "You will perceive that this discharge is dated twelve o'clock, yesterday; therefore the assault was committed when Sir Royal was as free from the service as I am. Your injured officer can only bring a suit for simple assault, and that, too, in a respectable court;" and the little man glanced contemptuously at the officers about him.

"You are right, sir," returned the captain; "he did not belong to the service at that time."

"Then turning to the officer in charge, he ordered the prisoner to be released and sent aft."

"Royal was speedily let down, and resuming his shirt and jacket, followed the captain and the stranger into the cabin, while—as there was now nothing to prevent punishment going on as usual—your humble servant was seized up, and took his four dozen and four like a gentleman, and being let down was at once removed to the brig, there to remain to answer for desertion. That, however, didn't trouble me much, and as Royal's affair was all right, I had nothing to do but lay on my back, kick up my heels, and make fun of the sentry. Toward noon, the monotony of the scene was pleasantly varied by the appearance of an officer, who, setting me at liberty, and putting into my hand a pass for a month's leave of absence, informed me that a gentleman wished to see me aft. At the cabin door I found Royal, who, in a civilian's apparel, was chatting familiarly with the captain.

"Mr. Grammet," said the captain, jocularly, "allow me to introduce you to Sir Royal Back-

stay, late of his British majesty's naval service now of Backstay Hall, Staffordshire."

"There is but little more to add. Royal married Mary, and she, being a female, was tickled to find after her marriage that she was the wife of a baronet instead of a sailor. I accompanied them home to Backstay Hall, where I passed one of the pleasantest months in my life. Royal tried to persuade me to quit the service; but being born for a sailor, I had to fulfil my destiny."

A BATH IN THE DEAD SEA.

I proposed a bath, for the sake of experiment, but Francis endeavored to dissuade us. He had tried it, and nothing could be more disagreeable; we risked getting a fever, and besides, there were four hours of dangerous travel before us. But by this time we were half undressed, and soon were floating in the clear bituminous waves. The beach was fine gravel, and shelved gradually down. I kept my turban on my head, and was careful to avoid touching the water with my face. The sea was warm and gratefully soothing to the skin. It was impossible to sink, and even while swimming the body rose half out of the water. I should think it possible to dive for a short distance, but prefer that some one else should try the experiment. With a log of wood for a pillow, one might sleep as on a patent mattress. The taste of the water is salt and pungent, and stings the tongue like saltpetre. We were obliged to dress in all haste, without even wiping off the detestable liquid; yet I experienced very little of that discomfort which most travellers have remarked. Where the skin had been previously bruised, there was a slight smarting sensation, and my body felt clammy and glutinous, but the bath was rather refreshing than otherwise.—*Bayard Taylor.*

AN ECCENTRIC.

Died in Marblehead, lately, Mr. Robert Harris, aged 90 years. This individual was probably one of the most eccentric of our day. In company with his brother, who died a short time since at an equally advanced age, he carried on a farm, keeping "bachelor's hall," and nothing so much disturbed the even tenor of their way as to have a feminine enter their doors. Together they accumulated a large sum of money from the products of their labor, and on the death of one the other found money on the premises that he never dreamed of. Possessing a large tract of land, no money would induce them to part with an acre or even a foot of it; and when money came into their hands it was held with an equally tenacious grasp. Their wants being simple and few, they were supplied by their labor in husbandry, and as a natural consequence their worldly possessions increased to an extent, which when divided among the respective heirs, will make a fine slice for each.

There are no words so fine, no flattery so soft, that there is not a sentiment beyond them that is impossible to express, at the bottom of the heart where true love is.

THE JOYS OF LOVE.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

When hopes we cherish quickly fade
 Within the shadowy past;
 When loudly roars around our path
 Misfortune's bitter blast;
 When nature to our stricken souls
 A dreary aspect wears,
 And we are bowed beneath the weight
 Of life's unchanging cares;
 When winds are howling wildly round
 Life's dark and gloomy skies;
 O, then the faded joys of yore
 Around our pathway rise.

Though faded now, yet once I thought
 That they could ne'er decay;
 Yet, like the fragile summer flowers,
 They all have passed away;
 And the emotion of my heart
 Is chilled above the scene,
 As on the wreck of love I gaze,
 And think what once has been;
 And vain, O vain is the attempt,
 Within the past to find
 One charm, one hope that cheers the soul,
 Or gives peace to the mind.

A LUCKY HIT.

BY C. H. BILLINGS.

HIRAM VEASIE was a plain, good-hearted, honest farmer's boy, whose parents lived on the farm where his grandfather was born, not half a dozen miles from Augusta, Me. With a good common school education, and a natural aptitude, Hiram was considered at the age of twenty to be a very promising young man, and was certainly of great service to his father upon the farm. Old Mr. Veasie was comfortably situated as to pecuniary means; first, because his wants were few, and secondly, because his land very nearly supplied them all. But when Hiram asked his father to advance him some small amount with which to commence business, the good old man frankly acknowledged his inability, and rather wondered that his son could not content himself on the farm, as his father and grandfather had done before him.

The truth was, that Hiram had from boyhood, and during all his school hours, been the intimate friend and companion of pretty Lucy White, the squire's daughter, and this childish friendship had ripened with years into love. Lucy's father understood the position of affairs perfectly, between the young people, but never interfered, until one day when Hiram took the old gentleman one side, and asked him for Lucy as his wife. Old Squire White, as he was universally

called, replied kindly, but firmly, that Hiram must first acquire some trade, and means enough to support Lucy, before he could give his consent to such an arrangement. The future looked blank to Hiram, therefore, for he was but a poor farmer's boy.

Lucy was a gentle and lovely girl of nineteen, as intelligent as she was pretty; she loved Hiram sincerely, but she was too sensible to sit down with him and pine over the situation of affairs. She was a practical Yankee girl, and her advice to Hiram was sound and loving.

"Go," she said, "to Boston or New York. You are active, good-looking, intelligent and industrious; the very characteristics that command place, I should say, in a large city, and see if you do not find the means of earning such wages, as shall help you to lay by something. I, too, will be industrious, in the meantime, and what little I can save shall go to make up the necessary sum for the purchase of a snug little home for us."

Hiram kissed his sweet little school mate, and promising her that she should never for one hour be out of his mind, soon gathered a small sum of money together, and with a kind farewell and the blessing of his old father and mother, he took the cars for Boston. It was his first visit to a large city, and at the outset he was almost bewildered; but seeking economical lodgings, he began at once to look about himself for employment. This he found it hard to obtain, but he was daily growing more and more conversant with city life and ways, and he wrote every few days to Lucy a digest of his observations and fortunes. A fortnight or three weeks in Boston made fearful inroads into his slender purse, and at the suggestion of some new acquaintance he determined to go to New York.

Here he passed some two weeks with various adventures, but without finding an hour of paying occupation. He wandered everywhere, observing and searching out places, inquiring freely of all, until at the close of the third week, he had but a single dollar left in his pocket, and felt for the first time nearly disheartened. In this mood he strolled through one of the up town cross streets above Union Park, and found his attention attracted by the operation of a steam saw mill, which he entered, and quietly watched the business of. He saw a small, but efficient engine driving four saws fed by four men, while there stood at a desk hard by, one evidently the manager of the establishment.

Hiram felt a strong interest in what he saw; there were large piles of excellent lumber in the building, an article he was familiar with from

childhood; and he watched the process of sawing it up, carefully observed to what purpose the wood was put, and saw a couple of hands in a farther part of the shop engaged in dovetailing the pieces together, and forming the lumber into boxes of various sizes. He consumed so much time, and was so minute in his observation, that at last the proprietor came up to him and addressed him pleasantly:

"You seem to be quite interested?" he remarked, to Hiram.

"Yes. I have seen a good deal of lumber in my day, and I was calculating how much you probably used up in this way."

"We use a good many thousand feet every week."

"So I should think, and best number ones, too."

"Yes, we require the very best stock, and lumber is 'up' now."

"How much do you pay?"

"Twenty-four dollars a thousand, all clear and assorted."

"What do you do with all these boxes?" continued Hiram.

"O, we can sell them faster than we can make them, for packing soap, chemicals, etc."

"Rather heavy for that purpose, I should say," added Hiram.

"Well, they are rather heavy, but we can't get boards sawed any different, they are down to the lowest gage of the lumber mills."

Hiram looked thoughtful, handled the boxes, examined the saws, talked good common sense, business style, to the man, and at last he said, half seriously, half in jest:

"You don't want a partner, do you?"

"Why, no, not exactly; though if I had one who would put in a couple of thousand dollars, and would take hold heartily himself, I wouldn't mind sharing the thing with him, and throwing in the machinery."

"I haven't got any money," said Hiram; "but I will give you an idea about this matter, and will take hold and give my time, in a way that I think it will be worth as much as the sum you name, in a short time, provided you will give me half the business."

"I like the way you talk," said the man, honestly; "but this is an odd proposition!"

"You say you pay twenty-four dollars a thousand for the boards?"

"Yes."

"Supposing I bring them down to twelve at once, and make neater and better boxes for your purpose?"

"If you can do that, I will share with you at once, for my fortune would be made."

"Will you give me a chance to try the thing after my own fancy, for one day, say, commencing to-morrow morning?"

"Yes," said the man, after a moment's hesitation. "I can see no harm, though I am to be away to-morrow forenoon."

After a little longer talk, and a careful understanding that there should be no experiment tried that should risk the machinery, Mr. Hurd, the box maker, gave orders to his people that Mr. Veazie was to be obeyed on the following forenoon, the same as though he were himself to give the orders, and that he should return at noon.

Hiram at once took off his coat, measured one of the saws and asked if it was the largest; he was told that it was, this he was at first sorry for; but still, carefully taking his measures upon a piece of paper, he soon disappeared. He remembered a hardware store, not far distant, which he had passed that very afternoon; to this he repaired, and selected a *circum saw*, twice as large as any that Mr. Hurd had in his shop, and of a different make in the teeth; he also got some braces and bolts of a size and style which he appeared to understand, and telling the store keeper that he wanted them for Mr. Hurd in the next street, he found no difficulty in getting them on credit. With matters thus arranged, he returned to his boarding-place and studied in his own mind as to how he would carry out the plan he had conceived.

It was about twelve o'clock noon, on the following day, when Mr. Hurd returned to his shop, where he found Hiram Veazie in his shirt sleeves, and with a pair of "overalls" on, at work before a large *splitting* saw which he had erected upon one of the benches, and to which he had applied the steam power. He was *splitting the boards*, which were fully thick enough to admit of it, and thus was making the boards produce just twice as many boxes as heretofore, with an equal amount of labor. Since those who finished them up into boxes after they were sawed, could work enough faster with the thinner lumber to make up for the occupation of one hand to tend the splitting saw.

Mr. Hurd looked on with astonishment; already were a score of boxes and more manufactured of the new thickness, and they were actually more valuable, as the thickness was ample for all purposes of strength, and the weight was reduced one half. He was also delighted at his new acquaintance, who took hold of the work so handily, and above all felt that he had at once given him an idea worth half his business and more. Mr. Hurd was an honest and faithful

man, and unhesitatingly kept his promise, installing Hiram in the business with one-half the profits.

The reader may imagine the letter which Hiram wrote to his faithful Lucy, and how she encouraged him in return; and how the business proved exceedingly prosperous, and how it was enlarged, and Hiram found himself at the end of a twelvemonth, worth some two thousand dollars; and how Squire White pressed his hand warmly, when he returned to ask for Lucy, and told him to "take her," and how Lucy blushing laid her fair cheek bathed with happy tears upon his shoulder, and her kind, old mother, said that she had but one regret, and that was to part with Lucy, "who must now go away to live in York state."

But all this was so, and Lucy and Hiram were married, and their friends declared that Heaven made the match, and worked a miracle for Hiram Veazie, who was so good, and industrious, and generous-spirited. But these are not the days of miracles, and the reader knows very well that it was all brought about by the most natural agencies.

Three years only have passed since Hiram was married, as we have related in this *veritable story*, and on the Bloomingdale road, not a long walk from the large factory of Hurd & Veazie, lives Hiram and his lovely companion. The large and pleasant house in which they reside, is his own, and a handsome surplus besides. Each annual Christmas, they return to their childhood's home, and Lucy thinks the journey is healthy for little Hiram.

A FAIR OFFER.

Dr. Franklin made the following offer to a young man: "Make," said he, "a full estimate of all you owe, and of all that is owing to you; reduce the same to a note. As fast as you can collect, pay over to those you owe. If you cannot collect, renew your obligation every year, and get the best security you can. Go to business diligently, and be industrious; waste no idle moments; be very economical in all things; discard all pride; be faithful in your duty to God, by regular and hearty prayer morning and night; attend church regular every Sunday; and do unto all men as you would they should do unto you. If you are too needy in circumstances to give to the poor, do what else in your power cheerfully, but if you can, always help the worthy and unfortunate. Pursue this course diligently and sincerely for seven years, and if you are not happy, comfortable, and independent in your circumstances, come to me and I will pay your debts." Young people, try it.

We do not despise all those who have vices, but we despise all those who have not a single virtue.

MALEFACTOR DEVOURED BY A LION.

Several years before the French occupation of Constantine, in Algeria, amongst the numerous malefactors with whom the prisons overflowed, were two persons condemned to death—two brothers, who were to be executed the next day. They were highway robbers, ham-stringers, and cut-throats, of whose courage and strength the most surprising tales were related. The bey, fearing they would make their escape, ordered them to be shackled together—that is, each of them had one foot riveted in the same ring of solid iron. No one knows how the matter was managed; but every one knows that, when the executioner presented himself, the cell was empty. The two brothers, who had succeeded in escaping, after vain exertions to cut or open their common fetters, proceeded across the country in order to avoid any unpleasant meeting. When daylight came, they hid themselves in the rocks; at night, they continued their journey. In the middle of the night they met a lion. The two brothers began by throwing stones at him, and shouting with all their strength, to drive him away; but the animal lay down before them, and would not stir. Finding that threats and insults did no good, they tried the effect of prayers; but the lion bounded upon them, dashed them to the ground, and amused himself by eating the elder of the two at the side of his brother, who pretended to be dead. When the lion came to the leg which was confined by the iron fetter, finding it resisted his teeth, he cut off the limb above the knee. Then, whether he had eaten enough, or whether he was thirsty, he proceeded to a spring a little way off. The poor surviving wretch looked around for a place of refuge, for he was afraid the lion would come back again after drinking. And therefore, dragging after him his brother's leg, he contrived to hide himself in a silo, which he had the good luck to find close by. Shortly afterwards, he heard the lion roaring with rage, and pacing to and fro close to the hole in which he had retreated. At last, daylight came, and the lion departed. The instant that the unfortunate man got out of the silo, he found himself in the presence of several of the bey's cavalry, who were on his track. One of them took him up on horseback behind him, and he was brought back to Constantine, where they put him into prison again. The bey, scarcely believing the facts related by his vassals, desired to see the man, and had him appear before him, still dragging after him his brother's leg. Ahmed Bey, notwithstanding his reputation for cruelty, ordered the fetters to be broken, and granted the poor wretch his life.—*English paper.*

"Is tender sensibility peculiar to confectioners in this country?" asked the Brahmin Poo-Poo of Old Roger in Washington Street, pointing towards Heilige's window.

"Not that I know of," replied Roger, slowly, as if ashamed to give up at once; "why do you ask?"

"Because," said the Brahmin, "from a glance in every confectioner's window, I see that they all sell candy in broken size."

Roger whistled audibly, and made a wild gesture, as if about to jump over an omnibus, but simmered down to a faint smile.—*Boston Post.*

THE HARP OF THOUGHT.

BY J. SARGENT.

Touch light the string of memory's harp,
No harsh, unpleasant thoughts awake;
Let not the discords of the past
The harmony of life's tenor break.

Breathe gently on those tender chords
That vibrate to the touch of time,
And send its music to the heart
Of grief's wild notes or soothing rhyme.

Tune all its strings in concert sweet,
That not one false note may be given,
Let its harmonies take their flight,
A messenger from us to heaven.

That when its chords are snapped by age,
And death has hushed each silver note,
May others' thoughts their echoes catch,
And ever in their memory float.

ADVENTURE AT A FRENCH PARTY.

My friend and myself were preparing for a party, given by the Count de Lindley, in honor of the birthday of his only daughter.

"But," said I, resuming the conversation, which had been interrupted by the entrance of a servant, bearing wine and refreshments that we had ordered, "but what am I to do? You know I am wholly unacquainted with the customs of the French people, besides being almost unacquainted with the language itself, all my knowledge being limited to 'Parley vous,' and 'Oui, Monsieur!'"

"O, as to that," replied Frank (fair reader, allow me to introduce you), "we will manage it finely. You know that in a handsome man (here Frank glanced at the mirror, and complacently stroked his mustache), a great many faults will be overlooked. Now, as Nature has been very bountiful in bestowing her favors upon you in that respect (I bowed), and as you are not entirely ignorant of it, I think, with a little observation, and a little of my aid, you will be able to make a very favorable impression on these French playthings."

"Jupiter!" exclaimed I, impatiently interrupting him, "I have no fear but I shall appear well enough, as far as that is concerned, but how shall I talk? Am I to sit as though I had lost my tongue, or, what is as bad, did not know the use of it?"

"By no means," he replied, "and if you will listen without interrupting me, I will tell you. You must be a very talented young man, much given to observation, and but little to conversation; or you can be mourning for some friend

pro tem, and after much entreaty I have prevailed on you to accompany me, hoping to divert your—"

"Then I must needs give up dancing, and that I will not do!"

"Well, leave it to me; leave it to me, and I will see that all is right, especially if you should happen to discover any lady who is like to cause a peculiar sensation in that region where your heart ought to be, though I very much doubt your having one."

"I humbly thank you," I replied, laughing, "both for your implied compliment, and for the offer of your services, which I will gladly accept. Meanwhile, let us drink to your health, and to that of your lady-love."

The toast was drank with mock solemnity by me, and as I fancied, with real earnestness by him. But though I entered so willingly into his arrangements, I own I had some misgivings as to whether my roguish friend would aid me in a manner entirely to be desired. However, I could do no better, so I must make the best of it.

We were soon equipped, and the carriage being announced, we sprang in, and were rapidly whirled towards the mansion of the Count de L. Arrived there, we entered the splendid saloon where the guests were assembled. Everything was as beautiful as wealth and a refined taste could render it. Soft carpets, that echoed no sound, rich velvet hangings, elegant furniture, mirrors supported by marble tables, or reaching from the lofty ceiling even to the floor, splendid paintings, that many an artist would have given his all to equal or possess, statues of rare merit, were scattered about the apartments; the fairest exotics, in vases of the most exquisite workmanship, breathed forth their rich perfume, and everything was beautiful as the heart could wish. Then there were fair ladies, leaning on the arms of their attendant cavaliers, others laughing and chatting merrily with each other, or anon listening to the magic tones called forth by unseen musicians.

All this I had time to notice, while making our way toward our host and his fair daughter. After the usual greetings had ended, Frank having given me all necessary instructions, we separated, he, to enter into conversation with the fair ones, I, to observe what was passing around me, to study the different persons assembled there (for I am something of a physiognomist), and to amuse myself as best I could. I soon wearied of this, however, and passed from the saloon into a large conservatory, filled with the richest plants, from the delicately nurtured ones of the South, to the more rugged but not less beautiful ones

of the North. Birds of rare plumage sported among the green boughs, while others less tame hung suspended in their gilded cages, ever and anon sending forth low, chirping sounds, as still louder bursts of music roused them from their dreamy repose.

As I stood leaning against one of the marble pillars that supported the high, arching roof, I heard a slight rustling among the branches. I looked in the direction from whence the sound proceeded. Could it be possible, that Frank, who had vowed (with a sigh), that though he might play the agreeable, he could never love a French woman, and from his heart he despised a man who would profess what he did not feel, could it be possible, I ask, that he, in spite of his (heretofore) strict integrity and undoubted principles, could stand there, talking soft nonsense, and that to a French woman? My curiosity prevailed over my better feelings, and I remained a silent spectator to what was passing. More astonishing than all else, they are speaking English. My first glance at the face of the fair served to solve the enigma. She was an American! But ah—listen!

"My dearest Fannie," Frank says, "how could you ever doubt my faith? The mere thought is absurd! Think you I could ever forget my plighted vows to one I loved so dearly? O, Fannie, you little knew how desolate I felt, when obliged to relinquish my cherished hope of claiming this little hand," said he, tenderly pressing it to his lips (very lover-like for Frank). He was silent a few moments, then resuming his usual careless, laughing manner, continued:

"Why, Fannie, what in the name of the seven wonders could have led you to believe that I could have forgotten one whom I had sworn by all the saints in the cal—"

Fannie's white hand was held over his lips.

"Well, well, I won't swear, but answer me!"

"I heard," she replied, gazing from under her long eyelashes, "that you were engaged to be married to a lady by the name of Lila Granger. Of course I did not credit the account; but one day my brother came home, telling me that he had seen you place a letter in the office, which he was sure contained a locket, directed to Miss G. Soon after, I attended a concert given by Jeany Lind. I had not been seated long, when I saw you enter, with a beautiful girl leaning on your arm. I shrunk behind the curtain that you might not see me. By so doing I became an unintentional listener to the following conversation, carried on in under tones, between two gentlemen, whom I knew to be friends of yours:

"So that is the beautiful Lila Granger, whom Remington is so enamored of?"

"Yes, is she not lovely?"

"She is indeed! What a prize Remington will own."

"But do you really think he intends to marry her?"

"O, certainly, it was only this morning that he told me so, and wished me—"

"I heard no more, I felt faint and sick. My father perceiving my illness, as he supposed, immediately took me home. You know the rest."

"True," replied Frank, "and now hear my version of the story. Lila Granger was the betrothed of my brother. Owing to some misunderstanding, she had returned the locket containing his likeness. The mistake was soon explained, and my brother, not being very well, desired me to mail his letter. After Lila arrived in the city, she heard of the concert, and my brother not having recovered I accompanied her there. And so, Miss Fannie, that is what caused you to send that little perfumed note, which sent me off so suddenly among these French dolls? Who would have thought of meeting you here? Indeed, darling Fannie—"

At this moment, thinking I had already heard too much of what was not intended for "other ears," I ventured out, hoping to escape unseen into the saloon; but of course, as my unlucky fate would have it, I stumbled over a flower-stand that stood near me, nearly knocking it down, and sending me, with something of the velocity of lightning, against these two victims of Cupid.

I will pass over the surprise of Frank and his lady, of my apologies, and of Frank's vowing he would never forget it, and lead you, gentle reader, once more, for the last time, into the saloon.

Frank seems to have forgotten the occurrence in the conservatory; his Fannie is dancing with a young Frenchman, and Frank and I are conversing at the farther end of the room.

"Come," said he, at length, "why don't you dance?"

(By the way, I pride myself very much on my dancing).

"Who is she?" I exclaimed, unheeding his question. Look! look! Frank. Did you ever see such loveliness? Even Venus would bow her head for very envy! What eyes! And look at those curls, Cupid, himself, might play hide and seek among the! Whom is she, do you know?"

"Well, really! if you will give me an opportunity of answering your question, I will do so

with pleasure," replied he, smiling at my enthusiasm. "She is the Countess of Marenford, is possessed of one of the richest estates in France, of which she is the sole mistress. As to her beauty, you seem fully sensible of that, and when I tell you her beauty of mind is equal to that of her personal (which is very uncommon for a French woman), you will, I think, respect as well as admire her. But come, I will introduce you, and you shall judge for yourself."

"What shall I say?" I exclaimed, in despair.

"Poor fellow," he replied, mockingly, "I shall be obliged to teach you. What do you wish to say?"

"Tell her," I replied, acting from the impulse of the moment, which, by the way, is rather unusual for an American, "that she is the most beautiful person I ever saw; that I love, adore, worship her; that if she will only be mine I will—I will—"

"Be as kind as husbands generally are, I presume. Methinks you are pretty strong; however, your handsome face will absolve you. So you must say—Attention! (useless request, I was all attention), you must say, '*Ah, Mademoiselle, quelle grand pieds vous avez!*' She will probably reply, '*Merci, Monieur, mais vous me flatte.*' (Thanks, sir, but you flatter me). To which you will reply, '*À présent que j'y pense, vous me faites resouvenir d'une femme-de-chambre, de ma mere.*' "When she replies to that, you must say, '*Il est étrange qu'une personne nee d'un si bas ordre que vous, soit admise dans la compagnie ou je vous trouve.*' Say this with a very dignified air, and your success will be certain."

All this I learned, carefully repeating each sentence until I had it at my tongue's end. As I turned away, I thought I perceived a merry twinkle in Frank's dark eye. What can Frank be up to now? thought I, but by this time I was beside "my fair." I gently took her hand, murmuring the first sentence. She stretched out her tiny foot, saying something I did not understand; then, as she caught my admiring gaze, clapped her little hands in triumph; I saw she did not understand me, so I pronounced the next sentence slowly and distinctly. Her cheek flushed, and her eyes flashed fire. In a hurried, excited manner I repeated sentence number three. Had an earthquake shook the mansion, or a precipice yawned at my feet, I could not have been more astonished, than at the reception I was met with. Dashing her magnificent fan in my face, she drew herself up to her full height and poured forth such a torrent of words, that had they been in English, I doubt very much my being able to understand them. A crowd of

gentlemen gathered around her, and seemed to be questioning her on what had occurred. The next moment, card after card was placed in my hand, and in less time than it has taken me to tell it, I had received and accepted over a hundred challenges. At this moment, I perceived Frank gazing over some one's shoulder, with his roguish, comical eyes fixed laughingly upon me. In an instant I understood it all! I had been duped! How I longed to spring upon him, and throttle him, but at that instant he stepped forward, and gracefully bowing his handsome head (how proudly Fannie looked at him), explained to them how it was. Each one burst into a hearty laugh, and all crowded round to offer me their hands in token of reconciliation. Even the lady, after relieving herself with a shower of tears, smiled sweetly on me, and gave me her hand.

For the benefit of those who are unacquainted with the French language, I would say, that the first sentence Frank gave me was—"Ah, miss, what large feet you have." This she knew was not so! The second was—"Now I think of it, you put me very much in mind of a waiting-maid of my mother's." But the third sentence, was the climax—"How strange it is, that one so low born as yourself should be admitted into such society as this in which I find you."

Need I add, gentle reader, that it was not long ere I spoke the language like a native? and that when Frank and Fannie stood at the altar, they were not alone? Or need I tell you, that the countess made as good a wife as she was beautiful. Your sleepy eyes say "nay," so I wish you good night.

THE LORD OF THE SOIL.

The man who stands upon his own soil, who feels that by the laws of the land in which he lives—by the laws of civilized nations—he is the rightful and exclusive owner of the land which he tills, is by the constitution of our nature under a wholesome influence not easily imbibed from any other source. He feels—other things being equal—more strongly than another the character of a man as lord of an inanimate world. Of this great and wonderful sphere, which, fashioned by the hand of God, and upheld by his power, is rolling through the heavens, a part is his—his from the centre sky. It is the space on which the generation before moved in its round of duties, and he feels himself connected by a visible link to those who follow him, and to whom he is to transmit a home.—*Plough and Loom.*

The passions are like those demons with which Afrasiah sailed down the Orus. Our only safety consists in keeping them asleep, if they wake, we are lost.—*Goethe.*

GUARDIAN SPIRITS.

BY J. HUNT, JR.

How precious, pure, those moments are,
Which memory's mirror holds to view,
When I on early friends reflect,
Who've long time since bade earth adieu;
The heart which this frail bosom warms,
Will silent, cold and lifeless be,
Ere it forgets the love they bore,
Who in my youth remembered me.

I feel, at times, a yearning love,
A strange, unearthly sense of bliss,
Which could not so my bosom move,
Unless it does consist in this:
That they who now live in the skies,
Return in spirits to me near,
And guard me with their watchful eyes,
As they were wont, while dwelling here.

How all-sustaining then, the thought,
That death—the wages paid by sin—
Cannot divide our souls from those
Who sleep the mouldering tomb within;
In all our days of dark despair,
When pain and want our hopes possess,
Those Guardian Spirits come like dreams,
And lighten us of loneliness.

They tell us, too, that all our ills
Are as the prelude to some song,
Which, when 'tis sung, gives heart and mind
A nerve and purpose to be strong;
God grant this prayer: when green grass grows
Above the rest I trust to find,
That I may come in mercy's name,
And cheer the friends I leave behind.

Yea, come, as floats the summer breeze,
O'er fertile vales of blooming flowers,
When nature sings with blithesome birds,
That build and brood in bosky bowers;
And they give heed to what's impressed,
And battle firm life's every foe,—
How more than recompensed I'll be,
For all my suffering here below.

TRIAL OF THE BISHOPS:

—OR,—

THE TIMES OF CHARLES I.

BY ARTHUR DEWOLF.

It was the 27th of July, 1687, and Westminster Hall, with its environs, presented a most lively spectacle. There were gathered there men from every corner of England, the sturdy men of Essex and Northumberland, men who loved liberty more than their king, the men of Norfolk, of Suffolk, and last of all, the burly men of Cornwall, all had hastened thither, to witness the trial of those men, who, despite the threats and persuasions of a profligate court and despotic king, dared to speak as they thought.

London was in an uproar, and the mighty concourse of people, of all ages, and all ranks, flocked towards the scene of trial. Long before the appointed hour, was that great hall filled with the excited thousands; loudly did the usher proclaim that no more could be admitted; yet, heedless of his cry, the multitude pressed on, until the vast building was packed to its utmost capacity.

At the furthest extremity of the hall, was erected the stage of justice, once resplendent from its illustrious dignity, venerable from the learning and wisdom of its judges, now debased by fawning parasites, and yet awful from its high authority.

There, looking down upon the mighty assemblage, which rocked to and fro, his lip curling with scorn and contempt, sat the servile Wright; near him, upon the right, sat the ignorant and arrogant Allybone, through whose veins the thick blood flowed sluggishly. There, too, was the bold and honest Pewell; and his quick, penetrating eye, noble and yet stern countenance, proclaimed him one not easily daunted, or intimidated by empty threats.

Below the stages, and still on the right, surrounded by all the parasites of the court, sat the crown lawyers. There sat Willigans, whose knit brow, deep-set, flashing eye, and thin, sallow countenance, betrayed a fiery and unconquerable spirit. By him, sat the clumsy Powis.

On the opposite side, sat the bishops, with their counsel—men of the most powerful and exalted talents, the determined friends of constitutional liberty, and the sworn enemies of despotism. There were Sawyer, and Finch, the humane Pemberton, and the stern Pollexfen. There, too, sat the young but strong minded Somers, his countenance betokening unquestioned talent, his large, black eyes flashing with excitement, and a smile of scorn playing upon his thin, bloodless lip, as he fastened his eye upon the servile judges.

Still further to the left, sat the jury, composed of the freeholders of England; and among them, was Michael Arnold, brewer to the palace, whose alderman-like proportions, and scarlet face, rendered him conspicuous among his fellows. A servile tool of the king, he was thought one who would steadfastly oppose the cause of the devoted bishops, and cause the jury to disagree, if not to deliver a verdict sustaining the usurpations of the crown.

Without the bar, were assembled men of every rank and station. In the gallery, close to the prisoners, sat Lord Halifax, and by his side, in all her queenly beauty, was the Countess

of Dorchester, known to favor the cause of the bishops. On the other side, almost opposite, sat Clarendon, and the Lady Rochester, her placid eye marking, with calm yet observing scrutiny, every movement which took place below. Far down the hall, in the midst of the multitude, were the profligates Dover, Peterborough, and Mnlgrave, who seemed to wish to remain unnoticed and unknown.

The trial had been some time in progress; the evidence was all completed, and the chief justice had arisen to charge the jury, when a noise was heard at the further extremity of the hall, and the usher shouted, "make way for Lord Sunderland." Hope sank within the hearts of the people, as the sedan chair, which bore the apostate, passed by them; and from every part of the hall, deep curses were showered upon the head of the "Popish Dog." On, on, on, passed the sedan chair, in spite of the opposition of the crowd; but now it stopped before the scaffold on which the judges sat.

Slowly, Sunderland rose from his seat, and with a quick, irregular step, that readily betokened the irresolution and anxiety which were working within his breast, he stood before the court. His face, naturally pale, was paler than was its wont, and his keen gray eye twinkled with excitement, yet otherwise he bore no sign of disquiet. Calmly, he raised his hand, and took the solemn oath. Proudly did he look around him, nor did his eye quail before the glance of any, until it met the quiet, sarcastic gaze of Somers. Then his haughty spirit was humbled; he looked no more around him, but with drooping head, and eye fixed upon the floor, gave in his evidence. He finished; and returning to his chair, was borne from the hall amid the hisses and execrations of the multitude. Even the cautious Halifax was wrought up to such a pitch of excitement, that he cried out, "Spit upon the traitor;" and the shout was taken up by ten thousand voices, and rang through the arches and colonnades of the lofty building.

The apostate's evidence was conclusive; the publication was proved. Still, the dauntless Pollexfen smiled, as he saw the look of triumph which sat upon the countenance of Williams, for well he knew that the most difficult thing yet remained to be proved.

Now came the trial of strength; and for three hours did Pemberton, Finch and Sawyer pour out all their logic and eloquence in favor of constitutional right and privilege.

At length, his long black hair thrown back from his forehead, and his dark, saturnine coun-

tenance overcast with gloom, Somers arose. As he commenced, the hurried whispers went around: "Who is he? What is he?" But soon these ceased, and the whole audience was hushed to a pin-fall silence. Slowly he continued, and made bold by the strong belief of the justice of his cause, he hesitated not to rouse still higher the excited feelings of his audience.

He spoke of the tampering with popery, and of the imprisoning the prelates contrary to the privileges of English subjects, and at length, overcome by his feelings, he exclaimed: "The offence imputed to them is a false, malicious libel. False, the petition is not; malicious, it is not; for these men have not sought strife, but have been forced by a despotic king into such a position, that they must oppose themselves to his most royal will, or violate the most solemn obligations of conscience and of honor. They chose the former.

"The Grand Jury of England have delivered their charges; their allegations are referred to proof. That proof is wanting, and by the collective justice and wisdom of the nation the question comes to be determined: 'Are the accused guilty?' I tremble with rage, that I am compelled to ask this question of Englishmen.

"Shall it be endured that a subject of this country must be tried because he has made use of this right of petition? Shall he be condemned without proof, and executed by the sentence of a mock court? If this be law, such a man has no trial. This great hall, built by our fathers for English justice, is no longer a court, but the shrine of a new Moloch, and an Englishman, instead of being judged by God and his country, is made a victim and a sacrifice. I have done."

As the orator sat down, a tremendous shout of applause broke from the silent and eager audience. With the echoes of that shout still ringing in his ears, Williams arose, not to answer, but to palter, not to argue, but to abuse; nor once did he attempt to question or deny what had been asserted.

At length he finished, and the chief justice arose and charged the jury. The scene, the hour, and the almost breathless multitude before him, inspired him with awe; his tone was deeper than usual, and the expression of malice which his countenance had worn during the earlier part of the trial, had given place to one of deep interest. But still he condemned the prelates.

Powell followed, and openly declared the constitution infringed on, and thought if these things were permitted, liberty would soon see.

The sun had sunk beneath the horizon, leaving behind a sky covered with clouds of every hue; the moon had begun to shed her mild and gentle light over the excited city, before the jury retired to consider their verdict. Midnight came; the pale queen of night still lighted the earth, and illumined the quiet surface of the Thames; hours passed, and yet nothing was heard from that jury.

All night did Pollexfen walk as guard before the door which led to the apartment in which they were consulting, lest the tools of the king should tamper with them; still, nothing was determined.

The vapors of night were passing away, the eastern sky seemed to rise, and a long line of light to spread along the horizon. Morning had dawned, and as yet all was in doubt. Nothing had been heard from them, no sounds, save those of sharp and angry altercation, had escaped from their room. At length, as the distant clock of Westminster Abbey tolled the hour of six, the door opened. Arnold had yielded, and the jury were agreed.

The news flew like wildfire, the bells of the city were rung, and before eight the hall was even more densely crowded than before. Minutes seemed hours, and seconds minutes; but at length the jury appeared. Not a sound disturbed the silence of the hall; every mouth was closed, and every noise was hushed. Sir William Astley spoke:

"Do you find the defendants, or any one of them, guilty of the misdemeanor whereof they are impeached, or not guilty?"

"Not guilty," announced the foreman—Sir Roger Langley.

Then there arose a shout which pierced the roof, and reverberating through arches, colonnades and galleries, rolled away into the remotest corners of Westminster Hall, and was echoed by thousands of glad hearts throughout all England. The king was conquered.

WHEN TO WEAR INDIA RUBBERS.

We have noticed that many persons in our city wear India rubber overshoes in cold, dry weather to keep their feet warm. This is an injurious and evil practice. India rubber shoes are very comfortable and valuable for covering the feet in wet, sloppy weather, but they should never be worn on any other occasion; their sole use should be to keep out water. They should therefore be put off whenever the wearer enters a house, and be worn as little as possible, because they are air tight, and both retain and restrain the perspiration of the feet.—*Medical Journal*.

If you wish to succeed in life, govern your temper.

THE VACANT CHAIR. A THANKSGIVING STORY.

BY F. A. DUBIVAGE.

THE declining sun cast its horizontal rays into the west window of a neat parlor in a small New England cottage. From that west window, the eye beheld a pleasant and undulating country—now an open field, now an orchard, and now a clump of dark, green hemlocks, contrasting finely with the brown, withered herbage of the pasturages. The south view was even more extensive. Here lay a broad valley in which the white houses were clustered along the margin of a small stream, that flowed over its pebbly bed with many a musical murmur in the summer season, but the liquid surface of which was now covered with skaters, whose flashing skate-steels, as they whirled and flew like swallows on the wing, caught the last rays of the declining sun. Far, far away in the distance, over the village roof tops, over the threadbare woods, over the far distant meadows, were seen the spires of a great city, dimly sketched on the horizon, so vague and vapory, indeed, that the eye of the stranger might have confounded them with the lower stratum of mist that floated over them.

But we are forgetting that our business just now lies with the interior of Maple Cottage. The small, snug parlor we have mentioned, was furnished cheaply but tastefully. Neat white curtains were looped beside the windows. A plain sofa, and a few cane-seated chairs—a small mirror, an engraving of General Washington, a secretary and bookcase, composed all the furniture. Yet everything was neat, and well-arranged.

A cheerful coal fire was burning in the grate. The table in the centre of the room was loaded with the plentiful cheer befitting Thanksgiving Day. At the head of the table, sat a pale, dark-eyed man, with deep lines marking his thoughtful countenance, and snow-white hair parted from his forehead, and waving over his shoulders. Opposite him sat a very handsome woman, whose soft, brown hair was beginning to be streaked with threads of silver, showing that she had sometime since passed the heyday of her youth. On one side of the square table was a beautiful girl of nineteen or twenty, fair and blooming as a rose in June, with the warm hue of health on her cheeks, and the bright blood burning in her dewy lips. Opposite to her was placed a vacant chair.

And now one word of the tenants of Maple Cottage. That white-haired man presiding at

the table, is Miles Milford; the lady opposite, his wife; the beautiful girl, a guest, Rose Darling, a neighbor's daughter; she has come by invitation to enliven the Thanksgiving dinner. But who should fill that vacant chair? No guest is expected—yet the plate and knife and fork, and napkin and water glass, are duly set. With a certain sect, it is customary when a member of a family dies, ever after to retain his place at the table—his seat by the fireside. It is fondly believed that his spiritual presence fills these vacancies, obedient to the attraction of a love that the grave cannot cover up. As the beautiful eyes of Rose Darling glance towards that vacant chair, they fill with tears. Is it true then, that there has been a death in the Milford family? No—not death—but separation!

Miles Milford was a carpenter by trade. He had served his apprenticeship, wrought for himself, and married his wife in that city, the spires of which can be seen from the dining-room table. He had led a hard life. His early youth was cursed and saddened by the intemperance of his father—early orphanage and poverty accompanied his first steps in youth. But he made his way, married, made a good living. One child only—a boy—blessed the union of Miles and his wife. He was a fine, healthy little fellow, and was dearly beloved, though not idolized or petted by his parents. And now we come to a sad confession. Whether it was weakness, perversity, or the fruit of a fatal legacy of blood transmitted by an erring parent, but, at that very period of life when his father had abandoned himself to bad habits, Miles Milford became addicted to drink. He did not become an habitual sot—but at times he drank deeply, and was incapable of taking care of himself. This was the shadow on his hearth-stone—this wrung the heart of his wife, and agonized his boy—his boy who had met him in the streets and led him home when the father did not know him.

Suddenly, Miles Milford, when on the brink of utter ruin, when poor and in debt, when friends were forsaking him, and reputation was tarnished, broke from his evil courses with a sudden wrench. The shadow fled from the hearth-stone, sunbeams played there in its stead. Frugal, industrious, energetic, Miles soon freed himself from his indebtedness, and in a few years he had amassed several hundred dollars.

He had from early boyhood cherished a long-ing desire for a country life; a desire, which his occasional visits to the rural districts ripened into a passion. Since toil was to be his lot in life, agricultural labor seemed the most attractive. His boy, now eighteen years of age, who

shared his confidence and his hopes, imbibed insensibly his tastes, and urged his father, when he had become a little forehanded, to make the experiment of farming. This step was finally decided on. A small farm, to be paid for in yearly instalments, was purchased, together with a horse, cow and farming implements. Such was the history of Maple Cottage. The future now seemed bright and cloudless—not a shadow on the hearth-stone. In the pure air and healthful occupations of the country, Miles Milford and his wife renewed their youth. The little farm blossomed like the rose. Father and son worked together manfully, side by side; and at the close of the first season had acquired practical knowledge enough, to warrant a conviction that the experiment would prove completely successful.

The next year, though the annual payment on the estate was made with some difficulty, yet the produce of the land paid a handsome profit over the expense of cultivation, and young Milford brought back a considerable amount of money from market. The next year the crops were large, and additional help was necessary. Young Milford, now twenty-one, was obliged to go to market four or five times a week. He would return jaded and worn out—frequently so fatigued that he would be obliged to throw himself on the hay in the barn, and sleep for four or five hours. His father was afraid the business was too laborious for him, and often urged the expediency of sending the hired hand to market; but his son readily convinced him that this would be a ruinous expedient—and the hired man could not be expected to do them justice. One morning, young Milford made his appearance very much agitated. He had taken in a valuable load of fruit the night before, delivered it to a wholesale customer, and set out on his return before day-break. In a lonely part of the road, while dozing on his wagon, he had been set upon by a man who suddenly made his appearance, and robbed of all his money—nearly fifty dollars. Miles was very much excited at this narrative, and proposed instantly to offer a reward—but his son begged that he would say nothing about the circumstance, as he suspected the individual, and thought with the aid of the police, he could bring the guilt home to him and secure him.

Weeks passed on and no discovery was made. But young Miles proved unlucky in his sales. He could not get near as much as his neighbors for better articles. They were going behind-hand with their cash. One evening he did not return at his usual hour from market; the day passed on, and no Miles. Evening came—hours

passed—he did not return. Milford insisted on his wife's going to bed, while he sat up and watched for his son. Long after midnight—the rumble of the wagon wheels was heard. The father lighted a lantern and went out. The son clambered down from his cart, and staggered towards his father. He was intoxicated. He essayed to speak—but he could not find utterance. The afflicted father took him by the arm, and led him up to his room, and, after assisting him to bed, went down to take care of his horse, and then retire, broken-hearted, to pray and weep for the remainder of the night.

The next morning he had an interview with the misguided boy, who, full of contrition and promises, then confessed that he had been going downwards for months—that he had drank, had gambled, had lost large sums of money, and now stood on the brink of ruin. The wretched father conjured him to retrace his steps, implored him to be true to himself by the love he bore his mother and himself, and the fair girl who had confessed she loved him; and the young man, with tears streaming from his eyes, knelt down and took a solemn oath never to bring sorrow to the breasts of those he loved by his misconduct.

Again, after days of anxiety, the shadow passed from the hearthstone—again the sunshine basked on them; but again it darkened, as sun and shade succeed each other in a fitful April day. The young man's promises proved of little worth. In the language of Scripture, he was “joined to his idols.” Habitual intoxication, habitual falsehood, and habitual dishonesty wore out at last the forbearance of his father. When his heart was breaking, he pronounced sentence against the sinner; he must go forth and seek another home, and leave father and mother to struggle alone against their misery. And the wanderer went forth.

Thenceforth, at each Thanksgiving anniversary, a plate was laid, a chair set for him at Maple Cottage. Four years had passed since his departure—since he had been heard from—and still the custom was kept up; still industry and neatness held sway within the cottage, though hope was growing faint, and it seemed almost certain that the Milfords must relinquish it, and the farm revert to its former owner.

Now we see why Rose Darling's eyes filled with tears when they rested on the vacant chair; why Miles Milford's hair was white as driven snow, though he was not yet fifty; and why those silver threads were woven in the tresses of his wife.

Miles had just craved a blessing on the feast

before him, when the door opened. A tall, sunburnt man entered, with hesitation. He was clad in a long, ragged overcoat, soiled and patched; yet the color in his face was healthy, and the light of his eye pure and unclouded. The two women suppressed a scream at his appearance, but the master of the house stood up, and said, with a quivering lip:

“Miles Milford, answer me truly. Are you worthy to claim the welcome of a son, and to take your place at your father's table?”

Bursting into tears, young Miles clasped his father to his breast, and then rushed into his mother's arms and sobbed like a child upon her bosom. Rose Darling, also, gave him a warm welcome.

“You have given me the prodigal's welcome, father,” he said, with deep emotion, laying his hand on the back of the vacant chair; “but I am hardly dressed well enough for a festival occasion.”

“If the heart be in the right place, no matter for the garb it wears,” said Milford.

“I cannot masquerade it any longer,” said young Miles. “I was not born for a playactor, though I exclaim with Lear, ‘Off—off—ye lendings!’” And throwing off his ragged surtout, he appeared in an elegant and befitting suit. “And I'm not in all respects like the prodigal son, father,” he said, sitting down. “A kind Providence has favored me for your sake and mother's, and for one as dear as either. I have been in strange lands, where gold was to be had for the gathering. A traveller's tale, you'll say; but I have the proof about me. Here, father, are your notes to old Myers—they are all paid, and Maple Cottage is now your own.”

Need we add that there was indeed a Thanksgiving in Maple Cottage that night? The next anniversary there was no vacant seat; but young Miles Milford sat in his old place, and on his right hand, Rose, his wife. Thenceforth no shadow ever rested on the hearth-stone.

EARLY RISING.—Few ever lived to a great age, and fewer still ever became distinguished, who were not in the habit of early rising. You rise late, and, of course, commence your business at a late hour, and everything goes wrong all day. Franklin says, that he who rises late, may trot all day, and not overtake his business at night. Dean Swift avers, that he never knew any man attain to eminence who lay in bed of a morning.—*Todd.*

The first step to reason is to feel the want of it; folly is incompatible with this knowledge. The best thing we can have next to wit, is to know we have it not.

THE FLOUNCED DRESS.

BY MRS. W. MONTAGUE.

"THE pattern is exceedingly pretty, Lizzie; but what a quantity of work it comprises. Seven flounces, and the lower edge of each to be wrought in button-hole stitch, besides that little heading which it must be difficult to execute neatly. It would look very pretty, daughter, but I don't think our Agnes will find time to do it before we start. Your father expects to hear from the Belle Isle House to-day, which will determine whether we go there or not."

"Well, mother, I must have the dress—it would bear off the palm at any watering-place in this country. You know how young ladies are gazed at in such places, and really the dress seems to form a criterion by which to judge of their position in society. Unless one carries some consequence in name, or fame, or wealth, one is literally pushed aside at such times; so I will carry my passport to public favor with the beaux, in my flounced dress." And every time Lizzie looked at the pattern-plate, she grew more delighted with the style and trimming. But first of all she must secure the material.

Lizzie had already a somewhat lengthy account at the establishment of Bendley & Co. It had vexed her whenever she thought of running up the amount and passing it over for her father's inspection; she was tired of hearing the old stereotyped phrases, "girls are good for nothing now-a-days; why, my sisters never had but one silk gown in their lives, and they only wore it upon choice occasions; none of your flaunting bedizened stuff hung around their waists; they didn't imitate the men with jackets, and pockets, and sacks, and other tom-fooleries when I was young; it costs more to maintain you, child, one year, than my father ever spent upon my whole education; you must never run up another bill; I don't like book accounts; I shall speak to this firm about it when I settle with them." Yet whenever Mr. Budd stepped in to adjust his bill at this store, the good-natured book-keeper used to begin in his complimentary vein: "If all our customers were as prompt as you, sir, we should not be vexed with a collector's report—this man out of the city, and that one removed, and another gone into chancery; and your family, too, are very judicious in their purchases—the best articles are always laid before your lady for inspection, for we respect her taste, knowing that a good thing is always the cheapest." Mr. Budd was somewhat flattered by the reputation thus conceded to all parties, and had never yet ex-

cuted his threat in forbidding Bendley & Co. from trusting his wife and daughter. It would certainly make him appear very mean in the eyes of the firm, and so the threats were reserved for home conversations and chiding.

Lizzie, therefore, had already her memorandum book filled with items; but somehow she gained courage to insert one more sky-blue silk dress, at the cost of thirty dollars; then the trimmings and laces which were added, brought it up to nine more; and "what is forty dollars more," thought she, "to add to my account!—the scolding process must be encountered on pay-day at any rate." Therefore the silk dress and trimmings were ordered forthwith.

When Lizzie returned home, she found her father already there, consulting with her mother about the expediency of paying so high a price as the hotel-keeper demanded for board at Belle Isle. The note from the landlord ran thus:

"MY DEAR SIR,—My terms for board are fourteen dollars per week for each person. I can accommodate yourself, wife, and daughter, and give you two good rooms (parlor in common), for forty dollars per week, which will be my lowest mark; and an answer is immediately solicited, as many are waiting for your decision.

"Your ob't servant,

J. BORCA."

"The terms are frightful," said Mrs. Budd; "but everything is so high. Besides, you know it costs us something to live at home. We shall close the house in the event of our going, husband, and Dinah will stay in the kitchen and prepare your dinners, which is one great consideration."

"And how much will my good dinners cost, wife, even at home? We had better shut up altogether, and I will dine at the club."

"Then there will be the extra cost of our washing, father," interposed Lizzie—the truth was, the name of Club House had become rather obnoxious to mother and daughter. Finally, the two prevailed, and Dinah promised to be faithful, and the terms were accepted; and as they were to be complied with in the course of a few days, "our Lizzie" proceeded forthwith to secure the making of her flounced dress. Agnes, the house seamstress, declared she could not do it—it would inflame her eyes, and she had "father's dickeys" to make, and lots of work to do; it must be put out. So Mrs. Bush, the dress-maker, was waited on, who declared her inability to complete the dress before the tenth of August, a period five weeks hence, and her terms would be twelve dollars for the work. It would take an expert button-stitch sewer five days to embroider the flounces; for her part she would not try the experiment for twice that sum; but

she employed poor women who were willing to labor upon the lowest terms, articles for living were so high.

"And could you direct me to such an one?" inquired the courteous Lizzie. "I could barter for the dress cheaper than you."

"Why, yes, there is Mrs. Lety, an English-woman, who works beautifully; 'but she has a sick baby, and a feeble boy, and how in the world she could find time I cannot divine; but if she does it, you will be satisfied with reasonable terms and nice work.'"

Lizzie took her address, and proceeded forthwith to Dark Alley, where, up three flights of stairs, in a neat, but poor room, she found the woman of her search. She was administering a dose of castor oil to her poor, sick baby. A boy of fourteen, tall, lean and puny, rose, and politely offered her his seat. An elegant embroidered cashmere blanket lay nicely folded upon the work-table, and Lizzie, seeing it, remarked upon the exquisite needle-work.

"And pray how much pay do you receive for this, Mrs. Lety?" she inquired.

"Only three dollars, ma'am; it is the christening blanket for little Rollo Stearns. It must be sent home to-night. He is to be baptized to-morrow."

Mrs. Stearns was a very rich lady, who had the reputation of "grinding the poor," but she gave large fruit parties, and splendid balls, and kept a princely establishment. "Now if such a person can get her work done so cheaply," thought Lizzie, "it is surely no harm for me to try my skill." Thus we see the influence of example.

"Now, Mrs. Lety, for what would you make, after it is all fitted, a sky-blue dress, with seven narrow flounces, each button-holed at the edge, and trimmed slightly at the top, according to the last fashion-plate, and when could I have the same?"

Mrs. Lety looked at the poor baby—a tear stole down her cheek.

"This little web thing," replied she, "ought to have all my care, but she is the best little creature in the world. She lays for hours in her cradle, looking at me, so busy with my needle, and yet it grieves me to the heart that I cannot find time to carry her out in the fresh air; she is pining for it, and Eddy, my son, who just stepped out, is getting thin. His employer sent him home, last night, and kindly gave him three dollars to take him into the country; but I was obliged to borrow it of him to pay my rent, and now I am afraid Mrs. Stearns will not pay the cash down for her blanket. These

rich people often make me wait for my money; they do not consider how indebted the poor are to a little cash to secure their comforts."

Lizzie thought within herself, where in the world should she raise the eight dollars, which was the very lowest terms Mrs. Lety could name, when her work was done. Still, it was her maxim "to trust to luck;" so she carried the flounces that very day, while the dressmaker fitted the waist. There were thirty-five yards of button stitching to be done, besides the heading and making the dress.

Mrs. Lety sighed, as Lizzie inquired "if it could be done in just eight days—a cash job?"

Lizzie soon found her way out in the fashionable thoroughfare, and the recollection of Dark Alley, and poor Mrs. Lety, and the sick baby, and the feeble boy, made little impression. She was about going into gay scenes, and the inequalities of life were foreordained. She only hoped her flounces would be done nicely, and finished at the time. Her mother, too, had complimented her upon her "good luck" in getting the work done so cheaply.

The next morning, Lizzie complained of bad dreams. She called, the next day, to see how her flounces would look. Mrs. Lety had sat up all night, and finished one of them already. She was hindered in the day, by the sick baby. Lizzie pitied her, but it did not occur to her if she partly prepaid her, what a burden it would remove from that worn spirit. She forgot even to be grateful that she was not poor.

In eight days after, Lizzie was among the gay throng at Belle Isle. Her dress was completed; it was the most splendid one that had appeared. The workmanship was exquisite. But she had sent her father's porter for it, and requested him to ask Mrs. Lety to make out her bill, and when she returned to the city, she would call and pay for it.

"I pitied the woman," said the porter; "her baby had just breathed its last. The mother bent over it in agony. 'Poor thing,' said she, 'I fear I have neglected it, but I felt obliged to work, as I promised the job, and expected my pay as soon as it was executed.'"

"An' faith," said Jeremiah, "here's a five-dollar bill, if 'twill do you any gude. It may help light the baby through purgatory."

"The babe is already in heaven," replied Mrs. Lety; "but it will give it a decent burial, as the undertaker gives me his services."

Lizzie appeared that evening in her flounced dress, and was the admiration of the crowd. She had recommended her friend, Ada Sumner, to Mrs. Lety, to do a similar job, but when she

sought her, Mrs. Lety was not to be found in Dark Alley. The good angels had borne her away to the Father of spirits, and her weary head was at rest. Her sick boy had found a home with his employer, and there was no bill ever made out for the flounced dress. Such "deferred accounts" may be called up when the glare and follies of life have passed away, and there is no distinction, save that which character bestows, at the Great Tribunal of Justice. We should dread to settle them there.

THAT JOINT SNAKE.

"About that joint-snake, 'thereby hangs a tale.'"

"A 'stranger' was describing the wonderful powers of this 'pizing sarpin' to a knot of individuals congregated somewhere out west. They listened with open eyes and mouth agape with astonishment at the startling account. But the assurance that it could separate itself 'clean apart in five or six places, and come together again as slick a j'int as ever you see,' was a little too much to believe all at once. As a public speaker once remarked, they 'doubted fact,' and intimidated as much.

"That's so, I've seen it," quietly remarked a very honest and innocent-looking hoosier, who stood by.

"Sho! ye don't say so! Tell us about it, wont ye?" exclaimed two or three in a breath.

"Wall, I don't mind tellin'," said the hoosier, "Ye see, I was comin' 'long the edge of the perryri one mornin', down in Indyanner, when fust I know, I come across one of these 'ere j'int snakes, as they call 'em, a great nice feller, stretched out in the sun as pooty as ever you see. I didn't scare him, but jest stepped back a little ways, and cut a saplin' about four feet and a half long, and trimmed it out slick with my jack-knife. Thinks I, old feller, I'll find out pooty quick how many j'int you got in yer. So I stepped up kinder softy, and hit him a right smart lick across the back, and by thunder——!"

"Did he come apart? What did he do then?" asked the listeners, very much excited.

"Why, he flew into more'n forty pieces! and I'll be doggoned if every darned one of 'em didn't take right after me!"—*Knickerbocker.*

ABSENCE OF MIND.

The oddest instance of absence of mind happened once to Sydney Smith, in forgetting his own name. He says:

"I knocked at a door in London, and asked, 'is Mrs. B. at home?' 'Yes, sir; pray, what name shall I say?' I looked in the man's face astonished—what name? what name?—ay, that is the question; what is my name? I believe the man thought me mad; but it is literally true that during the space of two or three minutes I had no more idea of who I was than if I had never existed. I did not know whether I was a Dissenter or a Layman. I felt as dull as Sternhold and Hopkins. At last, to my great relief, it flashed across me that I was Sydney Smith."

HIGHWAYMEN IN THE DARK.

BY HORACE B. STANFORD.

It was towards the latter part of the afternoon that I stopped at the inn of a small village in the southern part of Boone county, Indiana. I was on my way from Indianapolis to Terre Haute, and had come thus far out of my way to bring seven hundred dollars to a Mr. John Hall, who was an old friend of mine, and who lived somewhere near here. I ordered my horse to be taken care of, and then taking my heavy saddle-bags I entered the inn. In the bar-room I found some half-dozen men collected, who were smoking and drinking, while the landlord stood behind his bar. I asked him if he could let me have a horse until morning, or until sometime during the next day.

"Don't know ye," he responded, rather gruffly.

"O," I replied, seeing his drift, "I have left mine in the hands of your boy, and I don't think you have a better beast. But my animal has travelled hard to-day, and is tired, and as I wish to ride on a little distance from here on business, I should like a fresh one. I will pay you what you wish."

"How far ye goin'?" he asked, more mildly.

"You'll have to tell me that. I wish to find Mr. John Hall."

"Ho—you're from the west," the landlord uttered, with an enlightened look. Mr. Hall's expectin' ye, aren't he?"

"I think it very likely."

"Ho—yes. He was here himself, this very artemoon; and he said he was expectin' a friend along to bring him some money. I'm glad you've come, for he's owin' me a trifle. Yes, yes—I'll let ye have a horse. But must ye go to-night?"

"Yes," I replied, "for I must be on my way to Terre Haute to-morrow."

"Yes, yes, he said you was going to Terre Haute. But supper's most ready—wont ye stop and eat first? and then I can have the horse ready for ye."

I consented to this, for I was really hungry; so I sat down and gazed about me. One fellow I noticed particularly among those present from his peculiar make of frame. He was about as large a man—as stout, I mean—as I ever saw. He was certainly six feet and-a-half tall, and with shoulders like an ox. He wore a wide-brimmed, white felt hat, and a white coat. He sat by the bar smoking an old pipe, but he seemed to take no notice of me, so I left him to himself. Next I noticed an Irishman who had alighted at the inn just before I did, and he had also ordered the hostler to feed his horse, but not for a long stop.

for he intended to be on the road again soon. He was an original-looking genius, with an old, black hat upon his head which had been smashed down, while the long, matted hair hung over his ears and eyes almost alike.

"Do you stop to-night?" asked the host, addressing the Irishman.

"Me is it, ye mame?" cried the Hibernian, starting out of a reverie.

"Yes, sir."

"Och—the devil a bit could I shtop if I wanted to, for 't'll take me last penny to pay for me supper. I'm afther findin' one Billy McGuire, that's dumped himself down somewhere hereabouts. Maybe ye's afther knowin' Billy, now?"

"Yes—he lives close by Mr. Hall's, where this gentleman is going."

"Och-hone! I'll have company, thin—if the gentleman doesn't object."

I assured him that I didn't, and shortly afterwards we were called to supper. After this I asked the landlord to direct me to Mr. Hall's. He told me that the regular road took a long sweep around the swamp to get there, and that the distance was some ten miles. There was a sort of footpath across the swamp, where a person thoroughly acquainted could sometimes drive a horse, though it was a dangerous way, Mr. Hall himself, never venturing in it except on foot. By that way, he said, it was only four miles. I looked at my watch, and it was a little past five o'clock—later than I thought. It would be sundown in less than an hour. However, a respectable horse would take me ten miles before dark.

The landlord's horse was brought to the door, and I went out. I didn't like the looks of the animal much, but its owner assured me he'd go.

"You'd better stop till morning," the host said, after he had cast his eyes over the heavens, "for there'll be a rain before you reach your journey's end."

I looked around. There was a sort of dull looking haze to the northward, but I didn't fear that. I simply asked the host to take care of my saddle-bags, and see that my horse was well provided for, and then I started, the Irishman, whose name I found to be John Leary, being ready to set out with me. We had not ridden far before I found that my horse would "go," to be sure, but not over and above fast. However, 'twas about as well, for my companion's beast could no more than keep up with me.

Leary was a jolly fellow, and I blessed my stars that I had him for a companion. He informed me that he had been on the road once before—that his friend, McGuire, who, it seemed, lived

beyond Hall's, had hired him to come and help him get his corn off to market, and do his fall work.

Ere long we found that our road ran around the edge of a long swamp, and that we had to travel our first three miles directly south, the next three nearly west, when the course we wished to go was nearly north. But another difficulty soon arose. The host had told me truly about the weather, for in less than an hour the heavens were completely overspread with clouds, and the wind began to puff up cool and damp. Just as it was becoming duskish, we saw a horseman approaching us from ahead.

"Be me sowl, it's Billy McGuire!" cried my companion. And so it proved. The two shook hands cordially.

"Now ye'll turn back wid me," said McGuire, "for I'm goin' down here a bit to stop all night. Come wid me, and we'll go home together to-morrow."

I was sorry to lose my companion, but there was no help for it. He bade me good-by, and then turned about. After this I put spurs to my horse, and while I kept the rowels in his flanks he would go quite respectably, but as soon as the source of pain was removed he lagged again.

The sun was down, and darkness followed quickly afterwards. I now judged that I had about four miles to travel, for I had just turned the last curve, and was now on the right course. Ere long a low peal of thunder rumbled among the bluffs to the northward, and big drops of rain began to fall. It grew darker and darker, until I could no longer see the road, but my horse now proved himself good for something, for he knew the way, and trotted slowly and steadily on. The sharp lightning was not long in reaching me, and by its assistance I got occasional glimpses of the road. I could see that the woods were upon both hands, and that upon the right the path was still by the swamp.

I was peering out into the darkness ahead, so as to be ready to catch a view of the road, when the lightning should come again, when a flash opened upon the way, and I distinctly saw, not more than two rods ahead of me, and upon the right hand, two men crouched down by the path. One of them I knew in an instant. I recognized the wide-brimmed, white hat, the white coat, and the Herculean frame. Of course those men could be there but for one purpose. They had heard the landlord's remarks touching my business with Mr. Hall, and of course they knew I had the money with me. They had taken the path across the swamp, and had thus "headed" me. Instinctively I felt for my pistols, but I had left

them in my saddle-bags! What was to be done? A thought struck me. I smashed my hat down, and pulled my hair over my eyes, and then crouched low in my saddle.

"Hold, my friend!" shouted a voice close by me, and as my horse gave a start backward I knew some one had caught him by the head. "Your money we want! Come down here!"

At that instant a streak of lightning flashed beyond the trees. It was not vivid where we were, but yet it gave light enough for me to see the stout fellow, whom I had seen in the bar-room, holding my horse by the head with one hand, while in the other he held a short club.

"Och! howly mither o' Moses!" I cried, imitating the peculiar voice of Leary as well as I could—and I flatter myself 'twas pretty good—"ye's 'll find poor pickin' on the bones ov Johnny Leary, now. For the love ov heaven, gintlemin, don't be afther murderin' me intirely!"

"Eh!" grunted the stout man, in a disappointed tone. "You aren't bound to old Hall's?"

"Me? Och-ho—an' isn't it to Billy McGuire's I'm goin', if the impudent, nasty storm doesn't benight me?"

"But ye had a companion," growled the big highwayman.

"Ha—an' wasn't it a mighty illigant baste intirely as the landlord was afther lettin' the poor man have. Be jabbers, I lagged along for 'im till it began to rain, an' thin I towld 'im, seein' as I'd got the furthest to go, I'd jist be afther biddin' 'im good night. But he's a comin' throught the dark behind me. Don't kape me here, kind gintlemin. O, mither ov me, if I had a bit, I'd give it till ye's wid pleasure; but the landlord—bad luck to the likes ov him—took me last penny, when I towld him I'd got not a blessed ha'-penny more."

"Well—away ye go," cried the highwayman, "but mind now that ye keep straight ahead."

"It's straight ahead Billy lives, isn't it?"

"Yed."

"Thin I'd be a fool to go anywhere else."

With these words I put spurs to my horse, and he started on. A flash of lightning showed me the road straight ahead, and I ploughed up the poor beast's flanks savagely. He leaped away from beneath the pain with more spirit than I thought him capable of, and in half an hour from that time, I was sitting before a blazing fire in my friend's house. I described to him the man who had stopped me upon the highway, and he remembered to have seen him at the inn that afternoon, but he did not know him.

I paid Mr. Hall seven hundred and fifty dollars in all, and on the next morning I returned

to the inn. On the way I met McGuire and Leary, and I stopped to tell my transient companion how I had assumed his guise and speech to my salvation, for well did I know that I should never have seen the light of another morning on earth had the highwayman known me. The two Irishmen laughed heartily at my ruse, and after some comical remarks from Leary, we separated. As I was in a hurry—absolute necessity demanded my presence at *Terre Haute*—I said nothing of my adventure at the inn, fearing that in some way I might be detained. And moreover, I knew that if Mr. Hall saw the villains he would know one of them at least, and that might be the means of clearing them out. But I looked about for my stout friend in vain. Perhaps he "smelled the rat," and had gone. At all events, I have not seen nor heard from him since though I have by no means forgotten him.

ANIMAL CHARACTERISTICS.

In Buck's "Beauties, Harmonies, and Sublimities of Nature," we find many curious and important facts recorded, some of which exhibit a striking analogy between human characteristics and those of animals: "Thus in the jay, we may trace the petulant airs of a coquette; in the magpie, the restlessness, flippancy, and egotistical obtrusiveness of the gallant; while the green macaw is the perfect emblem of a suspicious and jealous spouse—for if its master's caresses are transferred to a dog, a cat, a bird, or even a child, nothing can exceed its anxiety and fury, nor will it be appeased till he forsakes the new favourite and returns to it. Envious men and calumniating women we may compare to the porcupine and the secretary-bird; and the selfish will find their type in the rhinoceros, since it is said to be incapable either of gratitude or attachment; while the inebriate may also be classed with the roquette bat, whose propensity to become intoxicated with the juice of the palm-tree is no less proverbial. Again, obstinate or perverse persons may read their lineaments of character in that of the Lapland mouse or the Arctic puffin; for if the latter should seize the end of a bough, thrust into its hole, rather than let it go it will suffer itself to be drawn out by it and killed; and the former will not move out of its course for anything or anybody."

The Philadelphia Sun, which has a rare eye for "queer bits," gives the following as a warning specimen of what a reporter once did when duly armed and equipped according to law, with a brick in his hat, snake in his boot, and a shot in his neck:

"Yesterday morning, at 4 o'clock, P. M., a small man, named Jones, or Brown, or Smith, with a keel in the hole of his trousers, committed arsenic by swallowing a dose of suicide. The verdict of the inquest returned a jury that the deceased came to the facts in accordance with his death. He leaves a child and six small wives to lament the end of his untimely loss. In death we are in the midst of life."

HOPE.

BY WM. W. GRADE.

Fond hope! thou animating star,
That, brightly glimmering from afar,
Shines forth and cheers with flattering rays,
Our early, happy, youthful days.

Fair as the beams of morning light,
Sweet hope around our pathway bright,
O'er all our future prospects twines,
And with resplendent beauty shines.

'Tis hope, sweet hope, that heals the smart,
Sent by affliction's withering dart,
Disperses the gloom of grief, and brings
A healing balm upon its wings.

Then o'er my soul, in visions bright,
Shed forth, fair hope, thy radiant light;
Let me enjoy thy blissful dream,
More sweet by far than murmuring streams:

Until life's pilgrimage is o'er,
When earthly hopes can charm no more;
Then find a hope from sorrow free,
Of blessed immortality.

OUR DISTRICT SCHOOLMASTER.

BY ANNA MACDONALD.

MANY years have passed, since I went to school in that dear, old, comical-looking, brown school house, under the shadow of the hill. But the memories of those winters and summers when I trudged merrily to and fro over the shortest quarter of a mile ever known in my experience, seem yet very fresh, pleasant and beautiful. I always carried my dinner, and O, the splendid times we children looked forward to at noon-time, which was generally an hour long. Our dinners despatched with speed, and the sweeping of the school room achieved, we were then all ready for "Puss in the Corner," "Blindman's Buff," etc., which all who have played them know are very exciting games, and highly productive of bumped heads, torn pantalettes, loss of breath, and physical exhaustion generally; besides being very convenient arrangements for those who are particularly pleased with having their toes trodden upon.

I remember one day when we were in the full glory of a game of "Puss in the Corner," that John Sykes, one of the big boys, in a headlong dash for a corner, made a slight miscalculation in the definition of a straight line, and brought up with a crash against the master's desk, and as a natural consequence, over it went, and its miscellaneous contents lay scattered on the floor.

Hostilities were immediately suspended, and

we stood aghast. There lay books, slates, a pile of corrected compositions, three rosy apples, a present to Mr. Gray from bright-eyed Lizzie Adams, rolling innocently about under the benches. But worse than all, the inkstand had had the insufferable impudence to empty its ebony-colored contents all over the floor, the new register, containing all our names, and the new copy-book, in which the master had just set new copies. Nothing had escaped, and what to do we knew not.

This was the first week of the winter school; we had a new teacher, and we did not yet know what his disposition was, whether pacific or pugnacious, and we were rather doubtful as to the consequences of the noon's performance. However, the overturn of the desk was a fixed fact, and there was nothing for it but to prepare and arrange matters as well as we could for the advent of the master in the afternoon. John Sykes, rubbing his side, and looking rather sullen, wiped up the ink with the papers that could be gathered from our dinner baskets, we all the while rating him soundly for being so careless.

Before it drew near the time for the master to arrive, everything was prepared; the desk was in its place, its lid concealing the dreadful sight within; the black stains on the floor alone betrayed us. Never did a schoolmaster behold a more meek, well-behaved set of scholars than we were, when Mr. Gray rapped on the window with his ferule that afternoon to call the school to order. He sat down before his desk, not an eye but was riveted to the book; we dreaded to look that way, and I imagined John Sykes's feelings must be something like those of John Rogers at the stake.

The master's clear voice broke the spell. "I find my desk in rather a more disorderly state than when I left it. You played 'Puss in the Corner,' this noon, did you not? Some one ran against this desk and overturned it. It was an accident, and I freely forgive whoever did it, with a request that you will be more careful in future."

We were thunderstruck. The reaction was overwhelming. Forgiveness with a mild reproof, when we expected stern questionings, and a whipping for the most guilty one! We had been taught to look for very different proceedings, by the experience of former administrations in the Millwood district. It was too much for poor John Sykes, who was as tall as the master, and who had always been the bravado of the school. The kind voice, and the gentle manner, touched a tender chord in his heart, and he could not study his algebra lesson in peace, till he had

seen to Mr. Gray, told him that he was the unintentional author of the mischief, and begged his pardon for his carelessness. It was an astonishing condescension for John Sykes, he was usually as stubborn as a mule, and possessed the "don't care" spirit to perfection, and we all looked at him with perfect amazement, when he went up with such a penitent expression to the master's desk. Mr. Gray spoke to him with such a beautiful smile, that John was his firm friend ever after, and Mr. Gray marched triumphantly into the affections and confidence of us all, on the bridge of that simple act. It was the first time in our lives that a schoolmaster of Millwood district had behaved in such a manner about so serious a matter, accident or not, and children as we were, it gave us new opinions upon the system of moral government. After that, Mr. Gray had the respect and love of us all, from little Amy Foster, just learning to spell cat, up to John Sykes, and Dick Mansfield, studying algebra, and geometry.

There were about thirty scholars in "our district," of all sizes and ages. I was fourteen that winter, and quite a tall girl for my age, but there were several girls in school, older than I. Bessie Allen, Carrie Mansfield, Mary Ellis, and Cora Linn. Bessie was a merry girl of sixteen, the veriest witch I ever saw, the heroine of merry makings, and the most ingenious of fun-concocters. We called her our attorney general. (We had a class in United States government that winter.) Carrie Mansfield was postmaster general, because she had been appointed to transact all business of weight and importance connected with the post-office, an office consisting of three books built up together, and covered with a pocket-handkerchief, which was lifted for the deposition of inch-square letters, postage twenty-five cents, *paid*. Mary Ellis, queen of the spelling contests, was elected secretary of state. Cora Linn, a fair haired angel, whom we all loved, acted as secretary of the home department, while I was named secretary of war, an appointment which I stoutly declined, till I found I was reduced to "Hobson's choice, that or none," for secretary of the navy did not mean anything, and disto of the treasury would have been splendid, but unfortunately there was no money to be taken care of.

My office was a responsible one I can tell you, for on me devolved the task of arranging amicably, all little squabbles, and of being a mediator between contending parties, excepting all cases in which I was a party myself, then, of course I could not act. Was not ours an august cabinet, gentle reader? But I have not told you about

the president yet. She was dear, lovely Agnes Foster, the pet and delight of the whole school. Not a girl that did not trust and look up to her, nor a boy, but would give up the best sliding-place, and resign the swiftest sled to her. She was sixteen, fresh and lovely as the roses of June. She and her little sister Amy were the only children of their widowed mother. They were very poor, now, and Agnes was striving to gain an education sufficient to qualify her for the situation of teacher in some academy or select school. To her we went for sympathy in childish troubles, to her we carried a knotty question in grammar, or a puzzling sum in fractions; the same kind smile always comforted us, and her calm mind and patient skill helped us speedily to overcome the difficulty.

Agnes was beautiful, though she seemed perfectly unconscious of it, and that was the greatest charm of all. The girls were always praising her, calling her eyes "blue violets," and her hair "braided sunbeams," her cheeks "dame's roses," and her teeth "pearls set in coral." But she always laughed, and told us we need not imagine she believed our nonsense, that we must see her through green spectacles, etc. Mary Ellis said, "sure enough, the glasses are love, and the bridge and bows are made of your goodness." We called this very smart of Mary Ellis, and admired it enthusiastically. We used to imagine that Mr. Gray stayed at her desk longer when he wrote her copies, or explained her geometry propositions, from some unaccountable reason, than he did to any of ours, and Mary Ellis actually declared that Mr. Gray's eyes had a peculiar expression when Aggie Foster was reciting. But of course it was all imagination, we thought. Mr. Gray "boarded round," and great were the preparations at home, and great the joy of the delegation from the family, when it came their turn to escort the master home with them from school.

The tea-table was set with mince and pumpkin pie, doughnuts, cheese, dried beef, pickles, and from two to five kinds of preserves. The more viands the table could be made to contain, the better, for no precious culinary stores were spared when Mr. Gray came. The parents admired him as much as the scholars, for he had a kind word and a cordial smile for all, from the old grandmamma, holding her knitting work in the corner, with thin and withered fingers, to the innocent baby creeping about the floor. He could talk of politics and agricultural improvements with the fathers, with as much ease, and to as perfect satisfaction, as he could invent new games, and tell little stories for the children. In

short, all-regarded him as a paragon of teachers, and the most charming of men. Joseph Gray was indeed a pattern young man. He had come into the town the week before school was to commence, and stopped at the village inn. None knew from whence he came or whither he was going, he did not take pains to gratify any one's curiosity on those points. When school-meeting night came, and the committee men of Millwood district assembled in the old school-house, Joseph Gray presented himself there as a candidate for the office of teacher. He declined presenting testimonials, acknowledged himself a stranger to all in the town, but he asked for a month's trial, and if at the end of that period the district were not satisfied, he would resign the situation, and require no compensation for the month's time. This was rather a singular proposal, but it was a very generous one certainly; and after some consultation, Deacon Sykes and Squire Ellis agreed to install Mr. Gray lord and sovereign over our seven by nine brown school-house. Mr. Gray had informed the committee that he was as well qualified for the post as district school teachers are generally expected to be, and expressed himself ready for the examination. Armed with a formidable array of geography and arithmetic, Mr. Ellis and Major Thornton commenced operations. They considered themselves an examining committee "par excellence," "*au fait*" at all puzzling questions, and attacks upon points least expected. Many a poor youth had they led into an arithmetical or grammatical quagmire, in which he floundered, and vainly endeavored to escape. This time they found their match. Mr. Gray was a little more than enough for both of them. Ready on every subject, prompt and clear with an answer to the most far-fetched question, the committee vainly tried to trip him up with an arithmetical problem, or turn a geographical stumbling block in his way. Major Thornton's great gun, the famous plaster sum, among the miscellaneous questions in Adams's arithmetic, was fired off in such an expert and masterly manner, that it provoked an emphatic expression of admiration from that gentleman, and the proposition of Euclid, the triangle described in a circle, another bugbear, was vanquished in an equally sure and speedy manner. Squire Ellis took off his spectacles, Major Thornton looked at Squire Ellis, and that gentleman returned the compliment. The looks said as plainly as words, "I am perfectly satisfied, are not you?" In fact, they were both delighted, and decided that if Mr. Gray's governing talents were as good as his book-learning, Millwood district had gained a treasure indeed. The school went on as I

have before described it. Disturb Mr. Gray indeed! Every day he increased in value, and every day we loved him better.

It was a perfect delight to look at him, for he was very handsome. A broad intellectual brow, from which masses of raven hair were carefully thrown back; eyes, glorious with the light of enthusiasm and feeling; a mouth which for sweetness we thought could not be surpassed, and you have his portrait. Mr. Joseph Gray and his perfections formed a subject for perpetual discussion in the councils of that august body, "our cabinet." We might start upon themes as far removed from it, as the Black Sea is from Lake Superior, but by some strange and irresistible influence we always came round to Mr. Gray at last.

How amused he would have been if he had heard our nonsense. We used to wonder if his right ear ever troubled him with a certain burning sensation which the old sign declares one to experience, when people are saying good things of them; but we never ascertained the truth of the matter in regard to Mr. Gray.

From some inexplicable cause, we never could get Agnes Foster to say one word in praise or blame of Mr. Gray. She listened with a smile to our talk, but in vain we tried to extract any sort of an opinion of him, from her. One day Carrie Mansfield, fairly out of patience, broke forth: "Why, Agnes Foster, I do think you are the strangest girl I ever saw in my life. I've been trying here half an hour to get you to talk about Mr. Gray, and you won't even acknowledge that he's handsome. You think him a fright, I suppose. Pray tell me if you consider him at all to be compared in beauty to old Daddy Dickman, who carries the mail, and who wears a gray wig, and smells of whiskey?"

The tears came into Agnes's eyes. Carrie was melted in an instant, and begged pardon for her sneering tone.

"Indeed," said Aggie, "you do me injustice; those that say the least, sometimes think the most. Because I do not lavish praises on Mr. Gray so enthusiastically as you do, or talk myself breathless in admiration of his talents or his fine face, do you think I dislike him, or do not appreciate him? You are famously mistaken. He has not a warmer friend in school than myself, and I do not consider it necessary to say more. There he comes now."

We were in our seats and studying our lessons as demurely as possible—with a most unscientific air—when he entered the room.

December, January and February fled by, and it was the first of March, just a week before the

close of school. How we dreaded to give up Mr. Gray. School had been a delightful place, and the winter had seemed so short. Where had the days and weeks gone?

One morning, two or three days before examination, Agnes Foster came to school with a very sad expression on her beautiful face, and her eyes looked as if she had been weeping. With eager questionings we gathered around our favorite, and in a faltering voice, she told us that her mother had the evening before received news that the bank in which her little all was invested had failed, and she had lost every farthing she possessed, and they had not even enough money left to pay their rent. They must leave Millwood and go to the far west, where they had relatives in moderate circumstances, who would lend them the money to pay for travelling expenses. What they were to do there she knew not. Poor Agnes, our hearts bled for her. Generous Cora Lina cried: "O, if I only had money of my own, I would make up all you have lost. In the midst of the sorrowful scene, Mr. Gray came in. Agnes flew to her seat, and bent her head over her book, to hide her tears from him; we all remained standing by the desk, undecided what to do. The master looked inquiringly from one to another. "What is the matter?" said he, at length; "and why do I see such sad faces? what has happened?"

Carrie Mansfield, without seeing Agnes's agonized telegraphings to her to stop, told Mr. Gray the story in a low tone. He changed color, and looked more agitated than we had ever seen him. He went and sat down by her side at once.

"Dear Agnes," said he, possessing himself of her hand, spite of her gentle opposition, "what is this that Carrie has been telling me? Is it indeed true?" Agnes bowed tearfully. "I feel for you deeply," said he, "tell your mother I will call on her this evening, perhaps I can be of service to you in your distress."

Agnes gave him one grateful, admiring look, and took refuge in her open geometry, lying upon her desk, to hide her blushes and tears. Mr. Gray said no more. We fancied he looked unusually happy all that day, but never did he seem so absent-minded. We did not know what had possessed the man. He sent out little Sammy Jones after an armful of wood, and when he appeared with it, told him to bring it to the desk and he would show him how to spell it. In our history class, he said "very well," when stupid Sarah Wright put the Norman conquest in Queen Anne's reign, and smiled at Mary Jones when she told him that William Carlton was the author of the Gunpowder Plot.

Mr. Gray's eyes looked at Agnes, when she passed out of the school-room, that afternoon to go home, with an intense expression that brought the crimson blush to her forehead. You may imagine we felt interested in Mr. Gray's movements that evening. Carrie Mansfield, at whose house he was boarding for a day or two, promised to watch his operations and report to the cabinet next day.

Joseph Gray came home to Squire Ellis's room school, and went straight to his room, staying there till tea-time. Carrie told us his behavior at table was as mysterious as it had been at school. Nobody could get him to talk. His cup of tea was untouched, and all he did was to keep up appearances with a piece of biscuit and butter in one hand, and pretend to eat preserved plums with the other. Tea over, that gentleman, telling Carrie with a bland smile he was going out, asked her for his hat. As soon as she had brought it, he seized it with nervous haste, and escaped from the house. Carrie began to guess at the state of matters, and she rightly guessed. Mr. Gray was in love with our Agnes. No wonder he was absent-minded, poor man. Young gentlemen in his state of mind are apt to be, and Carrie went about washing the tea-dishes, wishing Mr. Gray success, and fancying how happy Agnes would be with him.

Mr. Gray made the best of his way to Mrs. Foster's abode, and his hand trembled as he knocked at the door. Agnes opened it; "How kind you are, Mr. Gray," she said; "my mother will be very glad to see you."

Stooping his head to enter the low door of the sitting-room, he took a chair beside Mrs. Foster, who thanked him with earnestness for his kindness in coming to them.

"Listen to me a few moments, Mrs. Foster," said he, "and perhaps you will alter your opinion of the disinterested benevolence you say I possess. I am come, not to restore you a treasure, but to ask one of you. You know the scripture proverb, 'from him that hath not, shall be taken away, even that which he hath.'"

Mrs. Foster was speechless with astonishment. Mr. Gray's eyes looked for Agnes. She was sitting the other side of the room leaning her elbow on the table, the color coming and going on her sweet face. Mr. Gray continued: "Allow me to tell you a short story. I came to Millwood an utter stranger to all its good people. I came, seeking to escape from the emptiness of fashionable life. I wanted to find a rest, and a refreshing change, in a quiet, simple life, in a country village, and see if I could be loved and esteemed for myself alone. Why should my wealth and

position forever be my only title to public favor? I presented myself as a district school teacher, and was accepted. No time in my life has been happier to me than this winter, for I have felt a thousand times repaid for the sacrifice I have made, in assuming a humbler capacity than I ever dreamed I could fill contentedly, by the love I feel sure my beloved pupils have felt for me, and the kindness I have found everywhere. And my dear madam," Mr. Gray's voice became more earnest, "I seek your daughter, and I ask you to give her to me as the richest treasure I ever can possess. If I can teach her to love me," and he turned with a passionate glance to Agnes, who sat transfixed with astonishment, "I promise to devote my life to make her happy. Will you give her to me, if she herself is not averse to the transfer?"

The widow sat silent. She could not speak. At last she said: "You are too kind, too generous. I cannot realize all this. Agnes must decide. If she loves you as you desire, we are too happy;" and she left the room to hide her emotion.

"Agnes," said Mr. Gray, "you have heard my story. I have sometimes fancied that as a schoolmaster I could win your love; shall I fail to do so in my new capacity?" and again his eyes seemed to read her very soul.

Agnes made a brave effort to speak calmly. "Mr. Gray," she said, "how could I help loving you long ago? But I am not fit to be your bride—I am a simple country-girl—I know nothing of the world, and should disgrace you in your own rank. I am not worthy of you."

"Let me be the judge of that," said Joseph Gray, holding fast both her hands. "If you can love me, that is all I ask. To be loved for myself alone, is the proudest joy that could ever come to my heart. Dear Agnes, you have made me happier than I ever dreamed I could be."

The next day the story went flying all over the village, "how the school teacher had turned out to be a very rich man, who had only taught school because he liked it, and not at all for the eighteen dollars a month." "How he had offered himself to sweet Agnes Foster, and been accepted, and her mother had concluded not to go west at present," and "how Agnes would live in a magnificent house, and need not lift a finger." Everybody rejoiced at Agnes's good fortune. You can imagine there was quite an exciting time at the next meeting of the cabinet, and many significant looks were launched from roguish eyes at poor Aggie, who endured them with the patience of a martyr.

School closed and Mr. Gray went away. In two or three days came a thick letter directed to

"Miss Agnes Foster, Millwood," in the same graceful hand that wrote the copies in our writing books.

In June, Mr. Gray came back to Millwood, what for, we could guess without the slightest difficulty. The roses that twined her hair were not so fresh and beautiful as "our Agnes," when she stood by Mr. Gray's side, on her wedding morning.

Cora Linn and Mary Ellis were bridesmaids, and they said so, and we all believed them, of course. Mr. Gray took Agnes away from us to his splendid home, and so the cabinet lost its president.

JOKING WITH A BARBER.

Stopping for a day or two at a village a short way from Boston, Jeems went to a barber's to get shaved. On entering, and casting his eye about the room, he perceived that the barber drove a double trade of tonsor and small grocer.

"Shave, sir?" said the barber to his customer, whose face sufficiently indicated the object of his visit.

Jeems made no reply, but drawing himself up to a lofty height, proceeded, in the attorney fashion, to interrogate the barber as follows:

"Sir, you are a barber?"

"Yes, sir; have a shave?"

"And do you also keep this oyster cellar?"

"Yes, sir; have any oysters?"

"Well, sir, this occupation of yours gives rise to the most horrible suspicions. It is a serious thing to submit one's head to the manipulations of a stranger; but if you can answer a couple of questions to my satisfaction I should like to be shaved."

The barber said he would try.

"Well, sir," said Jeems solemnly, "do you shave with your oyster-knife?"

"No, sir," said the barber, smiling.

"One question more," continued the interrogator, "and remember that you are under an oath, or rather, recollect that this is a serious business (the barber started) one question more; do you never open oysters with your razor?"

"No, sir," exclaimed the barber, indignantly, amid a roar of laughter from the bystanders.

"Then shave me," said Jeems, throwing himself into the chair, and untying his neck-cloth with the air of a man who has unshaken confidence in human nature.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

THE BUTTER TREE.

On the banks of the Niger, in Africa, they have a tree called the Shea, from which excellent butter is obtained. The tree is like our oak, and the fruit somewhat resembles the Spanish olive. The kernel of the fruit is dried in the sun and then boiled, and the butter thus obtained is whiter, firmer, and of a richer flavor than that obtained from a cow, besides keeping sweet a year without salt. The growth and preparation of this article is one of the leading objects of African industry, and constitutes the main article of their inland commerce.—*African Researches.*

I'M ROAMING ALL ALONE.

BY MARIAN DESMOND.

O, when I'm roaming all alone,
I'm happier than when
I mingle in the merry dance,
Or tread the haunts of men.

I love to gaze on other scenes,
The fair, bright, azure sky,
Upon whose peaceful bosom blue,
The white clouds wander by.

And the fair, bright golden flowers
Have each delights for me;
For in their tender leaves and buds
God's handiwork I see.

I love the music of the winds,
Whose notes are soft and low;
And when the notes more loud and rough,
The leafy branches bow.

MRS. BUSH'S BAY WINDOWS.

BY MRS. E. WELLMONT.

Mr. BUSH had just such a store as suited his fancy, and Mrs. Bush had just such a house as suited her taste. There was only this difference between the two—the store never needed remodeling, but the house did. It was now ten years since Mrs. Bush introduced a set of Parisian furniture into her drawing-rooms, and having been often stripped of the white linen covering which justly belonged to the varied ottomans, chairs, divans and window-seats, the sun had made very free with their bright tints, and like many a rouged maiden, their brilliancy began to fade. This apparent decay was very opportune, as it happened at the very time Mrs. Bush was thinking of introducing two bay windows—one to adorn her drawing-room, and the other her library above.

And this was no new idea of which Mrs. Bush came possessed; so her husband's reply, "that it was all nonsense, and never worth while to incur such a useless expense," affected her not in the least. She always remembered that she brought some property into the marriage bond—a circumstance which is rarely forgotten, and sometimes too often alluded to, for the comfort of joint partners in common stock. She would have the bay windows; they must be built before the arrival of the new furniture, which would be brought in the fall steamers or packets. Mr. Bush was about to take a western tour "to look after bad debts," and in his absence Shingie the carpenter would attend to the job.

All things were progressing; the carpenter's plan was well adapted to the place to be extended out, the terms were agreed upon, the time the work should be finished stipulated, and Mrs. Bush made herself and household busy in packing away and storing in an upper loft all the furniture which the upholsterer or auctioneer did not convey away. She then prepared to vacate the premises, taking lodgings where she could have a daily oversight—thus retarding by suggestions and provoking by remarks the foreman entrusted with the job. The work did not advance so rapidly as Mrs. Bush desired—she would have it finished, by all means, before her husband's return. She had almost felt that she wished she had never undertaken the business—it was a great deal more work than she had supposed; it sent rubbish and confusion to every part of the house; they were blinded by old lime, blackened by laths, exposed to the most driving storms, and altogether, the neat trim house which a week or two ago presented such an attractive appearance, had become converted into a tool-shop and mortar-bed—hod-carriers and carpenters alternating, as the work demanded. Truly, to build Mrs. Bush's bay windows was quite a heavy job.

We doubt whether any proprietor ever undertook to remodel his dwelling for mere fancy, without feeling heartily sick of the business, if it occasioned the removal of the family and the tearing down that about which we had some doubts whether, when built up, we should look upon with more satisfaction. We must quote a case in point:

A friend of ours not long since became fascinated with the idea of removing the folding-doors connecting his large drawing-rooms. He sent for the carpenter, and stated his intention. Not intent upon undertaking a job, the workman remarked, carelessly:

"It will occasion you a world of confusion; the lime-dust will reach from attic to cellar. And then, again, are you sure you will like the change when it is finished? Don't you ever like to close these doors, in a cold wintry night, when a few friends are gathered, and feel that within a smaller space there seems to be more an air of comfort?"

Some of those cozy evenings were brought afresh to our friend's recollection. "What shall I pay you, sir, for thus intruding upon your time and giving your advice, for I have concluded I will not undertake the work?" demanded Mr. A.

Our friend only reflected upon one side, and this was just the position in which Mrs. Bush

found herself. In the space of two months, however, the work was completed. The bay windows were tastefully inserted, the house was rendered far more pleasant, a beautiful extended view was opened, and you had only to open the side blinds, and every enraptured beholder exclaimed: "I wish we could have bay windows in our dwelling!" Mrs. Bush was sure her husband could not but approve her improvement—in a financial view (this was the point he would consider), the house would bring double the cost of the outlay.

Unluckily, however, there are two sides to other subjects besides bay windows. Mr. Grundy occupied the next tenement to Mr. Bush—indeed they were in the same block. Shingle the carpenter had hinted that Grundy did not like the idea of thus being shut out of his prospect; but Mrs. Bush forgot Mr. Grundy had rights which he held sacred as herself, and that had he reversed them, and built a window which would overlook on one side of her drawing-room, she should have remonstrated. She therefore saw her neighbor, and apologized; but she had violated a principle of right, and he had left the affair with his attorney to be adjusted. Grundy was cool, but decided. Mrs. Bush recognized him as a good neighbor, very peaceable and kind, and she did not fear any trouble. Grundy had ordered his attorney to defer matters till Mr. Bush should return; and Mrs. Bush, taking silence for consent, proceeded to improve her drawing-room, and an upholsterer beautifully draped her bay windows.

Mr. Bush returned. "Yes, it suited him very well; he didn't know but the rooms were more pleasant, but it was an enormous outlay—five hundred dollars for each window; it would buy a small cottage in the country." The bill, however, was discharged, for Mr. Bush kept no running accounts. On going to his store one morning just after his return, he received the following note:

"J. BUSH, Esq.—Dear Sir: Mr. Grundy, who occupies a dwelling adjoining yours, informs me that by the erection of two projecting windows, you have exceeded the restrictions by which his property is legally shielded, having thus deprived him of air, light and prospect, in such cases made and provided. Your removal of such incumbrances is forthwith demanded; otherwise, a suit at law will be speedily commenced.

"With respect, your obedient servant,
"J. TWIGGS."

Mr. Bush immediately consulted legal authorities, and found the bay windows, thus erected, were a gross infringement upon an adjoining tenant. What could he do, but apply to Shingle

to remove the same forthwith, and close up the aperture as before?

Mrs. Bush did not appear in public for some time after this affair; it was rumored that she had failing health and depression of spirits, and great doubts are expressed whether, in her husband's absence, she will ever again undertake any great job requiring the aid of a housewright.

It is needless to add that the aperture being closed, Mr. Bush's dwelling looks just as it did formerly, only it will take time for the bricks and mortar to become so discolored as to be a perfect match, where the bay windows were inserted; and it would be no marvel if Mrs. Bush should be constantly reminded of her mistake, every time she surveys the outside of her dwelling.

THE HYENA.

"Cowardly as a hyena," is an Arab proverb: Perhaps, the main cause of the universal hatred which this odious beast inspires, arises from its habit of violating graves. Whether resurrection-men or hyenas are concerned, the feeling is the same in the popular mind. What else can we do but execrate the insulters and devourers of what remains of those we have loved most dearly on earth? Now, the hyena, who fears to attack any other creature than a solitary, wretched, ailing, half-starved dog, not daring to make an onslaught on a flock of sheep, the vile hyena disinters the dead and eats their very bones. Is it likely that such a beast should meet with anything but detestation? As a precautionary measure, which is not always effectual, the Arabs bury their dead very deep. In some districts, they even build two vaults for the reception of the body, putting their precious deposit in the lower one. Consequently, the skin of so dastard an animal is looked upon as valueless. In the majority of tents it would be refused admittance, for fear it should bring bad luck with it.—*Animal Kingdom.*

WORKMANSHIP OF HAIR.

The workmanship of hair, to be worn as ornament, has been brought to the perfection of an art. Bracelets, brooches and necklaces of various shades of hair, are elegantly wrought with jewels. I have admired, lately, several of these new and beautiful ornaments, among them a necklace forming a wreath of tulips; the flowers were wrought in hair and the leaves formed of emeralds. Also, a bracelet of blonde hair, worked in a wide, beautiful tress, through which runs a strand of tamarisks; the clasp is of turquoises in the form of a medallion, on which are worked in hair the initials of the name.—*Paris Letter to N. Y. Journal of Commerce.*

In any adversity that happens to us in the world, we ought to consider that misery and affliction are not less natural than snow and hail, storm and tempest; and that it is as reasonable to hope for a year without winter, as for a life without trouble.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

WINTER SCENERY.

Those who complain of the dreariness and monotony of winter, can have no true perception of natural beauty. All the features and phases of nature are beautiful. Even in a desert there is vastness and sublimity, as in the seemingly illimitable expanse of ocean in a calm. It is true that in the early winter, there is a period of rest, of immobility, of cold, statue-like inaction—a transitory image of death. But the spirit of beauty is silently at work preparing scenes of exquisite splendor to gladden the eyes of those who are trained to look with love and admiration on her handiwork. The first snow that falls, robing the hills and plains in its spotless ermine, bending with its weight the plummy pines, achieves the task of an enchant-er. Even the roofs of town and city wear a new and strange aspect from the gentle ministration of the snow.

But there are other scenes of natural magic which surprise even the coldest into hyperboles of admiration. A few weeks ago, a fall of sleet and rain, accompanied by frost, produced on the following day one of the most gorgeous spectacles which old winter offers to the eye. Attempts have been often made to describe it, but language fails of conveying an adequate idea of its magnificence to those who have never witnessed it. Nothing in the gorgeous glory of the tropics equals it; Art fails, and drops her pencil in despair, from a hopeless effort to imitate the peculiar phenomenon of which we speak. The world's wealth of precious gems would be exhausted before it conveyed a glimmer of the glory of this marvellous frost-work. Every blade of grass, every spray of lilac bush, or roadside shrub, or garden flower, bends and sways with a weight of diamonds, that flash forth their prismatic rays in the glory of the winter sunshine. The pine trees are masses of plumes and jewels; the pendulous branches of the willow descend like tresses of sultanas, braided heavily with precious stones. There is nothing in field or forest that—

—“Doth not change
Into something new and strange.”

By broad daylight this phenomenon is sufficiently remarkable. But who can form an idea

of its magic effect who has not rode along the skirts of New England, with the full moon shimmering on the glittering branches and twigs of the trees—a maze of almost unearthly brilliancy? The spectacle thus sketched is rare, and fortunately so; for the weight of splendor attached to the trees often proves their injury and destruction. While it lasts, this spectacle is the most magnificent to be witnessed in the whole range of Nature's glories.

HOPE DEFERRED.

The heart of Mrs. Gaines—the widow of General Gaines—is one of those brave robust hearts that “hope deferred” does not “make sick.” Through every discouragement and loss, from court to court, from year to year, she has battled to secure the legal recognition of the will she alleges to have been made by her father, in 1813, bequeathing to her property worth several millions. If, as we understand it, the recent decree of the Supreme Court of Louisiana be final, Mrs. Gaines is this day one of the richest ladies on this shore of the Atlantic. As she is a very generous woman, she will probably waive her claim to the whole amount, and, after paying costs, be content with a few millions.

BRITISH ANNEXATION.—The kingdom of Oude, in Hindostan, the revenue of which is ten millions annually, is about to be annexed to the British East India possessions. Why does England blame us for doing in America what she is doing in Asia?

A GOOD ANSWER.—A lady ordered her Irish servant girl to say she was not at home when certain persons called. “Yes, ma'am,” replied Bridget, “and when I go to the praste, will I confess it as your sin or mine?”

SHOES.—The French soldiers in the Crimea wear wooden shoes, which are said to be a preventive against consumption. They must be nice articles for tender feet,

HIGH STYLE.—The New York Sunday Courier says that the tickets to a colored ball, recently given in Gotham, were \$10 apiece.

AMERICAN PRODUCTIONS.

In a paragraph, going the rounds of the press, we find a sentence which is worthy of being printed in letters of gold—"Foreign supply of thought is not enough." No truer words were ever uttered. We have manufactured, and are manufacturing, everything material required by the necessities and the artificial wants of social life, supplying not only ourselves but the old world; and the time has now arrived when we must manufacture thought for the supply of our spiritual wants, as well as clothing, machinery and furniture for our physical wants. We have opened untold wealth in the mines of California; we must now coin untold wealth from the El Dorados of imagination and thought.

Not that we have hitherto been unproductive in the lofty sphere of intellect. The American mind was never without its creative representatives. Our literary annals, as epitomized in Deyckinck's recent admirable work, show that, in the very infancy of the colonies, brilliant minds were at work to illustrate our mental glory. But yet there was a lack of genuine native vigor in all these early efforts. Men moved in the shadow of Europe. For a long time after our political severance from the old world, our mental dependence on it was quietly acknowledged. The American public still preferred to read the works of English authors, waited for English criticism to stamp its seal of approval on the works of our own authors, and believed with difficulty that there were prophets in our own land.

At last one or two American authors were ranked by the English themselves with their own best living writers. Irving was compared to Addison, and Cooper was admitted to be not a great way behind his illustrious model, Sir Walter Scott. The public then began to think that there might be others capable of weaving brilliant romances and building lofty rhymes. Once the demand created, the supply followed as a matter of course, as air rushes in to fill a vacuum; and not only now do we supply the home demand, but we export for foreign consumption. In every department of letters we are now fairly represented, and what is better still, a spirit is abroad, among authors, book-sellers, and the public, which shows that our literary firmament is destined to be irradiated, not by a few transitory meteors, but by constellations and galaxies of brilliant stars. Truly, says the anonymous writer, whose striking remark we quoted at the outset, there is a better and brighter future. A national literature is springing up

in the track of prosperous industry, as the crowning harvest rises after the plough and industry of man—as the tasteful villa succeeds the log cabin of the forest farmer. Men of genius are appearing among us — poets and philosophers are slowly winning the ear of our own people, and who command the admiration of the best audiences of Europe. *Let us cherish them; for they are needed. They make the country healthy and habitable.*

"OLD MASTERS."

The almanac for the present month ought to have among their current warnings, "about this time look out for the old masters." Two or three times in the course of the winter, many original works of Titian, Raphael, Murillo, Vandervelde, Poussin, Teniers, Guercino, Rembrandt, etc., are exposed for sale at public auction. There is no doubt of their being genuine originals—for the catalogues say so. Fortunate Americans! While these old masters command in Europe from 5000 to 20,000 guineas each, they are knocked off here at prices ranging from \$50 to \$100. Another thing has struck us in view of the repeated sales of these old masters, their industry must have been little less than marvellous. Since we can remember, about forty thousand cords of their works have been disposed of, and yet the supply seems inexhaustible. In the mean time our artists—fellows of merit—are starving for want of patronage, and doomed to see cracked canvasses smeared with red ochre and asphaltum, purchased with avidity, at fabulous prices.

BINDING.

Having extended the facilities for prompt and neat work in our binding department, we are now prepared to bind all works handed in to us, at the lowest prices, and in the best possible manner. Books, pamphlets, magazines, newspapers, will be bound in any desired form; our own works being finished as heretofore, and at the same rates.

DRY GOODS.—The falling off in the imports of dry goods at New York, for the last year, from the total of the preceding year, amounted to \$15,864,874.

A FACT.—The young lady who had a repugnance to kissing a man with mustachios, has been practising on the shoe-brush.

QUEER.—It was lately decided by the Irish Court of Queen's Bench, that a clergyman of the Church of England could legally marry himself.

OLD AND NEW.

As we voyage adown the stream of time, that flows on eternally towards that vast ocean from which no traveller has returned, there are moments of calm, when our vessel seems to stand still for a moment, and when the older of the passengers look back with fond regret to the scenes they are leaving, and contrast the new prospects on which they are entering with those which they have already proved. The younger passengers are little given to retrospection; with them the future is all in all, and they chide every day which holds them back from those Delectable Mountains, ever looming in the distance in the eye of inexperience, and piled with "cloud-capt towers," and such gorgeous palaces as those which gild the vision of the youth in the first picture of Cole's *Voyage of Life*.

We are now in one of those moments of calm. We have lately doubled a cape, and apparently new scenes lie before us. In other words, we have bidden farewell to one year, and have entered on another. For a moment our minds dwell upon the past, and then the present or the future absorbs us, as the Maelstrom of Norway involves every bark whose keel once touches its revolving circles. The facility with which we forget an old year as soon as it has passed away, is anything but creditable to the sentimental part of our nature. The funeral is a merry one—the mourners never think of shedding tears. The requiem quickens into a wassail song, the knell into a "triple bob major" of joyous bell-peals. It is from mere force of habit that we write once or twice the figures that represent the old year, not from any lingering affection; but we soon shake off even that equivocal sign of respect. Who dates a letter now 1855, even in a thoughtless moment? 1855! we don't know the gentleman.

We, Americans, are eminently gifted with oblivion. We don't like to dwell on by-gones. The present generation abhors things antiquated and out of date. Old houses are no longer looked upon with that degree of respect they ought to command. The quaint old manor-house, with its heavy gables, its low-studded rooms, and its small-paned windows, must give way to the modern villa, or chateau, with lofty arches and huge plates of glass, and an air of magniloquent gentility. Old trees are grudgingly, here and there, permitted to stand, though the slightest symptom of ailing, a little delay in vegetating in the spring, the smallest shadow of shabby gentility, is an excuse for the axe. They are "put out of their misery," just as old horses are; their claim to existence is hardly recognised.

So with old men. The respect for age, the reverence for white hairs, is fast becoming obsolete. In this hurry, and drive, and whirl, and bustle, amid this insane shout of progress, and craving for change and novelty, many good things are condemned in the indiscriminate warfare of the new on the old.

"I sometimes wonder," said one of our finest poets, lately, "that the present generation suffers an old man to live. There is scarcely any conservatism now-a-days, and there is danger in the fact." At the risk of being branded with the heinous charge of old foggism, we will venture to say that we think there is such a thing as progressing a little too fast. Hence, in our voyage of life, we would now and then pause, and see if we derive no lesson from our past experience. In our style of living, we think it would be well to retain some of the republican simplicity of the past. And as to food, the editor of the *New England Farmer* says truly, in speaking of our ancestors: "Plain meats and vegetables—the turnip instead of the potato,—and principally rye and barley bread, made up the sum of their frugal meals; and there was less dyspepsia and despondency in those times than in our more artificial life."

Our predecessors knew nothing of hygiene and gymnastics, and calisthenics, which we do; but they were certainly a hardier race. We should do well, therefore, to peruse their records once in a while, instead of dismissing them to oblivion with the remark, that they were a "parcel of old fogies."

FIRST PRINCIPLES.—When Lockmann was asked, who had given him the first principles of wisdom, "The blind," he replied; "for they never take a step without first having made sure of the ground with their sticks."

IMPORTANT.—Since the success of *Hiawatha*, some of our young "poicks" have been studying the Choctaw and Ojibway dialects. This is interesting to dentists.

FLATTERING.—Mr. Thomas Rossiter, the American historical painter, received a gold medal, valued at a thousand pounds, at the exposition of Fine Arts in Paris.

THE DIFFERENCE.—The mayor of Philadelphia says the "million loan is ready for subscribers." Are subscribers ready for the million loan?

TAXES IN NEW YORK.—The taxes in the Imperial City were \$3 50 a head in 1830; they are now nearly ten dollars a head!

ANOTHER ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

Dr. Kane's account of his observations in the Arctic regions has produced a deep impression, and notwithstanding a full conception of the inevitable sufferings and perils it must entail, another expedition to the far, far North is seriously talked of. Dr. Kane's discoveries have stimulated curiosity, and excited the spirit of scientific investigation. The existence of a vast open polar sea presents so many problems to be solved, that we cannot wonder at the anxiety manifested to arrive at a solution. The phenomena that other adventurers only glanced at, Dr. Kane scanned with a vigilant eye. "He is not the first," says the *New York Herald*, "as most people are aware, who has suggested that there existed a tract of open water in the neighborhood of the Pole. The Russians, who, for a century or more, have had a system of Polar explorations on foot, have named the sea *Polynia*, which means a 'lane,' or interval of water between tracts of ice. Sir Edward Parry, in 1827, stood on the borders of the sea, and noticed with surprise that a strong wind blew no ice towards the shore. Similar observations were made by Phipps and Wrangel. There can, therefore, be no possibility that Dr. Kane has been misled. He has merely seen and noted what had fallen previously on the retina of other's eyes without producing any impression.

"What is the nature of this sea? What its extent? Its temperature? Its office in the economy of the world? To these questions, Dr. Kane, when catechised, could give no satisfactory answer. All that he knows is, that the temperature of the air rose as he approached it, that the water of the sea appeared warmer than that of the arms of the ocean further to the south; and that ducks, and seals, and herbivorous animals appeared plentiful on its surface, and apparently migrated towards it from the neighborhood. These discoveries, slender as they are, tend to overthrow the old theory that the Pole is the centre of, atmospherical frigidity; and throw open the door to conjecture as to the nature of the globe's surface around the Pole, and the principle on which cold is distributed throughout the Arctic regions."

It is thought that with proper preparations and precautions, another expedition might be pushed farther to the north without peril of life. Such an expedition would probably unravel the mysteries that shroud the story of the great Polar Sea, and set a vexed question at rest forever. Such a result would crown with fame the daring adventurer who commanded the expedition; and it would be honor enough for a life-time.

IMMIGRATION TO GEORGIA.

A company of New England men have made arrangements to make Georgia their future home. There is an immense import to the movement. New England men, with all the varied resources of Georgia to draw upon, will make their mark wherever they locate. Waste material will be made use of, and coined each day. Thrift and energy will have a permanent abiding place together, and a genial climate will assist every effort toward improvement. The heat of summer, inland, is less oppressive than here, though it may seem strange to one unacquainted with the climate, and spring begins actually, as well as nominally, in March. 'May-day' there has its abundance of May-day fruits and flowers. Going "Maying" has a pertinent meaning and a good reward. This movement cannot fail to promote good feeling and a correct understanding between the two sections of country, whose members will be thus thrown together. We learn that an excellent water power has been purchased, with considerable extent of surrounding land, and that the company will go out prepared to trade and manufacture on an extensive scale. An assortment of various practical working machines will be taken out, more especially wood-working and other labor-saving and ingenious contrivances. It is a novel and promising enterprise.

A PROFOUND REFLECTION.—A Connaught ranger was asleep during the siege of Badajoz. A cannon ball struck him and carried away his head. A comrade, who had witnessed this sudden death, said: "By my sowl! Jemmy'll be bothered intirely when he wakes in the morning and can't find his head!"

AFRICAN INLAND SEA.—Dr. Rebman, a missionary, has verified the existence in Africa of an immense sea, without outlet, twice as large as the Black Sea, between the equator and ten degrees south latitude, and between the 23d and 30th meridian—called *Ukerewe*, or *Inner Sea*.

MARSHAL PELISSIER.—This brave general is sixty years old. He is now a military lion. If he had failed to take the *Malakoff*, "none so poor to do him reverence."

GRUMBLING.—An editor says he was taught, when a boy, to refrain from grumbling at two things: one, at what he couldn't help, and the other, at what he could help.

FEBRILE.—The total number of deaths by cholera in Italy, last year, was 150,000.

THE SOUL OF WIT.

There is no doubt that "brevity is the soul of wit," as a celebrated Roman consul once pithily remarked. It is of the first necessity that language should adapt itself to the diverse forms exacted by narration; but a man, under pretence of ornamenting his discourse, ought not to wander away into far-fetched comparisons, tedious details and interminable dialogues. Every narrative should be brief, and brevity consists here, not in expressing oneself in a few words, but in rejecting all details useless to the understanding of the facts or the interest of the recital. The same event may be told in such a manner as to seem short in four pages, and long in ten lines. The latter will be long, in fact, if it contains repetitions and useless circumstances; the first will be short, if it have nothing superfluous, and if it is interesting from beginning to end.

A speaker having made his appearance before Henry IV. at his dinner hour, and having commenced with these words, "Agésilas, King of Sparta," the king, who feared, from such an exordium, that the harangue would be something of the longest, interrupted him by exclaiming: "*Ventre-saint-gris!* I have certainly heard something about this same Agésilas, but he had probably eaten his dinner, and I shall follow his example."

The late General Taylor was a mortal enemy of long speeches. On one occasion, during the war with Mexico, he was marching past the gates of a certain town, where the inhabitants sent forth a deputation to meet him, and an orator addressed him a complimentary speech of half an hour's duration. Old Rough and Ready, who never could master a single word of Spanish, called up a soldier, who was supposed to be acquainted with the language, and stammered out: "Wh—what's all that he's been saying?"

"He says, please the general, that he's very glad to see you, and hopes you're well."

"Is that all?" said the general. "Why then couldn't he have said it in so many words? Tell him I'm very well, and hope he is the same."

And he ordered the column to move on, without wasting more words on the Mexican Cicero.

WANTS.—The London Times says the English are in want of a general, a poet and a historian. What will they pay for the articles? That is the question.

IMMIGRATION.—The decrease in the Irish immigration to New York for the past year, was fifty per cent.

WORTHY OF CONSIDERATION.

The influence exerted by a good family paper in a home circle is almost incalculable. One of the first duties of a parent is to make home happy: to combine, if possible, amusement with instruction; and there is no surer way of doing this than by supplying the fireside with a good family paper. In such a paper there should be food for every mind, in each stage of development. Politics and polemics, every jarring topic, should be rigidly excluded from its columns. It should be national, not sectional, and cosmopolitan in spirit. It should reflect, as far as space will allow, the busy movement of the great world, with glimpses of its poetry, as well as its reality. The day has gone by when a rigid severity debarred the young from those enjoyments which a true culture of the imagination supplies. The interesting tale, and the well chosen miscellany, are now found to exert happy influences, when mingled with the discussion of graver themes. Such a paper, various in its contents, and strictly moral in its tone, is a welcome and reliable addition—we will not say to home luxuries, but, to home comforts and necessities. It suggests topics of conversation; it provokes in the young an inquiring spirit; it adds insensibly to their stores of information, without coming in the severe guise of a teacher. In a word, such a family paper proves a family friend; and the failure to receive their accustomed weekly sheet would be regarded by hundreds of thousands in this country as a positive calamity. These are reflections that are worthy the consideration of parents, guardians, and all who have charge of youth of either sex. Let no home be without its well chosen weekly journal.

LIBERAL CANDIDATE.—A candidate for the English Parliament, lately, in reply to the inquiries from the voters as to what line of politics he should pursue, if elected, answered, "Whatever you please." This is promising all things to all men. We wonder if he was elected.

INCOMPATIBILITY OF TEMPER.—A couple were lately legally divorced on the ground of incompatibility of temper. This reason would sever a vast number of united destinies.

GOOD.—In the New York Society Library a ladies' reading-room has been opened, and it is hoped the advantages for mental improvement it presents will be eagerly embraced.

FASHION.—The Post says that coopers are to be substituted for milliners, on account of the rage for hoops exhibited by the ladies.

A MAD MINISTER.

Mr. Gaillardet, formerly editor, and now regular Paris correspondent of the *Courrier des Etats Unis*, of New York, gives the following account of the insanity of Mr. Silivergo, lately one of the ministers of King Otho, of Greece: "He has purchased a hundred and fifty clocks, and fifty dressing-tables, that he might receive two of his colleagues honorably. His first symptom did not appear very extraordinary to amateurs of furniture. Shortly afterwards, he bluntly asked the United States minister if he had a white vest, and if he didn't want a washerwoman. It seems even this remark was not regarded as a perfect proof of mental aberration, which was not very complimentary to the American minister's waistcoats. In an audience with the king, Mr. Silivergo asked him which he preferred, the polka, the mazurka, or the minuet. 'For my part,' said he, 'I am a legitimist, and go in for the minuet.' Whereupon he executed a few steps for the enlightenment of his Grecian majesty. He was deemed mad this time, and yet there was no absolute want of logic in a statesman who associated the worship of the minuet with that of legitimacy, and no want of philosophy in a minister who talked polka instead of politics to his sovereign.

LITERARY CURIOSITY.—A letter was lately deposited in the New York post-office, bearing the following superscription: "For the pasture what preaches in methodist church morton street in care. Of the saxton W. vitchon new York Sitty." It is hoped the schoolmaster will soon return from abroad.

NO DOUBT.—Dr. Hall, in his *Journal of Health*, expresses the opinion that "prosperity is the best pill for poor health." We have no doubt an ounce of gold is a much better tonic than an ounce of laudanum.

PRaisEWORTHY ECONOMY.—Hamlet's father's ghost was a very economical spirit; for we are told he "wore his beaver up,"—instead of exchanging it for a new one.

IRITATING.—It is said to be provoking to be paying your addresses to a young lady, who thinks you joking when you mean to be tender, and only stops laughing to reject you in earnest.

IS IT TRUE?—A late English report says that turners are more liable to insanity than any other mechanics.

SPIRITUALISM.—"W," a correspondent of the *Boston Post*, whom we know, and know to be a man of veracity, clear-sighted and logical, has been describing in that journal some most extraordinary performances effected through spiritual "mediums." The demonstrations set at naught the theory of gravitation and were truly so wonderful that none but seers could be believers. The phenomena witnessed by the inspired author of our favorite infant melody, when—

"The cow jumped over the moon,
The little dog laughed to see the sport,
And the dish ran away with the spoon,"

were nothing to these modern marvels which "W" witnessed with his own eyes.

"BALLOU'S PICTORIAL."—No subscriber of Ballou's *Dollar Monthly* should fail to read regularly this favorite illustrated weekly journal. Its elegant engravings alone—averaging twenty in each number—are worth more than the subscription price. In addition to the illustrations, it contains as much original reading matter—tales, sketches, poems, adventures, news and miscellany—as any literary paper in the United States. For sale everywhere, at six cents per copy, or three dollars a year. See advertisement on last page.

JOHN FROST.—A memorial, on behalf of John Frost, the exile, who is now more than 70 years of age, is being signed in Keighley, praying her majesty to allow him to return to his native country.—*English paper.*

Can this J. Frost be our old friend, Jack Frost? If so, his "native country" is the North Pole, and we sincerely hope her majesty will permit him to return to it.

DELICATE VEGETABLES.—A provision store boy, the day before Thanksgiving, being reproached by a housekeeper for the quality of the potatoes he had brought her, said, in excuse: "This year, ma'am, potatoes is remarkably consumptive."

NEW DISORDER.—The mania which induces treasurers and cashiers to run off with corporation funds, is now called the *chest disease*. De-falcations in future will be treated pathologically.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—Some of the Belgians have very pretty names. Their minister at Washington rejoices in the name of Bosch!

MUSICAL.—Georgia has turned out a musical prodigy in the shape of a blind negro boy.

Foreign Miscellany.

Franconi, the original hippodrome man, died recently at Paris.

There is only one paper in Egypt, a small monthly, at \$4 per year.

The Life of Charlotte Bronte, author of *Jane Eyre*, will shortly appear in England.

In Turin, the Chevalier P. Stradd offers a prize of 1000 francs for the best treatise on the organization of field hospitals.

MM. Lorieux and Eugene de Fourey are preparing for publication, in seventeen large maps, an atlas of subterranean Paris.

The third and fourth volumes of John Ruskin's "Modern Painters" are to appear, next month, in London. A fifth will complete the work.

The emperor Francis Joseph intends to visit Italy in February next. He has accepted an invitation from the pope to visit Rome; and without doubt, he will be most honorably received.

By the death of Michael Vorosmarty, in the city of Pesth, Hungary has just lost one of her greatest poets. An epic, entitled "Zalen Futass," is his principal work.

The Great North of Scotland Railway Company have placed on the floor of each compartment of their first class carriages flat jars of warm water, very pleasant comforters to the feet of travellers.

Said Pacha is still waging war with the Bedouins of the desert, and recently, having induced a number of them to give themselves up with the delusion of reconciliation, they were all put to death.

The Emperor Napoleon has presented to the Princess Royal of England a fan once belonging to Marie Antoinette, and to the Prince of Wales a small watch, of which the case is composed of a single ruby split in half.

In Preston, England, a chimney has just been completed which is 250 feet in height; its width at the foundation, 34 feet; the weight of the stone cap is thirty-one tons, and 440,000 bricks have been used in building it.

The average export of gold from Australia is stated at \$55,000,000. A new crushing machine has been successfully introduced at the mines. This machine obtained from 14 tons of ore 118 ounces of amalgam, worth \$2000.

Monster guns are now being manufactured in England, which, with their carriages, will weigh fifty tons each, and will carry a shot, half a ton in weight, a distance of four miles. It will take two and a quarter barrels of powder for a charge.

Dr. Luther, astronomer at the Observatory of Bilk, near Dusseldorf, Prussia, the discoverer of four or five of the small planets between Mars and Jupiter, has recently discovered a *hitherto unknown star* in the constellation of the Fishes. It is to be called T. Placium.

A bust of the late James Montgomery, executed by Mr. William Ellis, has been presented to the Sheffield Infirmary; and a statue of the late Duke of Wellington, by Baron Marochetti, is about to be erected in Leeds, near the new Town Hall.

Captain M'Clare, the Arctic navigator, has been knighted by Queen Victoria.

The manufacture of idols for India is quite a large business in Birmingham, England.

The Earl of Southesk has appointed a missionary on his estate. Many estates need them.

The king of Prussia has conferred the order of the Red Eagle, of the third class, upon Dr. Bach, the African traveller.

A "Mining Exchange" is to be formed in London. Some forty-three millions sterling are there embarked in mining companies.

One of the St. Petersburg journals states that the news of the London Stock-Exchange reaches St. Petersburg, every day, in eleven or twelve hours.

In Sweden, a man who is seen four times drunk is deprived of his vote at elections, and the next Sunday, after the fourth offence, is exposed in the churchyard.

A "monster concert" is about to be given at Vienna, and out of the proceeds a handsome monument is to be erected over the spot where Mozart's bones lie.

One of the St. Petersburg journals states that the news of the London Stock Exchange reaches St. Petersburg every day in eleven or twelve hours.

The London Daily News says that strong and earnest applications will be made to Parliament to pass such a restrictive liquor law as that of Maine.

The largest ship in England is the new one in Chatham dockyard. Its dimensions are—300 feet long, 114 feet wide, and 90 feet high. It was commenced in 1851.

The ship-builders at Bristol, England, who have received orders for constructing gun-boats, have been directed by government to hasten their completion; and workmen are now employed upon them night and day.

Two marble statues of a very large size are among the spoils taken at Sebastopol. They represent St. Peter and St. Paul, and will probably be placed, one at London, and the other at Paris.

Among the list of articles exported from Switzerland, appears the item of "snails," of which 925 quintals were sold for foreign consumption during the months of October and November last.

The Italian sculptor, Chelli, has just terminated the model of the prophet Ezekiel—one of those destined to be placed at the foot of the column which the Pope is causing to be erected at Rome.

A Genoa paper announces a discovery at Rancila, in Egypt, of a great number of coins of the period of the Ptolemies, together with other Egyptian antiquities, said to be of great interest.

Louis Napoleon has presented a magnificent gold chalice to the Rev. Father Cauvin, Catholic pastor of Hoboken, N. Y. Three figures, emblematic of Faith, Hope and Charity, support the cup; at their feet the name of the illustrious donor, "Napoleon III.," is inscribed.

Record of the Times.

Kidnapping seamen is said to have become frequent of late on our seaboard.

The plate presented to Commodore Perry at New York cost between \$6000 and \$7000.

The aggregate tonnage of United States' vessels built in 1855, was 22,024.

Men live and prosper, but in mutual trust and confidence in one another's truth.

On the person of a female robber in Albany, five hundred dollars worth of silk were found.

On the voyage of a vessel from Hamburg to New York, seven marriages took place.

American physicians in the Russian army get but fifty dollars a month. Small pay that, but consider the opportunities for practice!

The total length of the Mississippi and all its tributaries, is 51,000 miles, which is more than twice the equatorial circumference of the earth.

In the United States there are six thousand brokers and six thousand barbers, but the census does not tell which class do the most shaving.

The annual value of poultry in the United States is estimated at \$20,000,000. The city of New York expends yearly \$1,500,000 in the purchase of eggs alone.

The best dressed men wear the least jewelry. Of all things avoid showy chains, large rings, and flashy gewgaw pins and brouches; all these should be left to Indians and South Sea Islanders.

The American Bible Society has resolved to publish the Gospel by John, and Acts of the Apostles, in the Spanish language, so that they may be used as a school-book in St. Domingo.

The best cough mixture that has been made consists in a pair of thick boots, mixed with lots of air and plenty of exercise. People who hug the stove, and grow lean, will take notice.

The patent office has been very active during the last year. One thousand nine hundred and forty-six patents were issued, the largest number any one year has ever yet shown.

Jonathan Coit, who recently died at New London, Ct., left \$48,500 to the various churches and charitable institutions of that place, in sums varying from \$250 to \$10,000.

The debt of Tennessee, according to the Governor's message, is \$8,744,856, of which about \$4,750,000 consist of bonds issued in aid of railroads.

The fish trade of Peoria Lake, Illinois, affords an income to those engaged in it of over four hundred dollars a day. A large quantity of these fish, consisting of pike, bass, salmon, etc., are exported.

Shakespeare's "Tempest" has been produced at the Munich theatre with great success. The Augsburg Gazette says that this is the first time the drama has ever been played in its original form in Germany.

In 1855, 766 ships, 715 barques, 1148 brigs, and 597 schooners arrived at New York. There also arrived 1 Sardinian frigate, 1 Hanoverian galley, 158 American steamers, 4 British, and 1 French war steamer.

The profits of the flour milling business at Rochester, this season, exceed \$500,000.

In 3000 cases, inoculation against yellow fever was successful in New Orleans.

Schiller's tragedy, "Die Brant von Messina," was played on his birthday, at Weimar.

A London flunkey lighted a match in a room full of gas—explosion—flunkey floored.

A five hundred dollar Bible is offered for sale in Philadelphia.

Dr. Kane thinks the Polar Sea will be reached and explored.

Mr. Knapp, a native of Newburyport, Mass., is mayor of Newport, England.

George Peabody, the London banker, has given \$15,000 to the Peabody Institute, Danvers.

No letters can be sent through the mails unless pre-paid by stamps.

The commerce between the United States and the West Coast of Africa is said to be largely increasing.

A dying miser will pinch a dime until the eagle upon it screams, says Horace Mann, not knowing that there is no eagle on the dime.

The total number of deaths in Philadelphia last year was 10,686; Baltimore, 5475; Boston, 4075.

During the first six months of the past year, there were printed in Germany 3879 different works.

Joshua Brown, a wealthy and respectable farmer in Concord, was in his cellar picking over his apples, in company with his hired man, when he fell down upon his face and died instantly.

If you desire to be certain that your eggs are good and fresh, put them in water—If the butts turn up they are not fresh. This is an infallible rule to distinguish a good egg from a bad one.

Mrs. Betsey Leonard, widow of the late Capt. John Leonard, of Keene, N. H., died in that place on the 7th ult., at the extreme age of 100 years 9 months and 10 days.

Kansas, as bounded by its organic law, extends to the Rocky Mountains, 700 miles from the Missouri River. It is about 190 miles from north to south.

The Bangor Whig states that there was surveyed at that place, during the year 1855, some 211,669,193 feet of lumber, which is a larger amount than in any former year, except 1848, when it reached 213,000,000 feet.

At Cincinnati, the native place of Miss Eliza Logan, the young men, at the close of her late brilliant engagement, tendered her a complimentary benefit, at which she was presented with an elaborately wrought and costly service of silver.

The "Vanderbilt," the new steamer recently launched in New York, is said to be the strongest merchant steamboat afloat. She is constructed of white oak and locust; sixty tons of bolts have been used in the flooring; she is strapped with ninety-four tons of iron, and her dimensions are: Length on deck, 335 feet, breadth of beam, 49 feet, depth of hold, 33 feet, and 5100 tons burden.

Herry Making.

Did you ever see the umbrella again that you ent for only "ten minutes?"

Why is a woman living up two pair of stairs like a goddess? Because she is a second Flora.

Why is an omnibus strap like a conscience? Because it is an inward check to the outer man.

Why is a Turkey a most unchristian fowl? Because it is two-thirds a Turk.

"A soft answer turneth away wrath," as the man said when he hurled a squash at his enemy's head.

What would you say if you wished a reverend Doctor of Divinity to play a tune on the violin? Fiddle-dee-dee (D. D.)

What is the difference between an auction and sea-sickness? One is the sale of effects—the other, the effects of a sail.

A man down east snores so loud that he has to sleep in the next street, to prevent waking himself up.

In an omnibus, four young ladies out of every seven invariably look through the front window at the horses.

Why does the cook make more noise than the bell? Because the one makes a din, but the other a dinner.

Punch thinks the Thames is called "The Silent Highway" on the principle that "silence always gives a scent."

A wag on seeing a pet poodle, which had been shorn of its fleecy coat, remarked that he deemed the act which had divested the animal of its covering, *shear* cruelty.

A farmer out west, in announcing his willingness to take a wife, declares that as he is himself in *closer*, he has no objection to take a lady in *weds*.

Law runs strongly to petrifications. Make a man District Attorney, and his heart will become three-thirds stone before he gets half through with his first murder case.

The following is an exact copy of a printed label on the medicine boxes of a chemist in Buffalo, N. Y.: "Cough Lozenges. Dose—One, three times a day, at *bed time*."

"Mr. Smith, you said you boarded at the Columbian Hotel six months; did you foot your bill?" "No, sir; but it amounted to the same thing—the landlord footed me."

A dentist, having labored in vain to extract a decayed tooth from a lady's mouth, gave up the task with this apology: "The fact is, madam, it is impossible for anything bad to come from your mouth."

Horne Tooke was the son of a poulterer, which he alluded to when called upon by the proud striplings of Eton to describe himself. "I am," said Horne, "the son of an eminent Turkey merchant."

A diffident lover going to the town clerk to request him to publish the bans of matrimony, found him at work *alone* in the middle of a ten-acre field, asked him to *step aside* a moment as he had something particular for his private ear.

A wheel, *and* like a horse, runs the better for being *tired*.

Why is the letter D like a sailor? Because it follows the C.

The genius who files newspapers, broke his instrument while operating on a "hard shell" organ.

Pompey being asked to take a pinch of snuff, replied; "No, massa, tank you, nose not hungry dis time."

What kind of a fever has a man who is going to pay his creditors, who live at a distance? The Bilious Remittent.

Who, according to Shakspeare, was the greatest chicken butcher? Claudius, "who did murder most *fool*."

Why does the cook make more noise than the bell? Because the one makes a *din*, but the other a *dinner*.

The editor of an eastern paper says that many of his patrons would make good wheel horses, they hold back so well.

Our devil brags greatly on a watch of his that beat the town clock five hours and ten minutes in twenty-four, giving the clock two hours the start.

A negro has been arrested in New Orleans for playing on a fiddle on Sunday, thereby violating the Sabbath.

"Wiggins, what era in the world's history do you regard with the deepest horror?" "The chol-*era*!" gasped Wiggins, with a spasmodic shudder.

The Welsh have a saying that if a woman was as quick with her feet as with her tongue, she would catch lightning enough to kindle the fire in the morning.

A sailor who had hired a violin player to perform him some airs, on being asked what tune he preferred, replied "Nep *tune*, you lubber! and so does every jolly tar."

When lectured upon his previous conduct to the fair sex, a volatile lord, who had just married, exclaimed: "Madam, you may deprecate upon it, this is my last folly."

"Paddy," says a joker, "why don't you get your ears cropped—they are entirely too large for a man?" "And yours," replied Pat, "are too short for an ass."

An Englishman paying an Irish shoeblick with rudeness—a dirty urchin, but a wit, said: "My honey, all the polish you have is on your boots, and I give it to you."

It is a bad sign when a preacher tries to drive home his logic by thumping the desk violently with his clenched hand. His arguments are so *flat*-ical!

The gallant editor of the New York Sun says that "while Louisa Pyne is growing as plump as a partridge, she still sings like a nightingale!" Will Miss Louisa thank him for making *some* of her?

Mrs. Matilda Maggs has a fresh shingle at her shop door in one of the eastern cities with this announcement: "Notis—I argot sum nu articles for sale such as crackers, handles, kauphy, kups, soreers and mennay other articles to numerous to menshun, all selling cheap."

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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WHOLE No. 16.

THE BROTHER AND SISTER.

BY EDGAR L. HAMMOND.

"ANNE, put away your work—do. It is getting so dark, you will spoil your eyes; the eyes which, you have told me more than once, you are keeping for me."

Anne Cameron lifted her head with a half sigh. She had not perceived the fast approaching gloom of the twilight. Sewing rapidly and mechanically, she had been almost unconscious of the motion of her own fingers, so habitual had it become. The warning of her young brother Edward roused her from the reverie which had stolen her away from all that surrounded her. Rising, she folded her work, and laid it in the willow basket on the round stand beside her.

"Dark?—so it is, Edward; and high time that I should get you some supper, instead of allowing you to study till this time. You have eyes, as well as I."

Edward sighed, too, as he shut his book, and put it away.

"I have not been studying this half hour, Anne; only holding my book, and forgetting, I suppose, that I did even that. I have been thinking—and watching your fingers fly. It is a great shame that they should be laboring for me, all these days, while I am idle."

His sister filled the tea-kettle, and hung it over the fire. Then, from a drawer in the sideboard, she took a clean table-cloth, and commenced getting supper.

"It is only six months, after all," she said, as she smoothed down the corners of the cloth;

"only six months more; so you need give yourself no uneasiness, Edward. You think more of my labor than I do—a great deal. I do not work hard, and I like to sew. Besides, it is so great an encouragement for me to look forward to the future."

"Ay, when I am a man—a rich one, Anne!" said the boy, enthusiastically. "You shall have something more than you now possess within these four narrow walls. You shall not work then. You shall have everything that you can wish for. When I am older, and have made a fortune, then!"

"Take care, Alnaschar!" smiled Anne, lightly. "You have not even your supply of glass ware complete, yet. Wait till you have ensured your triumph."

"No; I have not the least idea where I shall find a situation, to start with. But of course there are plenty in the city, for a boy who has a good education, which I have gained—thanks to you, Anne. I have no fears on that head. And after I have gained the first round of the ladder, you shall see that I will make short work of reaching the top. You shall have the first fruits of my labor. You shall be rich—happy—independent. And yet, even now—"

"Even now I am all that you would say? Yes, I am happy and independent—and rich in being so. It does not need gold, Edward, after all; for what more could we have than now? Enough to eat, and wear, and a shelter for our heads; we have it all, have we not?"

Edward's fine hazel eyes wore a glance of thought.

"Yes, certainly, we have all that, Anne; but it is won with continual toil, unceasing struggles, on your part. What I want is to reach the time when we can both enjoy a competency—perhaps, even, superfluity—and know that it is not a question then, as now, concerning the ways and means of gaining the morrow's bread, of keeping the wolf from the door from day to day, and incapable of doing more. To know that we have enough and to spare; that our old age may be provided for against the grip of poverty; for we have shaken hands with it long enough, haven't we, Anne?"

"Yes, we have been poor a great while, Edward; but I do not think we need such *great* riches to render us content, do you? Not," she hastened to add, "not that I do not thank you sincerely for your generous anxiety to acquire riches for my sake; but when I spoke of your future, I was not thinking so much of wealth, as—"

"Well, Anne?"

She turned her kind and loving eyes to his face.

"Of your becoming a good, and noble, and honored man, Edward; of your gaining the respect, and confidence, and esteem of your fellow-men; of your being the pride, as now you are the hope, of my heart."

"You are right," he returned, gravely, and with some emotion; "you are right; for you are better than I. You have higher, more worthy, purer aims. Be my teacher, Anne!" And his voice softened. "Show me my way! Teach me that wealth and station must not be made my idols."

He took her hand, and pressed it with reverent affection to his lips.

"Nay, Edward, you do not need me, I trust, to teach you. Your own heart, your own conscience, they should teach you; they are your best monitors; listen to them. They will be a safeguard more secure than I can be; for their voices will speak to you at all times. You will not have them, like me, always with you."

There was a little silence. Then the brother and sister sat down to partake of their evening repast.

Alone; for they had only each other now. Seven years had passed since they had been left to strive and struggle for themselves, orphans, and in poverty; seven years since the last of those other familiar faces had vanished from their accustomed places at the board; seven years—and all that time Anne Cameron had toiled with woman's patience, and woman's courage, day by day, to keep the humble home

that was yet left them, and to gain for her young brother the means of such an education as should prove a sure foundation for his future course throughout his life. But Edward Cameron was fettered. He never could reach the noble height, whither his views pointed. A lower, grosser aim was his, and he knew it—his guide, Ambition, and his object, Gold.

"Mr. Saville—wanted. Business. Applicant, sir—situation," and the gray-headed clerk glided back to his desk, perched himself on the high stool before it, took the pen from behind his ear, and wrote on.

Mr. Saville rose immediately from his chair, and laid aside the morning paper, with which he had been engaged. Walking forward to the front of the counting-room, he discovered the visitor. A boy, handsome, bright, frank-looking, apparently sixteen or seventeen years of age, standing, cap in hand, beside the chair which had been placed for him. Mr. Saville's clear, dark, penetrating eye took his portrait in an instant. With a kind "good morning," he requested the young man to be seated; then drew a chair forward for himself, and awaited his errand. It was announced with hesitation.

"I hear, sir, that you are in want of a clerk."

Mr. Saville paused an instant before making any answer. He liked the promise in that face; but he was in doubt as to what he should say.

"We are," he returned, at length; "but I believe we have one engaged. My partner told me this morning that he had one in view, and should give him an answer in the course of two or three hours. Did you wish for the situation?"

A look of disappointment dwelt in the boy's eyes at the answer he had received; he hardly heard the concluding question. He was silent an instant; then recollecting himself, he returned, hastily:

"Yes—yes, sir. Excuse me, I did not mind what you said, at first. I *did* wish for it. I am sorry—"

He paused, with the disappointment growing more visible every instant. Mr. Saville smiled and felt interested in him.

"I am not sure that the applicant is actually engaged," he said. "There is a possibility that Mr. Willis may not have been satisfied with him, and in that case, I should like to make arrangements with you. May I ask your name?"

"Edward Cameron, sir."

"Cameron?" Mr. Saville reflected an instant, and then looked up again. "A relative of Robert Cameron, who died some six or seven years since, in this city?"

"His son, sir," answered Edward.

Mr. Saville's fine face lighted up with pleasure.

"Indeed! I knew your father, then. I am glad to see his son;" and he gave Edward his hand. "I was not aware," he continued, "that Mr. Cameron left one—or, indeed, that he had any family. I was told that he had three children, but that all died in their infancy."

"It was true," rejoined Edward; "my three brothers died; my sister and myself are all that remain."

"You have a sister, then?"

"One—yes, sir—Anne."

"Younger than yourself?"

"No, sir. Anne is my elder by five years; she is twenty-one."

Mr. Saville meditated again. He knew that Robert Cameron had died insolvent. He saw, without apparently noticing it, the contending poverty and neatness of Edward's attire. It was plain that aid was needed here. He resolved to save him; but it was necessary first to learn something further concerning him.

"Edward," he said, "you must have been a mere child at the time of your father's death; not more than eight or nine years of age?"

"Nine, sir."

"Have you resided in the city since that time?"

"No, sir; in W——."

"Ah! You have attended school there, I presume?"

"Yes, sir; constantly."

Mr. Saville rose and paced the floor in silence, with bowed head and folded arms. Two or three moments passed. Finally he came and resumed his seat.

"Edward, I wish I knew whether the place for which you have applied is filled, but it is impossible for me to tell yet. My partner, Mr. Willis, will not be in probably until afternoon. Were you going directly out of town?"

Edward answered in the affirmative.

"In that case, it would be well, perhaps, for you to leave your address with me; and either this evening, or to-morrow morning, you shall know something more concerning the matter."

Edward gave him the required address. Mr. Saville glanced at it, and placed it in his pocket-book, saying: "Your application brings back old times, my dear boy. Twelve years ago this very day, your father, procured for me a situation in a mercantile house, in which I afterwards became a partner. He would have taken me himself; but his establishment was complete; so he used his interest for me, and got me into business. He was a kind friend, Edward, and a firm one; and one to be relied on. To him I

attribute my success in life. I trust I may be enabled to repay the obligations he conferred upon me to his children. I am glad you have come to me; I am glad to meet Robert Cameron's son!"

He clasped Edward's hand warmly; he spoke truly; he had never forgotten his early friend.

Edward lost no time in hastening home to tell Anne the news; to talk of Mr. Saville, relate the circumstances of his visit in detail; and then, in reference to the state of his own prospects, indulge in the most sanguine anticipations one moment, and yield to despondency the next, as he calculated his chances of gaining a situation. The one great subject of discussion was his morning's want of success, the next, the strangeness of his encounter with Mr. Saville.

"I think," said Anne, "I have heard my father mention a Richard Saville on one or two occasions; but in what connection, I have not the slightest remembrance. This must be the same one, I should think. Do you know whether Mr. Saville is named Richard?"

"He must be the one," returned Edward, "if that is the name; for I remember reading it—Richard W. Saville—on a torn envelope that lay on the floor."

"You should see Mr. Saville, Anne," he resumed, after a moment's pause. "He is so kind, and has such a noble appearance, with a lofty, intellectual countenance, a clear and penetrating glance; and such beautiful eyes! And then his smile, Anne—I never saw anything so sweet; and sweeter, perhaps, because it is so rare. I never saw a man who pleased me more. I should like to get that situation in his establishment—better than in any other, I think."

"I hope you will get it, Edward, if you desire it so earnestly; especially, as you like him so well; for confidence and affection can never so closely unite a young man to his employer. But if you are unable to enter there, you may find another place equally as good; and wherever you go you will, I know, be faithful to the interests of your master; learn to like him, and teach him, by your zeal and integrity, to like you."

In conversation on this subject, the afternoon passed rapidly away. Edward became agitated and impatient as evening drew near; for then, or in the morning, at latest, he was to receive tidings from Mr. Saville. He hardly touched his supper. Hastily swallowing a cup of tea, he seated himself at the window to watch for the footman. But "the twilight died into the dark," and no letter came.

Anne had cleared away the table, and now proceeded to light the lamps, and resume the

sewing which occupied her as usual. "Come, Edward," she said, anxious to divert her brother's attention from dwelling so closely on the expected arrival of the letter, "sit up here, by me, and read a little while. You have not opened this magazine, which our good neighbor, Mrs. Willoughby, sent in to you by Harry. I anticipate quite a treat from its pages."

"Ah—well—I suppose it is best," he said, rising, and drawing down the curtain; "for I see no prospect of a letter to-night."

Seating himself by the table, he opened the magazine, and selecting an article, commenced reading aloud, while Anne listened. Soon, as he entered into the spirit of his subject, he forgot letters, business, situations, triumphs, disappointments, and even poverty itself; and so did Anne. In the midst of the reading, there came a knock at the door, and Edward, hastening to open it, with the expectation of finding the postman with a letter, found instead—Mr. Saville.

Surprised and overjoyed at seeing him, and fluttering with hope, Edward ushered him in, and presented him to Anne, over whose sweet, serious countenance a trace of astonishment also flitted faintly, as she rose to welcome him. He had come to tell Edward about the situation for which he had applied, and Edward was immeasurably disappointed on learning that it had been filled that morning by another. Mr. Saville himself was not less so; for he had so earnestly trusted that Mr. Willis would announce it on his return as still vacant.

"I have regretted a thousand times," he said, "that you were not twenty-four hours earlier; for then there would not have been a question of your success. I need not tell you, if it had been in my power, I should have entered you immediately. As it is, I have secured a similar situation for you in the house of Burton, Martin & Co., if you choose to accept it."

Edward thanked him warmly for his kindness. From despondency, he was suddenly raised to cheerfulness by this unexpected announcement. He expressed his gratitude with sparkling eyes.

"But you have taken a great deal of trouble for my sake, sir," said he. "I could not have expected this of you. I cannot tell you how grateful I am—"

"Your gratitude is unwarranted by so simple an act," returned Mr. Saville, gently, interrupting him; "for you would, in all probability, have gained the place if I had not recommended you. All you have to do now is to call on these gentlemen to-morrow, and give them your decision. Your desk is ready for you there whenever you choose to take possession of it."

The matter was settled; and now Mr. Saville, dismissing business affairs from his mind, proceeded to carry out the purpose for which, in reality, he had chiefly come out from the city this evening, viz., that of forming a closer acquaintance with Edward, and making some progress in that of Anne. With the disposition he possessed towards both, this was a thing not difficult. A happy evening went by in that poor little dwelling; and at its close, when Mr. Saville arose to take his departure, Edward and Anne had lighter and more joyous hearts, surer hopes for the future, than they had known these many days. The old eight-day clock in the corner struck ten as he took up his hat.

"See," he said, smiling, "how you have made me forget time! You must watch the clock for me the next time I come. I have full fifteen minutes, however, in which to reach the omnibus office; haven't I, Edward?"

"Fully that, sir; and you will be in good season, then."

"That is well. Come in early to-morrow. Good night, now. Good night, Miss Cameron." He clasped a hand of each, and was gone.

"Anne," said Edward, "I am not quite sure that this is not all a dream. I can scarcely believe in the existence of such good fortune—or the possession of such a friend as Mr. Saville."

He little knew how soon he was to realize the worth of that friend.

"I like him, sir. He is steady, inflexible and faithful; punctual to the second, and has a head for business that will make his fortune in something less than no time, Mr. Saville! I acknowledge my indebtedness to you, sir, for recommending him to me. I would venture to say that I am at this moment some thousands of dollars richer than I should be if another filled his place."

Mr. Saville's countenance expressed the pleasure he felt. "I am glad—sincerely glad," he returned, "to hear this; both for his sake and yours. Your assurance affords me the deepest gratification, for I have an earnest interest in his welfare. I had confidence in him when I referred him to you for a situation, and I felt that it would not be misplaced; but I hardly hoped to receive such an opinion as this of yours in so short a time."

"You shall hear something better still of the boy before three years are gone. Edward has been with me exactly eighteen months now. In as many more, you shall hear from him again." And bidding Mr. Saville good morning, Mr. Burton went his way.

Choosing now was all this. Mr. Saville told it to Anne that evening, when he went out, as he frequently did now, to see the brother and sister, after business hours; and her very heart was gladdened by it. That her brother filled his place, and that he gave full satisfaction to his employers, was evident from the increase made in his salary the second year; but for such accounts of him as this, from the lips of Mr. Burton himself, she was totally unprepared; and Mr. Saville and she talked of it together with full hearts.

We touch upon that period said to compose a part of the life of every man and woman living. It commenced with Edward Cameron during the school days of Caroline Burton, who came once in a while to the store, after school was dismissed, to see her father. Sometimes it was with an errand for her mother, sometimes without any errand at all, but because "she wanted to walk home with father to dinner."

Often lingering a moment or two, to look at this thing and that, to run over the columns of the Transcript, or warm her feet at the counting-room stove; and seldom going away without a smile, and a graceful inclination of her proud head to blushing Edward Cameron, to whom she had quietly and skilfully taught the lesson of love at first sight. By-and-by a few words were exchanged on such occasions, timid and unassuming enough on his part; for he was a poor boy, and she, his master's daughter; sweet, affable and gracious on hers, for she would encourage her bashful lover. Caroline Burton was seventeen, and had her share of woman's tact; but she was not coquetting with him—far from it. She had been struck with his beauty and grace of manner; and listening to her father's praises of the young man's business talents, and predictions of his success in life, looked forward to her own future.

The year that beheld her emancipation from school, saw also Edward Cameron entering into business for himself, with the brightest prospect of success. Mr. Burton, with the most unbounded admiration for Edward's energies and capabilities, bestowed freely upon him, first, ample means for beginning a business career of his own, and—well, we will pause a moment.

The change in the respected positions of Edward Cameron and Caroline Burton did not cause them to lose sight of each other. Edward occasionally called at the office of Mr. Saville; and one afternoon it was, with something suspiciously like a blush, and an attempted nonchalance of manner and tone: "Mr. Saville, if you

are going out home this evening, will you tell Anne not to expect me so early as usual? I shall probably take tea at the house of Mr. Burton."

"Very well, Edward, I will deliver your message," Mr. Saville would quietly answer.

Then he would take his way out of town, and spend the evening by Anne's pleasant fireside; Edward returning at ten, in season to reach home at the time of Mr. Saville's usual leave-taking.

Again it was: "Mr. Saville, will you tell Anne this evening, that Mr. Burton wishes me to attend the — Lecture with his family?—and so she need not keep the table waiting."

Finally, these engagements with Mr. Burton became so frequent as to put into Anne's ideas some notion of the existing state of affairs; and an adroit question which she put to Mr. Saville, discovered to her that she was not alone in her surmises. She had never heard of Mr. Burton's having daughters—especially one of eighteen, beautiful, accomplished, and a belle. Now, however, it was sufficiently plain about Edward's frequent engagements in that quarter.

At length, Edward, at the expiration of six months after entering into business for himself, announced to Anne his engagement to the daughter of Mr. Burton. He had anticipated the betrayal of considerable astonishment; but, to his relief, she received the news very quietly.

"How soon are you to be married, Edward?" she asked; "or have you not yet settled that point?"

"It is already decided. We are to be married in three months."

"So soon? I should think—that is, would it not be advisable to wait until you can depend upon your business more fully, to support an establishment such as that which Mr. Burton's daughter will no doubt require?"

"It is scarcely necessary to wait, Anne. Indeed, Mr. Burton himself thinks so. My affairs are prospering finely. I could not wish to do better than I am doing at present, or to have better prospects."

"Shall you go directly to housekeeping?"

"Yes. Mr. Burton himself gives us our house, and furnishes it. And now let us throw aside all this debating on ways and means, and tell me, Anne, that you congratulate me on my happiness, and desire all sorts of blessings to fall on my fortunate head!"

"I do sincerely congratulate you, Edward!—for your happiness is very dear to me. I pray that every blessing may be yours."

"A thousand thanks, my pretty Anne! But

now tell me—for I assure you, I am not at all flattered by your willingness to let me get married,—don't you feel the least bit sorry about it? Frankly, now."

She looked serious. "Of course, Edward, I shall experience some pain in the thought of our separation; but if it is for your happiness, I shall become reconciled to your loss."

"Nay; but you will not lose me, Anne. You will come and live with us, as soon as we get settled; and then we shall be as happy as ever." Anne shook her head. "Nonsense, you wilful Anne Cameron!" and he pulled her ear. "You will come! Wife or no wife, I can't do without you."

"You will learn to, sir. There is no question whatever on that score. But I will give you the liberty to come and see me whenever you please."

"Thou most indulgent—thanks! But, without acknowledging my point relinquished, let me tell you something else: I want to bring Miss Burton—Caroline—to see you. May I some afternoon?"

"Whenever she likes to come, I shall be happy to see her."

"Next Thursday shall it be, Anne?"

"Any day you please."

"Next Thursday it shall be, then."

Anne looked up with an air of amusement.

"How coolly you dispose of Miss Burton's time! How do you know that the young lady is not engaged for the day you name?" she asked.

"Simply because I examined her list of the week's engagements this evening. She has promised to place that day at my disposal; so to-morrow I shall speak to her about coming out here."

This conversation occurred on Monday evening. The following afternoon, Mr. Saville came out at half-past three.

"Anne," he said, "I have come to spend the afternoon with you."

She smiled. "You have? Thank you! Sit down."

He took a seat beside her, on her favorite ottoman. "And to tease you to go and see 'Richard' with me this evening. Will you go?"

"With pleasure."

"And now talk to me, Anne—or read; something or other, for I have the headache."

"I am sorry for you," she said, gently.

"Take this large chair. Lean back and rest your head—so. Keep very still. And now," with quiet playfulness, "at the risk of your calling me an old woman, I am going to make you a cup of tea."

"Anne, you are not an old woman; you are the dearest little girl in the world. Only exceedingly wilful; and that is why I let you have your own way now. Away with you, and make haste back!"

She vanished, with a smile. The kitchen fire was burning briskly, and boiling water was at hand. In something less than fifteen minutes, Anne was at Mr. Saville's side again, with cup and saucer.

"Drink, now," she said, giving it to him. "I allow you precisely five minutes—neither more nor less—in which to dispose of it."

"Little witch! you've made it strong enough for—"

"The cure of your headache. Drink! and when that is gone, you shall have more."

He obeyed. A second cup, stronger than the first, followed. And then she sat down finally, with a book, and commenced reading to him. The atmosphere about him was of golden quiet. Anne had drawn the blind partly down to soften the bright afternoon light. Her voice, low and sweet, had a dreamy, soothing influence, as she read. The nervous, racking pain in his head, induced by severe exertion, both bodily and mental, for the last week, yielded gradually to a delicious sense of rest. Before an hour had elapsed, his headache was entirely dissipated. He made her put the book away, then, and talk with him.

She told him of Edward's approaching marriage. He looked thoughtful—reflective—even somewhat grave, Anne thought, but said little on the subject, merely inquiring if she had seen Miss Burton. Her reply in the negative elicited no further remark, and a different topic was introduced. That evening they went together to the theatre.

"I wonder," said Anne, as they entered the vestibule, "if Edward will not be here to-night with Miss Burton?" For he had remained in town, instead of coming out home.

"Possibly," returned her companion; "but what made you think of it?"

At that moment, a small group of ladies and gentlemen coming slowly by them, attracted the attention of Anne. Two very beautiful young girls were in advance of the others. One of them, the taller, possessed the most grace and elegance of figure and carriage, and the most fascinating countenance Anne had ever beheld; and the whole was veiled with a haughty, majestic air, worthy of the pride of which it was born.

In the second, the more *petite* and pretty of the pair, Anne immediately recognised a former playmate of hers—one with whom she had con-

stantly associated, in childhood, when they resided in the city, and her father, Robert Cameron, was a man of wealth and note. Ellen Acheson evidently recognized her, also ; for, regarding Anne a moment as she passed, she turned quickly to her companion, and whispered some hasty words, in which Anne distinctly heard Edward's name and her own.

Instantly, the lofty beauty turned, casting her magnificent eyes upon our heroine with a cold, brief glance, and, giving haughty utterance to some scornful remark concerning "poor relations," the substance of which was sufficiently audible to the ear of its object, was turning away ; but at that moment the stern regard of Mr. Saville arrested her, with the words dying on her lips, and the crimson blushes covering her face, she stood quite still—thunderstruck—astonished—mortified. For one instant, with a clear, cold, searching glance, he held her eyes, faltering and ashamed, fixed on his, telling her that he had heard her heartless words.

"Good evening, Miss Burton !" he said, in a voice of icy severity, accompanied by a freezing inclination of the head ; then drawing the hand of his companion more closely within his arm, he moved on.

Anne's face was very pale as he glanced downward at it. He pressed her hand tenderly in his own. "Dear Anne," he whispered, "she is unworthy even of your contempt !"

And she crushed down the stinging sense of pain that throbbed in her breast. She felt that he spoke the truth.

What a meeting, the first, between two destined so soon to be related ! Caroline Burton's pride had received a most humiliating fall. She had been introduced to Mr. Saville, by her father, but a few weeks since, and flattered herself that she was able to gain his admiration, as securely, if not, perhaps, quite as easily, as that of the score of others who had been the objects of her skilful and finished coquetry. He had met her only once, and then by chance, during the interval ; and to meet with this downfall, the third time of seeing him, was too degrading. If she had known, however, the contemptuous opinion he had always entertained of her, she would have been less confident all along.

In the surprise and pain of this disagreeable rencontre, Anne had forgotten to notice whether Edward formed one of the Burton party. A moment's reflection, afterwards, convinced her that this could not be the case ; for had he been, he would of course have seen Mr. Saville and herself ; and the probability was, that Miss Burton would not have dared thus to have spoken.

During the second act of the play, however, she saw him enter their box, and seat himself beside Miss Burton. Desiring, if possible, to avoid attracting his attention, Anne immediately averted her face, and endeavored to give herself wholly to the proceedings on the stage. Fortunately, he failed to notice her.

The enjoyment of Mr. Saville and herself was somewhat stamped by the disagreeable scene which had occurred ; but the interest of the play was not entirely dissipated in consequence ; and Mr. Saville's fine eyes beamed with pleasure, as ever and anon he marked, in Anne's earnest and expressive countenance, her heartfelt sympathy with and admiration of the beautiful and heroic Julia.

At the close of the performance, they hastened out of town, arriving there a full hour before the return of Edward. He was much surprised to learn that Mr. Saville and Anne had been so near him all the evening ; and equally so that they had not made him aware of the fact ; but Anne made some satisfactory answer, shrinking from explaining to him the real cause. He remained ignorant of the unpleasant circumstance that had taken place this evening, therefore ; and affairs relative to his engagement with Miss Burton progressed to their consummation.

The next morning—we may as well mention here—the he took occasion to say to Anne, that he had spoken to Miss Burton about the visit on Thursday ; but she regretted much her dressmaker had set that particular day for the transaction of some affairs with her concerning the quantities of sewing to be done in preparation for her wedding ; so she was obliged reluctantly to postpone the proposed visit. The gently-worded excuse was all-sufficient for Edward ; but Anne heard it with feelings in exact contrast to his. She understood its meaning ; Miss Burton had no desire to visit her lover's "poor relation !" The excuse was feigned.

The three months passed rapidly away. Miss Burton took care to avoid a repetition of the invitation so little to be desired—especially since *that* affair !—which she was relieved to find never had been disclosed to Edward. She wished to shun another meeting with her before her marriage, and yet awake no suspicions in the mind of Edward. *Afterward*, she cared hardly at what price she kept clear of her. At the same time she went to pass a few weeks, previous to her bridal, with some friends residing at a distance, and thus decreased still further the chance of forming this dreaded acquaintance.

Edward again brought up the subject of his sister's residing with him after his marriage.

He was somewhat discomposed by her gentle but steady refusal to accede to this plan.

"Then, Anne," he said, "I shall settle an income upon you, from my property, sufficient to enable you to take what course you please."

She would not even consent to that; she would live in this little home, where she had lived since her father's death, and recommence her old mode of earning a subsistence. She preferred it to dependence upon her brother's means.

Edward was by turns sorrowful and angry. What was his wealth to him, if she was in poverty? Should he ever take any comfort, while living in the midst of luxury and affluence, and knowing that his sister, who had toiled so many years to make him what he was, was drudging for her daily bread? No! The memory of those days nerved him; he declared that he would not rest until she consented to one or the other of his plans. He appealed to Mr. Saville, and the latter answered, that although Anne had an undoubted right to adopt either of those plans, he applauded the resolution she had taken. The brother had no power to alter the face of things. And here his unhappiness began—the realization of the truth of Anne's old warning, that wealth might prove a source of trouble, instead of comfort. He never dreamed how much more deep and bitter was that realization to become ere long.

The marriage was solemnized at church, one Tuesday morning, at ten. Mr. Saville and Anne came into town to witness the ceremony, and returned home as soon as it was over. She tried bravely to be cheerful; but the tears would come. She had lost her brother—she felt it; and had gained—no sister. That might have been a partial recompense—the possession of a sister's love; but *she was Edward's wife—that was all*. Mr. Saville said little concerning this marriage; but he felt the more deeply. It was a subject he disliked to discuss; for he was convinced that the union was by no means the most judicious which the young man could have formed. He foresaw much unhappiness arising from it.

It had been consummated, however; and the young couple commenced housekeeping immediately, in a style of which Cameron's fashionable friends quite approved. They declared her *ménage* perfect, and her husband the most charming man! and she secretly congratulated herself on having secured him. Nobody ever made any inquiries about the quiet sister, who lived in comparative obscurity, out of town. Such inquiries would have been exceedingly trouble-

some; and Mrs. Cameron was secretly glad that her name was never mentioned; for she still retained her old horror of "poor relations;" and more than that, now she wished to shun her for the recollection of that scene in which her own pride and arrogance had been so wounded and humbled by Mr. Saville.

She never spoke to Mr. Saville now when they met—indeed, she would scarcely have been able, for he never gave her the opportunity. But she flattered her self-love and desire of retaliation, by imagining that the slight was entirely on her part. She had first wondered, and then been angry, at seeing him in company with "that girl;" and next, vowed undying animosity towards him, for "putting her down," as she expressed it, so completely in her presence. "What a triumph it must have been to her!" soliloquized the angry beauty. "And then to take her part against me! What right had he to do it! What is he to her?" Mrs. Cameron had not the remotest idea, either of what he was to Anne, or what he was to be. Had she possessed the knowledge, her wrath would have increased a thousand fold.

Meanwhile, Anne continued to reside in the quiet home where she had dwelt before her brother's marriage. She was resolute in her design of earning her own subsistence henceforth; she would not receive a dollar from Edward. Certainly it was her right to accept the settlement he wished to make, for he was her brother; but she put aside all question of right; her very soul rose up against the idea of being dependent on Caroline Cameron's husband for the slightest favor. She carried out her design, and felt a satisfaction unspeakable in knowing that if she had but a crust, it was the bread of liberty; that she was indebted for it to her own hand—not to the bounty of others.

Mr. Saville, sitting by her side, in his frequent visits, and watching her busy fingers, in their untiring industry, often grew (or pretended to) impatient.

"Anne," he would say, perhaps, "what an indefatigable little worker you are! You keep that needle going so steadily, so unceasingly, that it really seems to me, sometimes, as if I must take breath for it. The poor thing is tired. Be merciful, and give it a respite from labor!"

"I can't," said she, laughingly, as he attempted to draw it from her hands. "It is all that keeps my needle bright, the exercise I give it. Besides—"

"Excuse me, Anne; I don't want to hear that additional plea. You have been working all day. You are tired."

"I am not tired. I hardly know my hand is moving. The motion is merely mechanical. I listen to you, and never should suspect my need of working, if you did not make me think of it," she said.

"Well, then, you will spoil your eyes by sewing so constantly. Such unremitting toil is injurious. I must have a voice in the matter."

He removed the sewing gently from her hands, and put it in her work-basket.

"I see, Anne, since Edward went away, you are very independent in matters of this kind; and, as I find now, very wilful, also. What do you mean to do when you are an old woman? Work in this way?"

"Yes, sir, if I live to be an old woman."

"I think it very likely you will, if you take care of yourself now. But consider that you will be unable to sew then, even with spectacles (think, Anne, of your wearing spectacles!) if you are not more attentive to the care of your sight, while you are young. Will you promise me not to sew in the evenings?"

"I should read; that would be quite as bad."

"Will you promise me not to sew?"

"No, sir."

"You wilful little thing!"

He said it half playfully, half sadly; and, with his head resting on his hand, sat looking thoughtfully into the fire. Presently he lifted up his head.

"Anne, your father was a Scot. Were you ever in his country?"

"When I was a child, I spent three years there with my mother. Edward was born there."

"Did you like Scotland?"

"Yes; but I grew homesick, after a time. My mother tried to make me like it, so as to stay longer; but she failed. We came back, and I cried for joy."

"You would not make it your home, then?"

"No."

"Not even for three years more?"

She shook her head. "I should like it less now than then, when history and romance threw around it, for a time, such a charm as made me forget my own home. But nothing could ever hold me there. Home is home; and Scotland, though it was my father's and mother's, was not mine."

"And now do you not think you should be able to content yourself there for a while—perhaps a year, or two, or it may be even, three, or four, or five?"

With a dreamy look in her eyes, she shook her head again, slowly. "No—no—no."

He did not pursue the subject. Anne, carried

back to her former life there, and occupied with reminiscences of it, did not think of asking him the reason of his interest in the subject.

The next time he came, there was something in the expression of his countenance that struck her with a feeling of apprehension. Apprehension of—she scarcely knew what. Nothing pleasant, however; for his usual calmness, both of countenance and demeanor, was something else than calmness now; and Anne soon knew why. He was about to go to Scotland, on business which would detain him there for an indefinite period of time.

"Do you remember," he said, "our conversation on the subject of a residence there, the last time I came? I was afraid, then, that I should be obliged to make this journey. I tried to coax a favorable opinion of the place out of you, to cheer me with the hope that I might make my exile sweeter! Anne, tell me, could you not say something pleasanter about Scotland for my sake? For the sake of making me happy?"

He held her hands clasped in his own—his glance reading hers with the intent earnestness of suspense. A thrill ran through her from head to foot; a flash of emotion, that came, and was gone; and the throbbing heart beat quietly again. Light had opened to her—how sweet! But she turned from it; it was too late now.

"I told you," she said. "You asked me, and I answered."

With a pale cheek, and calm and gentle utterance, she spoke. A shadow of pain passed over his brow.

"Anne, I may be gone a very long time. I shall be alone—a stranger in a strange land."

She made no reply; she lifted not even her eyes to his face; and he read the silent negative to his heart's earnest plea, and said no more.

It was the last time he should see her before his departure. He asked her to write sometimes—if only to acknowledge the receipt of his letters; and gave her his address. Bidding her adieu at the door that evening, he said:

"Anne, I dare to think that all this might have been otherwise, but for my awkwardness at first. Now I must wait."

She gave him her hand in silence; but he drew her to his breast, touching her brow slightly and reverently with his lips; and then, with a whispered blessing, an almost inaudible farewell, he was gone.

When August was at its close, he went away; and Anne, as she stood by her hearth alone, after he was gone, wondered dearly if she should ever see him again. The little cottage was a very desert now. She was nearly always alone.

At intervals her brother came out to see her. He was not now the Edward Cameron of a year previous. Toil and care had set a stamp on his countenance; and he was only twenty-two.

He asked her not to blame him for coming so seldom; for his business demanded every moment he could give to it. He felt it a hard thing that he could not come oftener; and the weary, bitter tone in which he uttered the words, made the darkest of all the mourning of her heart.

He never spoke now of his sister's coming to see him—to see his wife; never mentioned the name of that wife to his sister; neither did Anne speak of her. For he knew, now, the dislike of Mrs. Cameron for his sister; she took no pains to conceal it from him. He knew, too, that sister was very well aware of it, and had been so much longer than he. He knew why Caroline Burton never could visit her, why his sister had refused to come to their house, or to receive assistance from him after his marriage; but the knowledge came too late; he could not repair the evil now; he could only plunge deeper and deeper into the toils and struggles of life, and try to forget it. But that was of no avail; it only came back with a double sting when he went to see his sister. Bitterly he looked on her gentle face, that had grown of late as quiet and grave as in the old days when he knew her first.

"Anne," he said to her, "is this the recompense I have given you for your years of toil, endurance, self-denial for my sake? Was it for this, the best energies of your being were exhausted, and every thought, and hope, and prayer centered on my well-being? Do you remember the time when I used to talk about the wealth and honor I should attain to when I should reach manhood?—and promise it all to you for the goodness you had shown me? And I let the bloom of your lifetime wither in your toil and struggles for me, and here is the reward I give you!—to toil still for your daily bread; to wear out the rest of life, here, in poverty and loneliness, apart from me; a stranger to my home—the home for which I left you! I do not deserve a man's name! I have no right to a place among my fellows!" And he cast himself into a seat, with his face buried in his hands.

In vain, the sister tried to cheer him, though her own voice trembled, and her eyes were blind with silent tears; for he was more unhappy than herself. In vain she told him she wished for no reward—her choice had been a voluntary one, and she was happy in his prosperity; he never ceased to reproach himself. And leaving her,

he would go to such an unhappy home, that he wished a thousand times he had never seen it. That splendid home was hateful to him; for it had cost him his peace of mind. The fascinating woman, whom he had made his wife, cold-hearted, haughty and arrogant now that she had gained her own ends, cared little how he was wounded by her unfeeling pride, by her scornfully expressed resolutions to keep herself out of the way of intercourse with people who would only be incumbrances on her.

Day after day, now, the burden grew harder to bear; his wealth, given as he had sought it, became to him the curse of Midas. At length there was a convulsion in the commercial world, a crumbling of firm foundations—a fall; and among the ruins lay what was once Edward Cameron's wealth. He smiled; his wife was passionate—miserable; she would not exist in poverty; she would go home to her father's house.

But not so; for the house of Burton, Martin & Co. was a wreck; there was nothing left of the splendor that had dazzled so many. Her father could not give her the olden luxuries she had known. No, she must share her husband's poverty. With many angry tears, she reproached her husband with his loss—taunted, upbraided, instead of sympathizing with him.

* * * *

Three years had passed from the time of Mr. Saville's departure. On Christmas night, Anne Cameron sat by her lonely hearth, thinking of divers things that had been in the past, and were in the present; of many changes that had taken place, within these eight past years, since Edward went that morning to seek a situation; within these five years past, since he had been in business for himself, since his marriage; thinking of his failure, which had happened so lately, and wondering whether, as he said, it was a stroke that would be better for him than prosperity; pitying his beautiful and delicate wife, and wishing, for her sake, this blow could have been less severe. And then she thought of other things; home came her heart, bearing blessed memories on its wings, and filled with blessings for a wanderer who came not to this lonely hearth now. She remembered Mr. Saville; wondering if he, too, sat alone this Christmas evening by his fireside in Scotland, thinking of the past. A letter of his lay open on her lap; a kind, pleasant, brotherly letter, that spoke to her as he used to speak. She had been reading it to-night; she prayed now for the writer, and the tears gathered, heavy and large, beneath her closed lids, as she sat with her head bowed upon

her clasped hands. Many a one of those tears, slow and sorrowful, fell upon the paper, blistering its satin surface, and almost effacing the characters that Mr. Richard Saville's hand had traced; but she never knew it; she wept on, unconscious of everything but her desolation.

Within that pleasant yet lonely apartment the glowing fire cast its crimson flush upon the walls, and upon the bowed figure of Anne. Without, the night was clear and frosty, and the Christmas stars shone as they shone that other night, centuries ago, when they sang together a sweet song, heard on the plains of Bethlehem. And their light fell upon a single traveller, who drew his cloak about him, and hurried on past the many houses, whose cheerful windows beamed redly forth, all over the village. On he went, with a quicker pace; for there was another window in the distance, shining for him. Anne heard the knock at the door; and hastily dashing away her tears, that Edward might not see them, went to let him in.

Did they blind her vision still, that she could distinguish neither Edward's form nor Edward's features? But from the open doorway, the guest stepped into the broader light that streamed from the parlor fire.

"Anne!" he said. "Anne!"

The voice was subdued, and quivering with glad emotion. He gathered her to his breast, and kissed her, again and again, as that pale face lay close to his throbbing heart; and if she could not speak to her lover at first, it was not that she did not welcome his coming; for the long, long desert of life was past, finally, her weary feet pressed the green hills beyond; and very sweet to her was this Christmas greeting.

All the way from Scotland, after four years' absence, had Richard Saville come to spend that Christmas evening with Anne; and when, an hour later, Edward joined them, the party was a happy one indeed.

We will mention, *en passant*, a promise Mr. Saville won from Anne that evening—a promise he had wished to win, and have fulfilled, before his departure that time from home, but his failure in which he had rightly attributed to his asking the wrong question at first. Of this promise we will merely say, that, in winning it, he did not begin by asking Anne if she liked Scotland.

Mr. Saville and Edward rode into the city together that evening, and discussed at some length the affairs of the latter. Edward declared that, henceforth, wealth was to him as chaff. He had known, he said, only unhappiness since he possessed it.

Some three months after, Mrs. Caroline Cameron was thunderstruck to receive an invitation to the wedding of Anne and Mr. Saville; and although at first she declared that nothing could induce her to accept it, she reconsidered the matter, and presented herself on the occasion. She was received by Anne with sincere good will; by Mr. Saville, with such courtesy as succeeded in banishing, as it was intended to, the recollection of former events from her mind, for the time. She could not but be touched, hard and proud as she was, by the kindness and gentleness of Anne, whom she had despised, and whom she was now forced to acknowledge to herself, was infinitely her superior in every respect.

Edward was received, penniless as he was, into partnership with Mr. Saville, on the day of the marriage of the latter. He accepted this evidence of his brother's favor with the deepest gratitude, and a determination to do his best, thenceforth, to deserve and use with discretion the gifts he received. From that time, although he devoted to his business the proper share of attention, he turned his best efforts towards the acquisition of treasures of more importance than gold, finding himself a wiser, a better, and a far happier man for so doing. Confining himself to a moderate style of living, he had no occasion to fear reverses of fortune; and his wife, obliged to content herself with circumstances far different from those to which she had all her life been accustomed, became, in her new position, a sensible woman, and a sincere convert to certain liberal sentiments which once she despised.

SENSITIVENESS OF A SEXTON.

Mr. William Boodle has been dead some twenty years. He was my school-fellow. I would have undertaken anything for Boodle while living, but I could not *undertake* for him when dead. The idea of burying Billy Boodle, my playmate from my cradle—we were put into breeches the very same day—with whom I had passed simultaneously through all the epochs—rattles—drums—go-carts—kites—tops—bats—skates—the idea of shovelling the cold earth upon him was too much. I would have buried the governor and council with the greatest pleasure, but Billy Boodle!—no—I couldn't. So I changed works a day with one of our craft, who comprehended my feelings perfectly.—*Dealings with the Dead.*

LITERATURE.—It opens a back door out of the bustle of the busy world into a garden of moral intellectual fruits and flowers, the key of which is denied to the best of mankind. Our happiness no longer lives on charity, nor bids fair for a fall, by leaning on another's pleasure for our repose.—*Dr. Young.*

THE LOST DREAMER.

BY GEORGE H. COOMER.

His day has departed—no soul energetic
Illumines his brow with a glory prophetic;
And few are the deeds of affection and duty
That spring from his visions of blossom and beauty.

Forever entranced with the sweetness of regions
Where airy creations are moving in legions,
He yields to the fetters that softly have bound him,
And felleth a prey to the scoffers around him.

His spirit can sympathise not with the stirring,
Or marvel like others at wonders occurring;
Or sigh with the weeping, or smile with the jesting,
Or feel interested in things interesting.

For now he forgetteth the glowing ambition
That prompteth to better his worldly condition;
And still in the web of his theories striving,
He moveth in circles, at nothing arriving.

While others are sweeping to ports in the distance,
His soul, on the shallows and sands of existence,
Unable to move from the bank where it landed,
Is left like a noble old galleon stranded.

His mind in the world with the thoughts that it thinketh,
Is lone as a lake where the buffalo drinketh,
Where islands of beauty their shadows are throwing,
And waters remain, neither ebbing nor flowing.

And thus there are thousands who dream without doing,
Who hope for the glory, yet shun the pursuing;
Nor feel that each vision of fruitage and meadows,
Itself but a shade, must reward them with shadows.

THE COUSINS.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

Mr aunt Bonner was very sentimental. She had read all the novels in the circulating library of S—, where she had been educated in a boarding-school. She contracted friendships, the most tender and pathetic, with eighteen different young ladies who had thirty-six romantic names, such as Rosa Matilda, and the like. She married; but her life-long trouble was that Mr. Bonner had no sensibility. Still, she was not much surprised, as she said she did not expect it from men.

In the course of time, a daughter was added to her family, increasing the flow of my aunt Bonner's tenderness. She rejoiced exceedingly that the little stranger was not a boy, since now she could have one being trained to the true pitch of sentimental refinement. Without taking much thought for the child's physical development, she took great pains to bring out her sensibilities, as she said; and succeeded to her satisfaction in finding that little Laura was turning out a very respectable sentimentalist.

At twelve years of age, she looked as if she had been reared on mountain dew and chopped rose leaves, so much did her mother fear that good wholesome food would make her daring coarse and robust. Laura was indeed growing up a delicate, fragile thing, inheriting more of her mother's languishing ways than was quite pleasing to the father, who presented one of those singular contrasts to his wife which we so often see and wonder at, in matrimonial life. My aunt's husband was a shrewd, practical man of business; very benevolent and public-spirited, without a spice of romance in his composition, and heartily wishing his wife would not turn his books on mercantile law out of the room, to make way for her favorite reading.

Mr. Bonner was guardian to young Lewis Clinton, the son of one of his dearest friends, who, dying, bequeathed his son to the best man he knew; and he received the trust, and the compliment it implied, with equal heartiness and good will. He had placed the boy at school, and afterwards at college, where he had distinguished himself in a manner highly gratifying to Mr. Bonner, who now left him to choose his own path. He delighted his guardian, by deciding to remain with him, and employ his time and the fortune left him by his father, in the pursuits of mercantile life. As the son of his old friend, Mr. Bonner felt bound to offer him rooms in his own house, if it would be more agreeable to his taste than a bachelor's establishment; and Lewis was glad to accept, what he had never yet known, something like a real home.

Laura was now eighteen, and Lewis treated her with a calm respectfulness that she did not quite relish, and which her mother liked as little. They expected the young heir would have shown at least more than this apparent indifference to her, for Laura was now really pretty, and would have been more so, had she been more animated. Had they but known it, Lewis really possessed a fine imagination, and a heart that responded to the finest touches of true, genuine sensibility. Not that which is born of a diseased state of mind, and nursed by unhealthy influences, but that beautiful reality, before which a true heart bows involuntarily. He loved fine music and lofty poetry, though he had no talent for either; but he appreciated them as he appreciated all other art, without being either a painter or a sculptor. At the same time, he disclaimed none of the appliances of common life, liking his ease and comfort too well to become singular in his tastes and habits; and falling easily into the fashions and customs of others, in his modes of living, dressing and amusements.

Too common by far was all this for Laura Bonner. The hero of her imagination must be something set apart as one to worship and adore. True, Lewis was handsome as any of her imaginary objects of love; his name would not disgrace a woman, and he rode like a knight templar, as her mother expressed it; but then such a cold-hearted indifference to all sentiment as he manifested! and his look, so cool and unimpassioned, when she sang those tender lays that had so charmed young Fitz Clarence Warren.

Lewis was unconquered. He liked Laura, and thought her amiable and pretty. He liked her singing, but he wished she would choose music of a higher character; and he would have been really glad if she could have conquered her indolence and timidity sufficiently to mount his beautiful horse, and try to gather health and animation by a spirited ride among the beautiful scenery which surrounded them.

But there is somebody coming in the next train of care, Lewis Clinton, who will lay terrible siege to that impenetrable heart of yours. Uncle Bonner had written for his niece, Grace Scott, to pass the winter in his family. His sister, Mrs. Scott, had a very large family, of which Grace was the eldest daughter. When Mr. Bonner had last visited his sister in Greenport, he had noticed the burdens which came upon his niece, who performed, alternately, the duties of nursery maid and governess to the little tribe of Scotts, and he pleaded earnestly for a respite for Grace. Her mother would have gladly consented; but how was she to manage, with Mr. Scott's limited income, to spare her, when she was so useful to the children, and so kind and attentive to all their wants? Mr. Bonner, in the fulness of his benevolence, paid for six months' tuition at a good school, for the three eldest, and recommended the daughter of one of his clerks as a substitute for Grace in the nursery. He had been obliged, however, to write for her three times, before the handsome outfit which he had given her could be made ready, as two of the children were attacked with measles, and only Grace could nurse them.

For a few weeks, Laura had almost compelled Mr. Clinton's attentions. Perhaps she had quarrelled with the handsome "De Warren;" at any rate, she had played on her guitar, when he was by, and selecting the most love-lorn songs, she would fix her melancholy eyes upon his face, and sigh as if from some hidden trouble. At first he was vexed; but at length he became really touched, and found himself oftener listening than he ought, to her peculiar class of melodies. When she talked, the charm was broken, but the

guitar renewed it. Aunt Bonner looked on complacently, and the love which Laura did not disguise, went far to awaken some interest. He began to think her more interesting, and matters seemed certainly to progress. So, at least, the mother thought. She liked Lewis much, and had often wished that his good qualities could be joined to a sensibility like that which charmed her in Mr. Warren, who, she feared, after all, would not make Laura happy. It was true that she thought Lewis rather common-place; but Laura would soften down those little roughnesses which he had acquired at college, and "on the whole," as she said to Laura, when complaining of his indifference, "you will get along as well as papa and I do."

Not a word did they hint to Mr. Bonner all the while this by-play was going on, for they knew that he would scoff at their silly attempts to manage a man like Clinton. Besides he had other designs for his ward. He hoped, earnestly, that Clinton would fancy Grace Scott, whom he longed to deliver from that domestic thralldom which he felt would soon wear out her young life; for beautiful as her sisterly affection, her patience and devotion to the troop of little ones at home, appeared to him, he could not blind himself to the fact that her strength and health must soon give way to the large demand upon both.

In the midst of the incipient tenderness, slight as it was, for to Clinton's mind, it had not yet attained any distinct form, Grace Scott made her appearance, very suddenly, one day at noon. Only that forenoon had her uncle received the announcement that she would arrive in the next train, and without stopping to apprise them at home, he met her at the cars, and accompanied her to his house in a carriage.

My aunt Bonner was just dressing for dinner, and Grace and her uncle entered the side parlor, where Laura was seated on a low ottoman at Clinton's feet, a position which she had frequently adopted of late, and was singing one of her favorite songs. She rose to meet her cousin whom she had not seen for several years, and whom she could not have recognized in the noble-looking lady, whose full round form and healthy color formed a contrast to her own drooping figure and sallow cheek.

* * * * *

Grace won all their hearts before she had been with them a month. She read the newspaper to her uncle, and brought him his slippers, which was more than his daughter had ever done. She sewed long and diligently for Laura and her aunt, who both hated sewing; and she delighted Mr. Clinton by accepting his offer of the beauti-

ful horse Selim, which Laura's languor had always prevented her from trying.

Grace excelled in this accomplishment, and she looked beautifully in her riding habit, with her color heightened by exercise, and the long plumes half shading her face, as they mingled with the curls that floated on her neck. Those rides sealed Clinton's fate, as far as regarded the two cousins. It was impossible, too, that he should not contrast Laura's useless and visionary life with that of Grace, occupying every moment with something desirable, and sacrificing her own comfort to that of others; or rather seeking her own happiness in that of those around her. He saw Grace exerting all her powers of taste, intellect and education, in carrying out the noblest purposes of her being; and he felt how nearly they sympathized with his own. He knew that she was beautiful, because the soul within her shone out from those great brown eyes, and irradiated that calm, clear brow; and not from any mere advantage of form or color alone; otherwise he would have looked upon her only as he looked upon some beautiful painting or statue, and from her uncle's lips, he heard how she was idolized by the children, those truest interpreters of character.

Did Grace share these feelings of love that were growing up fast and strong in Clinton's impenetrable heart? She sat in her room, one morning, somewhat listlessly for her, while her aunt and Laura had driven to the next town on a shopping expedition. Suddenly she sprang up, and running to the stable, she saddled Selim without help, and mounted for a ride. It was a February day; but the slant sun shone brightly on the hard, level road, which wound under a sheltering cliff, and the air was warm and bland, as in early spring.

Grace walked the horse slowly along, and gave up her whole soul to reverie. Too truly did she interpret the emotions which came thickly crowding upon her. She tried to evade the fact that she was loving unasked; but it would not be put aside. She used all the sophistry of which she was capable, and tried to call it friendship that she felt for Lewis Clinton, her cousin's lover, as she believed him to be; but ever the reality came back to her, and its name was *Love*.

And now came a host of terrible thoughts of her own wickedness, as she felt it to be, when she reflected that she had come here, finding, as she really believed, her cousin not only attached to Clinton, but having her attachment truly returned. In her sudden condemnation she spoke aloud. "I will not wait until spring, to go home. I will go this very week, if my uncle

will help me. O, that I had never left those darling children to come here and break up the peace of—"

She started so suddenly that her horse started into a full gallop which lasted several minutes. When it subsided to a slower pace, in obedience to her gentle hand, another hand was laid upon Selim's rein, and she felt, rather than saw, that his master was at her side.

"Too hasty riding, by half, dear Grace," said a voice, which had ever sounded musical to her ear before, but which now she shrank from hearing, since the last half hour's painful self-communion. She turned half round with a stately air, and coldly said, "Good morning Mr. Clinton."

"Why, Grace!—Miss Scott, if you like it better—what has come over you? I should have joined you earlier, but have been detained—vacationally too, for I knew that this fine morning would tempt you and Selim to come here. Are you angry with me, Grace? and on this morning, too, above all others, when I came to you, to ask, trustingly and hopefully, if we might tread the same path together through life. Your uncle gave me permission to say this to you, Grace. He has long foreseen this. How indeed could it be otherwise, when he brought you here to fix my fate for sorrow or happiness? Answer me, Grace!"

He might have talked for an hour before Grace could answer; for her superb head was bent down almost to Selim's beautiful arched neck, and her sobe came thick and fast.

"Was I mistaken after all, Miss Scott?" he said, almost proudly. "Must I take these tears as my refusal?"

His horse started at that moment, from a sudden dropping of the bridle upon his neck, which Clinton was too much agitated to restrain; and caracoling furiously for a moment, the animal backed up to a huge pile of rocks, which had been gathered to the roadside for some purpose, and seemed about to cast himself and rider down the precipitous descent, to the deep growth of underbrush beneath.

Grace turned pale, but she had presence of mind to wheel her own horse round where she could catch the fallen rein and restore it to Clinton, shuddering at the deep ravine below them.

"You are a brave woman, Grace," said Lewis, sadly. "You have saved my life, but it is not much worth the risk you ran, unless you will let me devote it to your happiness."

"But my cousin Laura—were you not engaged when I came here?" said Grace, looking round to Clinton, with a radiant smile bursting over her tearful face.

Lewis smiled gaily back to her, as he told her that he had been all the morning listening to her uncle, who had informed him with a long sigh, that his daughter had just accepted Fitts Clarence Warren. Mr. Bonner had added that both Laura and her mother were in quite a sentimental ecstasy when he saw them into the carriage that morning, at the reconciliation, which had taken place; "And heaven forbid," said Clinton, "that I should stand in the way of such perfect happiness!"

A robin—the first of the season—sang gaily out from the thicket which they were passing, and as they approached the village, the doors and windows were open, where fair hands were watering the plants which were taken out to feel the influence of the soft, bland, spring-like wind. Everything in the outer world seemed to sympathize with the lovers; and when they returned, it was to find the future Mrs. De Warren seated on her low cushion at the feet of her devoted Clarence, in the same position in which Grace had first seen her, and singing "The last link is broken," as if it were a dirge over her attachment for Lewis. Uncle Bonner threw up his hat, and shouted like a boy, regardless of the blushes of Grace, who escaped from the room, half crying, as she met the amazed look of Aunt Bonner, whose penetration had failed to discover any love story in the family, except Laura's.

POMPEII.

The excavations at Pompeii, the city of the dead, are advancing but slowly; and although hours are required to examine that portion of the city which is now revealed, not more than one-third of it has yet been brought to light. There is no doubt that some of the finest specimens of antique art yet remain to be discovered among the beautiful villas which were scattered without the suburbs along the slope of Vesuvius. The extent of the ravages committed by the volcano in the last two thousand years may be judged from the fact that Pompeii when destroyed, was situated immediately upon the bay, but is now about two miles from the shore, the ashes and lava having caused the sea to recede that distance; yet in that vast cycle of time the level of the water-line, according to Sir Charles Lyell, has not materially changed, and were the scoria and ashes removed from between the lowest steps by which the Pompeian entered his galley and the waters of the bay, the Neapolitan boatman might row under the very garden walls of the villa of Diomedes.—*Correspondent of the National Intelligence.*

In the march of life no one's path is so clear as not in some degree to cross another's; and if each is determined, with unyielding sturdiness, to keep his own line, it is impossible but that he must give and receive many a rude shock.

THE GRAVE OF FITCH.

BY WILLIE H. PARSON.

By a river in the bosom of the West,
Amid ceaseless music, with sod on his breast,
Sleeps one who a blessing conferred on his race,
Yet lived in contumely and died in disgrace.
The Ohio's marmur his bitter fate moans,
The notes of the wild-bird blend with its tones,
And under the cedar and under the pine,
The requiem of genius floats over the shrine.

And there, never ceasing, the argosies tall
Float past where he sleepeth—unconscious of all—
Proclaiming his triumph and sounding his name,
Who die as the poor die, in sorrow and shame;
And the chiming of bells shall startle the deer,
And waken the echo, but he shall not hear;
While flowers of the wood shall as monuments rise,
Instead of the marble that looks at the skies.

The lilies that bathe in the stream by his side,
Shall droop as they think of the genius who died;
The willows that bend to be kissed by the wave,
Shall sorrow be held since they shadow his grave.
And there the rich sunset in pity shall rest,
Arming in crimson the sod on his breast;
And draping with glory the spot where he lies,
All nature shall worship what man could despise.

FRUITS OF DISAPPOINTMENT.

BY MARCIA B. DODD.

CAROLINE HILTON had learned the lesson which woman's heart so quickly learns, so slowly, and so seldom forgets; she loved.

Henry Harrington seemed to be worthy to be loved, and for awhile Caroline gave herself up to the enjoyment of her dream of happiness. But she soon found that the religious truths which were to her a constant source of enjoyment and support, were in the eyes of her lover but a fable. Henry was an infidel! Caroline felt such sorrow at this discovery as those only feel to whom love is not a transient passion, but a lasting sentiment, one that deeply influences their whole life. She felt that however close their outward union might be, there could be no union of hearts while he retained those sentiments. They parted. It cost Henry many a pang to give up the hope he had cherished, but she was firm; and maddened by disappointment he left the place, and sought to drown trouble by plunging into every kind of gaiety and dissipation; and within a year he was married to one as gay and careless as himself.

One only, a dear and tried friend, knew the depth of Caroline's heart trial. She was so meek and quiet, that none of her acquaintances suspected the deep under-current of feeling which

was hid beneath that calm exterior. She never complained, never even wore a look of sadness, save when she grieved for others' woe.

To her friend, she said: "If human love were all that God had given us on earth, then indeed I might die of a broken heart; but life has high and holy duties, and in the strength which God giveth, I will conquer selfish sorrow, and in the path of duty I shall find peace."

If her love had been a happy one, doubtless her story might have been told in the few words which will suffice for many a life history:

"Born and wedded,
Died and buried."

But now the holiest depths of her nature were called out by her trial; qualities and talents which in prosperity would never have been known, shone bright mid the clouds of adversity. Her life-labor is for others—the love which, if it had met with no repulse, would have passed in one narrow channel, now flows out to all the world. No task rises too hard for her to perform, watching by night, and laboring by day, for the sick and the needy.

Writing was her only recreation; many a lonely hour has been occupied in pouring out her glowing fancies in poetry. Through the agency of her friend, some of her writings were published; they were appreciated, and fame's garland was offered to deck her humble brow; but so carefully was her name concealed, that no one knew who the gifted one could be, whose writings were the delight of all readers.

But she found with pleasure that her productions were eagerly sought, and well paid for. For though her simple tastes required nothing more of this world's good than she already enjoyed, yet she had often wished for larger means to do good. These means were now in her hands, and as no one knew that she was receiving anything, she was able to keep her charities private. The poor student of divinity never suspects who sent him such an acceptable present of flannels and linen, "made," as he says, "just as mother used to."

The apprentice boy has no idea from whence came the bundle of books, just what he most needed to assist him to fulfil his determination to gain an education.

"Come," said Caroline, one Christmas morning to her friend—"let us go and have a merry Christmas." This friend was her companion in all her charitable works, and fully sympathized in all her joys. They visited poor old "Aunt Phebe," and found her rejoicing over a large Bible, which, she declared, she could almost see to read without glasses. They called on the

Widow Saunders, and were told of mysterious gifts of food and clothing, which had come like bounty from Heaven, and "caused the widow's heart to sing for joy."

They found children delighted with new toys, and old people with new comforts, which Caroline had sent them, though they knew it not. Her friend saw in her flushed cheek and sparkling eye, that she found it "more blessed to give than to receive."

Years passed, and Henry Harrington returned to the home of his youth—to die. His wife had died, and he was left with two small children; he felt that he had not long to live, for consumption had marked him for its victim. Soon after his return he sent for Caroline. Her friend was with her, when a note, traced by the sick man's trembling hand, was given to her. They went together to see him, he was on his death-bed. Caroline showed no outward emotion, but the struggle which the sight of her first and only love caused in her heart, was known only to God.

"Caroline," the sick man said, "I have sent for you, to entreat you to take my children when I am gone, and teach them the holy faith which has been the guiding star of your life; and which I now feel that I need, but, alas! it is too late for me; but my children! O, may they never know the horrors of an unbeliever's death-bed."

"It is not too late," returned Caroline; "it is never too late for the cry of the penitent to reach the ear of mercy."

They conversed long, and she had the happiness of seeing him who had lived in doubt, die at last believing. His children have since been her constant care; and as she sees them growing up, intelligent and pious, she feels repaid for her labor. She sometimes says to her friend with a smile: "I thank God, that I was disappointed in love."

SAMUEL ROGERS.

It is to be regretted that Rogers did not personally know Dr. Johnson. He went to his house determined to present himself, but when he had lifted the knocker his heart failed him; he dared not give the rap which would bring him before the burly tyrant of the realm of letters; and letting the knocker quietly down, he slipped silently away, and thus dropped a link which would have otherwise connected Dickens and Tennyson, through him and Johnson and Pope, and Dryden and Davenant, and Shakespeare, with Spenser.—*Courier and Enquirer.*

Hon. Richard Boyle compares marriage to a lottery, for in both, he (or she?) that ventures may succeed and may miss; and if he draws a prize, he hath a rich return of his venture; but in both lotteries there is a pretty store of blanks for every prize.

JENNY SILL—A LOVE BALLAD.

BY BOLANTRH.

I know a laughing, blue-eyed maid;
 She lives a-down the hill,
 And wears a gown and hood of blue—
 Her name is Jenny Sill;
 Her lips are like twin-cherries red,
 Her cheeks like roses bloom;
 And she is happier far than queen,
 That e'er sat on a throne.

O, soon the merry bells will ring,
 And peal a gladsome chime;
 And on a coming May-day morn,
 Sweet Jenny will be mine;
 For just one year ago to day,
 She said she'd be my bride;
 And that she'd share my joys and cares—
 Sweet Jenny, true and tried!

And there we'll rent a little cot,
 Down by the busy mill;
 And there we'll pass our happy lives—
 I, and my Jenny Sill!
 O, blessings on my Jenny's head,
 May joy e'er hover near!
 And may she never know grim care,
 Or shed one bitter tear!

SHOT IN THE THROAT.

A TALE OF FRONTIER LIFE.

BY ANSON B. CLIFFORD.

MANY years ago, when Kentucky was one great wilderness, and the red man roamed freely over its rich lands, and hunted by the margins of its many rivers, Daniel Boone left his home in Maryland and plunged alone into the deep wilds of that region. Awhile he lived all alone in the forests; then his brother went with him, and together they explored the country as far as Cumberland River; then more men came, and finally the old pioneer had a noble band at his back. With bold and fearless steps, Daniel Boone cleared his way through the opposing hosts of red men, only once a prisoner, and then escaping as no other man could have escaped—travelling one hundred and sixty miles through the dense forest in four days, all alone, and eating only one meal during all that time! But at length the population became too thick for the adventurous pioneer; he could not live where he could smell the smoke of a neighbor's cabin; and when his hair was gray, he shouldered his faithful rifle and struck off for the deeper wilds and solitudes of the Missouri, where he lived alone among the great trees.

"We saw him," says an eminent traveller, "on those banks, with thin gray hair, a high

forehead, a keen eye, a cheerful expression, a singularly bold conformation of countenance and breast, and a sharp, commanding voice. He appeared to us the same Daniel Boone, if we may use the expression, jerked, and dried to a high preservation, that we had figured as the wanderer in the woods, and the slayer of bears and Indians."

Early one spring, Daniel Boone, in company with five others, passed on near to where the town of Greensburg now stands, and there, finding a fertile spot upon the banks of the Green River, they determined to encamp for the season. They knew that the Indians were all about them, so their first work was to build a stout log cabin. They made it of elm logs, and left two loop-holes upon each side and end, which would not only serve to admit light in the daytime, but also for shooting purposes when besieged by the red men. When this was done, they prepared a small lot of land for corn, and having planted it, they turned their attention to the wild beasts, of which there were plenty in the neighborhood.

The youngest man in the party was Lyman Markham. He was only five-and-twenty, and this was his first season in the forest. He was a native of Virginia, of a good family, and naturally of a warm, adventurous spirit. His highest ambition, for several years, had been to follow the lead of Daniel Boone. Greg Lottal was also in the party. He had often been asked if his name was not *Gregory*, but he spurned the insinuation. His parents, he said, were not such fools as to give him so long a name. Greg was five-and-forty; a warm-hearted, impulsive, generous man; rough in his manners, and stout and powerful in frame. He had spent most of his life in the woods, and could feel at home nowhere else.

One day, the party were out after an old bear, which had been doing mischief about their cabin. They had been out after the same bear twice before, but the brute had managed to escape them. A dozen times had Lyman Markham said that he would give a good bear for just one shot at the fellow. This time, they came in sight of old Bruin not half a mile from the camp, and the foolish fellow knew no better than to climb up into a tree.

"Stand back! stand back!" cried Lyman. "That bear's mine—mine to shoot."

So they all stood back, and Lyman crept up towards the tree. He waited until he could get a fair sight at the fellow's heart, and then he raised his heavy rifle. Of course, the looker-on were sure that the game was just as good as

dead. Presently, the youth fired, and as the sharp report rang out upon the air, the bear leaped down from the tree and fled into the woods. Poor Lyman stood like one petrified. But a cry of pursuit from Boone started him to his senses. The party passed on after the fugitive, and ere long, they came up to him again. This time Greg Lottel fired, and the bear dropped. They found that Lyman's ball had struck the fore shoulder and glanced off, lacking only one inch of the mortal point.

"Never mind," said Boone, laying his hand upon Lyman's shoulder, "I've made worse shots than that when I've been too sure."

"That's it," cried the youth. "If I hadn't been so sure I shouldn't have missed him."

"Pooh!" uttered Greg, lightly.

That was all he said, but it cut Lyman to the quick. Greg was an old hunter, and of such the youth wanted their praise. He didn't stop to think that the simple word might have been spoken in fun—he felt it as a slur upon his skill as a marksman. However, nothing further was said at the time.

The dead bear was carried to the camp, and after the skin had been taken off, and the best meat selected, the rest was given to the dogs. Three days after this, while Boone and one other of the party were out, Lyman Markham made allusion to his shot at the bear.

"'Twas too bad," he uttered. "If I hadn't been so mighty sure, I might have hit him right."

"Pooh, youngster," said Greg, with a smile, "you're only a beginner yet. But you'll come to it by-and-by."

"Only a beginner!" echoed the hot-blooded youth. "By the crack of powder, I can shoot as well as you."

"Not quite. You never seed me miss a bar."

"Nor you never saw me miss before."

"'Cause I never seed ye shoot afore."

At this, the other two laughed heartily.

"By heavens, Greg Lottel, I can shoot as well as you!" the youth cried. The loud laugh had grated harshly upon his already discordant feelings, and he was growing angry.

But Greg only laughed boisterously at his assertion, and this added fuel to the flame already burning in Lyman's bosom.

"Greg Lottel," he cried, "you're a braggart!"

"Am I?" uttered the elder hunter, catching the spark in turn.

"You are just that, and if you know what's healthy you'll keep your tongue off from me."

"Eh, youngster—you're getting a bit riled; but you may be fetched to your trumps one of

these days. What would ye do if a dozen Indians was yellin' about ye?"

"Just as I'd do if a dozen such fellows like you were doing the same thing."

"Eh?"

"Perhaps you'd like to try it," said Lyman.

"Look here, my boy," returned Greg, beginning to get about as full as he could hold, "if you're wise you'll keep that tongue of your's a bit more quiet."

"Don't blow, Greg Lottel. You've insulted me when you had no cause, and I am not fond of it. If you are such a shot, I can give you a mark. Just step out to the river's bank and pace off your own distance, and I'm your man. We'll take shot for shot."

"You mean a kind of duel, eh?"

"Yes—just so."

"Well, boy—I shan't do it."

"Then you're a coward as well as a braggart!" uttered Lyman.

The youth had now become utterly mad. He believed that Greg was making sport of him, and trying to lower him in the estimation of the others. The very fact of his having missed the bear was galling, and this other matter was unbearable.

The old hunter started to his feet and seized his rifle. Those were words he could not bear.

"Come on!" he whispered. "You shall have your own way for once. Come on. Greg Lottel is not a coward, though he might wish to spare the life of an inexperienced boy. But come."

"Hallo! What's all this?" cried Boone, coming in at that moment. "What's to pay now?"

"Never mind," returned Greg, attempting to pass out.

"But hold. You're mad. What is it? Banks, what is this?"

The man thus appealed to, who was a veteran hunter, gave his leader a full account of the whole affair. Boone looked first upon Greg, and then upon Lyman, and finally he said:

"Now look here, boys—this is just nothin' but a piece of nonsense. But keep your tempers, for you'll have a chance to try 'em afore long. The redskin is close here. Mind that."

"Are the injuns here?" asked Greg, quickly.

"They be, close upon us," answered Boone.

"I saw their tracks to-day, and you may be sure they'll show 'emselves afore long. So now put up your rifles, and let 'em rest till you want 'em for some better purpose."

Greg Lottel put his weapon up without a word, for he had been with the old pioneer too

long to disobey him—not from fear was this feeling, but more from a deep, worshipful respect for his dauntless leader. But Lyman Markham gave not up so easily. He took another step towards the door, and grasped his rifle more firmly. Boone could read every thought of the youth, and for an instant his sharp eye flashed; but the spark went quickly out, and then, while a strange smile passed over his face, he said:

"Look'e, Lyman. I know how hot your blood is, but you'd better keep your heat for the hour when you'll need it; and just let me tell ye, if ye stay in the woods as long as I have, you'll find not much temper left to throw away. Now, put up your rifle. Put it up, I say."

Slowly and reluctantly the youth obeyed. His eyes were downcast, not because he had been thus spoken to by his leader, but because he began to feel ashamed of the part he had been acting.

"Now," resumed Boone, "let me make you a proposition. As sure as fate the redskins will come upon us. You shall each choose your own mark upon the red varmints, and we'll see who shoots the best. Mind, now—I shall be the judge."

This was deemed satisfactory, and the youth stepped towards Greg and extended his hand.

"All right," the old hunter exclaimed; and in a few moments more a visitor could not have told that anything unpleasant had happened.

Towards the middle of the forenoon, on the following day, Boone came to the cabin, and bade his men get ready their rifles and ammunition.

"Are the injuns comin'?" asked Greg.

"They are, sartin," responded Boone. "Just now I saw a fox cross the path close by the river, and he had an arrow in him. Then I put my ear to the ground, and I could hear the redskins' tramp as plain as sunlight."

Without further remark, the men got down their rifles and cleaned them where they needed cleaning. Boone had four rifles, Greg three, and the others two each. They were all carefully loaded; and then the ammunition was placed where it could be handy in case any of them got out, though that was not probable, as each man could carry nearly a hundred rounds. The heavy door of the lodge was closed and barred, and then they awaited the coming of the enemy.

"Now, boys, choose your marks," said the pioneer.

"I'll put every ball I send into the victim's throat," said Lyman, with a proudly flashing

eye. "Every Indian I shoot shall be found with a ball in his throat, and so directed that it shall cut the spine of the neck. This day I'll prove my rifle good, or I'll never lay claim to marksmanship again."

"And you, Greg—where'll you take 'em?"

"Right in the temple—either the right or the left."

"Then the rest of us will pull for their hearts," resumed the leader.

Nearly an hour passed after this ere a sound was heard, and Boone said that the Indians were waiting till they supposed the whites would be at dinner. But they came, at length, and they came in a host. At first, only one or two were seen peeping out from the woods, but ere long, they all showed themselves, and there were certainly two hundred of them. They came up on all hands, completely surrounding the cabin, and yelling like so many raving fiends.

The cabin was about twenty feet square, the walls made of logs over a foot thick, and ten feet high. No bullet could penetrate here. The loop-holes were eight inches square, and about four and a half feet from the ground.

"Now, boys," uttered Boone, "let every shot count a dead man. The varmints think they have an easy job, but I've been in worse odds than this, and seen the scamps go off second best, too. Don't stand in front of the holes if you can help it. Now up with your mummies, and then at them."

These "mummies" were simply eight sticks stuck up, one at each loop-hole, with a firmly twisted ball of stripped hide upon the top of each. These balls were about the size of a man's head, and the hunters placed their hats and caps upon them, and as they came just even with the apertures, the Indians would naturally enough take them for men. They were so arranged that they could be put out of sight at will.

The first shot fired was by Lyman, and an Indian staggered and fell. In an instant more four more shots followed, and four Indians bit the dust. Not more than twenty of the men had fire-arms, and they at once commenced firing at the objects, which they supposed to be men, through the loop-holes. These fellows with rifles were first picked off, and then attention was turned to the others. But as those who had the fire-arms dropped, the weapons were seized by the live ones. The hunters took their aim obliquely through the loop-holes, and thus avoided all direct shots from without. A dozen savages rushed upon the door with their tomahawks, but the stout fabric was not in much danger; and besides, from the further loop-hole on

that side, they could be picked off from about the door as fast as a rifle could be loaded and fired.

Lyman Markham seemed to know but one thing, and that was, that as fast as he could load his piece an Indian throat was pierced. Not a nerve in his body quivered, nor did a muscle relax. With a quick, intuitive wit, he avoided all shots from the enemy, and aimed his own weapon under cover of the mummy. Thrice had he changed rifles, as one became so hot he could not use it, and thrice had he simply stopped to wipe the streaming sweat from his brow.

"My salvation of soul!" uttered Boone, clapping his hand upon the youth's back, "how do you load your rifle?"

"By lever-power," returned Lyman, as with one powerful sweep he rammed home a ball. "Aren't they thinning?"

"Drefully," answered the old pioneer, at the same instant clapping his rifle to his shoulder and shooting down an Indian, who had just raised his head to the nearest loop-hole.

Now six smart men, who are shooting a man at each fire, and loading and firing as fast as they can, will soon dispose of a hundred men. Suppose they load and fire, each man, twice a minute—which an experienced hunter can do with great ease, and follow it up—then we have twelve men falling each minute, and in fifteen minutes we should have one hundred and eighty. But allow that only half these shots kill, and even then we have a fatal work going on. Some people have hardly been prepared to give credence to the stories which have been told of the adventures of Daniel Boone and his companions; but, in sober truth, an eye-witness would not dare tell half the actual occurrences, so wondrous were they of physical prowess.

Boone received an arrow in his left shoulder, towards the middle of the action, but he took no other notice of it than to pull the arrow out.

Finally the savages moved off to consult, and then the hunters sat down to rest. They might have fired with deadly effect still, but they were fatigued. Boone counted those who thus met in council, and he could make but twenty-eight of them. Several times, during the engagement, the Indians had tried to procure something combustible with which to set the lodge on fire, but they had not succeeded.

"Let's at 'em once more," said Boone, at the end of some five minutes; and hardly had he spoken, when Lyman's rifle again spoke its death-bots.

The savages waited for five shots, and then,

with an unearthly yell, they fled from the place. In half an hour more, the hunters went forth, to view the result.

It was a ghastly sight upon which they gazed, but they looked upon the corpses of the Redskins about the same as they would have looked upon so many dead bears or wolves. They were counted, and *one hundred and forty-one savages lay dead upon the greensward, and upon the corn-patch!* The engagement had lasted very near an hour; and the only supposition upon which the savages could have so long remained exposed to so murderous a fire was that they imagined there were a great number of men in the lodge, and every time those "mummies" were bent down out of sight, they supposed so many men were shot, and that the reappearing of the cheat was the coming of a fresh man.

With anxious, nervous movements, Lyman Markham helped turn over the corpses, and as one after another came up with a shot in the throat, a quick sparkle of the eye told how warm were his feelings. Incredible as it may seem, there were *forty-two* of the red men with that fatal shot in the throat! while only twenty-nine were found with a shot in the temple.

"Lyman," spoke Greg Lottel, frankly and warmly, at the same time grasping the youth by the hand, "you are a better shot than I am. I speak it honestly and willingly."

"No, no, Greg; not better. Say I am as good. I ask no more."

But there was no quarrel over this. Boone simply made the remark that better shooting than Greg's would be useless, and that to excel Lyman would be impossible. And then they went to throwing the dead savages into the river, for they could not bury them.

In after years, Lyman Markham was Boone's oftenest companion; and the old pioneer, when his eye had grown dim, and his step weak, told no story of his long and adventurous life with more pride and pleasure than that of the young hunter's *shot in the throat!*

Joe and Hal were at an evening party, and walked together to a window opening to a balcony.

"Miss Smitherings is very beautiful, is she not?" remarked Hal, in commenting on the company, but without taking the precaution to look out on the balcony.

"Very handsome; but has she any brains?" asked Joe.

"Nary brain!" sighed Hal, as if he deeply regretted the deficiency.

A scream and a fall outside on the balcony—Miss Smitherings had heard and fainted. None of the company except Hal and Joe ever knew why.

THE WIND.

BY M. E. PERKINS.

Along the rugged mountain, down by the silent stream,
Now nestled in the murky sky, where forked lightnings
gleam,

The crashing thunders roll along upon their unseen wing,
While round the hearth, in silent fear, my little children
cling.

But soon thy gentle breath dispels each cloud from out
the sky,

Behold the golden orb of day in splendor meets the eye;
Ah, now thy voice is hushed awhile to murmurs soft and
low,

The earth, now bright and gay, alas, a sudden change
must know.

Hark! Listen to those moaning sounds around our cottage
door,

So chilling, as they penetrate the cracks along the floor,
That now the fire must be renewed to heat it as it comes,
To keep it from approaching and freezing off my thumbs.

DEATH OF A MISER.

A German named John Herryman, of this place, died lately, leaving a fortune estimated at from twenty-five to fifty thousand dollars. He was one of the lowest class of misers, equal to the most loathsome ever painted by Dickens. For the last sixteen years he has constantly worn the same blue, linsey-woolsey wamms and pantaloons, carefully run or darned all over with strong thread so as to prevent the possibility of wearing out, except on important occasions, such as land sales or something of that nature, when they gave place to a suit of black velvet that he boasted had served him faithfully for forty years. He contracted the disease of which he died by walking over the bad roads during the most inclement weather of the season, all the way to Putnam and Henry counties, to pay his taxes on the land he owned there, without sufficient clothing to protect him from the cold. In fact, we are informed that he scarcely ever wore a shirt or under garment, and that the one he had on when he died had not been changed for over three months. Although rich, he had been known to chaffer with the smiths over the price of a horse-shoe which he had picked up in the street. So far as is known, he leaves no heir. He always resented any questions as to the place of his birth, relatives, or early history.—*Sandusky Vindicator*.

A friend of ours who was in New York recently, went into a fashionable restaurant for refreshments. While seated there a feller and his "gal" also entered, and seated themselves near him. Each studied the bill of fare attentively. The young man having called for a beefsteak, asked his "lady love" what she would order. After hesitating a moment, she said she would have a woodcock. "Woodcock!" exclaimed the fellow, nervously fingering his slim purse. "Woodcock! thunder! they are as big as turkeys—'twould kill you to eat one of 'em." The "gal" was content with a mutton-chop."

THE INFANT GIANT.

When steam first applied its infant shoulders to lift the kettle-cover before the eyes of Watt, how limited its expectant uses, even to the wildest hopes of that fortunate thinker! Now, behold the giant of the nineteenth century, how he is compelled to tug and strain the tireless sinews of his strength, in countless fields of usefulness and labor! See how bravely he bears us through the storm. Insensible to cold and careless of sleep, behold the snow that blockades our path fly before him in the dim starlight. With mouth full of fire, and nostrils expanded with smoke, hear him laugh defiantly at the solstitial rays, beneath which every laborer would melt. See him farrow the billowy brine for millions of miles, and interchange the growth of different zones. He spans the sea with bridges. He enters the factory, and seizing its central crank, he plies its complicated machinery with inconceivable velocity and power. He weaves our garments and carves our furniture. He multiplies our thoughts in books and newspapers, and impels them through the world. He bores his way through rock and mountain, and leaves an avenue for the flow of commerce. He grinds the grain of continents, and carries it to meet the necessities of man. No kind of labor is too undignified for him to perform—no task too heavy for him to accomplish. He delights in noise, and dirt, and soot, and smoke. He is not afraid of his dainty fingers. Wherever work is to be done, there is his home. Whenever a difficult job is placed before him, his iron muscles fairly thrill with joy. See how, in the few years of his wonderful activity, whole forests have gone down his throat, leaves, and boughs, and mighty trunks. And who shall say this laborious Titan has yet got himself fully in harness? What we have seen him do, is mere preparatory service—the first trial of his boyish strength, before commencing the serious business of his life.—*Chr. Freeman*.

A DRUNKARD'S BRAINS.

Hyrti, by far the greatest anatomist of the age, used to say that he could distinguish, in the darkest room, by one stroke of the scalpel, the brain of the inebriate from that of the person who had lived soberly. Now and then he would congratulate his class upon the possession of a drunkard's brain, admirably fitted from its hardness and more complete preservation for the purposes of demonstration. When the anatomist wishes to preserve a human brain for any length of time, he effects his object by keeping that organ in a vessel of alcohol. From a soft pulpy substance, it then becomes comparatively hard. But the inebriate anticipating the anatomist, begins the indurating process before death—begins it while the brain remains the consecrated temple of the soul, while its delicate and gossamer tissues still throb with the pulses of heaven-born life. Strange infatuation, thus to desecrate the godlike! Terrible enchantment that dries up all the fountains of generous feeling, petrifies all the tender humanities and sweet charities of life, leaving only a brain of lead and a heart of stone!—*Medical Journal*.

THE PHANTOM RIDE.

BY BLANCHE D'ARNOUX.

Fetch hither my gallant steed, Lamone!
 My racing cap to me;
 My riding-habit and whip—then come,
 Make ready and follow me.
 The ladies ride for a prize at the fair,
 And I would be there to-day—
 Where the mountain breezes of bracing air
 Chase ennui and fever away.

Go! hasten, Lamone, and fetch Prince Eke,
 Curvetting so proudly tame;
 Feed him, and polish him brightly and neat,
 And comb out his wavy mane;
 Saddle him tautly, and bridle him well—
 I would leap in the race to-day;
 For my spirit is longing for strife to tell
 Its vigor is lasting age.

Hasten, Lamone—I would mount him now,
 And be off to the fair to-day;
 I would gaze from the heights of Onistagran
 On the creek in its winding way:
 I would delve on the ravine, skim o'er the glade,
 And dash o'er the mountain wild—
 And feel again when I mounted my steed,
 As I did when a forest child.

Away, Lamone!—'tis a vision all!
 Prince Eke, like a phantom steed,
 Must patiently stand in his lonesome stall—
 Ah, this is a farce indeed;
 My aching brow and my throbbing brain
 Tell 'tis a vision wild;
 For never shall dash o'er the mountains again
 Fayette the forest child.

WILD DICK.

BY EDGAR S. FARNSWORTH.

Soon after the gold fever began to rage in our cities, I arrived in New York from Liverpool, in command of the old brig "Lillian," and found that her owners were fitting out the fine clipper-ship "Lady Franklin" to carry out passengers to San Francisco. As they had no master engaged for her, and I had announced my intention of leaving the brig, I was put in command of her, and in a week from the time I left the "Lillian," I was outside "Sandy Hook," outward bound, with a fair wind.

My crew, with the exception of the chief mate and one foremast hand in the starboard watch, was comprised of a lot of Spaniards and Portuguese, who knew barely nothing about a ship's rigging, and could no more be depended upon, in case of emergency, than a parcel of school-boys; but as I was careful to shorten sail on the first appearance of heavy weather, I took

the ship into San Francisco in good season, with the loss of but few spars.

The foremast hand alluded to was known among the sailors as "Wild Dick," though his real name was Richard Glover. He was always the first to execute an order, and his seamanship was so far superior to the rest of my men, that I took a strange liking to him, from the first. He was continually putting himself in the way of danger, whether duty required it or not. This, and his strange appearance at times, led me to think that he had not always occupied the station he now filled, and I resolved to learn his history, or at least find out what was preying upon his mind, for evidently there was something.

One afternoon, after we had doubled the cape, and were going along with the trade winds, I sent word forward to him that I wished to speak with him in the cabin. He soon made his appearance, and on my requesting him to be seated, he appeared quite surprised; for (as he afterwards told me), what I could want of a foremast hand in the cabin, was entirely beyond his comprehension. But when I made known my wishes, he at once laid aside the coarse language of the sailor for that of a polished gentleman.

"It is true," said he, "that I have not always been what I am now. Still, I don't know that there is aught in my history that would interest you, captain; but if you wish it, I will relate a few of the leading events of my life, merely to show how I came to be a rover on 'old ocean.'"

I urged him to proceed. He did so; and I will give the narrative in his own words, as nearly as I can recollect:

"The place of my nativity was a small town in the north of England. My father was a very wealthy man, and as I was the only child, with the exception of a sister two years younger, and the idol of both my father and mother, no expense was spared to gratify every whim of mine; consequently, it is not strange if I was spoiled by indulgence, though I received an education equally as good as any youth in that section of the country.

"One day, when I was in my nineteenth year, I was out hunting, alone, on horseback. The animal I bestrode was young and entirely unused to the business, and on the first discharge of my fowling-piece, ran directly under a tree which stood by the roadside—the lower limbs brushing me from the saddle; but as I could not clear my feet from the stirrups, I was dragged a considerable distance from the spot, until the girths of the saddle breaking, cleared me from

the frightened animal. I was completely stunned when I was thrown, by my head striking a large stone. How long I laid there, I do not know; but when consciousness returned, I found myself in a strange room, with a beautiful girl sitting at my bedside. In answer to my inquiries as to how I came there, she told me that her brother had found me lying senseless by the roadside, and not knowing who I was, had brought me to their home, where I was welcome to remain until I was sufficiently recovered to return to my own. I then gave her my address, and told her the cause of my accident. In a short time, her brother came in, accompanied by a doctor, who, after examining and dressing the cuts in my head, gave his opinion that I was too much hurt to bear removal, and that it was highly necessary that I should remain where I was for a number of days.

"At my request, the young man who had brought me there, went immediately to inform my father of my situation. In a few hours, my father made his appearance. He seemed much alarmed, on hearing the doctor's opinion, but instantly made arrangements with the inmates of the cottage for taking care of me; then sitting by my bedside awhile, returned home.

"The house where I laid was the home of Farmer Loraine, a poor but worthy man, whose family consisted of a wife and the two children I have already spoken of. Everything was done by them that could be done, to make me comfortable. The girl, Ellen Loraine, was constantly at my side, ready to attend to my slightest wants. She sometimes read to me such stories, that I would become so interested as nearly to forget the pain of my wounds; and last, but not least, I became interested in my gentle nurse—and you will not think it strange, captain, when I tell you that before I left that cottage, I loved her with all the wild, uncertain passion of youth.

"My parents came to see me every day during my somewhat protracted illness, and I could not but notice that my father suspected the true state of my feelings in regard to Ellen Loraine, and felt much distressed about it. He was very aristocratic in his notions; and as much as he idolized me, he would rather have seen me laid in the grave, than to marry a poor girl, no matter how honorable or intelligent she might be; and to these foolish notions of his, I am indebted, in part, for being what you now see me.

"No words of endearment had as yet passed between Ellen and myself; but I read in her pure eyes that my love was returned, and when I left that cottage, it was with the determination

of making that girl my wife, as soon as I became my own master.

"After my return home, and I had entirely recovered, my first ride was to the cottage of the Loraimes. I found Ellen walking in the garden; and after going into the house and paying my respects to her good mother, she invited me to accompany her again into the garden. I accepted the invitation; and as she led me from flower to flower, she explained the language of each, until at last she came to one, the language of which was undying affection. She blushed deeply; and plucking it from its stem, gave it to me, and the next moment our story was told.

"I visited her daily, for some time, without my father's suspecting it; but one day, being absent from home longer than usual, he mistrusted my whereabouts, and on my return, lectured me severely on my folly in being led away by one of Ellen's standing, and ended by telling me that I could no longer find shelter under his roof, if I did not stop the disgraceful connection. I made no reply, but my surprise was greater than I can tell, for never before had my father spoken an unkind word to me. The thought never had entered my mind, for a moment, that he would resort to such a thing to gain his purpose; and I do not think, now, that he meant what he said, farther than to frighten me from my purpose. All the powers of earth combined, could not have changed my determination in regard to Ellen Loraine.

"My proud spirit was now fully aroused, and my mind soon made up; and the next morning I left my father's house, fully determined never to enter it again, unless I could do so in peace. I took nothing with me, excepting the clothes I had on, my jewelry, and what money I happened to have in my possession at the time, which I knew would be sufficient to answer my present purpose. I went immediately to Farmer Loraine's, and after relating the affair of the past night, I announced to them my determination, which was to leave England, for a time, and go to America, as I wished to get entirely out of my father's reach. I thought if I went to America, and stayed until I was of age, and then returned to England, that perhaps my father's feelings would be changed, and that he would not disinherit me upon my marriage.

"The good people at the cottage were much surprised at my determination of leaving my country, and entreated me not to go; but after exacting a promise from Ellen that she would be mine, if I returned within a few years, I took leave of them and made the best of my way to

London. I found a vessel there on the eve of sailing for the States. I immediately secured a passage in her, and after a long and tempestuous voyage, I was landed in New York. I will not attempt to describe my feelings on first landing, but I assure you they were anything but agreeable. I took lodgings at a hotel and began to look around me for some situation wherein I might earn a living; but as I had no trade, and was unaccustomed to work of any kind, none wished to employ me. My prospects were, indeed, at that time not very flattering; my money was nearly expended, so that I could not have gone back to England, if I had wanted to.

"One day, as I was strolling along on one of the wharves, I saw a large bill posted at a ship's gangway. I went up to it and read: 'Seamen wanted for Rio Janeiro. Apply on board.' I now saw my way clear; during the voyage to America, I had been intimate with the sailors, and consequently had picked up a little seamanship. Everything on shipboard was new and strange to me, and for the novelty of the thing, I learned the ropes, and how to furl a royal; and once or twice I went on the yard while the men were reefing topsails, and learned how to knot a reef-point. I now saw a chance to turn the little knowledge of seamanship I possessed to advantage. I went immediately on board, and inquired of a sailor, who was coiling a rope on the main deck, if the captain was on board. He told me I should find him in the 'regions below.' I went below, and as I entered the cabin, I was accosted by some one whom I took to be the captain, with:

"'Well, boy, what do you want here?'

"'I saw your advertisement for seamen, and would like to ship, sir,' was my reply.

"'You're a pretty looking subject for a sailor, truly,' said he; 'why, a gust of wind would blow you overboard!'

"'Not as easily as you suppose, sir,' said I. I turned to leave the cabin, when he called out to me to stop.

"'Young man,' said he, 'I like that answer of yours! It shows good spunk; and if you like, you can sign these articles, and go in the ship. But I think, by the looks of ye, that you might as well sign your death warrant, for my officers are Nick's own children, and would as soon throw a youngster like you overboard, as they would drink a glass o' grog, if you didn't toe up.'

"I made no reply, but stepped up and signed the ship's articles.

"'Where's your luggage, boy?' said the captain.

"'I have no sea-clothes, sir,' was my reply.

"'If that's the case, then you'd better go ashore and get some directly, for we shall be getting under way, in a day or two, and we shall want your valuable services about getting some spare topmasts aboard.'

"I started to go, but as I was stepping on to the wharf, he again called out to me to stop.

"'I guess before you go, you might as well go up and clear them colors.'

"I looked aloft, and saw that the end of the flag, at the mast-head, had got afoul of the royal backstay. I instantly sprang up and cleared it, and came down by a topmast backstay.

"'Well done, my boy!' said the captain. 'There's many an old sailor that couldn't have done it as quick. I don't know but there's good timber in ye, after all; but we shall soon find out. This aint the first ship you've been aboard of, either,' said he, 'or you'd come down on the ratlines, instead of slidin' down a backstay. But go ashore, and change your rig, for I don't like to see such dandified clothes, or a gold chain, aboard my ship.'

"I went immediately to a sailor's clothing establishment, and when I again went on board the ship, I was metamorphosed, in appearance, to a complete sailor, and was highly complimented by the captain for the change. I did not go on shore again before we sailed, although it was nearly a week before we got under way, but kept at work on board. It was hard for me, at first, to feel obliged to obey every wish of petty officers, but there was no alternative, and in a little time I became so accustomed to it, that being sworn at did not make me feel uncomfortable in the least.

"I was chosen in the watch with an old man, whose hair was white as snow. He was considerably bowed with age, yet he was as spry as a cat, and not a man on board knew his duty better, or could execute an order quicker, than 'Scotch Harry,' or, as he was sometimes called, 'Old Harry.' The first night-watch at sea, on board the *Oneida*, this old man seeing me standing alone, came up, and speaking kindly, accosted me thus:

"'Maybe this is your first voyage, young man, and maybe this crew are a rougher set of fellows than you're used to living among!'

"The old man then looked inquiringly at me, as if he would read my history at a glance.

"'This is, indeed, my first voyage before the mast,' said I, 'and the sailors certainly are a rougher set of beings than I've been accustomed to associate with.'

"'I know'd it in a minute,' said the old man,

'when I seed you standin' there alone; and I always pities a poor boy when he first goes to sea. I once had a boy, myself, who went to sea with me; but one day a squall struck the ship, while he an' another boy was furlin' the 'fore-royal,' an' the mast was carried over the side, an' the boys was both drowned. Poor little Ned!' exclaimed the old man, wiping away a tear with the sleeve of his jacket. 'We've got a hard set of fellows in this watch; but if you'll only keep an eye to wind'ard, you'll get along well enough. And mind I tell ye, if you gets in any trouble with any of the men, just come under the lee of 'Old Harry,' and he'll take care of ye.'

"I soon became a great favorite with the old man, and in return, I became much attached to him. He took great pleasure in teaching me, so that under his tuition, in a little time I could execute any order given, about working the ship, nearly as well as any one on board. In the same watch was a Spaniard—a blustering, bullying sort of fellow, who was never on good terms with officers or crew. He disliked me, in particular, though for what reason I never knew, and lost no opportunity of making me trouble. One afternoon, after the decks were cleared up, and everything made snug for the night, the mate, in coming forward, saw a marlin-spike lying upon deck. He stooped and picked it up, and then called for me. As soon as I saw the marlin spike, I mistrusted that the Spaniard had laid it there for the sake of having me punished, for a short time before, he had heard the mate tell me to put the tools away into the bow-locker.

"'How's this?' said the mate; 'I thought I told you to see the tools put away into the bow-locker, but here's a marlin-spike rolling about in these scuppers. To pay for this, and to refresh your memory a little, you can spend the next four hours on the main sky-sail yard.'

"'I did not leave that marlin-spike there, sir.'

"'Come, none of your muttering,' said he, 'but pick yourself up on that sky-sail yard! Away you go! Lively, there!'

"I sprang into the rigging, but just then Old Harry stepped up:

"'I ax your pardon, sir,' said he to the mate, 'but I seed that pesky Spaniard take that marlin-spike out of the locker and lay it on deck.'

"'If that's the case, then,' said the mate, 'you can come down.'

"He then called for the Spaniard, and after giving him a genuine 'Dutch blessing,' sent him aloft in my stead; so he was fairly caught, in a trap of his own setting.

"The night after this little affair happened, we were called at two bells, in the mid watch, to stand by to reef topsails. As we came tumbling up on deck, the Spaniard grumbled dreadfully at being called up, whereupon Old Harry says to me:

"'Dick, I want you should show yourself smart to-night, and beat that confounded grumbler at reefin'.'

"I promised to do the best I could, and when the reef tackles were hauled out, and the order given to 'lay up and reef,' I sprang into the rigging close at his heels, and gained a situation next him on the yard. We both did the best we knew. He knotted four reef-points, I knotted five; and as I had the inner yard-arm, I gained the deck a few seconds before him. He was heartily laughed at, by the whole crew, for being beaten at reefing by a green hand. This provoked him so dreadfully that he swore everlasting vengeance on me, and as he went forward, he muttered that I never should live to see Rio Janeiro. As I had no better opinion of the man than to think he would carry his threats into execution, if ever an opportunity offered, I was continually on my guard for a time; but when the affair had blown over a little, I became less cautious.

"One night, just after we crossed the line, I had the look-out from ten to twelve in the first watch. The wind was fair, and as there was not much probability of having work to do, in that watch, the men, one by one, stretched themselves upon deck, and in a little time, the whole watch were fast asleep and snoring lustily. I was sitting on the weather railing of the t'gallant fore-castle, with my feet hanging over the bows. My thoughts were far away in old England, with 'the girl I left behind me,' when I received a blow from a handspike, and the next instant I was in the water. It was doubtless intended for a death blow, but the thickness of my skull and tarpaulin hat combined, warded off the effects of the blow, although it was very startling with me for a few moments.

"Luckily for me, I was a good swimmer, and as the ship was going through the water slowly, I thought I would try to get on board without alarming the watch. I passed along astern until I got abreast the mizzen-rigging, when I saw the end of the mizzen-royal-clewline hanging over the side. It was too far out of water for me to reach, but the next moment the ship gave a lurch to windward, and I caught hold of it and pulled myself up into the mizzen-chains. The officer of the watch was then walking the quarter deck close by where I stood, but as he had

not seen me, I concluded to remain where I was, until I could get inboard, and go forward unnoticed by him; but I glanced forward, over the rail, in time to see the Spaniard stretching himself upon deck. A moment after, the officer stepped to leeward. I sprang over the rail and went forward without being seen by him; but that night, after our watch had gone below, the man who was at the wheel when I came inboard swore that he hoped never to eat another mouthful of salt beef, if he didn't see a ghost come inboard and go forward among the men.

"I stepped into the fore-castle, and taking a pocket-pistol from my sea-chest, went on to the lookout again, as if nothing had happened. The men were still sleeping soundly, with the exception of the Spaniard, who, although he was lying upon deck, snored far too loudly for a sleeping man. I concluded to say nothing of the affair to any of the men, but wait until the morning, and inform the captain. But I was soon rid of this dangerous enemy, for in this case, as in the other, the fate which he intended me, was reserved for himself. That very night, while furling the flying-jib in a squall, he fell off the boom, and we saw nothing more of him. After this, everything went finely with me during the remainder of the voyage, and on our arrival in New York, the captain invited me to go another voyage with him.

"Are you fully confident that a gust of wind will not blow me overboard?" said I. "If you are, I will go another voyage with you, provided I can go as an able seaman."

"Ah," said the old man, laughing, "I own I was a little deceived in you; but then, you know, you can't always tell by the looks of a shark how big a man he can swallow."

"Our next voyage was to Liverpool. Immediately on our arrival in that port, I squared accounts with the captain, and set out for my father's house. When I arrived there, he had just returned from the funeral of my mother. He received me very coldly, and on my inquiring the cause of my mother's death, he answered:

"You were the sole cause of it, Richard. She worried herself to death, thinking that her only son had left her, and gone forth a wanderer, she knew not where."

"I turned from the reproaches of my father, to go to the cottage of the Loraines; but my father stopped me.

"Richard," said he, "it might save you some trouble to know that your old sweetheart, Miss Loraine, has given her hand to another. You would not find her at the cottage, if you were to go there. Immediately after you left

your home for her, she repaid you, and elevated herself by marrying an itinerant musician. Her parents are both dead, and the cottage stands empty."

"I could not believe my father's story until I had been to the cottage, and found it unoccupied; but this, and the fact that I had found no answers to the letters I had written her, awaiting me in New York on my arrival there from Rio Janeiro, convinced me that Ellen had broken her vows to me, and accepted another.

"This, and my mother's death, were too much for me. I was taken dreadfully ill, and confined to my bed for three long months. In all that time, my father did not enter my room. I was left entirely to the mercy of servants, who cared little whether I lived or died. My sister I did not see at all. Immediately after the funeral of my mother, she went to a distant part of the country, to spend a few months with a relative. Her health was poor, and my father thought that a change of scene might benefit her. She had not been gone from the house an hour when I arrived.

"Immediately on my recovery, I once more bid good-by to the scenes of my childhood, and started for London. I shipped for the South Seas, where I cruised five long years, suffering everything that man could suffer, in the attempt to drive the thoughts of the past from my mind. I was not successful; and at last, I again returned to England, to find that my father had died some months before with delirium tremens. Yes, sir! my father, who once would no more have tasted ardent spirits than he would poison, died the death of a drunkard. He took to drinking soon after my mother's death, and from that to gambling, and in a few short months, he lost the whole of his immense wealth, and was reduced to beggary.

"After trying, in vain, to find the whereabouts of my sister, I again went to sea, where I have cruised from one port to another until, at last, I came on board your vessel."

"Dick," said I, "if I were in your place, I think I should get me a nice little wife, and settle down on shore, for my remaining days."

"Captain," said he, "it is now nine long years since I saw Ellen Loraine. She was the first and only woman that I ever loved, and her image is as fresh in my memory as though it were but yesterday we parted; and although she proved false to me, I have not forgotten my vows to her, and will never marry another. Now, captain, you have had the outlines of my history, and with your permission, I will go forward to my duty."

Not long after this, we arrived at San Francisco. I discharged and paid off my men, with the exception of "Wild Dick" and the chief mate, who were as yet undecided whether they would go to Calcutta with me, or leave the ship and try their luck at the mines. But a few days after our arrival, however, my mate announced his determination of leaving the ship. I immediately went on shore to find Dick, and offer him the mate's berth. I knew I could find no one that would fill it more to my satisfaction, for he was an able seaman and a skilful navigator. I had not gone far, however, when I met the object of my search coming towards the ship.

"I've good news for you, this morning, Dick," said I. "I want you to go as first officer of my ship."

"Ten thousand thanks for your kindness, sir," said he; "but I have received still better news than that, this morning."

"What," said I, "are you going *master* of a vessel? or have you heard from your lady-love?"

"Neither, captain," said he, handing me a letter. "This will explain all."

I opened and read the letter. It was from a lawyer in London, informing him of the death of an uncle, who, having no children of his own, had left Dick his entire property, the income of which was an immense sum.

"I congratulate you on your good fortune, Dick," said I, "although I am sorry to lose your services on board my ship; but I suppose you will go immediately to England?"

"Yes, captain; I have just shipped myself in the *barque Aurelia*. She is a crazy old thing, but the only vessel there is up for London; and I do not feel at all particular as to speed, as it will probably be the last voyage I shall ever make, excepting in my own vessel."

After we had gone aboard the ship, and dined, Dick told me his plans for the future.

"If," said he, "the contents of that letter are true, and the old *Aurelia* don't go down, instead of to London, I shall buy a nice little craft, and follow the seas merely for my own amusement. I have been at sea so long that life on shore would be far too dull for me, now."

He took a pencil from his pocket, and after marking for a moment on a piece of paper, he handed the paper to me, saying:

"Take that, captain, and if you ever see that signal flying at a vessel's main-truck, you may know that 'Wild Dick' is on board of her. If I am alive and well, I shall be in New York about one year from this time, where I hope to

have the pleasure of your company at my cabin-table."

After wishing me a good run to Calcutta, he bade me good-by, and left the ship, and I saw nothing more of him before he sailed for England. I was detained in California longer than I expected, on account of the difficulty in getting a crew; this, and a good deal of heavy weather on the passage to Calcutta, made my voyage a long one. When I arrived in New York, at the earnest request of my wife, I resigned my command of the clipper, and agreed to stay on shore for a year or two.

When the time arrived for Dick to make his appearance, I visited the shipping daily for a considerable length of time, but not seeing any signs of him, I concluded that he must have changed his purpose of coming to New York, and so gave up looking for him. But one morning as I was reading my newspaper, I glanced at the shipping intelligence, and at the head of the list of arrivals, I saw the name of the schooner "*Ellen Lorraine*, Glover, master." I instantly seized my hat, and to the utter astonishment of my wife, started for the wharf on a run. In a short time after leaving the house, I saw Dick's private signal floating at the mast-head of a topsail schooner. I made my way up to her, and as I glanced aloft at her signal, to satisfy myself that I was right, before going on board, I involuntarily exclaimed: "What a beauty!"

"She is indeed a beauty, but not half equal to the one she is named after, captain!" said a richly-dressed gentleman, who stood leaning against the taffrail. "But come on board, and examine her for yourself; I think you have looked long enough to satisfy yourself that that is the signal of 'Wild Dick!'"

I turned, and recognized my old friend, Richard Glover. His dress was so changed, that I had not recognized him before, although he knew me the moment I came in sight of his vessel. I instantly stepped on board, and after a hearty shaking of hands, I complimented him on his fine appearance and the beauty of his craft.

"I care but little about my personal appearance," said he, "but I am somewhat particular as regards the looks of my craft."

After showing me about the decks, he said:

"Now you've seen everything above board come below, and inspect my cargo of live freight!"

"What!" said I, jokingly; "your craft isn't a slaver, is she?"

He made no reply, but taking me by the arm, led me into the companion-way. We were met at the cabin-door by the most beautiful woman

I ever saw, and judge of my surprise when Dick introduced her as *his wife*—she that was Ellen Loraine! At the cabin-table sat a couple, playing at chess. Dick introduced the gentleman as his brother-in-law, Mr. Loraine, and the lady as Mrs. Loraine, formerly Miss Harriet Glover.

"You look astonished, captain," said Dick, "but be seated, and I will explain all to your satisfaction. The morning after I left you at San Francisco, I sailed for London. One dark night, when we were within a few days' sail of that port, we heard the firing of minute-guns. Our barque was headed away in the direction of the firing, and in a little time we discovered a large packet-ship on fire. We approached as near to her as was consistent with the safety of the barque, and lowered our boats. We succeeded in saving a number of both passengers and crew; but they crowded into the boats in such numbers, that they were several times swamped, and thereby many valuable lives were lost that otherwise might have been saved.

"After having, as we supposed, got all of the living on board, we were about hoisting our boats, when a shriek was heard from the burning vessel. I instantly discovered a female form standing on the fore-castle, literally surrounded by the flames. I immediately sprang overboard and swam towards the burning ship. I called out to her to leap overboard; she did so, and as she arose to the surface, I caught hold of, and succeeded in sustaining her above the surface of the water, until we were picked up by a boat from the barque. When we were safe on board, I discovered that female to be none other than my 'long-lost Ellen.' Among the number, also, picked up by our boats, were my sister and Ellen's brother. None of them recognized me until the next morning, when I made myself known to them.

"The story of my father concerning Ellen's marriage was untrue, but was told to prevent my searching for the place of her abode, which, on the death of her parents, had been the house of a maiden aunt. My father had intercepted our letters, and she supposed that I had entirely forsaken her; but she proved true to me through long years, and you see our mutual constancy is at last rewarded.

"My sister had removed to the same neighborhood, and was wooed and won by Ellen's brother. Immediately after their marriage, they all set out on a journey to the States, partly for pleasure, and to see if they could learn any tidings of my humble self. They had been but a few days out, however, when they fell in with

me under rather different circumstances than they had expected.

"A few days after this singular meeting, we arrived safe in London, where Ellen and I were united in marriage. As soon as I could press my claims, and arrange my business matters, I bought this craft and sailed for New York, to fulfil an engagement with a friend. Now, captain, you know all; and I beg you to consider myself, and my craft, at your disposal for the present."

Soon after, I accompanied Dick to England in the "Ellen Loraine," and before I returned home, I had the pleasure of seeing them all settled in the old homestead of Dick's father. Dick has lost his love for the sea, in the society of his beautiful wife, and for years has been loved and honored as the good "lord of Glover Manor."

ASIATIC SAVAGES.

The savage tribes of Asia are numerous, and a sufficient idea of their mode of life will be formed from a description of a few of them. The Alowetians—or, rather, the inhabitants of the Alowtian islands, situated at the north-eastern extremity of Asia, and neighboring on America—have no government of any kind, yet each community selects some chief, invested with no other authority but that of deciding any dispute they may have with each other. They generally choose the man that has the largest family, and is most successful in hunting and fishing. They occupy, probably, the lowest place in the scale of savage life, eating wild roots, sea-weed and fish, frequently half putrified and cast on shore, and the flesh of foxes and birds of prey, which they devour raw. They clothe themselves in the skins of sea-calves, foxes and birds, and live in a ditch nine feet deep, eighteen broad, and from thirty to three hundred long. The ditch has its sides supported by posts, and is covered by a frame on which earth and grass are laid; apertures serve for doors, with a ladder fixed to each; others admit air and light, and some let out smoke when they happen to have fires, which they seldom have, for even without any the heat is insupportable, and the smell from putrifying fish horrible. Sometimes five hundred persons inhabit the same ditch. Their disposition is brutal; if they surprise their enemies, they exterminate them, pay no attention to their children, who leave them when they choose, and marry at pleasure, without consent of parents, or contracts, or portions, or festivity. The Kamtschatdales are almost as savage. They feed on bears and other quadrupeds, but the heads of half putrified fish, reduced to a pap, are their greatest delicacy. They also live in ditches, but less deep and better constructed. There is one good point in their characters—they have a high respect for women, and, though permitted, rarely practise polygamy.—*Glimpses of Savage Life.*

He who is slowest in making a promise is generally most faithful in performing it.

AT LAST.

BY WILLIAM D. CONST.

That seems a beautiful assurance,
The truly great have always felt,
Which, nerving hearts to high endurance,
Makes darkness into glory melt.
To mighty souls the faith is granted,
How'er affliction overcast,
To view o'er all thy standard planted,
O victory! at last, at last!

Albeit the stricken warrior weary,
Beholds his eagles borne to earth,
Albeit the midnight hangeth dreary
O'er hearts that yearn for morning's birth—
At last, at last shall rise the smitten,
At last the darkness shall be past;
For unto all the sign is written—
The potent sign—at last, at last!

There lives a faith immortal,
A faith that views this fading span
As but the road to morning's portal,
That goal of universal man.
This life shall pass, a dream, a story,
And every soul leap forth "with joy
Unspeakable and full of glory,"
At last, at last, with no alloy!

HESTER'S FORTUNE.

BY WILLIAM B. OLIVER.

THE little town of Afton was in a terrible state of confusion on bright morning in the spring of 1813. Women and children were everywhere at the house doors, or pacing with disordered hair and garments the usually quiet and orderly streets. Garden gates were left open, and the cows had trampled on the nicely sown flower-beds of Mrs. Taylor's front yard. Everybody was astir, except the lame boy round the corner, and two or three old people who had long been confined to their houses. There was one other. If you had looked into a little, nice, white-curtained bed-room, with its pure, lily-white coverings and its vase of lovely spring flowers, you would have seen poor Hester Taylor kneeling beside the bed and weeping bitterly. Had you asked the reason of her grief, she could not have told you while she was sobbing so violently. But the fine, robust and healthy looking young man who was impatiently walking the floor below, waiting her return, and wondering at her stay when she knew how little time remained to him—he could have told you that he—Robert Linton, her affianced husband, was just drawn as a soldier, and would leave to-morrow for his route to the battle-field.

The poor girl rose at last from her knees, and

wiping her swollen eyes, she came down to say farewell to Robert. She had just recovered from a dangerous illness, in which her lover had shown himself most truly worthy of her affections. Night after night had he watched, with patient care, the progress of her terrible fever, and when it left her so utterly changed that her own mother could not have known her; when the bright flush had given place to a dull, sallow look, and her eyes had lost their brilliancy, and her lip its rose-leaf beauty, he had still devoted himself to her recovery, and scarcely saw that she was not as beautiful as ever. He knew that the news he bore her that day would be hard to bear, but he was unprepared for the terrible distress which she exhibited. His own heart was sorely aching, but he tried to soothe and comfort Hester with hopes of a speedy return.

"Depend upon it, my dear girl, this foolish war will soon be at an end, and I shall come home before winter to hear you sing 'The Soldier's Return.'"

And with that came the thoughts of how often she had sung that touching air, and that even in her fever she had unconsciously warbled, now and then, snatches of its sad melody; he burst into such a passion of tears as men only give way to perhaps once in their lives. It was now Hester's turn to console; and she could only remind him of his own words, and breathe a faltering prayer that his predictions might be fulfilled, of a speedy termination to the war. They parted then and there, for the time allowed him had expired; and as he left the house, he passed group after group of weeping mothers and sisters and wives too, for all had been down to see the soldiers off, except the mourner he had left behind him.

Time sped on, as it always does, regardless of breaking hearts or blighted prospects; and Hester grew calm and tranquil amid her household cares. She tended the flowers that Robert had planted for her, and kept for the little vase on her chamber table only those which he had most admired. Within the quiet walls of her own room, she worked mechanically upon the snowy sheets and table linen, which she was so nicely sewing, against the time when she should have a house of her own. Sometimes she would throw down her work, and give way to tears and forebodings.

One afternoon her mother and sister went out, after vainly trying to make her willing to accompany them. After they had gone she took her sewing down into the little sitting-room where she had parted with Robert. Every chair and

table there seemed invested with a new meaning, since it was there that he had soothed and caressed her, perhaps for the last time. She sat down by the window and was gazing at Robert's beautiful flowers, which were now fresh and blooming; and as she suffered her thoughts to dwell upon him and the faint hope of his return, a shadow darkened the window. Looking up, she saw a poor woman, who had been in the habit of begging broken food from house to house, ever since Hester could remember. Hester hastily rose, and letting her into the kitchen, she bade her sit down by the fire, while she sought some bread and other food for her poor visitor. She added to her basket some tea and sugar, and then gave her some old clothes which she knew her mother had been carefully saving for her. The old woman curtsied, and thanked and blessed her a thousand times, and rose to go.

"Bless you, Miss Hester, I'm tempted to stay a while longer and tell your fortune, if you would like to have me. Did you know I can tell fortunes?"

Hester professed her ignorance of the old woman's skill, and rather declined to witness an exhibition thereof; but Judy persisted, and Hester allowed her to seat herself again. Judy lighted her pipe, and drawing herself rigidly up, she sat for several minutes in perfect silence. With her eyes closed, she reached out for Hester's right hand, which she held fast in her own.

"I see," said the old woman, "a field of battle. There is one man there who fights well, and he has just killed a man who was trying to stab him. That is gone, and I see him in a house where they are dancing and singing, and he is as gay as the rest, but his arm is in a sling, and he looks pale. I see him again in a garden, and there is an orange tree growing there, and he is standing by it, and a young girl is with him. She lays her hand on the wounded arm and looks up softly into his face. Now they are all faded away; and I see you in a church, with a veil on your head and flowers, and there is a man in black, and another man stands by you; but it is not the one I saw before. You will marry the other, and very soon, too, although you never saw him."

Hester indignantly drew her hand away from the old woman's clasp, and told her that she had heard enough; and not daring to press her services further, Judy soon departed.

All night Hester was tossing restlessly upon her pillow. She did not, of course, believe a word the old crone had uttered, but since Robert's absence she had become nervous, and indeed

strangely sensitive to every passing influence. She saw before her three successive pictures which had been presented to her mind; and she could not sometimes help believing that she had really seen him as Judy described him, with his arm wounded and in a sling.

She dared not tell her mother and sister, and the next day was passed wretchedly. Days passed away, and then a letter came from Hester's uncle, inviting Mrs. Taylor and her daughters to pass the winter at his house in a neighboring country town. The invitation had often been tendered before; but there had always arisen some objection. Now Mrs. Taylor determined to avail herself of the chance to give Hester a situation which would not be continually reminding her of Robert. Martha was delighted with the idea of going away, for the house had latterly become gloomy enough; and she longed for the light and gaiety which always prevailed at her uncle's.

Through scenes of unrivalled autumn beauty, lay the travellers' road. Hester's attention, preoccupied as it had been with her own thoughts, was at length drawn to the rich coloring, relieved here and there with masses of deep green, and overhung by fleecy clouds whose edges were lighted up by the sun-beams. Twilight brought them to the end of their journey, where their uncle and his family received and welcomed them with that true politeness that springs from kind hearts alone. Mr. Warner had long felt anxious to see his dearly beloved sister permanently under his roof; but she had always declined until now, even the visit of a season—and his affectionate heart was deeply gratified at seeing her beside his wife, who was an invalid.

One son and one daughter, both much attached to their cousin Martha who had often visited them, completed Mr. Warner's family. With the exception of Mrs. Warner's feeble health, it was a happy household; breathing the very spirit of cheerfulness. Even Hester caught the spirit of the house, and her mother rejoiced once more in the smiles that had become so infrequent. How earnestly, indeed, the maternal heart had hoped for some change which should restore her daughter to her wonted composure! Ever since Robert's departure, Hester had seemed so strange and unlike herself, that Mrs. Taylor had been excessively worried and anxious about her health and spirits; but now she seemed really to forget her fears in the new state of both, under her uncle's cheerful and hospitable roof. Hester's spirits, however, were not natural. She forced herself to appear happy, but inwardly she was battling with some unseen evil

which seemed to threaten darkly, she knew not what.

One evening, at a party, she met Herman White, and before the evening was at a close, the young man's "destiny" was "manifest." He saw Hester, and thought her surpassingly beautiful. He heard her sing, and the conquest was complete. Henceforth he was constantly at her side. Belonging to a wealthy family, and only studying a profession for the name, Herman White had thus far seen only the sunny side of life, and his wishes were the only standard that he ever consulted. He was vain, proud and jealous; and he felt that he was conferring honor upon Hester, when, after two or three weeks of flirtation, he one morning found her alone, and asked her to share his future life.

And what said Hester? Did she tell him that, far away, upon a bloody field, he whose young heart had been wholly hers, was dreaming perhaps of his future with her? 'Alas, for woman's weakness! She put away the thought, as much as possible, of any engagement between Robert Linton and herself, and tried to forget that they had ever been more than friends. They had been children together—more like brother and sister than anything else; in short, she readily persuaded herself that they did not, after all, love each other so very much, and that the pain she experienced at parting with Robert, was something like what she should have felt for a dear brother.

And Herman White was constantly by her side, and always planning some new excursion, and suggesting some new pleasure. In fact, she had no time for thinking; and her mother and sister threw no obstacles in the way of her acceptance of these attentions; and so, one evening, when they were out on the lake by moonlight, she promised to become Mrs. White. The marriage was hastily arranged, and her uncle claimed the right of making suitable preparations for having it at his house; so, in a few weeks Hester became the mistress of a well appointed household, in which she had the pleasure of installing her mother and Martha as permanent guests.

It is not to be supposed that, when Hester had hurried through the first weeks of her marriage, and especially when she found, as she soon did, that she had mistaken sordid dross for gold, she did not sometimes muse thoughtfully upon the past, and dream of the brave heart which she had so recklessly thrown from her. It came to her when her proud and selfish husband uttered the first harsh word that she had ever known. It came to her bitterly, when she found that her

mother and Martha were looked upon as intruders in her luxurious home, where each day the shameful waste of the servants would have amply maintained them in a pleasant home. Mrs. Taylor's good sense soon saw how the matter lay; and she betook herself quietly to her old house in Afton, silently determining to be a burden on no son-in-law, even though it were dear Hester's husband. Nothing was said, however, and Mr. White supposed that his mother and sister-in-law had gone to visit some old friends; but Hester thought how often Robert had talked of the time when they should all live happily together, and how his hands would be strengthened, even by having so many to support.

A week of severe headache found Hester still pondering; and it was with almost a feeling of indifference that she heard her husband announce the fact of his father's failure in business. She did not know that Herman was wholly dependent on his father, and therefore, could not perceive that the fall of one would crush the other; but her husband soon opened her eyes to the truth, and even lamented, in no choice terms, his folly in having tied himself to a wife just at this crisis.

"We shall have to give up this house and go to boarding," said he, gloomily. "I don't believe either that we can board at a first class hotel, which is the only place worth living at."

Poor Hester! her falsehood was reaping its punishment early; and she looked so sad that Herman reproached her for being sulky. Her head ached so violently that she could not sit up, and all day long she lay, unattended even by the pampered servants below, who had got news of the coming crash, and thought that they might even lose their own wages. We may pardon Hester, if, while restlessly tossing on her couch that day, she thought bitterly of the time when Robert had so tenderly watched over her in her dreadful fever, and contrasted him with Herman White, carelessly leaving her room with an oath.

It would take long to tell how utterly the failure had stripped the White family, and how strenuously the father of Herman, who was really an upright and honest, though ill-judging man, insisted upon giving up all to the creditors. Herman vainly tried to alter his intentions; but the old man reminded him that it would be better for him to exert himself in his profession, and win the bread which he could no longer supply to him. They parted angrily, and Herman returned to his house, humbled and enraged.

Some of the servants had gone, taking with them what they thought would cover their

wages. An officer was in the house, for it was well known that old Mr. White had furnished it, and he had made no deed of gift to Herman. They were warned to leave immediately, and only consent was obtained to stay a few days until Hester should be better.

In the mean time, a friend of old Mr. White had come forward, and offered a home to him until better fortune should come. Glad to be away from the wreck that everywhere met him, and from which he saw no probability of rescuing anything, he thankfully accepted the offer; and another friend and relative proposed that Herman should go out as supercargo of a vessel he was then preparing for sea.

This proposal was the most pleasant that could be made to Herman. He was too selfish and indolent to attempt to retrieve his father's fortunes by industry or economy, and the trip promised both pleasure and money. But there was his wife! He had really the grace to blush when he spoke of leaving her unprovided for; but he spoke in strong terms of being once more able to support her in style again.

"I do not wish it, Herman," she said; "a poor cottage, with peace and contentment, would be a palace to me; and without them this beautiful house is hateful. Give me the merest pittance, and when you are gone I will go back to my old home in Afton, and stay there quietly until better days appear."

Herman gladly acceded to this, as it would leave him in better funds than if he had placed her in a boarding house, and he even treated her with more than usual attention during the few days before the sailing of the ship. They left the house, at last, in the same carriage; he going first to the hotel from whence the Afton stage was nearly ready to start, and then to the one where he was going to await the time of going to sea. The parting between them was not very affectionate; and when Herman had gone, and she had sunk down in one corner of the stage, she gave herself up to bitter thoughts. Why had she suffered herself to be dazzled by the specious coloring which he had held before her? Why had she suffered herself thus to forget and to injure the brave heart which she knew was beating for her, far away, without a doubt of her perfect truth and fidelity?

She shuddered to think that she had indulged for a moment in thoughts so untrue to one to whom she had committed her happiness, and who had so early wrecked it; and she longed to lay down her head in her own little white bedroom at Afton, and sleep away the anguish she experienced.

Her mother received her at the door tenderly, and the poor, wearied girl was soon sleeping heavily on her own bed, as of old; and when she awoke, there was a true home feeling come over her that she had never experienced in the splendid habitation she had been lately occupying.

Time passed on, and a cold letter from Herman with no remittance, was received. Hester woke then to the necessity of labor—of constant and wearing labor, for she would not become a burden on the kind hearts that were sheltering her. She had once learned to braid straw, and she easily procured the work now. She worked busily, and by degrees she felt calmer and happier. Her life for the last few months seemed only a dream; and she rarely recurred to it. One day, a neighbor sent in a newspaper—she looked over it listlessly, until she came to this paragraph:

"Lost, on the Texel, ship Forrester, of New York. All on board perished. The bodies of two men were taken from the wreck, which was fast settling in the sand, and were carried on board another vessel. They received Christian burial, the church service being read over them by the captain of the vessel. The marks on the clothing of the two men, proved them to be Arthur Fenton and Herman White."

Hester read it to the end, and she did not faint nor scream. There was a look on her face that told of bitterness within; for she could not thus hear of the death of one who she had believed loved her, without a struggle—but his conduct towards her had gradually weaned her from him, and if there was bitterness, there was also a feeling of relief. God help the human heart when these things are so!

Hester's brief dream of grandeur—how quickly had the last trace disappeared! She had found it like the Dead Sea apples—fair and beautiful to the sight, but within full of ashes. She put on the outward tokens of mourning, perhaps more scrupulously, because it was all that she could do. She saw no one, so that she was saved from the hackneyed consolations which are so often inflicted upon mourners, and which she, more than any true mourner, would have shrunk from. She knew to how frail a bark she had trusted her fortunes, and she bitterly grieved that she had so forsaken the true happiness she might have known, and turned to that which had proved only evil and misery. So that, in the true sense of the word, she was a real mourner, if not as the world interprets it. And, moreover, Hester felt, in her heart of hearts, that,

Those who meet all change unmoved and meek,
With hearts that hope what lips may never speak,
Seem henceforth lightly to be tried again.

So she went on, month after month, working in her own quiet way, heeding no one, and burying her grief in her own bosom, and striving to forget the past.

It was a bright day in the summer of 1815. Peace had come to give healing to the nations. There had been mourning for the dead who had fallen on the deck and on the field; and maimed soldiers had returned home with their wounds still unhealed, to muse upon that apocryphal glory which leaves only broken hearts and shattered limbs in its path.

Hester was sitting in her own room one morning, when she saw a figure coming up the road with a slow and uncertain step; and as the man approached, she saw that he was supported by crutches. Something in the road obstructed his footsteps, and when he looked up she saw that it was Robert Linton. It was strange how perfectly calm she became after the first moment. She had been accustoming her mind to his return, for she knew that he was not among the killed; and she had seen by the papers that he was one of the wounded, so that his appearance did not shock her as if she had been unprepared. Still, she felt that he brought with him the same true heart, now for the first time to feel how deeply it had been wronged by her—and she could not then look upon his grief. She had long ago commissioned Martha to see him when he returned, and tell him all before she met him. She, thought that *then* she could meet him calmly. But she over-rated her strength. Tears, which had long been pent up, burst passionately forth, when she saw the poor wounded soldier, whose "return" she had so often dreamed of. Tremblingly, she found herself pressed to that noble heart, and felt her tears kissed away.

"We will comfort each other, dear Hester, if you will share the fortunes of such a poor wreck as I am."

And you must not blame Hester, dear reader, if she weepingly renewed her vows to him who had won her youthful heart; a heart to which her falsehood had brought such deep and bitter suffering, that even Robert might safely trust it again.

In after life, how pleasantly and happily did "Hester's Fortune" unfold itself. No persuasion could have prevailed on either to leave the little secluded town of Afton, although by prudence and industry they became able to have chosen a residence anywhere. Still, in that peaceful cottage, which they enlarged and beauti-

fied, they dwell with comfort and peace. Their manly sons and beautiful daughters have risen up about them, and their grand-children gather round them at evening to hear the story of "HESTER'S FORTUNE."

LA BELLE DORMEUSE.

A young and frail Scotch girl, scarcely more than a child, and beautiful as any of Walter Scott's heroines, has lately attracted public attention in Paris by sleeping wherever she goes. Her name is Erina Walton, and her mother has brought her to Paris by travel to cure her of her singular malady. At the opera, she no sooner takes her seat in a box than she falls to sleep and thus remains until she is awakened, and it was whilst in this position that she gained the title of "*La Belle Dormeuse*." While she sleeps, she is said to enjoy dreams so lovely and attractive that the awakening into the common-place surroundings of this world displeases her, and she hastens back again into dream-land. At home, in a carriage, at the theatre, whenever she is left alone for a moment, she settles into a calm and sweet sleep; and with a lovely and child-like face, and dreams such as she enjoys, one can readily imagine that her face in sleep is the centre of attraction for all eyes, and that she well merits the title of "The Beautiful Sleeper." The symptoms of this case betray the existence of the curious forms of hysteria, and no doubt after time has cured her of the abnormal condition in which she now finds herself, she will look back upon that period with as much fear as she now does with delight.—*English paper*.

THE PUZZLED IRISHMAN.

During our last conflict with Great Britain, a number of our troops were engaged in repairing the fortifications of Niagara; and whilst so engaged, the enemy commenced a pretty sharp fire, so that it occupied nearly the whole of the time of our forces to keep on the lookout for the shots of the enemy. Finding that they did not make much headway, they stationed a son of the Emerald Isle to give warning when a shot or shell was coming. This the sentinel faithfully performed, alternately singing out "shot," "shells," "shot," "shells," until finally the enemy started a Congreve rocket, which Pat had never seen before. He hesitated, and seeing it elevate, he shouted: "Shot! and, by Jabers, the gun with it."—*Boston Herald*.

LINE UPON LINE.

A Western pedagogue, in "teaching the young idea how to shoot," found it very difficult to impress the letter "G." upon the memory of an urchin of four years. He finally asked the young hopeful, by way of illustration: "What does your father say to the horses, when he wants them to turn to the right?" "Heep! goes along, 2.40!" exclaimed the youthful prodigy, his countenance lit up with animation. The teacher has since adopted a different manner of illustrating his subjects.

THERE'S A FUTURE STILL FOR ME.

BY FRANK FREQUILL.

When disappointments vex the soul,
And brightest hopes have died,
While e'en the past cannot console,
Though keenly it may chide;
When present cares would drive me mad,
And from their scourge I'd flee,
One only thought can make me glad,
There's a future still for me.

When I am alighted by the proud,
And those of nobler birth,
By them with trifling sense endowed,
And less of moral worth—
While in obscurity I dwell,
And from her cave the world must see,
With bitter scorn I love to say:
There's a future still for me.

Though I have strove in vain to win
Some share of public praise,
My efforts yet have ever been
A failure all my days;
And if mishap for aye I find,
I still might bend the knee,
And bring the blissful thought to mind,
There's a future still for me.

LOVE AND FORTUNE.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

ONE evening in August, 1723, in the city of Weissembourg, in Alsace, three persons were together in a small apartment of modest appearance—a man whose hair was beginning to turn gray, a young girl in the flower of youth and beauty, and an officer who was, at most, but twenty years of age. The first, whose features expressed at once dignity and mildness, courage and melancholy, was seated before a table, his head resting on one hand, while the other was mechanically turning over some papers. This occupation and this reverie did not prevent him from listening attentively to the words addressed to him by the young man, who was respectfully leaning over the back of his chair. Seated apart, in the embrasure of a window, the young girl was also listening with a curiosity which she did not conceal, but which was unfortunately of no avail, for the conversation was in a language of which she did not understand one word, in English; her eyes, also, were often lifted from the embroidery beneath her fingers, and rested upon the two interlocutors with glances full of tender solicitude for the one and naive politeness for the other.

The principal personage of this little scene was Stanislaus, ex-king of Poland, dethroned by Peter the Great, living then in poverty, in

Alsace, on a moderate pension allowed him by France. The young lady was his daughter, the only consolation of his exile, and the young man was the Count d'Estrees, captain in a regiment which the court of Louis XV. had given for a guard to the dethroned king.

Honored by the particular friendship of Stanislaus, the Count d'Estrees had become a frequent guest at his house, and had made France beloved there, the worthy representative of which he was, by the brilliant qualities and agreeable defects of his character. This evening he had something very important to say to the monarch, judging by the language he had chosen in order not to be understood by the princess, and by the looks of embarrassment which he cast, as he spoke, from the face of the father to that of the daughter. When he had arrived at that point of the conversation which he appeared to fear as much as he desired, he suddenly stopped, and, losing at once countenance and voice, could only stammer timidly the words, "*distinguished favor*."

"A favor!" exclaimed Stanislaus, with joyful astonishment; "can you have a favor to ask of me, my friend? It shall be granted a thousand times, if it is in my power! It is so long since I have conferred benefits on any one, that I had renounced forever this sweet prerogative of royalty. Speak then without constraint, dear count, and let me become king again one instant, that I may make one person happy in my life!"

"Sire," returned D'Estrees, making an effort to control himself, "deign to forget your greatness, instead of remembering it; for I must forget it myself, and think only of your goodness, in order to risk the avowal which I have to make you. I love your daughter, sire, and I dare aspire to become your son-in-law."

On hearing these words, Stanislaus started, hastily withdrew the hand which he had extended to the young man, and, rising to his full height, with the movement of the king whose foot is resting on his throne, said to the captain: "You love the princess, count?" And the severity of his tone, as well as of his look, recalled all the distance which there was between the titles of count and princess.

"It is true, sire," returned the officer, replying at the same time to the thought of the king and his own; "it is true. I have been rash, insensate, in daring to fix my love on your august daughter. But the fault is in you and in herself, not less than in me."

"What do you mean? Am I not the first to receive the avowal of your imprudence?"

"Re-assure yourself, sire, and suffer me to justify myself! When I came to Weissembourg, when I saw you for the first time, I found in you a monarch who had lost nothing of his majesty, in your daughter a princess worthy of all my respect; but I appeal to yourself, whether either of you has ceased, since that day, to lay aside your rank in my presence—to make me forget the abyss which separated us. Have you not been the first to pass it, have you not extended your hand towards me, have you not called me your friend? Your friend! Ah! my whole defence, as well as my fault, lies in these words. How could I remember that you were king, while you seemed to forget it yourself, while you were to me almost a father? And your daughter, after having venerated her as a sovereign, after having adored her as a master-piece of the Creator, may I not love her as she has revealed herself to me, daily, as the best, the most angelic, the most modest of women? For has she been anything else with regard to me, sire? Once more, I appeal to yourself! If my boldness has offended you, at least seek to understand and pity it; and if I have but dreamed, do not be in haste to awaken me."

The sincere emotion which animated these words was remarked by the young girl, and involuntarily communicated itself to Stanislaus. His countenance by degrees changed; his habitual benevolence resumed its place there, and tenderness succeeded to severity. Casting an indulgent glance on the humid eyes of the captain, he took his hand again and made him sit down by his side.

"Yes," said he, gently shaking his head, "this is indeed love, the finest and most precious sentiment of the soul—when it is durable; you are a brave and loyal young man, D'Estrees; you are worthy to espouse a queen, as my daughter is worthy to espouse a king. But I am no longer a king. I was wrong just now to believe that I was so still; I ought not to cease to be to you a friend, to my daughter a father; these are the only titles left me, they are at least the most sacred to my heart; I will fulfil their duties."

The voice of the prince trembled, as he finished this sentence. As he said, the illusion of a moment had vanished; the man and the father took the place of the monarch. He passed his hand over his forehead two or three times, let it rest for a few moments on his eyes, and revealed, as he removed it, tears he could no longer control.

"Speak, sire," exclaimed D'Estrees, palpitating with hope.

Stanislaus looked at his daughter, in order to

find in this sight the courage which he needed, and addressing the captain in a softened voice, said, slowly:

"My friend, have you indeed a deep and lasting love for my daughter?"

"Entire and eternal!" interrupted the young man, with a passionate exaggeration which brought a smile on the king's lips.

"Well," replied Stanislaus, "since my daughter must, like myself, renounce the honors of a throne, I ought, on my part, to limit myself to securing her happiness, and I believe, my dear count, that no one is better calculated than yourself to aid me in this mission."

"Ah, you restore me to life—"

"Hear me to the end. I attach one express condition to the accomplishment of your desires. In abdicating royal grandeur, the princess cannot descend below a certain rank which ensures a suitable condition to her descendants. Become duke and peer, and her hand is yours. It is the least I can demand, and I do not think you will require the impossible."

"Ah, for such a prize, of what would I not be capable! Before a year, sire, I will be duke and peer, or I will no longer exist. The regent is the friend of my family; he wishes me well—he will give me an opportunity to merit the title which I will immediately go to solicit of his majesty."

As he spoke thus, the count rose, wishing to go at that very instant to write for leave of absence; but, his glance having met that of the king's daughter, more puzzled than ever by the scene she had witnessed, he made an expressive gesture, which said: "Will she love me as I love her?" And he was about to throw himself at her feet to obtain this sweet assurance at the price of the most tender avowals, when Stanislaus stopped him authoritatively, whispering:

"One other condition, my friend; if my daughter does not yet love you, fear not that she will ever love another. I will be responsible for her heart, as well as my own. You know how dear you have rendered to us whatever appertains to France. Already proud of being in some sort French in her exile, she will be happy to espouse a Frenchman. But do not hasten matters, and do not tempt Providence. Leave this place as a friend, and re-appear as a lover only on the day when there shall no longer be an obstacle to your happiness. This is a promise which I exact from your reason as well as from your loyalty."

D'Estrees submitted to this condition and remained faithful to it, whatever effort it might have cost him. A week afterwards, he received

his dismissal, and left Weissebourg without having said a word of his love to the daughter of Stanislaus, his only encouragement from her being the sincere regret which she manifested at the approaching absence of one in whom she had been accustomed to see the personification of the finest nation in the world.

Immediately on arriving at Paris, D'Estrees hastened to the regent and made him promise to dispose Louis XV. favorably for the audience which he was about to request of his majesty. In fact, at the expiration of a few days, he was received at the Tuileries by the young king, in presence of the Duke of Orleans. The two princes gracefully placed him at his ease, and he boldly said :

"Sire, I come to submit to your royal goodness a request on which my life depends. I have raised my desires so high, that neither my name, my services, nor my devotion will be a sufficient recommendation ; but if my ancestors have deserved well of the country and of your fathers, if any recompense is still due to their memory, any honor to their race, let this honor and this recompense be mine, sire ! I shall know how to render myself worthy, in the future, of what I may have obtained as an encouragement. My whole life shall be devoted to your majesty and to my country. I will raise myself to the height of the rank you may have accorded me."

"To what great favor do you aspire, my dear count ?" interrupted the regent, with his customary frankness.

"To the title of duke and peer," replied the captain, gravely.

The king and the regent were so astonished, that they made him repeat the words thrice. When D'Estrees had obeyed them, the former seemed petrified on his seat, and the latter quitted his with amusing haste.

"Duke and peer !" exclaimed the regent, disconcerting the young man by a look ; "the air of Alsace must have turned your head. Duke and peer at the age of twenty, after a five-sided campaign with the ex-king of Poland ! You cannot really expect this ?"

Louis XV. disarmed, by an indulgent smile, the irony of his uncle, and requested the Count d'Estrees to give him reason for asking a duchy.

"In fact," said the officer, blushing, "this reason alone can justify my rashness. I have acquired my ambition from love."

At this word, the regent sighed and made a movement of jesting compassion, while the king became more attentive, beckoned to the count to continue, and looked at him earnestly.

"Yes, sire," returned the latter, re-animating at the fire of his own words, "I address myself to you in the name of the purest, most ardent, and most honorable love. She whom I love merits a crown by her birth, as well as by her beauty."

"She is then very beautiful and very illustrious ?" interrupted Louis XV. with a visible interest, which was beginning to be changed into sympathy.

And the captain, feeling that he no longer had to deal with a king giving audience, but with a young man captivated by a love confidence, drew a brilliant and detailed picture of the perfections and merits of her who had captivated his heart.

"I repeat to you, sire, added he, enthusiastically, "an alliance with her would do honor to a monarch, and her father will be satisfied, in order to grant me her hand, with the title which I solicit of your majesty."

"Indeed," observed the regent, ironically, "this good father is not difficult."

"No, Monsieur Duke," hastily replied the captain, "for he is no other than Stanislaus, King of Poland."

"His daughter love you !" exclaimed Louis XV. wonderingly.

"I do not know, and she is herself ignorant of my intentions ; but she will love me, I hope, and it rests with you, sire, whether I become her happy husband."

The king remained for a few moments silent, looking at the officer with an attention mingled with envy, and was perhaps about to have granted his request, in an impulse of generosity, when he was interrupted by a burst of laughter from the regent.

"Pray, sire," said the latter, advancing towards Louis XV., "do not listen to your age and heart, and beware of rendering yourself an accomplice in an act of folly."

"Of folly !" said D'Estrees, with suppressed indignation.

"Yes, of folly," pursued the duke. "A gentleman of your name to espouse the daughter of Stanislaus, of an elective ex-king, who has no means of subsistence but the alms which we dole out to him through pity ! You could not choose a worse party in all Europe ; you would not have a crown of dowry, my dear sir, and you must support your father-in-law out of your income. The poorest financier in Paris would make a better bargain. Hold, I knew a young girl, who would suit you exactly, the daughter of a farmer-general, who was presented to us the other day, a charming person, about sixteen, the finest eyes in the world, and a dowry of

three millions! Here is something, I think, which will make you forget your little Pole. Come, it is decided. I will undertake to make the match; you shall be a millionaire, and the duchy shall come by-and-by. What do you say to it, sire?"

The king could not repress a smile, though he regarded the pretensions of D'Estrees in quite a different light from his uncle. As for D'Estrees himself, respect alone prevented him from relating with eagerness the jests which seemed to him so many blasphemies. The hour for the council came to cut short the energetic appeal he was about to address to the heart of the monarch.

"When shall I make you faithless?" asked the duke, with the most gracious sang-froid, as he rose to accompany Louis XV.

"Never!" exclaimed the captain.

"To-morrow," returned the regent, "to-morrow evening, repair to the Palais Royal, to my *petit souper*. It is a challenge, Monsieur Count."

"I will accept it, monseigneur," replied the officer, proudly. "Your majesty shall be the judge," added he, saluting the king, who withdrew, pensively, after having given him a smile of encouragement.

One year, to a day, after the first scene of our story, on a dark and gloomy evening towards night, Stanislaus was alone with his daughter, at the extremity of the little saloon of Wiessembourg, where we have already seen them together. The modest apartment was not yet lighted, and the countenance of the ex-king was in perfect harmony with this melancholy twilight. A fixed and discouraging idea seemed to torment his mind, and the young girl could not succeed in dispelling it, after having in vain requested his confidence.

"Another ingrate, doubtless," suddenly sighed the monarch, beginning to walk about the room. "As for this one," continued he, "he shall have neither pardon nor favor. But I will think no more of it," he hastened to add, with an air of feigned indifference. And he returned towards his daughter and looked at her tenderly.

"Of whom are you speaking?" asked the latter, gently.

"Of a young man whom I loved, whose affection had smiled on my old age like a last hope—of the Count d'Estrees, who is probably no longer thinking of me."

"Do not believe it, father. Does he no longer send you those letters which you so absolutely refused to let me read?"

"Not one for six months," replied Stanislaus. "Another ingrate, I tell you! Forget him, as I do, and let us never speak of him again."

At the moment he finished these words, which the young girl had received as a command, sadly casting down her head, a domestic entered the saloon, and after having placed two flambeaux on the table, presented two letters which had just arrived from Paris. The one had been brought by express, the other by the ordinary courier. The king took the latter first, and carelessly approaching one of the flambeaux, exclaimed:

"I am not mistaken! Can I have condemned him too soon? It is from him! It is indeed from him! Here is his signature. Gord d'Estrees, pardon! Pardon him also, my child. Some mahady, doubtless, some campaign, perhaps some disgrace, must have prevented him from writing. Come, bring both lights and let me read this." The princess withdrew to the other end of the saloon, and Stanislaus hastened to devour with his eyes the captain's letter. But hardly had he read half of it, when he turned pale, trembled, and threw the paper on the table with a despairing sigh.

"What is the matter, father?" exclaimed the young princess, immediately returning towards him.

"Nothing; ask me nothing!" said the king, in a broken voice, while he hastened to wipe away the tears which were falling from his eyes, in spite of himself. "Embrace me, my child," added he, immediately seeking in his tenderness the consolation of his sorrow.

The princess silently clasped him in her arms, and loaded him with the most tender caresses. But he quickly left her to go to seek air at a window. He was stifling with grief, mortification and anger. And he had reason; for in the letter he had just read, D'Estrees announced to him that he was compelled to relinquish the hand of his daughter and restore to him his royal word. Recognizing himself too late as unworthy of so high an alliance, he excused his retreat by the impossibility of obtaining the titles of duke and peer, and expressed his profound regrets in terms which poorly disguised his inconstancy.

With his infallible skill on these occasions, the regent, overturning all the ideas of his protegee respecting marriage, had succeeded in persuading him that the daughter of the poor king of Poland was unworthy of him, and had annihilated his lofty sentiments under a double fire of jests and from the fine eyes of the daughter of the former general. Stanislaus had therefore uselessly abdicated his royal majesty in favor of an inconstant young man, and his paternal pretensions had been raised too high!

While he was tasting apart, with rage and despair, this last drop of the chalice of misfortune and of exile, the princess knew not what remedy to apply to a wound the depth of which she dared not question, and, for want of any other method of consolation, was beginning to weep with the king, when a sudden idea came to her mind, at sight of the second letter forgotten on the table.

"My father," said she, hastening to present it to him, "you have not read both despatches; here is one which may perhaps bring you better news."

"Faithless and unworthy!" murmured the prince, without listening to his daughter. "If you knew, my child! if you knew!" And he was about to have told her all. "But no, no," resumed he, "this is a secret with which I ought not to trouble your pure soul. Only promise to speak no more to me of France or of Frenchmen, unless to curse them!"

"O, my father!" interrupted the princess, with the sorrowful eagerness with which one defends a last illusion; "compose yourself, I entreat, and read this second letter. See, it is sealed with the arms of Louis XV."

"It is doubtless," said Stanislaus, disdainfully breaking the seal, "the payment of some arrears of our pension. So," pursued he, returning to seat himself beside the table, "I still remain dependent on the king's bounty. But this shall not be; I will be indebted to myself alone for support, even were it necessary for me to take in some foreign troops, the simple grade with which I commenced."

As he spoke thus, he opened the despatch. He had no sooner read a few lines, than he was agitated with an emotion still more violent than at first, although it was of an opposite nature. He arose, as if in delirium; his eyes were troubled; he grew red and pale by turns, exclaimed, "my daughter!" extended the paper to the princess, and, dropping in her arms, fell immediately without consciousness.

Notwithstanding all the cares lavished upon him, his swoon lasted nearly an hour; and it was only when he came to himself that the princess, re-assured, cast her eyes on the despatch. It came from the court of France, and solicited of Stanislaus the hand of his daughter, Marie Leczinska, for the King of France and Navarre.

The scene of audience which we have described had entirely different consequences for Louis XV. and the Count d'Estrees. Struck with the impassioned eulogies which the Polish princess had inspired in the latter, the young

king had involuntarily turned his thoughts towards Marie Leczinska, at the same time that the forgetful lover had turned his towards the opulent daughter of the farmer-general. The sympathetic interest which the misfortunes of Stanislaus had naturally inspired in him, had by degrees converted this vague impression into a more real sentiment. Impartial reports had confirmed in his eyes the poetic picture drawn by the captain of the rare qualities of the young foreigner. In fine, on the day when the Duke de Bourbon presented to him a list of the noblest princesses of Europe who could aspire to the honor of his alliance, he had added to these brilliant names the humble name of the daughter of the dethroned prince, and had chosen her as his wife.

A week after the marriage of the Count d'Estrees with Mlle. d'Astanières, the Duke of Orleans espoused Marie Leczinska in the cathedral of Strasbourg, by proxy, for the King of France and Navarre.

THE POET MOORE.

Alluding to Tom Moore, Mr. Irving said that he took extraordinary pains with all he wrote. He used to compose his poetry walking up and down a gravel walk in his garden and when he had a line, a couplet, or a stanza polished to suit his mind, he would go to a little summer-house near by, and write it down. He used to think ten lines a good day's work, and would keep the little poem for weeks, waiting for a single word. On one occasion, he was riding with Mr. Moore in a cab, in Paris, and the driver carelessly drove into a hole in the pavement, which gave the vehicle a tremendous jolt. Moore was tossed aloft, and on regaining his seat, exclaimed, "By Jove, I've got it." "Got what?" said his companion, in some alarm. "My word," was the reply. "I have been trying for it these six weeks, and now that rascal has jolted it out of me." On reaching his room, Moore inserted the word, and immediately despatched the finished song to his publisher in London.—*Home Journal*.

PRIMITIVE MARRIAGES.

The marriages of the poor in the rural districts of western France are conducted in a fashion altogether unique. The happy pair are not only united without a penny in their pocket, but they invite all the surrounding families to the marriage festival. Each guest, however, is expected to be a contributor both to the feast and to the housekeeping stock of the young people. Some bring wine, honey or corn, and others linen, and even money. Thus a liberal supply is scrambled together, and the utmost hilarity prevails. Frequently as many as three hundred people assemble at these bridal, and their contributions often constitute the sum total of the worldly goods with which the newly married pair commence life together.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

A MOMENT.

BY FANNY BISH.

'Tis the breath of a moment, which no one regardeth,
That holdeth the key to each secret of life;
'Tis a moment that oft our long watching rewardeth,
And calms the dark waters of sorrow and strife.
Its breath may seem nothing, but yet 'tis extending,
A power the sublimest our being can know;
A moment may yield us a bliss without ending—
A moment consign us to darkness and woe!

Its circle may flash with a beauty that ages
May crown as immortal, and hallow its birth;
A moment may question the wisdom of ages,
And change the whole system of science and earth.
A moment—the soul of the painter can feel it—
It thrills through his frame with a spirit like fire;
A moment—O once let the gifted reveal it,
And heaven is short of the height 'twould aspire.

THE NORTH SEA PIRATE.

BY SYLVANUS COBE, JR.

THE incidents of the following story I believe have never yet been printed in any condensed form. Many years ago they were mentioned in some of the English papers, but not in such a manner as to convey the whole truth to the people, though one portion of them was widely enough circulated.

For a long while, a daring pirate had infested the North Sea, or as it is otherwise termed, the German Ocean. His name was Gondebald Gower, a Welchman by birth, and naturally of a roving, adventurous spirit. But he had never shown any disposition for evil until his father and two brothers were publicly hanged for assisting in hiding some contraband liquors. From the hour that saw his beloved relatives murdered for so slight a cause, Gondebald became an avowed avenger. He swore that England should have cause to know that a Gower still lived. In the spring after his father and brothers were executed, he fitted out a vessel from some port on the coast of Cornwall, and made his way at once to the North Sea, where he cruised about, evading all pursuers, and intercepting many of the traders to and from Denmark and the Baltic. At the end of a year, his name had become a terror to all traders, and many a merchant refused flatly to send his wares across that sea until the pirate was captured.

It was a brig in which Gower had originally sailed, but many men who had seen him said that he now sailed in a barque, though others swore positively that he still retained his brig. The fact was, he did still keep his brig, but he

had a small miszen-mast which he could step at will. His vessel was about three hundred tons burthen, an excellent sailer, and carried twelve brass guns—eighteen pounders. Gower knew that she was the smartest sailer on the coast when he bought her.

Another year passed away, and finally the pirate's depredations became so frequent and so grave in result, that it was determined by government not to rest until he was taken. He had even gone so far as to cut a richly laden barque out from the mouth of the Thames, which he carried off in safety, and having robbed her of everything valuable, he sent her back.

In the month of August, 1802, two ships-of-war were fitted out at Scarborough, and their commanders had orders to cruise until the pirate was captured. They were the Lanark and the Simoon. One day, shortly before they were to sail, a man came on board the Lanark and inquired for Captain Forbush, who had command. He was shown into the cabin at the captain's request, and there introduced himself as Capt. George Severn. He said that the pirate Gower had robbed him of all he possessed, and he wished to be revenged.

"If you sail as you are," he said, "you will hardly capture the wretch, for he has as many different shapes for his vessel as there are different vessels afloat. But I know him—I know him by marks which I cannot mistake. Take me with you, and you shall secure him."

Captain Forbush conferred with his officers; and after hearing the applicant's plea once more, it was decided to admit him. He was a tall, handsomely-built man, with a frame very finely moulded and knit together, and with a most prepossessing appearance. He was not far from five-and-thirty years of age, and in addition to features as regular and faultless as could be, he possessed an eye which seemed to look through and through the object gazed upon.

It was on the twenty-seventh of August that the two men-of-war sailed. The Lanark was to cruise south of the latitude of Scarborough, and the Simoon north of that. Not only Capt. Forbush, but the officers generally, were pleased with Severn's company. He was full of wit and anecdote, and also possessed of great knowledge and sound sense. He beguiled many a weary hour for them, and enlivened their social circle.

At length, on the tenth day out, a sail hove in sight to the southward. It was soon made out to be a brig, and the Lanark gave chase. This was about three o'clock in the afternoon. It was not until five, however, that she was brought near enough to see her hull.

"Is it the pirate?" asked Forbush, turning towards Severn.

The latter individual gazed through the glass long and steadily, and with great apparent anxiety, and finally he said, as he lowered the instrument :

"I do not think it is the pirate; but yet I may be mistaken. Those spars are not lofty enough for Gower's vessel, nor are the sails heavy enough. But let us speak her—that is, if we can. Her running away is the only thing I do not like."

It was decided to keep on the chase, for the corvette was gradually gaining. At seven o'clock the Lanark fired a gun, but the brig did not heave to. At dark, the chase was still too far distant to be reached by the sloop's guns, and it was arranged that she should keep on a few miles further, and then heave to for the night. It was very annoying, the captain said, to have night shut in so soon. But Severn declared that he did not believe that brig to be Gower's vessel.

"However," he added, "there is one thing I do believe, and that is, that I am very unwell. My head aches, and my stomach is badly off. I believe I must turn in, and in the morning we'll be after the brig again, if she is in sight."

So Severn went to his state-room, which was near the bulk-head of the gun-room, and requested that he might not be disturbed. All remained quiet in his room until about eleven o'clock, and then he quietly arose and dressed himself. But he did not don his usual garb. He put on a pair of pants, or trowsers, which were made of oil-cloth, and fitted very close to his skin; the garb was whole and tight at the bottom, combining stockings and pants in one. And it came nigh being whole at the other end, too; for it came up to the arms and covered them. Next he drew on a curiously constructed jacket, which buttoned up in front, but which hung very loosely about him. It was made of some sort of gummed silk, and very firm and stout. His next movement was to draw on a pair of common sailor's trowsers, and then he lighted a lamp and placed it within a small lantern, which he could curiously conceal in his hat, there being a small cone-like addition upon the crown, with sufficient aperture for the escaping of the smoke, and other holes in the side for the entrance of air.

His next movement was to raise a plank from the floor of his room. Upon this, some one must have been at work very recently, for that plank was never known to be removed by those who knew most about the vessel. But it was

up now, and next a plate of iron was removed beneath. From this, Severn could look into the ship's magazine, and also from this point he could reach into the light-room, where the stop-cock was. Awhile he listened, as if to assure himself that no one was about, and then he turned the cock. On the next instant, a rush of water was heard, and—the powder-magazine was being filled! All our readers are probably aware that the magazines of all vessels of war are furnished with a pipe which connects with the water upon the outside of the vessel, and this is made tight by means of a nicely fitted stop-cock, which is in the adjoining room. This is for the purpose of flooding the magazine, in case of fire.

Ere long, the magazine was full, and then Severn stopped the cock and arose, and having replaced the plank, he secured the lantern in his hat, and then noiselessly glided from his state-room. He made his way forward on the berth-deck, and then ascended to the fore-castle. The ship had a topgallant fore-castle, and the strange man went under this upon the starboard side, where the officers' round-house was. The berth-port was open, and without being observed, he glided out and dropped into the water, and with a few movements of his feet and hands he was clear of the bows. He now stopped, and having found a small tube connected with his jacket, he applied it to his lips, and ere long the curious garment had become distended to more than Falstaffian proportions. The ship gradually moved away from him, for she was under headway enough to give her helm power over her, and then he struck out in a south-easterly direction. He might exert himself, or not, as he chose, for that inflated jacket was amply sufficient to keep him afloat.

As soon as he was well away on the ship's larboard quarter, he took his lantern from his hat, and turned its only bright side to the south-west—that being in an opposite direction from the sloop-of-war. The glass of the lantern was a powerful, clear lens, and its light was peculiar. He held it aloft as high as he could, not exerting himself much otherwise. In half an hour, the sound of oars struck upon his ear, and soon afterwards a boat was by his side.

"Safe, boys, safe!" he cried, as he reached the stern-sheets of the boat.

"Ah, Captain Gower, we've been very easy about ye. We was afeared ye couldn't go right into the lion's mouth with safety."

"But I did, though, my brave boys, and I have him by the mane, too." So you've kept the sloop in sight since dark!"

"Yes, sir. A man was stationed aloft, and he could see her hinnacle-light. We got your letter by old Mark, the inn-keeper, tellin' as which craft ye was in, and where she would cruise."

"And you saw my light plainly?"

"Just like a beacon, capt'n."

"All right. So now for the old brig, and in the morning the *Lamark* sleep-of-war is ours!"

* * * * *

With the first streak of dawn, Captain Forbush was upon his deck, and as soon as a slight mist had lifted which had settled upon the water since midnight, the brig was seen not more than a mile and a half distant upon the larboard quarter. The wind was now from the northward and westward, and the ship was close-hauled upon the larboard tack. The captain ordered that the ship should be put about, and then he sent for "Captain Severn."

"Tell him to come up at once, for the strange brig is close under our weather quarter."

But in a few moments, the messenger returned and reported that Captain Severn was not in his state room. So the boatswain was ordered to pass the word over the ship for Severn, while the gunner cast loose his guns, and prepared for action.

"Ha," cried Windermear, the first lieutenant, "the fellow has shown his bloody flag! See—the black field, with death's head in the centre!"

"What!" uttered the captain, in amazement. "Does the fellow mean to engage us? Light the matches, gunners! Mr. Windermear, call to quarters at once! Throw open the magazine and station the boys! By heavens, our small arms should have been loaded before! But be quick! Engage us! Engage His Majesty's sleep-of-war *Lamark*! My soul, he's crazy with his successes. But I'll teach him a—"

"The magazine's all afloat, sir!" at this moment reported the gunner, pale as death, and trembling like an aspen.

"What! afloat? The mag—"

But the captain could not believe it. He rushed to the companion-way and leaped down. The tight door had been opened—it was a trap-door—and there was but one sea of water visible where all the powder was! As soon as Forbush could fairly comprehend the fatal truth, he staggered back on deck and ordered the guns not to be fired until he gave the word. The ship carried twenty guns, and they were all loaded, and the captain meant to use them to the best advantage.

At this moment, a shot from the brig struck

the ship's quarter-boat, and knocked the stern and bows out.

"Every gun is spiked, sir!" reported the gunner, paler than ever.

"A traitor!" gasped the captain, as soon as he could speak.

"Where is *Severn*?" uttered the lieutenant.

The captain started back at these words, for the truth flashed upon him. He started to the nearest gun, and found that the spike could only be removed by drilling. But there was another thing to attend to, now, for the pirate was close alongside, and the grape and canister began to be poured in upon her deck. In a few minutes more the brig was near enough to use small arms, and the man-of-war's-men began to fall.

"Merciful heavens!" groaned Forbush; "we can't stand this! Not a shot can we return, save from some half-dozen pistols which may be loaded!"

"This is terrible!" responded Windermear.

And well he might say so, for the men were falling fast about him, and not a single answering shot could they return.

"Down with the flag! down with it!" gasped the captain, as a musket-ball passed through his hat.

The flag was lowered, and in a few minutes more the brig was alongside, and he whom they had known as George Severn, stepped on board.

"Captain Forbush, I bid you a good morning," he very politely said, raising his hat as he spoke.

"Who—who art thou?" the captain whispered, while his eyes seemed starting from their sockets.

"GONDBALD GOWER, at your service," was the reply. "I told you I would bring you alongside of the North Sea Pirate."

"Then you are—the same man?"

"Yes, sir. But we must to business now. Your sword, if you please. Ah—thank you. Now muster your men."

The man-of-war's-men were mustered and secured, such as lived, while the dead—forty-seven in number—were moved away for a decent burial service. Gower had been very careful to injure the ship as little as possible, so he found her now in very good condition. He proceeded at once to have all the valuable articles taken from his own vessel to his prize, and when this was done, he ordered all lights out and then removed the powder, stowing it for the present in the hold. There was a goodly quantity on board the brig, and as soon as he had got that out, he took such arms as he wanted, and then got out the boat. Next he scuttled his old vessel, and

then cast her off and let her go; and ere long she went down, never to rise again!

After this, Gower had the brig's boats brought alongside, and into these he ordered the captive captain to go and take his crew. There were ninety-five of the crew left, and the brig's four boats gave them ample room.

"Now," said Gower, I shall give you three days' provisions."

"But it is a week's work, and more, too, to reach the coast," urged Forbush.

"Ah, but the coast of Holland is not so far. Texel is not over eighty miles from here, and you can reach that easily, and not work hard, either. I have particular reasons for wishing you to return to England by the way of *Holland*!"

Thus speaking, the last prisoner was handed to the boat which waited for him, and soon the ship had reached ahead, and left the boats huddled in her wake, like so many sea-monsters who knew not what to do with themselves.

In two hours, every injury which had been done to the spars and rigging of the ship was repaired, and then she bore away to the northward, and in an hour from that time Gower caught the last glimpse of the boats moving slowly to the southward and eastward.

For seven days, Gondebald Gower slept but little. He was upon deck early and late, and much in the night. Several sails were passed, but he molested them not. On the morning of the eighth day, a sail was reported to the "north'rd and west'rd," and soon afterwards it was made out to be a ship; and in fifteen minutes more, it proved to be a sloop-of-war.

"It is the *Simoon*!" uttered Gower; "and she is ours! Quarter-master, get the signals up, and overhaul the signal-book. Show the Lanark's numbers first, and then signalize that we wish to speak her. Be ready for a couple of broadsides, Catesby."

Gower had possession of the ship's signal-book, for in the agony of the hour, Forbush had forgotten to throw it overboard. So of course the *Simoon* was completely deceived, and immediately answered the signals; and as soon as the wish was expressed to speak her, she went about and stood for the Lanark.

Gower had eighty-two able men, and he had no fear of harm from the coming sloop. The *Simoon* came up to within three cables' lengths, and then hove to, while the Lanark kept on and passed under her stern. At the moment when the pirate was directly astern, the whole broadside was fired. But she slackened not her speed. Around she went, and luffing gradually up

upon the lee side of her victim, she went hand-somely about, and in four minutes more another broadside was poured in over the bows, raking the devoted ship fore and aft. The pirate's guns had been well aimed, and the havoc was dreadful. The *Simoon* had lost her foremast, and much of her lower rigging, but this was not the worst, for a great number of her men had been killed. We may suppose that her officers were not only utterly astounded, but absolutely powerless in view of this strange proceeding. A third broadside was fired ere the *Simoon's* crew could fairly think what to do, and then up went the black flag at the Lanark's peak. This solved the mystery, but the *Simoon* was altogether too far gone for resistance now, and her flag was hauled down.

In one hour from that time, the pirates had taken every valuable thing from the *Simoon* which was available, among which was over eight thousand pounds in money. The crew were put into the boats, being only some fifty miles from the Scottish coast, and then the *Simoon* was sunk. After this, Gower bore away to the southward, and he stopped not until he had reached the coast of Cornwall.

When it became known in London, and in the other maritime cities, that the North Sea Pirate had taken two British sloops-of-war, the amazement and terror was intense, and a large fleet was at once despatched in pursuit.

But British justice never overtook the outlaw. A few weeks afterwards, the leading merchants received printed notes, which simply read thus:

"You may now send your ships in safety, for Gondebald Gower is avenged. England robbed me of a father and two brothers; and England can tell you how much she gained by the dastard, coward act. Cringe no more, for no more will harm come to your shipping from

"GONDEBALD GOWER."

And he was true to his word. A year afterwards, some old Cornwall fishermen said that one night, some months before, a sloop-of-war had been sunk off the coast, and that the men escaped in boats. And ten years afterwards, an Englishman went home and swore that he had seen Gondebald Gower in America. But be that as it may, England never received any more harm from the NORTH SEA PIRATE.

A hotel-keeper in this city boards lovers for two dollars a week less than he charges other folks. His reason is, that they are so down on fat meat. There is philosophy in this. Love is ethereal in its nature, and can live on moon-beams. We know a young man who took the disease in a natural way, that subsisted for a whole month on a German flute and a sonnet.

ANGEL VOICES.

BY SARAH A. NOWELL.

At the solemn hour of midnight,
When the world lies calm and still,
Thoughts of other years come o'er me,
And my soul with memories fill.

Then unto my vision cometh,
Robed in dress of purest white,
Troops of angels, whose sweet shoes
Seem familiar to my sight.

There is one who was the dearest
That my early childhood knew,
Fondly, tenderly I loved her,
And she loved me dearly, too.

Then a little angel baby
Comes before my thoughtful eye,
Scarce we knew her, ere we lost her.
Sweetest—loveliest—couldst thou die!

When the last pale April blossom
Lingered trembling on the bough,
Sadly to the grave they bore her,
And she comes before me now.

Then the aged ones who tended
Patiently my childish years,
Laid them down in that green valley
Which I watered with my tears.

Unto me was one sweet flower
By my heavenly Father given,
And its fragrance came before me
Like the incense breath of heaven.

Eighteen days I watched its beauty,
In its tender, budding bloom—
Then the angel came and took it
Through the pathway of the tomb.

Upward was their flight to glory,
And my flower bloometh fair
In the bosom of the Father—
Well he loves such buds to rear.

All the long and silent midnight,
Visions come to me—and when
Morning cometh, and I wander
Mid the busy haunts again,

Angel hands are on my shoulders,
Angel eyes are glancing near,
Angel wings are hovering o'er me,
Angel voices in my ear.

ABOUT POETRY.

We were conversing with a young lady, some few evenings ago, at a literary re-union, and as she had been introduced as a poetess, was of course touched on poetry. It was not many minutes before she had run through the stereotyped list of favorite authors, when she concluded with Byron, asserting her conviction that he was the greatest poet that ever wrote. We modestly hinted that we preferred according that distinguished position to Shakespeare, upon which, with an unaffected laugh at our simplicity, she cried: "Why, Shakespeare wasn't a poet; his plays don't rhyme!"—*Toledo Blade.*

EATING A BULL.

There are examples enough of ambassadors having been roughly handled. A papal legate, who brought a bull which the Pope had fulminated against Visconti, tyrant of Milan, was made to eat that document. Visconti marched the legate gravely to the Naviglio bridge, and then said to him, abruptly: "Choose whether you will rather have something to eat or something to drink, in memory of your mission; for one of the two you shall surely have before you depart." The holy man turned a miserable and imploring look on his persecutor, and then an anxious glance on the deep stream which roared below. The latter determined him; and fearing that if he decided on drinking, he would be bundled at once into the river, he gasped out that his choice was made; he would "eat it." "Do so, then," sneered Visconti, grimly; "swallow this piece of lead and the silken fastening to your bull." The legate at once saw that remonstrance would be useless—even a wry face might be dangerous; so he munched the lead and silk in rueful silence. When he had eaten it, Visconti complimented him on his digestion, and sent him about his business. It is needless to say that the reverend gentleman never looked behind him.—*Boston Statesman.*

SEPULCHRE FORTY-EIGHT MILES LONG.

The bones of six thousand Irishmen line the railroad from Aspinwall to Panama. Set this down to "man's inhumanity to man" to "the almighty dollar," to "Yankee enterprise," or to what you will—call it a mercantile, a diabolical, or an osteological fact—it is undoubtedly true. But the road is built—the continent is spanned; and our onward march, our "manifest destiny," has made another demonstration. We may as well look at the entire pile of grim, ghastly faces all at once, as to pick out the glorification alone, and sink the gory reality. The road is a fact, and the gulf that swallowed up the human life is another. The sinews that toiled to build the structure, seem to have been destined to as ignoble an end as Falstaff's ragged regiment, or the British army before Sebastopol—"food and powder." As a great undertaking, there is no internal or external improvement of modern times to be compared with it.—*Ledger.*

A DUTCH STORY.

A story is told of a Dutch grocer who got badly bothered by an unprofitable customer. The Jeremy Diddler came in and called for half a dozen crackers, which were handed to him. He looked at the crackers, and finally said he believed he would have a glass of whiskey instead. The crackers were taken back, and the whiskey given him, which he drank, and started off. The grocer called him back and demanded payment for the drink. "Why," says the fellow, "I gave you the crackers." "Well, then, pay for the crackers," said the dealer. "No, you can't demand pay for them, for I gave them back to you." "I can't tell how it is," said the Dutchman, scratching his head, "but I don't want you to come here any more." He couldn't fathom the shrewd financiering of his customer, but he was very confident that he had lost by the transaction.—*New York Picayune.*

MOONLIGHT.—AN EASTERN SKETCH.

BY G. F. PEACOCK.

'Tis gentle moonlight softly falls,
While the bulbul sings through the sweet night hour,
Where dark eyes beam with no tear-drops wet,
Sings Oman, who hath not felt their power.

In flooded light on the minaret spires—
O is it not a time to love,
Amid the bright gardens of Alphas,
With such a sky as this above!

Where fragrance floats on the western gale
Of the amaranth and bright asodel,
It silvers the rivers and bowers of Haroun—
Casts over them its sweet love-spell.

On the lighted rivers that softly gleam,
As silently as in a dream,
And not a sound disturbs their flow,
It turns enchanted the eastern scene.

Where palm trees rise beside the fount,
• The wearied pilgrim stops to rest;
In the gurgling waters its mirror shines,
On the desert scene the loneliest.

O, sweetly sleeps it on the wave,
Where light boats skim and part the tide;
While tones that play their part as well,
Wake echoes 'long the shores beside.

THE UNCLE FROM AMERICA.

BY DELIA E. WARD.

ABOUT the commencement of the present century, Dieppe had already lost much of its importance; yet the grandeur and extent of its maritime expeditions even then would never be suspected from the limited commerce of to-day. The period of fabulous fortunes had not so wholly passed away but that there was seen, from time to time, returning from remote countries, some one of those unexpected millionaires so much misused by the theatres; and one might yet, without an excess of naïveté, believe in the reality of uncles from America. In fact, there was to be seen at Dieppe more than one merchant, whose ships now filled the harbor, that had departed from it some twenty years before in a simple sailor's jacket.

These examples were an encouragement for the enterprising, and a perpetual hope for the disinherited. They rendered the improbable possible, and the impossible probable. The unfortunate consoled themselves for the reality of their situations by hoping for a miracle. This miracle seemed very near being accomplished to a poor family in the little village of Omenville, situated at four leagues from Dieppe. The

widow Mauvraire had experienced many severe afflictions. Her eldest son, the true supporter of the family, had died by a shipwreck, leaving four children to the care of the old lady. This misfortune had hindered, and, perhaps, broken the engagement of her daughter Clemence, and, at the same time, deranged the plans of her son Martin, who had been obliged to quit his unfinished studies in order to undertake his part in the labor of the farm.

But in the midst of the disquiet and dejection of this poor family, a ray of hope suddenly beamed upon them. A letter, written from Dieppe, announced the return of a brother-in-law of the widow who had been absent for twenty years. Uncle Bruno had returned "with some curiosities from the new world"—so he himself said, and with the resolution to establish himself at Dieppe. His letter had been, since the previous day, the sole object of their thoughts. Whilst it contained no particulars, the son Martin had yet been able to detect, as he read it, the style of a man so free and good humored, that he could not fail to have made himself rich. Evidently the mariner had returned with some tons of crowns which he would not refuse to share with his family. Once upon the road, imagination travels quickly. Each one added his suppositions to those of Martin. Even Julienne, the young peasant girl, who had been reared by the widow, and who lived at the farm, but less as a servant than as an adopted relation, began to imagine to herself what this uncle from America would be able to give her.

"I shall ask him for a cloth mantle and a golden cross," said she, after a new reading of the epistle, which Martin had performed aloud for the mutual benefit.

"Ah!" said the widow, sighing, "if my poor Didier had lived, he now would have found a protector."

"There are always his children, Mamma," observed the young woman, "without counting Mademoiselle Clemence, who would not refuse a 'dot.'"

"What should I do with it?" said Clemence, sadly.

"Do with it?" repeated Julienne; "what but cause the relations of Monsieur Marc to hold their tongues. They have made a fine piece of business sending their son to sea, in order to hinder the marriage. If Uncle Bruno wishes it, behold, the lover returns instantly."

"It were well to know first if he wishes to come back," interrupted the young girl, in a tremulous voice.

"Ah—well! if it is not he, thou wilt soon

find another," said Martin, who viewed only the marriage of his sister, while she thought only of her lover. "With an uncle from America, one can always find a good alliance. Who knows, even, if he may not have accompanying him some millionaire, whom he would wish to make his nephew?"

"O, I hope not!" cried Clemence, with affright. "Surely nothing urges my marriage."

"That which is most urgent," said the widow, in a tone of dejection, "is to find a place for thy brother."

"Monsieur the count has always given me hope that I should receive the situation of agent and receiver for his farms," replied Martin, encouragingly.

"But he does not decide," answered the old lady; "and while he waits, time passes and the grain wastes away. These great lords know nothing of that; their minds are wholly upon pleasure, and when they recall the promised morsel of bread, you are already dead of hunger."

"We shall no more have that to fear, with the friendship of Uncle Bruno," said Martin; "there is nothing here to deceive us. His letter says, 'I shall arrive to-morrow at Osmenville, with all that I possess.' This signifies that we are not forgotten."

"We ought to be coming now," interrupted the widow; "he may arrive any instant. Have you well prepared everything, Clemence?"

The young girl arose and opened the cupboard, showing it, garnished with an abundance quite unusual. Near by a leg of mutton, which was just drawn from the oven, reposed an enormous fitch of smoking bacon, flanked by two plates of wheaten buns and a bowl of sweet cream. Several pots of prime cider completed the display, which caused the children to shout with a mingling of admiration and hungry longing. Juliette had spoken, moreover, for an apple pudding, with butter sauce, which now stood simmering near the fire.

The widow then chose from her closet a linen cloth and napkins yellow for want of use. The young servant took from among the dishes some plates that were the least battered, and commenced to lay the table by placing at the upper end the only silver spoon which the family possessed. These preparations were just finished when the children, who had been out-decorating, rushed into the house, crying out:

"Look! look!"

"What is it?" was asked from all sides.

"Aha! *parbleu!* Uncle Bruno!" replied a strong, jovial voice.

The whole family turned to look. Upon the threshold stood a sailor, framed in the gap he had made by suddenly opening the door; he held on his right finger a green parrot, and in his left hand a maddling-aised ape. The frightened little ones saved themselves in their grandmother's lap, who herself could hardly restrain a cry. Martin, Clemence and the servant looked at him, perfectly stupefied.

"How is this? Are you afraid of my menagerie?" called out Bruno, smiling. "Come on, good people, take heart and let us embrace; I have come three thousand miles for that very purpose."

Martin first hazarded the attempt; then came Clemence, the widow, and the largest of his grandchildren; but nothing would influence either the little boy or girl to approach him. Bruno indemnified himself for this loss, however, by embracing Juliette.

"By my faith! I began to think I should never arrive here," said he. "Do you know, mother Mauvaine, it is a good stretch to run from Dieppe to your house?"

Martin here observed that the shoes of the sailor were all covered with dust.

"Is it possible, Uncle Bruno, that you have come on foot?" he asked, in surprise.

"*Pardies!* Would you have me come over your corn-fields here in a boat?" gaily replied the sailor.

Martin turned towards the door:

"But—the baggage?" he ventured to suggest.

"My baggage I have upon me," said Bruno. "A sailor, my little one, needs no wardrobe but a pipe and a night-cap."

The widow and children looked at each other.

"But," objected the boy, "after reading my uncle's letter, I had believed—"

"What then?—that I should arrive in a three-decker?"

"No," replied Martin, who forced himself to smile pleasantly; "but with your trunks, for a long stay, because you had made us hope you would remain for a long time."

"Ma?"

"The proof, here it is, that you said, 'with all that you possessed.'"

"Aha! well—behold all that I possess!" cried Bruno,—"my ape and my parrot."

"What! is that all?" exclaimed the family, in a single voice.

"With my sailor's chest, which is not badly off for stockings without feet, and shirts without sleeves. But one need not be sad for all that, my children. While the conscience and stomach are in a good condition, all else is but a farce.

But, excuse me, sister-in law, I see there some cider, and your four leagues of land-sailing has pretty well dried up my throat. Hoop! Rochambeau, salute your relations."

The monkey made three set gambols, then went and seated himself at a distance and commenced scratching his head. The sailor, who had already gained the table, here helped himself to drink, to the great consternation of the family. Seeing the table laid, Bruno seated himself without any ceremony, and declared he was dying of hunger. In spite of everything, it was now necessary to serve up the fitch of bacon and the apple-pudding, which had been perceived; but the widow Mauvaire shut the cupboard door upon the rest.

Martin still continued to interrogate the sailor, who now related how he had sailed, during twenty years, amid the Indian seas, under various colors, without any other gains than his regular pay, which was expended as soon as received. Finally, at the end of about an hour, the evidence appeared conclusive that Uncle Bruno had no other fortune than vast good humor and an excellent appetite.

The disappointment was general, but betrayed according to the peculiar character of each individual. Whilst it raised in the heart of Clemence only a degree of surprise mingled with sadness, Martin was vexed and humiliated, and the widow was filled not only with regret but anger. This change of disposition was not slow in manifesting itself. The monkey having frightened and pursued the youngest child, her grandmama ordered it to be at once banished to an old vacant stable; and the parrot being permitted to pick crumbs out of the sailor's plate, Martin declared it was impossible to endure it. Clemence said nothing, but went out with Juliette to occupy herself with household duties, while the widow resumed her spinning at the threshold of the door. Remaining alone with his nephew, who sought to give his dissatisfied manner the appearance of abstraction, Uncle Bruno quietly replaced the glass which he had emptied by a series of little jerks, whistled for a minute, then, leaning both elbows upon the table, looked Martin steadily in the face.

"Dost thou know, boy," said he, coolly, "that the wind appears to me a little northeast in this house? You have all of you manners that come from a cold heart; not a solitary person has yet addressed to me one word of friendship. It is not in this way that a relation should be received who has not been seen for twenty years."

Martin replied brusquely enough that the reception was all they were able to make it, and

that he ought not to expect from them anything better.

"But I have a right to expect kind faces," replied Bruno, "and hang me! you are all colder than stones. Ah! let it rest; enough has been said upon that head, my little one; I do not love family quarrels. Only remember, you will repent of this some day, that is all I have to say."

Having spoken thus, the sailor cut another slice of bacon and began to eat again. Martin, struck by these words, began to have a suspicion. "Uncle Bruno would not have this air of assurance," thought he, "if he possessed, as he pretends, only an ape and a parrot. We have been duped by a ruse; he has wished to prove us, and the menace he has just made has betrayed his secret; quickly let us hasten to repair our stupidity, and reinstate ourselves in his good graces."

Running immediately to his mother and sister, he made known to them his discovery. Both of them hastened to return, with countenances which, so frigid when they went out, were now cheerful and smiling. The widow excused herself by saying household duties had forced her to quit her dear brother-in-law, and she was all astonishment at not seeing the table better served.

"Ah—me! where is the cake?" cried she; "where are the bowls of cream that I had put aside for Bruno? Juliette, what are you thinking of, my dear? and you, Clemence, see if there are not some filberts in the little cupboard; they will serve to sharpen our teeth, and help give a taste for a drink of wine."

The young girl obeyed, and when all was upon the table, she came and seated herself, smiling, opposite the sailor. He regarded her with a satisfied air.

"Ah—well! this is good now; this seems like real and true relatives. I find indeed the daughter of my poor George!" And tapping her under the chin, he continued, "It is not to-day for the first time I have known thee, darling; for a long time some one has spoken to me of thee."

"Who can it be?" asked the young girl, in astonishment.

Before the sailor could reply, a high, shrill voice was heard uttering the name of Clemence. Turning hastily round, she saw no one.

"Aha! thou knowest not who calls thee," said the sailor, smiling.

"Clemence! Clemence!" reiterated the same voice.

"It is the parrot!" cried Martin.

"The parrot!" repeated the young girl; "and who, then, has taught him my name?"

"Some one who has not forgotten you," replied Bruno, fixing his eyes upon her.

"You, my uncle?"

"No, darling, but a young sailor, a native of Omonville."

"Marc?"

"I believe that is his name."

"You have seen him, then, my uncle?"

"A little—by reason of sailing in the same ship in which he had embarked."

"He is returned?"

"With a result from his voyage which will permit him, so he says, to set up housekeeping without requiring from his parents so much as pot-hook or trammel."

"And he has spoken to you—"

"Of thee," said the sailor, who finished out the thought of his niece; "frequently enough for Jako to learn the name, as you see."

Clemence blushed with pleasure, and the widow herself could not withhold a gesture of satisfaction. This projected marriage between her daughter and Marc had always been a favorite project, and she was seriously afflicted by the obstacles which the family of the young man had lately thrown in the way of its consummation. Bruno had learned from him that he would only be detained at Dieppe by the necessary formalities of a disembarkation, and that he would probably arrive the next day, more in love than ever. This news rejoiced every one, but particularly Clemence, who embraced her uncle with a transport of gratitude. Bruno retained for an instant her head upon his shoulder.

"Let us see, now that we have become good friends for life and death, is it not so?" said he, smiling; "and in order that you may not become too much wearied by waiting upon a miserable old fellow of a sailor, I will give you my parrot that you may talk to it of him."

Clemence embraced her uncle anew with a thousand thanks, and held out her hands for the bird of which she had no longer any fear. It flew towards her, and, balancing itself upon her arm, cocked its head upon one side, and cried: "Good-morning, Clemence,—good-morning!"

Everybody shouted with laughter, and the delighted young girl kissed the bird many times as she carried it away.

"Your coming makes one person happy, brother Bruno," said the widow, who followed her with her eyes.

"I would well wish it were not one alone," replied the sailor, becoming serious. "To you also, sister-in-law, I have something to offer, but I fear it will only recall sad remembrances to your heart."

"It is of my son Didier!" cried the old lady, with the quick instinct of a mother.

"You have said it," replied Bruno. "When he was shipwrecked down below there, we were unfortunately separate. If the good God had placed us in the same vessel, who knows? I, who can swim like a porpoise, might have been able to shoulder him again, as at the affair of Treport."

"Truly, you have once saved his life!" exclaimed the old lady, suddenly recalling a distant recollection; "I ought never, never to forget it, brother-in-law!" and she held out to him her hand, which he took, kindly, between his own.

"Bah! it is nothing," said he; "a simple neighborly service; but, in the Indies, it was very little I could do; when our ship arrived, that of Didier had been ashore fifteen days. All I was able to do, therefore, was to find out where he was buried, and put up a bamboo cross over his grave."

"You have done that!" cried the mother, bathed in tears. "O, thanks, Bruno,—thanks, brother!"

"That is not all," replied the sailor, who was becoming moved in spite of himself: "I found that those beggarly Lascars had sold the clothes of the drowned boy, and by dint of a little searching, I discovered the watch of my nephew, which I brought back, together with all articles of any value, and have brought them to you, sister-in-law; here they are."

So saying, he showed to the old lady a great silver watch suspended at the end of a tarred rope-yarn. The widow seized it, uttering a stifled cry, and kissed it many times. All the females were weeping. Martin himself appeared very much moved; and as for Bruno, he hemmed, coughed, and, at last, tried, by drinking, to hide the tenderness of his feelings.

When the widow Mauvaire could find words, she embraced the worthy sailor, and thanked him warmly. All her ill-humor had disappeared; she thought no longer of those ideas which first pre-occupied her, but was entirely given up to the recognition of the precious gift which recalled a son so cruelly torn away.

The conversation with Bruno now became more free and amicable. His explanations permitted them no longer to be deceived in regard to his true position. The uncle from America had returned as poor as he went away. In declaring to his nephew that he and his would some day repent of their coldness, he had thought only of those regrets which they would be likely to experience, sooner or later, from having mis-

treated a kind and well-disposed relative; all the rest was merely an induction from Martin. Whilst this discovery destroyed definitely the hopes of both mother and daughter, they changed nothing of their manners. Both of them won the heart of Uncle Bruno, by preserving, from choice, toward him the same degree of kindness and affection which had first been displayed through interest; and both now endeavored even to anticipate his wishes.

The sailor, for whom they had displayed all the resources of their humble household, now rose from the table, when Martin, who had gone out for an instant, entered suddenly, and demanded of Bruno if he was willing to sell his ape.

"Rochambeau?" replied the sailor; "no—no! not I. I have raised him; he obeys me; he is my servant and my companion. I would not give him up for ten times what he is worth. But who is it that wishes to buy him?"

"It is monsieur the count," said the young man. "Just as he was passing by, he saw the animal, and is so much pleased that he begs me to name the price, and he will take him."

"Ah—well! you may tell him that we shall keep him," said Bruno, lighting his pipe.

Martin made a gesture of disappointment.

"It is a trick of misfortune," said he. "Monsieur the count was just recalling his promises. He had said to me if he could have the creature, he would make arrangements with me for the situation of receiver of his farms."

"Ah—me! what a pity!" cried the widow, with an accent of affliction.

Bruno made them explain the affair to him.

"It is thus—is it?" said he, after a moment's reflection. "You hoped, by obtaining Rochambeau for the count, to procure the employment which you desire?"

"I was almost sure of it," replied Martin.

"Ah—well!" cried the sailor, brusquely; "I will not sell the animal, but I will give it to him. Offer him to my lord, and he must needs find it necessary to recognise the politeness."

At this there was a general concert of thanks, which the sailor cut short by sending his nephew to the chateau with Rochambeau. Martin was very well received by the count, who conversed some time with him, and then said he evidently was well qualified to fulfil the duties required by the situation of receiver, and desired him to accept it. We can understand the joy of the family when he returned with this news. The widow, wishing to expiate her faults, avowed to the sailor the interested hopes to which his return had given birth. Bruno nearly choked himself with laughter.

"By my eyes and tarpanlin!" cried he, "a pretty joke I have played you. Expecting me to return with millions, and all I have brought is two useless beasts!"

"You deceive yourself, uncle," said Clemens, sweetly; "you have brought us three priceless treasures: through you my mother has a precious souvenir, my brother his occupation, and myself—I—I have hope!"

THE LEANING TOWER AT PISA.

The Leaning Tower was still there, and it certainly leans more, or at least more appreciably, than the pictures represent. This curiosity of architecture is, perhaps, better known than any other to persons who have never travelled; and yet, not one out of a hundred, to whom the Leaning Tower of Pisa is familiar by name, can tell for what purpose it was built. It is nothing in the world but the belfry of the Cathedral, by whose side it stands, and from which it is separated by a road. The ancient system was to make two separate constructions of the church and the bell tower. The moderns have improved upon this plan, by clapping the spire on the top of the edifice to which it belongs. The whole mission of the tall Campanile of Pisa is accomplished when a couple of ropes are carried up by it to the chime at the summit. It is hollow and cylindrical, the walls just thick enough to admit of a winding staircase. The top is so dangerous a place, that I doubt whether a person disposed to giddiness, could get safely round the exterior edge, unprotected as it is by railing.—*Travels.*

A GREEN YANKEE.

"I should like you to have seen a specimen of a green Yankee who came down the Sound in a Hartford steamer with me. He had never been to York before, and he was asking questions of everybody on board the boat. However, if he was 'green as grass' he was picking up a good deal of information, which will doubtless stand him in good stead hereafter. One of his comparisons struck me, as decidedly original: 'Up to Northampton,' said he, 'I took breakfast, and they taxed me tew shillin's! 'Twas a pooty good price, but I gin it to 'em. 'Twas enough, any way. Well, when I came down to Hartford, I took breakfast agin, next morning, and when I asked 'em how much, they looked at me and said, half a dollar. I looked back at 'em pooty sharp—but I paid it. I sot down, and ciphered up inside how much it would cost a fellow to board long at that rate; and I tell you what, I pooty soon found out that 'fore the end of a month it would make a fellow's pocket-book look as if an elephant had stamped onto it!' Sam Slick himself never employed a more striking simile."—*Knickerbocker.*

ANTHRACITE ASHES.—Anthracite, or hard coal ashes—long deemed as worthless to vegetation, and as an actual injury to the soil—are endowed with properties which render them valuable when applied as manure. Persons residing in the vicinity of cities and seaport towns, would do well to bear this fact in mind, and to collect as large quantities as practicable, for this purpose.

SQUINT.

BY MISS C. A. FAYSON.

Resplend was the earth in silvery white,
Which glowed all rosy at early dawn,
And in the glittering sheen of noontide born,
Sparkled with beams insufferably bright.
Weath the soft radiance of the twilight star,
The twilight faded into evening gray,
Shining in paly loveliness it lay,
Girdling the brown earth with a pearly bar.
But when inwreathed in gloomy clouds came night,
Gone was the brightness from the tinted snow,
As from the heart doth pass a golden glow,
When disappointment casts its withering blight
Over the budding flowers, with beauty rife,
Which droop, alas, and never ope to life.

STRANGE, BUT TRUE.

BY M. BAILEY CHANEY.

In 1849, the principal banking institutions of the chance kind in San Francisco, were the "Bella Union," "Verandah," "Nim de Oro," and "Parker House," all situated about the "Plaza," and each employed a band of music to lessen the tedious hours of that rainy winter, and to drown the noise of dingling gold and silver, and the cursing ejaculations of the gamblers. Many a sad scene has taken place within these saloons that chilled the blood of the beholder, and is remembered with horror! I was once carelessly sauntering through one of these places. My attention was attracted towards a person who had large piles of gold before him. The starting eyeballs, the swollen veins upon his forehead, the cold sweat upon his face and clenched hands, told of heavy losses. Mingled exclamations of horror and contempt would escape him, and he seemed unconscious of all that was going on around him. His gaze bent upon the cards as if his life's blood was the stake at issue. In this case, his last dollar was placed within the dealer's bag; then, with the frenzy of a maniac, he drew a long dirk-knife and plunged it up to the hilt into his own body, and sunk a corpse upon the table. A few rude jeers followed this act; the body was removed, and the game went on as though nothing had happened—as though another victim had not been added to the gambler's damning record, or another soul had not gone to its final account. I learned this much of his history:

He started with a large stock of goods, given him by his father to sell on commission, and the father's fortune depended upon a safe return of the money so invested; but as usual with young

men, he indulged in the full liberty of unbridled license, and while the ship stopped at one of the South American ports, he engendered the first seeds of "play." But for a while after his arrival, the excitement of trade and the energy necessary to accomplish a successful issue, kept his mind busy. One day, by appointment, he was to meet a mercantile friend at this house, and while waiting for his friend's arrival, staked a few dollars upon the turn of cards, when the latent disease sprang into life, and it carried him headlong over the precipice and ended in the tragic manner related.

The Nim de Oro was a gambling saloon on Washington Street, opposite the El Dorado, and in 1849 was the principal resort of the disbanded soldiers of the California regiments, and also of the soldiers that had been engaged in the war with Mexico.

Behind one of the largest monte-banks in the room sat a man who had won for himself honorable mention, and an officer's commission was given him for his bravery at the storming of Monterey; but preferring the climate of California and its golden prospects to a more northern home, he embarked for that country at the close of the war with Mexico, and upon arriving, he opened a bank for gambling. The emigrants came in by thousands, and a few nights after his arrival, a young man entered the saloon and seated himself at the bank, and staked various sums upon the cards until he had lost nearly all the money he possessed. Excited by the play and maddened with his losses, he accused the dealer of cheating; the dealer replied sharply to the accusation—the lie passed, when the young man struck the dealer a severe blow upon his face. Quick as thought, the sharp report of a pistol followed, and the gambler's clothing was covered with the young man's blood—he had shot him through the right breast. The room was cleared of the spectators present, the door closed, and medical attendance called in to aid the wounded man.

The gambler sat moodily over his bank, running the small monte cards through his fingers, and perhaps thinking of the deed just perpetrated, when the wounded man gave a moan of agony as the doctor's probe reached the bottom of the wound:

The doctor inquired what State he was from, and the wounded man replied: "Vermont."

The gambler raised his head, for it had been a long time since he had seen a person from the home of his childhood, and Vermont, being the name of his native State, the mere mention of the name interested him.

The doctor next inquired the name of the place where his parents resided, if he had any. The wounded man replied: "Montpellier."

The gambler sprang to his feet, his limbs trembled, and his face was pale as death, for Montpellier was the home of his youth, and perhaps the wounded man might have been his playmate in childhood—perhaps a schoolmate—knew his parents, his brothers and sisters. He clung convulsively to the table, and with the contending emotions of rapid thought and the weight of injury inflicted, he could scarcely keep upon his feet.

A stimulant was given to the wounded man, and he was momentarily relieved from that weakness the body is so subject to after a severe wound, when the doctor inquired if there was any friend in the city he wished to send for.

"Yes," he replied, "my wife. She is at the City Hotel, on the corner of Clay and Kearney Streets. Tell Mary to hasten, for I am badly hurt."

A man was sent to bring his wife.

"Doctor," said the gambler, "save that man's life, and there is my bank, and \$10,000 in Burgoyne, and you shall have it all."

The doctor felt the pulse of the man and probed the wound anew. The gambler watched him with the greatest anxiety until the inspection was finished, when the doctor shook his head in token of impossibility. The gambler sat by the side of the wounded man, bathed his head, and staunched the flow of blood from the wound, until the arrival of the wife. She came, accompanied by a few friends, and as heroic women bear their misfortunes, she bore hers. Not a word of reproach escaped her—words of cheerfulness only came from her lips, as tears coursed down her cheeks. To her inquiry as to the chances of her husband's recovery, the doctor assured her there was no hope, that the wound was mortal, and that in a few hours the wounded man must die. She sank down upon her knees, and invoked the mercy of a forgiving God upon her dying husband and his murderer.

The gambler knelt at the side of the wounded man and asked his forgiveness for the wrong he had committed, and also that of his wife, which was readily granted.

"This," said he, "is for not obeying the sacred injunctions of my aged father and mother not to gamble. I have faced death a thousand times, and still I have escaped; the balls of an enemy have whistled past my ears as thick as hailstones, and the bursting bomb has exploded at my feet. Still I have lived—O God, and for this! High above the red tide of battle I have

carried my country's ensign—and that won for me a name among men. When not one comrade was left to tell of the battle, I escaped unscathed. Why was not I killed with the rest! All that was proud and pleasing to man I have had; and if I could recall this last act by living upon carrion, sleeping in a pauper's grave, and renouncing every proud act of my life, I would do it. I was born in the same village with that man; we have been classmates together in the same school; received instruction from the same aged man; we were born beneath the same roof, and—O God! the same mother gave us birth! He must not die—he is my brother!" And the gambler sank down in a swoon upon the floor.

The wounded man raised himself upon his elbows; his glazed eyes wandered about the room, as if searching for some particular person.

"Mary," said he, "is my brother William here? I—" And the words choked in his throat, the gurgling blood stopped his utterance, and he sank back a corpse upon his pillow.

The wife knelt again, but it was beside a dead body, and invoked the mercy of God upon his soul and forgiveness for the murderer.

The gambler awoke from his swoon, and staggered up to the wife, and said:

"Mary, would it were otherwise, for I have nothing to live for now; the dead and dying do not want anything in this world; take this certificate of deposit to our aged father, and tell our parents we are both dead—but O, do not tell them how we died!"

Before the woman could reply, or any one interfere, the report of the pistol sounded again, and the *fratricide had ceased to live!* On the hill near Guicon Point were two graves, a few years ago, enclosed with a picket fence, and one tombstone at their head with the simple inscription: "BROTHERS."

FIGHTING UNDER COVER.

The new French floating batteries are entirely built of iron and covered with a shell of the same metal, under which the chimney is lowered and concealed during the action. Trials have been made against this shell with forty-six-pounders, but they only produce a slight dent, the projectiles themselves rebounding far away. When shot, the batteries look like a tortoise, broader in front than behind. The front battery is armed with thirty guns of the heaviest calibre. The port-holes are in their turn closed by lids, that open of themselves at the moment the gun is fired, and then shut instantly. A small orifice in the lid enables the gunner to take aim.—*Atlantic*

The ordinary employment of artifice is the mark of a petty mind; and it almost always happens, that he who uses it to cover himself in one place, uncovers himself in another.

CHINESE MAXIMS.

The sage does good as he breathes—it is his life.

One may be decorous without being chaste; but one cannot be chaste without being decorous.

My books speak to my mind, my friends to my heart: all the rest to my ears.

The wise man does not speak of all he does; but he does nothing that cannot be spoken of.

Attention to small things is the economy of virtue.

Man may bend to virtue, but virtue cannot bend to man.

Virtue does not give talents, but it supplies their place. Talents neither give virtue nor supply the place of it.

He who finds pain in virtue, and pleasure in vice, is a novice both in the one and the other.

One may do without mankind, but one has need of a friend.

Ceremony is the smoke of friendship.

If the heart does not go with the head, the best thoughts give only light; this is why science is so little persuasive, and probity so eloquent.

The pleasure of doing good is the only one that never wears out.

To cultivate virtue is the science of men; to renounce science is the virtue of women.

You must listen to your wife, and not believe her.

If one is not deaf or stupid, what a position is that of a father-in-law! If with a wife and a daughter-in-law, one has also sisters and sisters-in-law, daughters and nieces, one ought to be a tiger to hold out.

The happiest mother of daughters is she who has only sons.

The minds of women are of quicksilver, and their hearts of wax.

The most curious women willingly cast down their eyes to be looked at.

The tongues of women increase by all that they take from their feet.

The finest roads do not go far.

When men are together, they listen to one another; but women and girls look at one another.

The most timid girl has courage enough to talk scandal.

The tree overthrown by the wind had more branches than roots.

The dog in the kennel barks at his fleas, but the dog who is hunting does not feel them.

He who lets things be given to him, is not good at taking.

All is lost when the people fear death less than poverty.

At court, people sing that they may drink; in a village, people drink that they may sing.

Great souls have wills, others only feeble wishes.

The prison is shut night and day, yet it is always full; the temples are always open, and yet you find no one in them.

All errors have only a time; after a hundred millions of objections, subtleties, sophisms, and lies, the smallest truth remains precisely what it was before.

Who is the man most insupportable to us? He whom we have offended, and whom we can reproach with nothing.

Receive your thoughts as guests, and treat your desires as children.

Whoever makes a great fuss about doing good, does very little; he who wishes to be seen and noticed when he is doing good, will not do it long; he who mingles humor and caprice, will do it badly; he who only thinks of avoiding faults and reproaches, will never acquire virtue.

For him who does everything in its proper time, one day is worth three.

The less indulgence one has for one's self, the more one may have for others.

Towers are measured by their shadow, and great men by those who are envious of them.

We must do quickly what there is no hurry for, to be able to do slowly what demands haste.

He who wishes to secure the good of others, has already secured his own.

Repentance is the spring of virtue.

The court is like the sea; everything depends upon the wind.

What a pleasure it is to give! There would be no rich people if they were capable of feeling this.

The rich find relations in the most remote foreign countries; the poor not even in the bosom of their own families.

The way to glory is through the palace; to fortune, through the market; to virtue, through the desert.

The truths that we least wish to hear are those which it is most to our advantage to know.

One forgives everything to him, who forgives himself nothing.

It is the rich who wants most things.

Who is the greatest liar? He who speaks most of himself.

A fool never admires himself so much as when he has committed some folly.

When a song gives much fame, virtue gives very little.

One never needs one's wits so much as when one has to do with a fool.

A FAREWELL.

BY WM. HOWLAND, JR.

Of thee to think, with thee to rove,
In fancy through the gentle bowers,
That witnessed once our vows of love,
In joyous youth's enchanted hours.

To picture manhood's ardent toils,
By love's endearing looks repaid,
While fancy called her fairest spoils,
To deck thy home's domestic shade.

To think how sweetly thy control
Had soothed the wound that aches unseen,
While griefs that waste the secret soul,
Had passed—perhaps had never been.

To dream of hours forever past,
And all that ne'er again can be,
My best beloved, is this the last,
The only scenes left to me.

Silent and sad, I go to meet
What life may bring of woe or bliss;
No other hope can be so sweet,
No parting is so sad as this.

THE FIRST AND LAST APPEAL.

BY SUSAN H. BLAISDELL.

"I know I am asking a great deal, Mildred; but I cannot bear that you should refuse me, for I have thought of it so long, longer than you can guess. I have dreamed of it night and day. It has been such a dear, such a precious hope, Mildred. And yet, I fear it is a vain one."

Robert Elmer's voice trembled as he finished speaking, and he glanced, pleadingly, anxiously, towards the beautiful girl who sat opposite.

But Mildred Wycherly would not look up to meet that glance, though she *felt* it in the very depths of her heart. She would not look up to meet it, because she knew how earnest and sorrowful it was, and was conscious of her own unkindness. She could not answer that gentle, affectionate entreaty, either; for she knew he deserved a different reply from the one which she wished to give him. She sat there still, opposite her lover, at the entrance of the archway before the door, plaiting her handkerchief into a thousand tiny folds, and keeping her eyes fixed on it, to avoid raising them to his. Her cheeks were flushed, too, but it was with pain—an involuntary self-accusation.

He read it as it was—the sign of her denial. Nothing more gentle, more tender it meant. And Robert Elmer was sensitive, diffident. He could not press an unwelcome suit, though his honest, loving heart was wounded deeply by her silence.

"You do not care for me, then, Mildred," he said, gently, "I am sorry I spoke, if it pains you."

He turned to avoid displaying the emotion that filled him, and without daring to trust his voice further, went slowly down the garden, and out through the gate. If he had turned, he would have seen the tears stealing from the beautiful eyes of Mildred Wycherly; but he left the gate without casting one backward glance, and took the path homeward.

It was a great sorrow to Robert; greater and more bitter than any one could tell. Ever since their earliest childhood, Mildred and he had been companions; and he had learned to love her with more than childish affection, and cherished hopes that were dear to him as life. He had believed, too, that she was not insensible to the nature of his feelings; and now, after all, to think that he had been deceiving himself.

It was hard; and Mildred Wycherly knew it, as she followed, with tear-filled eyes, the receding form of her lover. But she would not have had it otherwise. She would not have accepted Robert Elmer then, for all the wealth of England. She did not love him, she said; and, believing that she spoke the truth, the girl acquitted herself of wrong. She felt that such love as his, nevertheless, deserved another reward than the one it had met. Few hearts were there as noble as his; and she wished it could have been given to some other, who could have valued it as it should be.

All this said Mildred Wycherly; and willing to forget the sad face that rose before her, and drive away the echoes of those sorrowful tones, because they thrilled a chord in her heart whose existence she denied, she went about her household tasks again. But her merry tones were less merry than usual, and her clear laugh less ready; and if she began to carol a snatch of one of the pleasant melodies she so often sung, the words died away in silence, almost as they were commenced.

"Why, what ails thee, little one?" cried her father, placing his hand upon her brown hair, and regarding her closely and curiously; "what ails thee, child, I say? Thou hast lost thy music since the morning; and shrewdly I guess it went to seek the heart that went before it! Come, Mildred, sing me a strain as gay as yesterday's, or I pack thy lovers off, one and all!" and he lightly tweaked her pretty ear, with a merry smile.

"Nay, let the child alone, Edward," said her mother, good-naturedly. "Never fear but she will sing as cheerily as ever in a while; one can never understand a girl's humors, but the girl

herself, and I'll warrant me this is naught more than the summer cloud yonder, that will be gone almost before you see it." And Mildred, with a kiss upon her father's cheek, went away on some errand which her mother gave her.

There was to be a party in the woods, at some distance from Mildred's dwelling; and she was to join it. Her heart trembled a little as she looked forward to it, for more reasons than one. Hitherto, Robert Elmer had nearly always been her companion on occasions of this kind. Now, without his knowledge, another was to take his place. Before this, Mildred had reflected with uneasiness upon having accepted another's escort, feeling sure that Robert would count on accompanying her, as usual; now, however, it seemed hardly probable that he would do so. Poor Robert! Tears of regret stole into her eyes as she thought of his disappointment. Then they were chased away, as she thought of the morrow. Charles Askham, the son of a neighboring baronet, and handsome, graceful, witty—Charles Askham, whose attentions the loveliest maidens far and near envied her—was to be her companion to-morrow! Pride and gratified vanity slightly flushed her lovely cheek, and beamed in her beautiful eyes. Robert was forgotten again.

That day, towards sunset, returning from the village, whither she had been on an errand, Mildred encountered the baronet's son. Greeting her with a delighted exclamation, and an animated smile, the young man turned back with her; speaking, meanwhile, in rapturous terms, of their proposed expedition, and dwelling upon the enjoyment he should find in her society, with enthusiasm; till Mildred blushed still more deeply, and her eyes were like stars.

Yet, was neither in love with the other; though, possibly, each might have been led to believe it, and others to believe it of them. For Mildred was merely flattered and pleased by his evident admiration of her, while the young man himself was caught and charmed by her lovely face and engaging manners, as, perhaps, by those of a dozen pretty girls before.

"Be ready betimes to-morrow, Mildred," was his parting caution, at the gate; and the young girl promised.

She turned to cast one glance at the form of the young man, as he retrod the path they had pursued together. He looked back at the same moment, bowed low, and waved his hand. And there, beyond him, appeared one whom she would have wished to see at any other time. It was Robert Elmer coming down the road.

He passed young Askham with a bow of recognition, merely, and continued his way. Mil-

dred lingered at the gate as he approached her. There was something of restraint in his manner, in his smile and his voice, as he bade her good-evening; though each was gentle and kind as ever. There was only wanting the light-hearted, winsome carelessness of mien—that sparkling expression of countenance, with which he was wont to meet her. And the girl felt it was wanting.

"Mildred," he said, coming to her side, "Mildred, I have come to speak to you about the party to-morrow. It may be that I should have spoken of it before. But I thought, of course, that we were to go together as usual. Until now—I do not know—whether you will wish to go with me."

He said it with slight hesitation, and in a voice that betrayed the sorrow he felt.

Mildred could have cried. She was unable to speak quite steadily as she answered, "I am going with Mr. Askham, Robert."

He had expected it. It did not surprise him that she said it; and yet a flush of pain rose to his cheek at the words. He had met his rival. He lingered a moment playing with the black ribbon that crossed his vest, then saying, gently, "Good-evening, Mildred," he was about to go.

But she laid her hand on his arm. "Wont you come in, Robert? a little while, just to see father and mother? They will wonder if you go away without seeing them? You are not displeased with them."

"I am displeased with no one, Mildred. But I do not quite like to go in at present. In a few days, when I am calmer than now—" He could not finish. His voice grew husky and tremulous.

There was a little pause. Then Mildred said, "You will go to-morrow, Robert?"

"I do not know," he answered, in a low tone.

She hesitated an instant. Then, with the great tears filling her downcast eyes, she spoke again, sorrowful and ashamed. "I do not know that it is right for me to say it now," she said, "I do not know you will heed me; but, Robert, I shall not be happy if you are not there."

He looked up, earnestly, almost hopefully; then the shadow fell again, heavier and darker than before. He read only pity in her face. "I will come, Mildred," he answered, and then turned and was gone.

It was with a heavy heart that Mildred went to rest that night. She could not but reproach herself. "And yet, wherefore?" she questioned. "Have I acted wrongly? Should my answer have been a different one? Should I have accepted him, when I could not give him the heart he asks for?"

A few fleeting tears fell upon her pillow, but they were soon dried, and Mildred slept.

With the morning, came lighter fancies; and a more cheerful spirit. The enjoyment of to-day alone presented itself. And by the time Charles Askham joined her, she was as light-hearted as any maiden of them all, and a thousand times more beautiful, in her happiness. The compliments that everywhere met her, only served to heighten the lovely bloom she already possessed, and looking as charmingly as possible, she set out with the rest, at the side of Charles Askham. Not until they had reached the place of destination, did she have an opportunity to look about for Robert. By chance she saw him at a distance, leaning against a rock, mechanically pulling off the tufts of moss that covered it; as he conversed with a lad who lingered by his side, away from the merry groups scattered hither and thither. She was sad for an instant; then her companion claimed her attention, and Robert was forgotten for a time.

The morning wore on. A proposition was made to start for a piece of low ground at some distance, where grew a rare and beautiful flower, known in no other place for many miles about. It was accepted, and the party set out for the spot designated. The place was reached; where the velvet grass was of the most brilliant verdure, and sprinkled with white and scarlet blossoms.

"How beautiful!" uttered Mildred.

"You shall have a crown of them, Mildred," returned her companion; "I am going in now. Come, shall we go together?"

A hand touched her arm. "It is damp there, Mildred. You may take cold," said the voice of Robert Elmer, beside her.

"Pshaw! A fig for the danger!" uttered Charles Askham, impatiently, a little jealous of Robert's interference. "There is not the slightest risk. Don't you see the stepping-stones, Mildred?" and he gently urged her along. The girl would fain have gone back, but it was too late. She was already upon the stones, which admitted the passage of but one abreast; and Charles Askham was behind her.

Robert Elmer's voice had ceased its unheeded warning. She looked back. He was standing there on the slope, watching her; and distant as she was, she could see the sorrowful expression of his countenance. They went on. Finally the last stone was reached, and Charles Askham commenced flinging his fair companion's hat with the flowers.

"Worth coming for—ain't they, Mildred?" he said. "And no great danger incurred, either. See how fine those white ones are! Rarer than

the rarest pearls Cleopatra ever wore. They will make a fitting crown for you."

With an animated smile he showered a handful upon her bright head; and her happy laugh sounded clear and sweet among the merry voices of her companions.

"Ah, Mildred!"

It was too late. Her foot had slipped from the narrow and unsteady stone, and she was standing instep-deep in water. Hastily Charles Askham assisted her to gain his side again, and his was not the least anxious of the score of anxious faces all about; nor his the least alarmed of all their tones. He assisted her to wipe away the drops of water that had flown all over her arms. "My fault, Mildred!" he said, in accents of self-reproach.

"No, no, do not blame yourself," she returned, gently. "I dare say it will not hurt me, if I go directly home."

"Yes—let us go," and he gave her his hand.

The crowd made way for them. Back to the slope, and up the path together, went the pair, accompanied by several of the party. They were quite silent. It would not, ordinarily, have occasioned so much concern as now—an accident like this; for in perfect health, Mildred might have gained a pair of wet feet, and a shower-bath of this kind, with impunity; but she had not long since recovered from a severe illness, and her constitution had not yet regained its full strength. Therefore the greater apprehension was felt. Mildred looked about for Robert. He had disappeared. With severe self-accusations for not having heeded his warning, she left the sympathizing group gathered around her, accompanied by her companion, and hastened across the fields, homewards. Arrived there, she found Robert had preceded them, to acquaint her mother with the accident; and accordingly preparations had already been made against her arrival, to ward off any evil consequences which might be likely to ensue from her exposure. But precaution was not of much avail in this case, except to alleviate, in some degree, the severity of what must have followed.

By the next day, Mildred was really ill. A fever set in, not extremely dangerous, perhaps, on account of the prompt attention she had received; but it was tedious, protracted and weakening. When Charles Askham called the next day, the tidings he gained were far other than he had hoped for. He was shocked and distressed at what he felt convinced was the result of his own short-sightedness and imprudence. But it was too late, and repentance was useless. Mildred's father looked sternly over his spectacles

and shook his head sternly at the mention of the young man's name.

"Why couldn't the girl have gone with Robert, as usual?" he asked, with some severity. "He wouldn't have been a fool! He wouldn't have allowed her to go into bogs, and swamps, and the mischief knows where."

Charles Askham heard the old man's fearlessly expressed censure; and though he winced beneath it, pronounced it just. He would have given his fortune at that moment, to see Mildred well again; but it was useless. He tormented himself with having been the cause of her illness. And Mildred, meanwhile, dragged weakly and wearily through the long, shining summer hours; lying helpless upon her couch, and longing inexpressibly for her old strength and health, and the dewy coolness of the forest breezes, that wafted Tantalus odors to her in the broken fever-dreams. She longed to stretch herself upon the fragrant turf, and drink in the sweetness of the flowers in such draughts as would have assuaged the weary thirst she felt. And to see Robert, to stray adown the olden paths with him once more; to hear his voice, and feel the clasp of that kind hand again. Her mother told her that every day he came to inquire for her. And every day there was placed upon the little table by her bedside, clusters of her favorite flowers, and crystal dishes of the choicest, rarest fruits, to tempt her with their delicious flavor.

For whole hours, Mildred would lie with these tokens of her lover's remembrance before her, and her eyes fixed on them. They were treasures to her. She thought of him as he gathered them and arranged them for her. She held in her hot hands the cool leaves that had covered the fruits he had sent her, till their freshness was gone, and they lay sunken and withered upon the coverlet. And then her tears fell sadly and silently upon them. Mildred wept for the past. One day Mildred asked her mother where Charles Askham was. He had gone to town, some days since, with his father, was the answer.

She did not regret it. But she thought that he might have stayed until she had recovered, crossed her mind. Since his was the fault, in part, of her illness, and he had expressed such deep anxiety concerning her health that afternoon when they parted. Yet she cared little. She only felt kindly towards him, and wished him well. The olden thrill, that ran through her at the sound of his voice, or the glance of his handsome eyes had passed away, now; and she recognized in it the evidence of a feeling, a sentiment far less tender than she had almost believed it then. It was gratified vanity—not love

—that had filled her heart, and told her a false tale—prompted a false reply—when Robert Elmer had asked her if she loved him and would marry him.

Now that she lay here, Mildred saw her own impulses and actions in a clearer, truer light. She recognized the secret workings of her own heart, that had hitherto been half veiled from her. She had deceived herself all along, and she acknowledged it with sorrow and remorse, now. But it was too late—too late!

The weeks wore on; and day after day, Robert Elmer came to ask tidings of Mildred, and leave the offering of blossoms and of fruit that were to make the chamber of the invalid pleasant with the bloom and fragrance of the outer world. They were watched for—ah, he little guessed *how* eagerly, as the token of her lover's silent remembrance. He never sent any message; he never uttered a word concerning her beyond the usual inquiries after her health. And Mildred would have given worlds to see him—to speak to him. And day after day wore on, to her recovery; until, finally, she was able to leave her chamber, and go down stairs, without assistance. Robert did not come that day, nor the next.

And on the third day, Mildred knew that he had left his home, and gone away. He had nothing to live for now. She had recovered, and he could not bear to wait patiently then to witness the return and triumph of one whom he still believed to be his rival. He fled from the scene of all that was past, to seek forgetfulness.

Again Mildred was seen in her former haunts, and busied with her customary occupations; and a thousand congratulations met her on every hand; but they grew fainter and less energetic ere long; for Mildred did not regain her old smiles and gaiety with returning health. The old color failed to return to her cheek, too, and the old sparkle to her eye. She was more quiet than her wont. But when any spoke to her of these things, she only told them that she was not yet quite well.

At this time, Charles Askham returned, and his first act was to hasten to Mildred's side. He had been with his father, all this time, beside the sick bed of a beloved relative, who had but just been pronounced out of danger; and he came, now, to seek her again, and explain the cause of his seeming neglect, and to ask Mildred to be his wife. For, during this time he had changed, he had become more serious, more reflective, and the memory of Mildred had grown into his heart, until it was the dearest and most sacred treasure that heart cherished.

But Mildred could not answer him as he would

have had her answer him. Silent and sorrowful tears she shed; for now she listened with pain to the words that once would have caused her emotions of a far different nature. And Charles Askham learned his fate with feelings of grief and disappointment deeper and more intense than he had ever deemed himself capable of experiencing. The summer went by, and winter shook the land with storms, and weary, laid down at last to its final slumber beneath the smile of the soft April sunshine. And another summer came, Robert Elmer had been absent a whole year, and only twice, through his parents, had Mildred heard from him, in the long winter evenings, at their lonely fireside. Once his mother was ill, very near to death, and when they thought her last hour had come, she called for her son, and he did not come. He was far away; and Mildred reproached herself bitterly; for she knew that for her sake the boy had gone into exile. But the mother's life was spared, and Mildred felt a great weight lifted from her soul.

One morning, there was a report spread, that Robert had come back. A shock ran through her frame—a lightning thrill at the words. It was not—it could not be true!

The long day went by, and though from many was heard the story of his arrival, Mildred did not see him. At sunset, Mildred went down to the spring for water. Many a sad memory thronged around her heart. How often had Robert come with her down this path, carrying her pitcher! She remembered how he looked—the very glance of his kind eyes—the echo of his pleasant tones. From beneath her downcast lids fell slow and heavy tears. But even at that instant, Robert Elmer himself was beside her, and Robert's voice said, "Mildred!"

She looked up, and met the old, smiling glance. She heard the familiar voice, that had been so long unheard. She felt Robert's hand clasping hers once more, and he did not release it. In the old lane, at the spring-rock, they two stood together again. For a long time memory served as a constraint between them; neither could trust their voice to speak of the past; and what else was there to speak of? But Robert told her, at last, of his wanderings. Of the weary days, and weeks, and months he had passed away from home,

"I should have staid longer, Mildred," he said, "but I could not. There was an old tie that bound my heart here, wherever I went, and would not be broken; and it drew me home at last. I could not stay away from you, Mildred. Something told me that you would welcome me. Do not let me think that I have come home in vain." The tears were filling the young girl's eyes again,

but he read in them one also averted her face, a different answer from that he had read there once before. Her hand was not withdrawn from Robert's clasp. And sweet was the tremulous answer to the *LOVER'S LAST APPEAL*.

PRETTY WOMEN.

A pretty woman is one of the "institutions" of the country—an angel in dry goods and glory. She makes sunshine, blue sky, Fourth of July, and happiness wherever she goes. Her path is one of delicious roses, perfume and beauty. She is a sweet poem, written in rare curls and choice calico, and good principles. Men stand up before her as so many admiration points, to melt into cream, and then butter. Her words float round the ear like music, birds of Paradise, or the chimes of the Sabbath bells. Without her, society would lose its truest attraction, the church its firmest reliance, and young men the very best of comforts and company. Her influence and generosity restrain the vicious, strengthen the weak, raise the lowly, flannel-shirt the heathen, and strengthen the faint-hearted. Wherever you find the virtuous woman, you also find a pleasant fireside, bouquets, clean clothes, order, good living, gentle hearts, piety, music, light and model "institutions," generally. She is the flower of humanity, a very Venus in dimity, and her inspiration is the breath of heaven.—*N. Y. Mirror*.

DEPTHS OF THE OCEAN.

The crew of the United States exploring ship *Vincennes*, when off the coast of Kamtschatka, obtained bottom at the depth of 1700 fathoms. The sediment brought up by the lead was placed beneath a microscope, and infusoria were discovered there, which had in all probability been alive immediately before they were relieved from the enormous pressure to which they had been subjected by the overlying waters. Measures were taken to preserve the specimens in alcohol, in order that microscopists of eminence might have reliable grounds upon which to base their opinions as to the vitality of the insects at the time of their capture, and ascertain if the ocean is actually inhabited by living creatures at the depth of a mile below its surface.—*Boston Post*.

THE CALIFORNIA DESERT.

The great desert which lies beyond the Colorado River, in California, is a serious obstacle to travellers journeying by the overland route to California. The trail is strewn with the white bones of cattle and horses, who have perished of thirst by the wayside. The Secretary of War, in his report, states the interesting fact that the recent surveys prove this desert to be much lower than the Colorado River, so that by means of a judicious system of canals, the whole of the large tract might, in all probability, be converted from a dreary waste into a fertile and productive tract of country.—*Olive Branch*.

Clear writers, like clear fountains, do not seem so deep as they are; the turbid look the most profound.

OUR MABELLE.

BY TOBE.

Our Mabelle was fair as a lily white,
On which falls at even the sunset light;
And she was dying, we knew too well—
That angels were calling our loved Mabelle.

We were far out at sea. 'Twas in vain she sighed,
To see the green hills, before she died,
Where she was born, where in childhood she played,
Or reclined on the moss, in the forest's shade.

She thought of her home, and the happy past,
She thought of her mother—her tears flowed fast;
For she knew all the sorrow, and anguish, and pain
She would feel, when she knew that her child was lain.

In an ocean grave, where the waves murmur low,
And a sweet music make in their ceaseless flow;
Where rare gems gleam, in the dim, pale light,
That comes stealing down from the stars at night.

When the clouds in the west at eve grew bright,
There came in her eyes a glorious light;
But when from the clouds fled the rosy dyes,
Then fled the light from our Mabelle's eyes.

We gave her a grave in the ocean deep,
And Naiads now watch o'er her long, dreamless sleep,
Around thee green sea-weed and coral fair
Has twined the long curls of her golden hair.

DR. DOT.

BY JOHN THORNBERRY.

I AM going to tell you a little something about Dr. Dot. He came to Grip Hollow not such a very long time ago, proposing to benefit himself, at least, if not the community in general, by the change of location.

Dr. Dot was not handsome, any more than the writer hereof thinks himself so; for he had a nose quite inclined to pugghishness, a heavy double or treble chin—people could never seem to decide exactly which—and glaring, staring gray eyes, with a remarkably low forehead, which he helped conceal as much as he could, by the peculiar pumpkin-rind style in which he both doctored and brushed his hair. In truth, Dr. Dot was the very last man in the world one would have mistaken for what is popularly known as a "ladies' man."

Besides his face, he was short in stature, with a general contour that *rather* suggested pottishness, so round, fat, sleek and oily was he; so plump and full in the abdominal regions; so stumpy, and lumpy, and dumpy, take him round and round, above and below, and all the way through. And besides, again, he took snuff; a practice which never failed to leave indelible im-

pressions not less on the lip, and finger and thumb, than on the ordinary observers of his practice.

Dr. Dot had begun to get a little business in his way in Grip Hollow, and was considered to be doing pretty well; which meant, that he not only got a fair living, but a very trifling one of it besides. Since his arrival in our little village, he had the good fortune to be the object of a secret partiality on the part of a rich lady, who had never been herself a wife, any more than Dr. Dot had been a husband. She was an old maid, in fact, and an old settler in Grip Hollow. Her inheritance made her a lady, and of course gave her all the time to eat, drink and sleep in, that she wished, and all the loose change she wanted to give away. Now any one would assuredly suppose the attachment of such a person, even if she was along a trifle in years, is a thing not altogether to be despised. And it isn't, either, that is, if all other circumstances are equal. But were they?

Why, Miss Sally Butters was just about as well endowed in the matter of *beauty*, as Dr. Dot was. She had an awfully hard face, and exhibited some awfully large teeth. And then, again, her hair was not popularly supposed to be quite all her own, if everything else was. And she had hard, white eyes, and a hard expression about her mouth; and a hard, sharp chin; and looked generally hard enough to lend plausibility to the fancy that she might well be ossified all the way through. In thinking of such an organ as her heart, one might secretly wonder if it might not possibly be a large smooth stone! But it would never do to say so!

How Dr. Dot first found out that Miss Sally Butters entertained a hidden passion for him I am sure I am unable to explain, for I never yet happened to know myself; but it is plain that he was apprised of it after a time, and that is threw him into a wide ocean of perplexity and doubt. He had been floundering and tumbling about in it for a long time, altogether undecided what steps he ought to pursue. Perhaps it may strike the reader, who of course knows neither of the parties, as something very strange that Dr. Dot was so troubled, when such a favorable chance offered for the permanent establishment of his fortune. Let me explain.

Dr. Dot could go the fortune of Miss Sally well enough—that anybody well knew; for he was remarkably fond of dollars and cents, and a decided penchant for stocks and fat dividends. But Miss Sally's *self* was what checked his ardor, and made him pause just at the critical moment when he ought to have pushed on

and won. If he could only get possession of her money, without her! But there was where the shoe pinched.

Miss Sally, however, thinking very probably that no man could be much plainer for a man than she was for a woman, threw up both her hands for Dr. Dot, thought he would make her a capital husband, concluded she would be as good a wife—especially with her pecuniary plum—as any decent man ought to desire, and settled matters generally in her mind, by forming the resolution to set her cap for the little doctor; low forehead, snuff-taking, short figure and all. In other words, to sum up for both sides, Dr. Dot wanted Miss Sally's money without her, and Miss Sally wanted Dr. Dot without his money. Now the reader is in a fair way to understand it as well as I do myself.

Numerous and ludicrous were the manoeuvres Miss Sally set on foot to accomplish her aim. And numerous, too, were the hesitations, hopes, anxieties and resolutions, which alternately tossed into waves the surface of Dr. Dot's mind. I need not think of enumerating them, for the reader would most likely feel better refreshed by being left alone with them over his own imagination. One was dead in love; the other was deep in despair.

Finally, Miss Sally fell sick. She found that sending choice dishes every few days from her own table over to that of the doctor, hardly brought in the return intended; so she thought of trying another expedient, and one that bore directly upon the besieged individual's professional sympathies. And falling sick, she of course ordered a physician; and in thinking over all the physicians she happened to know, who could be found to suit her so exactly as did our little potty friend, Dr. Dot?

So the doctor came. He found her sitting up in a stuffed chair, pillowed and cushioned all around, and taking on as hardly as if she was about to submit to some terrible operation that would require the instruments. She whined and whimpered like a little baby. She wriggled nervously in her chair; and showed dangerous symptoms of hysterics; and laid her head back languidly on the cushions; and put out her wrist to show her pulse, with an air that she certainly meant should be equal to a matrimonial giving away of her hand. Dr. Dot braved the storm manfully, and went through his duties with a self-possession that would have reflected credit on old Abernethy himself, of world-wide fame. He was bullet-proof.

Miss Sally saw it all, and grew alarmingly sicker and sicker. Now she took to her bed, and

kept it altogether. She had the doctor about her, almost constantly. She declared that she should die, and sent for the village lawyer. Dr. Dot rather guffawed in his sleeve at her artful device, but he said nothing in his face. He let things go on after their own and Miss Sally's fashion.

The lawyer came, and a proper number of witnesses with him. There was a will to make, and the village attorney sat down to a little table to draw it up. Miss Sally dictated, being careful that Dr. Dot remained in the room. It was all meant for his special profit and behoof.

"In the name of God,—Amen!" began the lawyer.

"Yes," chimed in Miss Sally, "in the name of God,—Amen. What next, Squire Bottom?"

"Well," said he, "to whom do you intend to dispose of your property, both real and personal? Please parcel it out, and I will commit it to paper, item by item."

She hesitated for a few moments, during which time her eyes were shut as in deep thought.

"To Dr. Dot!" said she, at length, opening them very wide again, and looking glaringly about the room. "All to Dr. Dot!"

The doctor was a little puzzled, as any man would be likely to be; but he said nothing. Not even did he weep his gratitude. Perhaps if he had really believed her life in danger, it would have been different. He might then have shed a few tears, at least, of joy!

Well, and to Dr. Dot was the estate all entailed. Miss Sally looked flushed and fevered as the witnesses were brought into the room to append their names to the instrument, and threw a glance of despair at the little doctor over against her. But he was as adamant. He made no sign. And Miss Sally verily thought now she should die.

But she didn't; she got up again. She began to get back her strength. She could walk all about the house. She even went out of doors, and into the street. She got well. But long and long before that day came, she took care to destroy the shamming will with which she had endeavored to make an impression on the starchy little doctor, willing to rely upon previous dispositions of her property, as certified to in previous documents.

Time and again, now, she threw herself in the way of Dr. Dot, closely studying him to find out what might be the effect upon him of her intended legacy; but nothing could she get out of him. If he was grateful for her gift—that is, supposing he was ever to get it—at least, he took care not to say that he was. If she had succeeded in working at all upon his tenderer feelings, he kept

it as close as a tight padlock, altogether to himself.

With such a mutual understanding, and secretly agreeing to differ on a subject that was in their thoughts from morning till night, they got along the best way they could for a time, each party hoping that some unexpected occurrence would lead to his or her immediate advantage, but nothing did. Dr. Dot now began to lay away a little something for a rainy day; and as he felt his own accumulations grow heavy in his pocket, he could not help thinking how much weightier they would feel, if Miss Butters would throw her's in beside.

At length they became so intimate as to talk freely to each other on the subject that had occupied their thoughts. They grew familiar, and spoke of the matter as two men would be likely to discuss the profits and propriety of a business copartnership. Dr. Dot even went so far as to make proposals for the hand of Miss Sally; but it was only on one condition: that the whole of her property should be given over to his control!

Much as Miss Sally liked him, and much as she wanted to get married, too, she thought she never could agree to a proposal like that. She would have been glad to have Dr. Dot, and, what was more, she meant to have him; but she never meant to part with her control over her property. So she was careful not to repulse him by a bluff and decided answer, that would ring in his ears long after it was spoken, but toyed gently with his wish, and answered him hesitatingly and uncertainly. And she tolled him along gradually, like a skilful angler decoying the beauties he proposes to crowd into his wicker creel, till finally he agreed to her proposal. He was so ravenous for her money, that he was willing to forget almost any conditions save one. The proposition of Miss Sally was to the following effect:

"You know, Dr. Dot," said she, "that a person hates to say yes or no outright to such a plan as giving up all she's got; so I'll let it stand in this way. Let's make all our arrangements to be married. On the wedding morning I'll give you such an answer as will not fail to be satisfactory. That is all I am willing to say."

Dr. Dot was perplexed, and yet he was eager. So long had he been on this chase now, that he began from his heart to wish it at an end. And after considerable protest, and many implorations, and more hesitancy, he stepped boldly into the trap, and acknowledged himself caught. He agreed to Miss Sally's proposal.

The wedding-day came. The minister was

there, so were the invited friends. All the morning the doctor had tried to get an answer from Miss Sally about her intentions with her property, but in vain. She evaded him till the very last moment. In the hall, on the stairs, in the parlor, he asked her the all-important question; but no answer was he to get until she was ready to give it. He grew impatient and nervous.

He went with his intended bride to the door of the room where the company were assembled. "Now, Miss Sally," said he, in a whisper, "do you say it shall be mine?"

She looked round at him with much surprise, and answered, "No."

Dr. Dot broke away from her, took his hat from the peg, and went deliberately home. The wedding party broke up in great confusion. Miss Sally, it seems, having once got the doctor into her trap, thought he would not have the courage to escape at such a late hour; but in his pluck, she appeared to have been mistaken. His conduct made her as mad as a March hare; and they are said to be very enraged creatures.

She sent the village lawyer to him, with a threat of an action for breach of promise; and declared that she should obtain for damages, every dollar he was worth, or ever would be. The little doctor began to be frightened. He saw that this peculiar compact between himself and Miss Sally was a secret one, to whose existence no living person could testify but himself, and even he could not show that it was her intention to give him her property at last. He could only say that such was his fatal impression! Besides, he would be sure to have a verdict rendered against him by any sort of jury, and become a term of reproach and derision to all the world, forever. It was a bitter pill, but Dr. Dot had probably made others swallow some of his that were quite as bitter. He held up his head, and took Miss Sally's physic as bravely as he had seen others take his.

Miss Sally and he were married; but it was not until after an immense amount of scandal had been perpetrated all around Grip Hollow; for country people will talk, and they do love to hear and say the very worst part of every vagabond story that comes along. Dr. Dot was captured, and made a tractable husband. And it was well, perhaps, that Miss Sally had the money she did; for out of this occurrence grew such a prejudice against the sinning doctor, that he lost his practice little by little, and finally was compelled to castle himself with his better half; and defy the whole community with both silence and contempt. It was well that he had Miss Sally for a consolation, then.

THOU CANST NOT FORGET.

BY MYRA LIZZIE DONELSON.

Thou canst not forget me, my memory still
Will linger around thee, an unbidden spell;
And a voice of upbraiding will rise in thy heart—
A dream of the past that will never depart!

Thou may'st drink in the beauty of dark flashing eyes,
But ever before thee my vision shall rise;
Thou may'st seek to be gay, but thy curse shall be yet—
The memory of her whom thou canst not forget!

When you join in the dance with forms fairer than mine,
And bright glances melt in the glory of thine, [yet,
When the world deems thee joyous, a gloom haunts thee
Thy curse is the vision thou canst not forget.

When the laurels of fame wreath thy glorious brow,
When thou hast the proud name that thou covetest now,
O still mid thy triumph my vision shall come,
And a living regret in thy heart find a home!

And when before Heaven thou bowest in prayer,
Will bitter remembrance intrude even there;
When thy lips crave a blessing, thy heart is not free,
'Tis sad with the memory of the past and of me!

Thou canst not forget me, where'er thou may'st go,
To the old time returning, thy thoughts shall still flow;
Thou wilt think of the days when together we met—
The curse is yet o'er thee, thou canst not forget!

NOT BORN TO BE HANGED.

BY CHARLES CASTLETON.

NEVER was the saying with which we have opened this curious story more truly and strangely verified than in the case of Gustave Bonne, a Frenchman, born and reared in the small town of St. Jean, in the department of Mayenne. His father was a butcher, and quite well off, though it was said by the wise ones that the smell of blood harmed the boy. But be that as it may, Gustave always manifested a most kind disposition, though very reckless and daring. It is reported—though of the truth of the report I cannot vouch—that the commune priest made the remark, when he first saw the boy, that he was “not born to be hanged,” a remark which probably gave the young mother (for Gustave was her first-born) a great deal of satisfaction. How the priest came to his sage conclusion, was never told—only the remark was preserved until Gustave became old enough to go to school, and then he often laughed at the protecting fate which had been promised him. And it was not long before he had reason to believe that the old priest's prophecy was literal, for the proof was of the most startling, and at the same time, substantial kind.

Close by Bonne's shop lived a man named Garouche. He had been once in the galley, and once in prison, and it was whispered around now that his deeds were not of a very good character. One morning, before many people were stirring, Gustave—then only twelve years old—was out to see the sun rise; his father having promised to give him six sous for every six consecutive times he saw the sun rise. On this particular morning, the boy went around back of his father's shop, so as to reach a gentle eminence there was there, and as he turned the corner, he saw M. Garouche crawling out from under the stall with a large piece of beef in his hand.

“Aha, M. Meatstealer!” cried Gustave. “How found you, here I? Now we can see where the father's surplus and drainage goes to. What fine time you'll have in the galleys again, eh?”

Now Garouche was not wholly ignorant of French justice, and he knew that another conviction for a crime of this character would condemn him to the galleys for life.

“You won't speak of this?” he said, speaking mildly, and at the same time approaching the boy.

“Most certainly I shall,” replied Gustave, promptly.

And the thief knew it. He knew that the boy would tell, let him promise now as he might.

“But, my little man,” he resumed, speaking very imploringly, and at the same time slowly advancing, “I have hard work to live—and you know what becomes of those who have nothing to eat. They must all waste away and—”

He reached the boy, and with his stout arms he seized him and bore him away, stopping his mouth with his broad palm, and threatening to kill him if he made the least noise. Right into the butcher's shop he took him—or rather, into the stall where the animals were killed and quartered, and which was never locked up. Here were two ropes, one of which passed over a single wheel suspended from the ridge-pole, while the other was for heavier burdens, being rigged with a double block. Without a word, the thief took the boy's head under his arm, and then proceeded to make a slip-noose in the end of the smaller rope. This he put about Gustave's neck, and having drawn it tight, he quickly hoisted him up about three feet from the ground, and then made the rope fast. Next he rolled an empty hog'shead close up to the spot, and then made his escape as fast as possible. He felt sure now that his secret was safe. Gustave must die very soon, and the butcher would think he hang

himself; or, at any rate, that he attempted to try the poetry of the thing, when the upsetting of the hog'shead made it a reality.

At first, the poor little fellow was too much frightened to attempt to make any noise, and when he did try to cry out, he could not. He was choking horribly; but he remembered to kick, and he kicked lustily, and ere he had made a dozen of the spasmodic exertions, the rope broke and he came down upon his feet, though his next movement was to tumble over upon his back. He was very weak and exhausted, and it was some time ere he could command his reason; but it came to him, at length, and then he sat up. In a few moments more, he comprehended all that had happened, and by much exertion, he managed to stand upon his feet. Fifteen minutes had elapsed from the time when the thief left—and fifteen minutes, under some circumstances, is a great while. Instance: It would have been an eternity had not that rope broken. At any rate, during those fifteen minutes Gustave had not only been hanged, broken down, and recovered, but his father had arisen, dressed himself, and come out to the stall.

At first, good Gallien Bonne could hardly credit his son's story, but when he saw the broken rope, and the livid ring about the boy's neck, he could doubt no longer.

"But, *pardieu*!" he cried; "how could this rope break? Only the day before yesterday, I raised over two hundred kilogrammes with this same rope—it was the half of an ox."

But an examination revealed a very curious fact. Bonne happened to see, close by the sill of the structure, a small pile of picked hemp. Upon a more minute inspection, he found a rat-hole where the hemp lay; and this solved the mystery. The rope had been coiled up against his hole, and the rats had been forced to gnaw their way out! An examination of the broken ends of the rope confirmed the thing.

That day, Pluton Garouche was apprehended, and when he saw Gustave, he trembled. He confessed, after he had been condemned, that he hid himself not far from the stall on that eventful morning, and waited there nearly a quarter of an hour, so as to be sure that no one went to cut his victim down before he would have time to die. The villain was hanged, and the boy lived to verify the prophecy of the priest.

At the age of nineteen, Gustave made a fool of himself by falling in love with the youngest daughter of Count G—— M——, whose chateau was only seven miles distant, at St. Suzanne. Cecile M—— favored his love for a while; for her own amusement, and then coldly turned him

away. In a fit of shame and mortification which cankered his whole soul, he tried to hang himself. To a beam in the count's own stable, he tied a rope, and then having made the other end fast about his neck, he kicked the box away and was left hanging in good shape. He naturally kicked some, as the strangulating process commenced, and his quaint motions not only attracted the attention of a spirited horse which stood close by, but also frightened him; whereupon the beast made such stout efforts to break away, that he broke the stanchion to which his halter was tied, and then made for the stable-door, which Gustave had left ajar. The breaking of the stanchion removed the prop which supported a small scaffold of littering straw, and the fall of this scaffold caused the fall of the cross-beam by which the love-lorn youth had hanged himself; so he came tumbling down upon the floor, with the beam atop of him. The shock revived him, and he had sense enough to try and remove something which caused pain about his neck. He had got upon his feet, and removed the rope, before the hostler came in with the runaway steed. He owned up to frightening the horse, but he didn't tell how, though a month later he told his mother all about it. Of course the mother told it to the priest, and the latter personage shook his head very wisely, and said:

"I told you so. I saw it when he was first born." And of course priestly influence was at par with Madame Bonne.

From that time forth, Gustave gave up all thoughts of hanging himself, for he did firmly believe that he was "not born to be hanged." The belief had become an absolute superstition in his mind, as we shall see. And besides that, he had only one other deep feeling—and that was, love for the beautiful Cecile M——.

On the fourteenth of June, 1837, there was a murder committed on the road from St. Jean to St. Suzanne. The murdered man was Captain Baptiste de Grillon, and he was a suitor for the hand of Cecile M——. But the girl herself favored not his suit—it was her father's choice. De Grillon was forty years old, a brave and wealthy man, though somewhat proud and overbearing. He had been to visit the old count, and was on his return to his station at Chateaugontier, a distance of some twenty-five miles, when he was murdered. It was in the evening when the deed was done, with the moon shining brightly in the heavens, and the place where the blood was shed was just outside of the village of St. Jean.

Gustave Bonne was at that time one-and-

twenty, and was regarded by the common people as their "chiefest man," for he was well read and fluent of tongue, and, moreover, possessed a handsome income from his father's property. Gallien Bonne had been dead two years, and at the time of his death, he left his wife and only child with a good round hundred thousand francs between them, besides the house, land and stalls.

On the very night of the murder, Gustave had been to St. Suzanne. He had been to obtain one more look at the sweet face of Cecile, ere he left the country; for he was determined to remain there no longer. The love for the lost one burned still warm within him, and he meant to remove from the land that bore the object of his doomed affections. Close by the village of St. Jean runs a small stream, a tributary to the Garthe, and the road to St. Suzanne crosses a smaller stream which empties into the former. Over this there is a bridge, and upon each side, or end, of the bridge, is a willow copse. Gustave was approaching this spot, when he first heard a loud cry, and then the report of a pistol. There was a momentary struggle between two men, whom he could now see, and just as he reached the spot, one of them fell.

"What! Raoul! Is this you?"

It was a young man to whom Gustave thus spoke—the son of a poor, widowed mother, who had been sick much, and whom our hero had often helped in times of need. His name was Raoul Pupien. He started back in terror when the new-comer spoke, but his countenance brightened when he saw who it was.

"Gustave," he uttered, "you will not hang me? O, I couldn't help it."

"But who is it you have shot?"

"Le capitain."

"De Grillon?"

"Yes."

Gustave's hands were involuntarily clasped, and in a moment more he stooped down and rolled the man over. The moon shone full into the ghastly face, and there were the features of Baptiste de Grillon. It was a strange emotion which first came to the soul of Gustave, but he quickly dispelled it. What had he to do with Cecile's lover?

"Raoul," he said, rising and turning to the murderer, "how did this happen?"

"You will not expose me?"

"Most assuredly not."

"Then I did come out here with evil intent. I meant to rob some one. My mother is starving. This was the first man who came along. I—I—would not have robbed him; for when the

trial came I was not equal to it. I begged of him a few sous. He struck me with his cane. Then I would have escaped, but he caught me and said he would carry me to St. Jean. One thought of my mother left all alone came to me, and upon the impulse of that moment I drew my pistol and fired. You see the result."

"Well—let us pull this body out from the road, and then we'll speak about it farther."

They dragged the corpse up to the bank, and just as they had performed the task, they heard footsteps approaching. Raoul Pupien started up in terror, and with a simple exclamation to his companion to save himself, he leaped over the hedge and disappeared. But Gustave thought not of fleeing. The idea of guilt was not present, and he stood calmly awaiting the coming of those who approached. They proved to be two gens d'armes, both of whom the youth knew.

"We heard the report of a pistol," said one of them.

"So did I," returned Gustave.

At this moment one of the men discovered the body of le capitain, and on going to where it lay, he recognized the features. Then they found blood upon Gustave's hands.

"Who did this?" they asked.

"That is more than I can tell," was the youth's answer.

The gens d'armes asked a few more questions, and then said it became their disagreeable duty to arrest the youth whom they had thus found present with the fact of a great crime. So that night Gustave Bonne lodged in a prison. At first, he had no fears for himself, but in time those fears came up, and his first thoughts were of confessing, or revealing, all he knew. But calm reflection changed his mind somewhat. Life was of little use to him. He had lost all that could make the future bright, and his desire to live longer had almost passed from him. He thought of Raoul Pupien, and he saw the poor widow left without support in life. He had helped the poor woman often with money, and he had often thought, too, of throwing his life away. Now he would give his life to the widow. He was some time in making up his mind to this end, but when it was once made up, it was fixed.

Gustave's mother came in to see him, and her tears were the only things that moved him, but they could not shake his purpose. Life to him was not worth the saving, at the expense of another. Of course, the death of Captain Baptiste de Grillon caused much excitement, but not so much as did the imprisonment and apparent guilt of Gustave Bonne. The latter was beloved

by all who knew him, and few could believe him guilty of crime. The secret of his love for the beautiful Cecile was known, and it was also known that le capitain was the accepted suitor. It was the general impression that the rivals had come in contact, and that the death of the officer was the result of a quarrel.

The day of trial came, and the youth was conducted to the court. He plead not guilty, but not a bit of explanation would he give. He swore solemnly that he did not murder the man, but beyond this he would not go. Of course, he was pronounced guilty, and was sentenced to be hanged by the neck.

Once after this, his mother was permitted to visit him in his cell. He smilingly told her that he should die happy, if he died at all.

"But," said he, "you know they cannot hang me, for I was not born to be hanged; so let your fears rest. You have enough to live on—enough to make you comfortable through life. If I do die, you will not forget the poor widow Pupien. Help her how you can."

"Alas, how can I think of others when thou art gone, my son! The widow suffers now, but not as I suffer. Her son is only sick, while mine is worse than dead!"

"Is Raoul sick?" asked Gustave.

"Yes—very sick. He doesn't leave his bed."

"Help him if you can, and the spirit of your son will bless you." * * *

The fatal morning arrived—the ninth of July—and Gustave Bonne was led to the gallows. Thousands of people had assembled to see him die, but they gave forth no shout as the prisoner was led upon the spot. He walked with a firm step, and his face was calm and serene. When he reached the platform, he was asked once more if he would confess his guilt.

"Alas, my son," said the white-haired old priest, "I fear my old prophecy must now prove false. But ere you die, open your heart to me, and through me to your God. Did you kill le capitain?"

"I did not."

"But you know who did."

"So does God; and there let it rest."

The priest asked no more. He uttered a fervent prayer—he had been with the youth all the morning—and after the prayer was done, the executioner came forward. The rope was adjusted, and in a moment more the signal was given. The small cord was cut—the ponderous weights were loosed—and on the next instant the body of Gustave Bonne was suspended between heaven and earth! One great groan ascended from the multitude, for they loved the youth.

Hark! What is that sound? It is a murmuring, as of rushing waters. The crowd swayed to and fro, and along in front of the gallows a wild man makes a path through the living mass. Soon a tall, ghostly being stops an instant in front of the suspended man and gazes around. His face is pale and thin—his eyes literally starting from their sockets—his dark hair floating wildly and uncombed over his shoulders—and his clothing all torn and bespattered. It was Raoul Pupien. Only while a clock would have given forth the tick of one single second did he stop, and then he rushed for the spot where the ponderous weight had settled down upon the ground. With one stroke of his knife he cut the stout rope, and on the instant the body of Gustave Bonne came tumbling to the ground.

"Hold! stand back!" he cried, as the officers darted towards him. "Gustave Bonne is an innocent man! It was I who did the deed for which you would make him suffer. I shot le capitain. But I did not mean it. Gustave came up after I had done the deed. He saw me do it, but he would not tell. When I heard the officers coming, I ran. O, Gustave is a noble man! He would have died for me. He would die ere he would have my poor mother left childless and alone."

By this time, Gustave Bonne had recovered his consciousness. He had not been suspended over a minute when Raoul cut him down. He turned his eyes upon the sick and emaciated youth, and in a clear, earnest tone, he said:

"Go home, Raoul, and let me die. Remember, your poor mother cannot spare you as mine can spare me."

"No, no, Gustave," eagerly remonstrated the other. "I cannot live so. O, once I had resolved to let you die, but the moment I so made up my mind, my joy all departed from me, and I was most miserable—so miserable that life was only a burden. I cannot live long, at best; but were you to die thus, I should pass away under such torture as would make a martyr-howl. I did the deed, and you dare not deny it!"

Gustave bowed his head, and while the crowd pushed up and shouted their loud peans of joy, the officers took both the young men, and having placed them in a cart, drove from the place. That night, Raoul Pupien died, but he left a written confession of his crime, drawn up by a priest, and signed by Raoul's own hand. Three priests and the sub-prefect signed it also.

The further examination of the case was short, and ere another sun had made its circuit, Gustave was free.

"Ah, *mon bon et digne ami*," cried the priest,

as he took the youth by the hand, "now what think you? Can you be hang? Never! *Mais enfant*, you were not born to be hanged!"

And so it seemed. But there was a fate, in the eyes of some, next to hanging, that awaited him. The story of his heroic self-devotion spread far and wide. One day, he received a note from Cecile M——. She wished to see him. He went, and he saw her.

"Why did you do such a foolish thing, *mon oncle*?" Cecile asked, after the subject of hanging had been introduced.

"For two reasons, *mademoiselle*. I would have saved a life that was valuable to some one, and only given away one that had become a burden to its owner."

"Your life a burden, *monsieur*?"

"Ay, *mademoiselle*."

"But I should have been very unhappy, *Gustave*."

"You?"

"I should."

"Speak plainly, *Cecile*. You know all my feelings."

"Then, *Gustave*, my eyes are open. *Le capitaine* was odious. When I found that my father meant I should marry him, I began to know how much I loved you."

"But your father?"

"He says if you have a hundred thousand francs, he shall make no objections."

Ah, *Gustave* soon had a firmer noose about his neck! But he thought 'twas a very joyful one. At any rate, in all *Mayenne* he was the happiest of the happy.

Dear reader, have you not noticed in the *Crimean* returns, the name of Colonel Bonne. He is the very *Gustave* of whom I have been telling you. He is yet in the very prime of life, a little over forty, a brave soldier, and a noble, generous officer. He may be shot, but as sure as fate, he is one of those who are "not born to be hanged."

BE NOT TOO SELF-CONFIDENT.

It is unwise to attempt a grand display of one's powers without being certain of the ability to carry the affair through with credit. At the coronation of George the Third, Lord Talbot was obliged to enter the hall, armed and equipped, upon a trusty charger. His leadership piqued himself upon being able to back his horse down the hall without turning its tail towards the king. Unfortunately, he had taken such pains to train the animal to that duty, that it insisted on entering the hall backwards, and in spite of all the efforts of its unfortunate rider, advanced in that manner towards his sovereign liege, amid the laughter and derision of the surrounding crowd! *—Saturday Gazette.*

SARCASTIC SENTENCE.

Old Elias Keyes, formerly first judge of Windsor county, Vt., was a strange composition of folly and good sense, of natural shrewdness and want of cultivation. The following sentence, it is said, was pronounced upon a poor ragged fellow, convicted of stealing a pair of boots from Gen. Curtis, a man of considerable wealth in the town of Windsor:

"Well," said the judge, very gravely, before pronouncing the sentence of the court, undertaking to read the fellow a lecture, "you're a fine fellow to be arraigned before the court for stealing. They say you are poor—no one doubts it who looks at you; and how dare you, being poor, have the impudence to steal a pair of boots? Nobody but rich people have a right to take such things without paying! Then they say you are worthless—that is evident from the fact that no one has ever asked justice to be done to you; all, by unanimous consent, pronounced you guilty before you were tried. Now you might know you would be condemned. And now you must know that it was a great aggravation, that you stole them in that large town of Windsor. In that large town to commit such an act is most horrible. And not only go into Windsor to steal, but you must steal from that great man, General Curtis. This caps the climax of your iniquity. Base wretch! why did you not go and steal the only pair of boots which some poor man had or could get? And then you would have been let alone; nobody would have troubled themselves about the act. For your iniquity in stealing in the great town of Windsor, and from the great General Curtis, the court sentences you to three months' imprisonment in the county jail, and may God give you something to eat."—*Bennington Gazette.*

TO MAKE EVERY DAY HAPPY.

When you rise in the morning, form a resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow-creature. It is easily done; a left-off garment to the man who needs it, a kind word to the sorrowful, an encouraging expression to the striving; trifles in themselves light as air will do it at least for twenty-four hours; and if you are young, depend upon it it will tell when you are old; and if you are old, rest assured it will send you gently and happily down the stream of human time to eternity. By the most simple arithmetical sum look at the result: you send one person, only one, happily through the day; that is three hundred and sixty-five in the course of a year; and supposing you live forty years only after you commence that course of medicine, you have made 14,600 human beings happy, at all events for a time. Now, worthy reader, is this not simple? It is too short for a sermon, too homely for ethics, and too easily accomplished for you to say, "I would if I could."—*Rev. Sidney Smith.*

It is not high crimes, such as robbery and murder, which destroy the peace of society. The village gossip, family quarrels, jealousies and bickerings between neighbors, meddlesomeness and tattling, are the worms that eat into all social happiness.

LET ME DIE AT HOME.

BY TAMAR ANNE KERMODE.

I would not die in a foreign land,
Far, far from my native home;
Though its skies may wear a softer hue,
Yet I would not die alone.
The air should be perfumed with rare, sweet flowers,
And would gently around me play;
Yet I'd pine for my home—'cross the ocean's foam—
And for loved ones so far away.

I would die in the spot where my sunny youth
Gilded quickly and joyously on;
So quickly it seems like a passing dream
Of pleasure forever gone.
I would hear the dear voices I love so well,
Speaking peace to my sinking heart;
I would breathe to each loved one my last farewell,
And calmly from each would part.

Other lands may be bright when the heart is light,
And free from sorrow and care,
But when sickness comes, and death stands by,
There is nought but regret and despair.
Though I know when my spirit shall take its flight,
There is one who has power to save;
Yet I'd die at home—and never laid
Far away in a foreign grave.

COUSIN JOHN.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

Young, beautiful, and an heiress, Ida Claiborne sat pensively in front of a blazing anthracite fire in the comfortable parlor of her handsome town-residence. Unfortunately for her, the highest gifts of nature and fortune do not necessarily produce happiness, and Ida was at that moment painfully sensible of a feeling of listlessness and discontent, for which she was puzzled to account.

Her meditations were interrupted by the entrance of a servant with a letter. The address—"Miss Ida Claiborne"—in its deficiency of capitals and rough chirography, clearly enough evinced that the writer was by no means an adept with the pen. Ida glanced at the postmark, "Pineville," and conjectured without much difficulty that the missive was from her uncle Jeremiah, a flourishing farmer in that most countrified of villages.

With not a little curiosity, for this was the first letter with which her worthy uncle had ever favored her, she hastily opened it, and read what, errors excepted, was meant to be as follows:

"DEAR NIECE: I take up my pen to write you a short letter, hoping that this will find you well and hearty. Your aunt is pretty smart,

except the rheumatism which she sometimes has pretty bad. Your cousin John—I believe you never saw him—has just got home from college and settled down for a doctor in Pineville. I guess he'll get along pretty well by-and-by, when folks sees that he knows a thing or two, if he is old Jeremiah's son. I should like to have you see him. Why can't you come down and pay us a visit? We haven't seen you since you was five years old. Guess you've changed some since then. Write soon, and let me know if you can come.

"O, I almost forgot to write one thing that perhaps you can help us about. We want a young woman to keep the school in our deestrick this winter. The deestrick they appointed me Prudential Committee, and so it's my duty to get somebody. It's most time for school to begin, and I haint found anybody to come yet. Don't you know of somebody that would take it? The wages are a dollar and fifty cents per week and board. She will board with me. Hoping you will write soon, as it's very important, I sign myself,

"Your affectionate uncle,
"JEREMIAH HAYDEN."

"Pretty well, uncle Jerry!" thought Ida, as she folded up the letter; "so you want me to see 'Cousin John,' do you? Is it possible, most disinterested uncle, that you think my property, which is much greater than I deserve, would be a very comfortable dowry for John's wife? However, I should like to meet him, just to see what sort of a person my country cousin may be."

She glanced at the latter part of the letter once more.

"So they want me to hunt up a 'deestrick' school teacher, who, for the munificent sum of one dollar and a half, with board, will consent to enlighten the rising generation of Pineville. I really don't know how I can accommodate them, unless I go myself."

She laughed at the idea, but a moment afterwards exclaimed, gaily:

"After all, why shouldn't I? Here I am languishing in the city for the want of a little excitement. Wouldn't it be a capital idea to introduce myself under an assumed name to my worthy uncle's family, and as an humble school-mistress, to become an actor and observer in scenes which are quite shut out from Ida Claiborne the heiress?"

This idea, so rapidly conceived, was determined upon with equal rapidity. Drawing her writing-desk towards her, she hurriedly wrote the following note:

"DEAR UNCLE: I was gratified to hear from you by this morning's mail, as my prompt reply will convince you. I regret that other engagements will prevent me from accepting your kind invitation, for the present, at least. In regard

to the school, I have a young friend, Jerusha Hall, who has agreed to take charge of the school for which you are seeking a teacher. Having been long acquainted with her, I can speak with some confidence of her competency to fill the situation. Please write at once, and let me know how soon you wish her to commence the school.
IDA."

After sealing and despatching this letter, Ida sat down and yielded herself up to uncontrollable mirth.

"Jerusha Hall! I flatter myself I could not have selected a more befitting name for a school-ma'am. '*Having been long acquainted with her*' at least, I am secure from fibbing in that particular, though whether it is precisely modest to speak so confidently of my own competency, is another matter. It reminds me of a student who, on entering college, was required to bring with him a certificate of moral character. Having unfortunately lost the one furnished by his teacher, he undertook to supply the deficiency by writing one for himself, but was informed that it was slightly contrary to usage to receive such a testimonial."

It occurred to Ida that it was necessary to procure an entirely new wardrobe, since, however complete and elegant her present one, rich silks and Parisian laces would look slightly out of place in Miss Jerusha Hall, a school ma'am, with an income of one dollar and fifty cents per week and found. She accordingly started on a shopping excursion, from which she returned in a short time, after ordering home several cheap gingham and calicoes, and other articles to correspond.

Her dressmaker, Mademoiselle Fanchette, turned up her eyebrows in mingled surprise and disdain as she beheld the plebeian articles on which she was to display her professional skill.

"Apparently," she remarked, "mademoiselle intends to retire from the world."

"Just so," was the reply; "but only for a season. A little masquerading, that is all. But, however common the materials, I could not consent to forego your skill in the making up."

Deciding at once that it was a young lady's whim, and mollified by the compliment, the fashionable dressmaker set to with a will, and a few days beheld Ida Claiborne ready, as Jerusha Hall, to set out for the field of her labors.

"John," said Farmer Hayden to his son, the newly-fledged doctor, "I wish you'd go up to the village in time to meet the stage. I expect Miss Hall will come to-night."

"The new schoolmistress?" queried John.

"Yes," said his father, "the one that Ida recommended."

"What is her first name?" asked the young doctor, carelessly.

"Jerusha—Jerusha Hall."

"Humph! it might have been better. However, I am quite at her service." And John proceeded to the yard to harness the horse.

The lumbering stage-coach, for Pineville was not of sufficient importance to require a railroad, jolted Ida most unmercifully, and but for her engagement, she might have been almost inclined to forego her plan, and given up forever her personation of a country school-ma'am. There was only one other passenger beside herself, a man of ample proportions, who, having become apparently weary of looking out of the window, indulged in a long and protracted stare at Ida.

"Are you going to Pineville, ma'am?" he at length inquired.

Hardly knowing whether to be amused or indignant at this unceremonious address, Ida quietly answered in the affirmative.

"I suppose you aint Miss Jerusha Hall, are you?" further inquired her companion.

Ida could scarcely forbear laughing, this being the first time she had been called by her new cognomen.

"That is my name," said she, in a demure tone, adding to herself, "I trust I shall be forgiven the fib."

"I calculated you was," continued her companion. "I heard you was coming to-night. I suppose you don't know who I am," he added, drawing himself up in a consequential manner.

"I must confess my ignorance," said Ida, secretly amused.

"Well," said he, with considerable importance, "I'm the cheerman of the school committee. My name is Nichols—Ichabod Nichols. Sometimes people call me Squire Nichols."

The squire paused to see what impression his words had made on the new school ma'am. She was looking down, as he thought, bashfully.

"Have you ever taught a destrict school before?" he inquired.

"No, sir," said Miss Hall.

"Never mind," said Squire Nichols, encouragingly; "there's got to be a beginning to everything. Your school's going to begin Monday. Of course, you'll have to be examined first. The other members of the committee," said he, with some pomposity, "generally leave that to me. As we've got to ride five miles further alone, and haven't got anything else to do, I could do it just as well now as any time."

"Yes, sir," said Ida, whose sense of the ludicrous character of this proposition nearly destroyed her gravity, "I'm just as ready now as I ever shall be."

"Well, then," said Squire Nichols, "suppose we begin. There's no need of reading, as we haven't any book to read out of. I'll ask you some questions in geography. Which is the largest city in the world?"

"London, I believe," returned Ida.

"You aint quite right there," returned the squire. "London is a pretty large place, I know, but it don't come up to New York. New York's gone clean ahead of it. However, you wasn't very far out of the way. Can you tell me where the Crimea is—the place where they're having a war?"

"It is a peninsula in the southern part of Russia."

"Are you sure it isn't in Turkey?"

"Yes, sir, quite sure."

"Well, perhaps you're right; I'll look when I get home. I'll ask you something about spelling. How do you spell Sebastopol?"

Ida spelled it out.

"You're pretty near right," pronounced the squire; "but there's two p's in it. I think you only gave one."

"I didn't know there was but one," said Ida, suppressing her propensity to laugh.

"The best etymologists," said Squire Nichols, dwelling impressively on the last word, "use two p's."

Ida didn't think it worth while to refute this assertion. She was next asked to spell Massachusetts, which the squire allowed to pass unquestioned, probably because he did not feel quite certain about it himself.

We will not trouble the reader with further details of the examination. The remainder was of a similar character to the specimen already given. The squire at length very graciously informed Ida that he guessed she'd do. Shortly after, the driver, with a preliminary flourish of the whip, drew up in front of the public house in Pineville, and Ida prepared to get out.

She was congratulating herself on having reached her journey's end, when a young man stepped up to her and inquired if she were not Miss Hall.

Ida replied in the affirmative.

"Then," he continued, "allow me to introduce myself as John Hayden, cousin of your friend, Ida Claiborne. My father, with whom you will board, has requested me to convey you to his house. A chaise is waiting. You must

be fatigued with your long ride. Perhaps we had better not delay."

So this was her cousin John. Ida gazed at him furtively with some curiosity, for it will be remembered that she had not seen him for many years. The result of her scrutiny was, that he was a very well-looking young man. Further than that, she could not be expected to judge until after further acquaintance.

"Did you have any fellow-passengers?" inquired her cousin, when they were in the chaise.

"Only one—Squire Nichols," was the reply.

"Indeed! But how did you know him?" asked John, in some surprise.

"He introduced himself as the 'cheerman' of the school committee," answered Ida, laughing, "and, wishing to save time, proposed to examine me on the instant."

"Just like him," returned John, joining in her merriment. "He is wonderfully puffed up by the post to which he has been elevated—a post, I may add, for which he is entirely unfitted by education. May I inquire whether you passed the examination satisfactorily?"

"Quite so, I believe, notwithstanding my unfortunate blunder in supposing London to be larger than New York, and that Sebastopol was spelt with only one p."

"My father lives here," said her companion, pointing out with his whip a farm-house, which a turn in the road revealed.

It was a square, two-story house, flanked by out-buildings, and altogether presenting a pleasant picture of substantial comfort. Availing herself of her cousin's help to descend from the chaise, Ida accompanied him up the gravelled walk to the front door. It was thrown open before they reached it by her aunt, who, with genuine New England hospitality, was intent upon making her feel at home as soon as possible.

Ida felt some apprehension lest her aunt, in spite of the years that had elapsed since their meeting, might discover something familiar in her appearance, but the first words addressed to her by Mrs. Hayden re-assured her.

"I am glad to see you, Miss Hall. Come in and sit down by the fire. You must be cold, riding such a distance. When did you see Ida last? I hoped she would come and see us, but she writes that she will not be able to do so at present."

Miss Hall, for we must now call her by that name, answered these questions in a satisfactory manner, as she was being ushered into the large sitting-room, at one end of which glowed a wood fire in a spacious fire-place. She had scarcely seated herself, when in walked Farmer

Hayden. She was introduced to him in due form as "Miss Hall." She was gradually getting accustomed to her new appellation.

On the Monday morning succeeding, our heroine, accompanied by the young doctor, whose prejudice, first excited by her name, was fast wearing away, walked to the little school-house which was for a time to be the scene of her labors. A motley collection of urchins, male and female, were grouped about the door, waiting with eagerness the approach of the school-ma'am. Ida looked at the undisciplined troop with some misgivings as to her ability to keep them in order. "However," thought she, "there's no turning back now. I might as well put a bold face upon it."

John parted from her at the door, leaving her to enter unattended the temple of learning, wherein, for three months, she was to reign absolute mistress, accountable only to the school committee, with whose dignified "cheerman" she had already made acquaintance. At one end of the room stood a rickety table, evidently intended for the sole use of the school-ma'am. Owing to the circumstance of one leg being shorter than its brethren, it was necessary to eke out its deficient length with a chip. At least, such was the suggestion offered by a red-haired young lady, who introduced herself as Miranda Tibbets.

Ida had never before been inside of a district school-house. The oddity of her surroundings, and the thought of how horror-struck all her fashionable friends would be to see her in her present position, struck her so forcibly, that it was with the utmost difficulty she could restrain her risibilities. But something was to be done. The scholars stood about her with expectant faces, and it was absolutely necessary that she should begin school. Anxious to proceed according to rule, Ida beckoned to her side the red-haired young lady before mentioned.

"How do they usually begin school, Miranda?" she inquired.

Quite elated at the idea of being applied to by the school-ma'am for information, Miranda answered:

"Well, ma'am, the first thing is to ring the bell and make them take their seats."

"But," said Ida, "I don't see any bell."

"The school-ma'am is expected to bring her own bell, I b'lieve," said Miranda.

"I didn't know that," replied Ida. "I'll bring one to-morrow. But what shall I do now?"

"I dunno," returned Miranda, "unless you pound on the table."

Ida was obliged to take up with this advice.

After the school had been called to order, Ida spent nearly all the forenoon in classifying her pupils, with the aid of Miss Miranda Tibbets, whose vanity was not a little increased by the prominent position to which she was elevated as confidential adviser of the school-ma'am. However, Miranda had in the main a very good understanding of the way things should be arranged, and her counsel was not without value. When, at the close of the day, Ida was ready to return home, she found John at the door waiting to accompany her. With this arrangement Ida was not at all dissatisfied. Cousin John, she had discovered, was very agreeable as a companion. She could not help wondering whether he, as well as his father, had ever felt a desire to bring into the family his cousin's inheritance. Curious upon this point, she ventured to inquire if he had seen his cousin Ida recently.

He shook his head. "Neither recently nor remotely, I believe," he replied. "Her life runs in an entirely different channel from mine. I may have seen her as a boy, but I recollect nothing of her. At all events, it matters little to me. The fashionable life which she leads is not at all to my taste. We have been so differently treated by fortune that it is scarcely possible there could be much community of feeling between us."

"What would he say," thought Ida, "if he knew that his fashionable cousin were at his side!"

She was a little piqued at the indifference manifested by John's speech, though, such is the inconsistency of human nature, he rose higher in her estimation for this very avowal.

"At all events," she thought, "he is not mercenary."

Of Ida's experience as a school mistress, we do not design to say much. Her pupils were rough and undisciplined, and ignorant enough to afford her ample field for exertion. Miranda Tibbets, however, became a valuable auxiliary. She was a large, strong girl, of a resolute character. Luckily for Ida, she chose to array herself on her side, and materially assisted her to keep in check the turbulent scions of Young America of whom she had charge. Unaccustomed to labor of any kind, Ida's exertions did not fail to fatigue her. Yet she felt much happier than she had ever been in the city, when she had nothing more serious to occupy her attention than the hue of a ribbon or the choice of a dress-pattern.

How much the young doctor had to do with

her contentment, it would perhaps be dangerous to conjecture. It is undeniable that his attentions to Ida were very marked. At half-past four, when her school closed, he would generally manage to be near at hand in order to accompany her home. At first, he had some excuse ready; but by-and-by it became an established thing, and he did not think it necessary to offer any.

Time flew rapidly. Only three days remained before Ida's school would close. It was with a countenance graver than his wont that John prepared to escort her home.

"Where do you intend going, Miss Hall, when your school has closed?" he inquired.

"I think of returning to the city."

"And will you not return?"

"Perhaps so. If I thought I should be welcome."

"Can you doubt it?" exclaimed the young man, warmly. Then, carried away by an irresistible impulse, he added: "You do not, cannot dream how much you have endeared yourself to some of us."

Ida's face flushed. She was not displeased. They were very long in walking home that evening. When they at length reached the farmhouse, John Hayden, the young village doctor, had offered his hand and heart to Miss Jerusha Hall, the school-mistress, and she had promised to take his proposal into consideration. At her request, he was to make known the proposal to his parents that evening.

The young doctor sat in the family sitting-room with his parents. Ida, complaining of fatigue, had retired to her room.

"So Miss Hall is going to leave us," remarked the doctor, abruptly.

"Yes," said Mrs. Hayden. "I'm sorry for it. She's a likely girl."

"Likely!" repeated her son. "Can't you give her a higher compliment than that?"

"Why, John, what's got into you?" said his mother, in some surprise. "Don't you think she's a likely girl?"

"I should say, mother, that she is charming, and that any man might deem himself fortunate in securing her for a wife."

"You don't mean to marry her yourself, I hope," said his mother, suddenly.

"And why do you hope not, mother?"

"She's a good girl enough, for that matter, but you ought to look higher."

"Where can I look higher?" said the young man, quietly.

"Where? There'll be no trouble about that. There's your cousin Ida."

"And wherein is my cousin Ida a more suitable match than Jerusha Hall. Her name is, I acknowledge, a more tasteful one, but as long as it's to be changed, what's the great importance of that?"

"Ida has money."

"Well, and she may keep it. I have not the slightest wish to deprive her of it."

"You talk as if you were in earnest," said Mrs. Hayden, anxiously.

"And so I am, mother?"

"Do you mean to say that you are going to marry the school-ma'am?" said his mother, with some warmth.

"I certainly shall, if she will allow me," said John, composedly.

"What is it?" asked Farmer Hayden, rousing from a light slumber into which he had fallen while attempting to wade through the president's message, "what is it you're talking about?"

"Mother objects to my marrying Miss Hall," said John.

"By jingoes, and so do I," returned his father. "Isn't she as poor as poverty?"

"Why, to be sure," said John, "one dollar and fifty cents is not a large income, but I solemnly assure you I am not after her money."

"No, I should judge not," said the farmer, drily. "I have only one word to say to you. I have set my mind on marrying you to your cousin Ida. If you marry Miss Hall, it will be without any sanction or countenance from me, and I shall not permit you to be married in my house."

"I have heard you, father," said John, gravely, "and regret that I am obliged to act in opposition to your wishes. I have already offered myself to Miss Hall, and may therefore safely say that I shall not marry my cousin Ida."

After this conversation, which John communicated without reserve to Ida, the latter was treated with marked coldness by Mr. and Mrs. Hayden. She managed, however, to preserve her cheerfulness, and occasionally a mirthful glance would shoot from her eyes as she looked askance at her aunt's forbidding face, and reflected how one cabalistic word would change it all.

Jerusha Hall returned to the city. It was arranged that John should join her in three weeks and that the marriage should take place from the house of "Cousin Ida." When the meeting took place, Jerusha had a confession to make. She humbly confessed herself guilty of the sin of being herself "Cousin Ida." John was very much surprised, but didn't think the sin wholly unpardonable. Two days afterwards

Ida changed her last name again—this time permanently.

A carriage drove up to Farmer Hayden's gate. John Hayden helped his young wife to alight. They walked unceremoniously into the sitting-room.

"Allow me," said John, "to introduce my wife to her new parents."

His father rose angrily. "You have disobeyed my wishes. You are no son of mine. You need no longer consider this as your home."

"If," said Ida, advancing towards him with a smile, "I may not remain here as your daughter, I may at least claim as Ida Claiborne, your niece."

"You Ida!" exclaimed Mr. Hayden and his wife simultaneously.

The matter was explained somewhat to the confusion of the farmer and his wife. John offered to go out and secure rooms at the hotel, but his father would not hear of it.

"But you know that you said, father, that I was no son of yours, and that I must no longer consider this my home."

"Nonsense, John," said his mother. "However, you can go if you like, but we shall keep Ida."

John concluded not to go. It is wonderful how much Miss Jerusha Hall rose in the estimation of everybody in Pineville when it was ascertained that she had no right to that appellation at all. It was suddenly discovered that the district had lost the services of a most valuable teacher.

John is a rich man, now. He sometimes playfully reminds his mother of her opposition to his marriage; but she as often declares that she only did it to try him, and that she "know'd all along that Jerusha Hall was Ida in disguise."

WESTERN ELOQUENCE.

"Feller citizens! the time has kum when the o'charged feelin's of aggravated human natur' are no longer to be stood. Mad dogs are in the midst of us—their shriekin' yelps and fomy tracks can be heard on our prairies. Death fol-lers in their wake; shall we set here like cow-ards, while our lives and our neighbors' lives are in danger from that dreadful borashus hy-drofobic caninety? No! it mustn't be. E'en now my buzum is torn with the confictin's of rath and wengeance; a funeral pyre of wild cats is burnin' in me; I have horse and cattle, I have sheep and pigs, and I have a wife and children; and (rising higher as the importance of the sub-ject deepened in his estimation) I have money out at interest, all in danger o' bein' bit by those darned mad dogs."—*Western paper.*

AN EXACTING HUSBAND.

Wycherly, the comedian, married a girl of eighteen when he was verging on eighty. Shortly after, Providence was pleased, in its mercy to the young woman, to call the old man to another and a better world. But ere he took his final departure from this world, he summoned his young wife to his bedside and announced to her that he was dying; whereupon she wept bitterly. Wycherly lifted himself up in the bed, and gazing with tender emotion on his weeping wife, said:

"My dearest love, I have a solemn promise to exact from you before I quit your side forever here below. Will you assure me my wishes will be attended to by you, however great the sacrifice you will be called on to make?"

Horrid ideas of suttees, of poor Indian wid-ows being called on to expire on funeral pyres with the bodies of their deceased lords and mas-ters, flashed across the brain of the poor woman. With a convulsive effort and desperate resolu-tion, she gasped out an assurance that his com-mands, however dreadful they might be, should be obeyed.

Then Wycherly, with a ghastly smile, said, in a low and solemn voice:

"My beloved wife, the parting request I have to make of you is—that when I am gone (here the poor woman sobbed and cried most rebe-mently), when I am in my cold grave (Mrs. Wycherly tore her hair), when I am laid low the disconsolate wife roared with grief), when I am no longer a heavy burthen and a tie on you ("O, for heaven's sake," howled Mrs. W., "what am I to do?")—I command you, my dear young wife ("yes, y-e-s, love," sobbed Mrs. W.), on pain of incurring my malediction ("y-e-s, dear," groaned the horror-stricken wife), never to marry an old man again!"

Mrs. Wycherly dried her eyes, and in the most fervent manner promised that she never would—and that faithful woman kept her word for life.—*New York Times.*

MOHAMMED.

The author of "Al Koran" is described as a man of middling size, with broad shoulders, a wide chest, and large bones. He was fleshy, but not stout. The immoderate size of his head was partly disguised by the long locks of hair, which, in slight curls, came nearly down to the lobe of his ears. His oval face, though tawny, was rather fair for an Arab, but neither pale nor high colored. The forehead was broad, and his fine, long, but narrow eyebrows were separated by a vein, which could be seen throbbing when he was angry. Under long eyelashes sparkled blood-shot black eyes through wide-slit eyelids. His nose was large, prominent, and slightly hooked; the mouth was wide, showing a good set of teeth. His beard rose from the cheek-bones, and came down to the collar-bone; he clipped his moustaches, but did not shave them. He stooped, and was slightly hump-backed.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

He who studies only man, will get the body without the soul; he who studies only books, will get the soul without the body.

THE MUSIC OF LIFE.

BY HATTIE HERBERT.

Sometimes low and soft it comes,
A gentle, soothing strain,
To raise the drooping spirit's wing
For its heavenward flight again.

Anon, 'tis a joyous song of praise,
Resounding full and clear,
And freighted with life's brightest hopes,
Undimmed by the falling tear.

But ah, too oft 'tis a mournful dirge,
O'er the wayward human heart,
Tempest-tossed on the waves of sin,
Beguiled by the tempter's art.

And then, perchance, the music tone
Is almost lost in strife—
The discord harsh, the tumult fierce,
Has seemed to quench its life.

But 'tis not gone—its echoes still
Are thrilling in each heart—
And not until its latest beat,
Will that soft strain depart.

Then listen to its gentle song,
That fain would welcome back
The wanderer in sinful paths,
To virtue's shining track.

And then in harmony and peace,
Like the circling worlds above,
We'll glide along to the music tones
Of joy and heavenly love.

THE CHAMPION:

OR,

JUS VINCIT.

BY R. G. GORDON.

DURING the long and tedious wars and the many fierce battles between the Christians and Moors in Andalusia and Grenada, few soldiers were more distinguished than Don Garcia de la Vieja. In every contest where strength and courage were needed, there did his arm wield his knightly weapons with irresistible power, and there did his voice rise above the din of combat, as he thundered forth the war cry of his country, "*Si lago y cierra Espana.*"

But age and toil subdued the proud warrior, who had never yielded to the Moor, and loaded with honors by his monarch, and with praises from his fellow-soldiers, he retired to his old battle-demented home. Here he busied himself in the education and care of his two lovely daughters, Blanche and Isabelle, the pride and boast of all Castile. Many Spaniards of acknowledged bra-

very and high position had sought their alliance, but all such offers had been invariably declined. The Don was well known, and as his castle was situated on the road from the northern part of Spain to the contested provinces, he was often visited by parties of gallant soldiers, on their way to the seat of war. His castle gates were always opened wide, and the tired and weary knights blest the moment that they first caught sight of his towers.

It was one beautiful day, when after a short peace, war had broken out anew, that Blanche and Isabelle de la Vieja were standing upon the battlements, looking out with delight upon the entrancing scene before them. The dark green foliage of the towering oaks finely contrasted with the lighter shade of the olive and the pure white blossoms of the orange tree, diffusing Sabsean odors far and wide; the gorgeously beautiful flowers lifting up their heads to heaven from the verdure of the plain, the many tinted clouds sailing aloft in a sea of the purest azure, and the bright rays of the morning sun, formed a scene of indescribable beauty, and upon which the sisters gazed with entrancing delight.

But suddenly, far off in the distance, a trumpet sounded faintly, a distant glistering of steel became visible; tiny pennons fluttered from spears, which the distance made to appear of fairy dimensions, and the cavalcade, winding its way across the plain, seemed but small and few in number. But now the warders upon the towers sounded an answering note, and echo caught up the sound as it vibrated again and again. The party drew nearer and nearer, and at length approached the castle gate. The sentinel challenged, the drawbridge fell, the portcullis was raised, and with ringing of steel and tramping of hoofs, they entered the castle.

Here Don Garcia was ready to receive his guests, and soon learned that the party consisted of the young Don Raymondo de Covilha and some two or three hundred of his vassals, who were on their way to join the army of the faith. That he was a Christian and a knight was enough, in Don Garcia's opinion, to entitle him to every service in his power, and accordingly, giving orders to his retainers to see that as far as possible the soldiers wanted for nothing, he led his guest into the banqueting hall. Here he made him acquainted with his two daughters, and Covilha thought he had never beheld such perfect specimens of female loveliness.

Young in years, and impetuous in disposition, Raymondo vowed that Isabelle should be the "ladye of his hearts," and, be he Moor or Christian, that one who disputed her supreme beauty,

should bide one blow, dealt with all the force love can bestow. The maidens soon retired from the banqueting hall, and swiftly the wine cup sped from hand to hand with its ruddy contents, and as his heart warmed with the generous fluid, the old knight told of fierce combats and heady fights, of the tournament, the battle, and all the topics of knightly converse. The brave deeds of the Cid were extolled, and the bard sang ballads in his praise. Thus with mirth and feat and song, the day passed away, and early the next morning the young soldier bade adieu to his kind entertainer, with many thanks for his hospitality, and leaping in his saddle, the trumpets sounded and the troops were speedily out of sight.

All that day in the castle the young knight was the subject of conversation, from the very lackeys, who praised his gallant bearing and his perfect horsemanship, up to Don Garcia himself, who could talk of nothing but his good looks, his courage and zeal, and he predicted that he would make the foul, misbelieving Saracens know how a good knight could strike. Nor was the gentle Isabelle herself indifferent. His manly beauty, his knightly mien and chivalric courtesy, were not lost upon her, and in her little heart there was a timid flutter when his name was mentioned, which *she* would have told you was not love.

But days came and went, and ever and anon some chance traveller or solitary soldier would bring tidings of the war, and however they differed on other points, they all agreed on one, and that was, that the Christians were fighting stoutly, and among the bravest of their number was the young knight Covilha.

As they heard the story of how he challenged the bravest of the Moors to single combat, every breath was hushed in eager expectation, and when they reported that, though desperately wounded, he had proved victorious in a long and obstinate combat, the rafters shook with their pealing shouts of approval, and the old knight, as from long habit he clasped the hilt of his sword, said, exultingly, "I knew it! I knew it!" But at last the Moors sued for peace, and King Pedro returned, with all his brave knights, to the capital, and there, with mirth and pleasure, they forgot the toils of war.

It was during these festivities that Don Garcia and his daughters were invited to the court, and accordingly the old knight determined to pay his respects to his sovereign and to see his young friend Covilha, now high in rank and in the favor of his prince. Truly it was a gallant show. Renowned soldiers fresh from the contest; turbaned emirs held for ransom; fair ladies and dis-

tinguished guests, presented a brilliant and noble spectacle. Here, also, was a German prince, a renowned soldier, and heir to extensive territories. He was tall and fine looking, and the Spanish beauties were nothing loth to be styled princesses. But as a splendid entertainment, given by the king to his nobles, he met Blanche de la Vieja and in course of time made her his wife. The festivities on the occasion only served to increase the rejoicings of the court and the unexampled magnificence displayed, excited universal admiration.

Thus with peace and joy the time passed pleasantly along, till the Moors having gained fresh strength again took the field. Pedro and his army advanced to meet them; Blanche departed with her husband to his estates, and Isabelle and Don Garcia returned to the castle. Here the days glided easily away, until dark reports of the prince were spread abroad in the castle. Men said he was jealous, terribly jealous, and that the princess led a miserable life, on account of his dark suspicion. His frame shook with anger, and his voice trembled with emotion, as Don Garcia declared his intention of going to his daughter; and preparing a stout band of his retainers, he set out with Isabelle. When he arrived here, he found that it was even worse than he had expected; for the prince maddened with rage, had vowed that, if in three days she did not prove her innocence, or if a champion did not appear to do battle in her behalf, within the specified time, her life should atone for his dishonor.

Distracted by despair Don Garcia essayed again and again to save her life, but age had destroyed his vigor, and the prince would not listen to his entreaties; his little band of spearmen were powerless in the midst of the sovereign's soldiers, and at first frantic with a knowledge of his own powerlessness, he at last sunk into a moody, morose apathy.

At length the third day arrived. The lists had been prepared, and at one end sat the prince, his countenance pale and anxious; at the other was the unfortunate princess, accompanied by her broken-hearted father and sister. Immediately in front of the princess's seat were stationed the accuser, a knight of extraordinary strength and courage, and who had never been worsted in tournament or battle, sheathed in a complete suit of glittering armor inlaid with burnished gold. His visor was open, and disclosed the features of a man, who, though extremely handsome, bore the marks of evil passions upon his brow.

The space in front of the unhappy Blanche, which had been set aside for her champion, was vacant, and about midway of the lists was an

aperture closed by a curtain of a blood red hue. What it concealed or portended, no one knew. Hour followed hour, until at length the prince impatiently demanded if no champion had appeared; and on being answered in the negative, he made a signal, and lo! the red curtain arose and disclosed a grim, swarthy figure, clad in scarlet, and leaning on a huge two-handed sword; a block was close by, and the unhappy wife needed not to be told that the deathman stood before her.

The deep indignation with which the people received this sight, prevented their perceiving the entrance of a knight into the lists, where he took his stand among a number of soldiers at the further end. It was not until the heralds had demanded whether there was any champion to do battle in behalf of the Princess Blanche, that the strange knight came forward, and flinging his gauntlet in the arena, replied in a deep voice:

"I come to do battle on behalf of the Princess Blanche, foully and slanderously accused, and to prove her innocence, by doing battle to the uttermost, with the one who shall dare to assert her guilty."

A cry of joy burst forth from the people, and the accuser riding forward took up the gauntlet, and said: "I accept the gage of battle."

The knights then took their respective positions, and having closed their visors and laid their lances in rest, they stood perfectly motionless, awaiting the signal. The people in the meanwhile gazed eagerly upon the champion, endeavoring to discover who he might be. He was mounted upon a milk white war-horse, his armor was painted white, his plume was of the same color, and there appeared to be nothing by which he could be known. His shield was of the purest white, and bore upon it in blood-red letters the simple device, "*Jus vincit.*"

At length the trumpets sounded a point of war, the heralds gave the word, and the combatants met with a shock that made the boldest tremble. The spears were shivered up to the very gauntlets, and the steeds thrown back on their haunches. Having recovered them by the use of the spur, the knights encountered with battle-axes, and dealt the most furious blows. The accuser seemed to have the advantage in this species of combat, and rising in his stirrups he dealt such a blow upon the helm of the champion as hurled him from his horse. Leaping up in an instant he drew his sword, and, stung to madness by his discomfiture, fell fiercely upon his opponent, and while aiming a dreadful blow, his horse sheered to one side and received the stroke intended for his master. Furious with pain, he

became unmanageable, and compelled his rider to dismount and continue the contest on foot.

The knights then attacked with fresh fury until their armor was hacked out of all shape; great gaping wounds were made at every stroke, and enfeebled with loss of blood they could hardly raise their weapons. At the sight of her champion failing, the princess uttered such a piercing shriek that involuntarily the opponents separated; but on learning the cause of the interruption, the white knight, mad with passion, rushed on his opponent, shouting, "*Jus vincit! Jus vincit!*"—and his fury supplying his want of real strength, he beat down all opposition, struck his opponent repeatedly on the helmet, till its fastenings burst, and then hurled him to the ground defenseless and at his mercy.

"Confess," he shouted, in a voice of thunder. "Confess, or thou diest!"

"Never!" cried the prostrate knight. "Never! while I live."

The champion drew back his sword, the gory steel waved in the air, but the fear of immediate death conquered the stubborn resolution of his foe, and at the cry, "*Misericordia,*" his sword fell harmless at his feet.

"She is innocent! I am the guilty one!" said the conquered knight, in a faint voice.

Straightway the deathlike stillness was broken by a shout which showed what hold Blanche had upon the affections of her people. When the applause had ceased, the people looked again to the lists, for there, above the dead body of his foe, the champion had fallen senseless—almost lifeless. Learned leeches were summoned to attend him, for as for his opponent he wanted nothing upon earth. It was only when they undid the clasps of his helmet and gorget that the face of the victor was seen, and though stained with blood and dust, the quick eye of affection and gratitude discerned the noble countenance of Don Raymondo de Covilha. He had heard of the doom of the lovely Blanche, and convinced of her innocence, he had become her champion—with what success the reader already knows. It was not until many weary days that the gallant young Raymondo recovered, and became able to bear the weight of his armor; but the tedium of his recovery was lessened by the gratitude of Blanche, and a still dearer feeling in the breast of Isabelle. The prince, ashamed of his former mistrust, redoubled his tenderness, and at the nuptials of Raymondo and Isabelle, he is reported to have said to Don Garcia:

"My father, I am a soldier, and have seen many a stout struggle, but never did I see mortal man fight as he who has for his motto, '*Jus vincit.*'"

FOREVER AND FOREVER.

BY E. B. WHITTAKER.

Sweet Nea held her hand in mine,
Beside us rolled the river;
"Wilt love me, Nea?" and she said,
"Forever and forever!"

And when the roses blushed again,
I stood beside that river,
But Nea, darling, she was gone
Forever and forever!

She went with blossoms in the spring,
And shall I see her never?
Ah, yes! for those you love, love on
Forever and forever.

"There is another better world,"
Where pain and death are never;
There she and I shall live and love
Forever and forever.

A CHAPTER ON OYSTERS.

BY THE OLD 'UN.

WE have a word to say about oysters; and the popularity of the topic would excuse us if we were twice as tedious as we mean to be. Few people dislike this luscious shell-fish. Aged men are not averse to oysters, and children "cry for them," just as they are supposed to for Russia salve. So exquisite is the delectation of the palate in the consumption of this bivalve, that universal opinion seems to have settled as a primal condition to its enjoyment, that oysters must be eaten in secret; that no noise or bustle or gaudy worldly display, no covetous or even unsympathizing eyes should intrude upon the oyster-eater. The true oyster-eater is a modest man. There are beings destitute of delicacy and refinement, people who eat for the mere purpose of satisfying hunger, who devour oysters with as little responsibility as they would codfish and potatoes. Such fellows can gorge themselves at a stall in the open street, in the presence of a multitude, and wonder why men of finer mould require deep alcoves and silken curtains, and soft carpets that give back no echo to the tread. They would be lost at Florence's—dismayed, perplexed.

It was our chance lately, when we had suffered our usual dinner at home to slip by unheeded, to find ourselves in a remote quarter of the city, with a certain internal "reminder" of the wants of human nature. Hard-by rose a neat "ten-footer," with a gorgeous sign over the door, whereon was emblazoned the attractive and talismanic word "*oysters*." Various little hints and professions were uttered by squares of paper

pasted in the window-panes—such as "stewed," "roasted," "fresh from the shell," etc. Being, as we observed, somewhat hungry, we entered rapidly, and rashly ordered an oyster-stew upon the threshold. The proprietor of the establishment, a thinnish man, with no hair or eyebrow, and eyelashes of the color of faded gingerbread, prepared to comply with the demand, while we cast a hurried glance around us. We saw that we had been entrapped. The room was bare and dismal, with a sanded floor. There was no alcove, no curtains, and but one table, a little slab rather than a table, covered with a green oil cloth; and the stool beside it was so shrivelled-up and meagre, that it appeared to threaten impalement to any one who should entrust it with his person.

The oyster man now relieved the tedium of his preparations, by asking a great many questions relative to his operation; demanding to be informed whether he had put in milk enough, if he shouldn't add a *leadle* grain more butter, parenthetically stating that butter had "*ris*," but generously adding that the fact made no sort of odds; and all as if we were bound to act as cook and superintend our own meal. At length the oysters were placed before us, accompanied by a dropical greenish bottle, the inner sides of which were covered with thick patches of tomato cat-sup that clung like leeches to the glass; a loafish tin pepper-box, that had been in a good many hard fights, and got its head knocked out of shape, so that standing with its handle akimbo, and its perforated top flattened and bent, it had the most rakish air imaginable; and a small plate containing some fossil remains of a petrified cabbage-stump steeped in cider, intended to represent cold-slaw. The oyster-man, after setting down the bowl, deposited himself on a rickety chair hard by, with a rank "long-nine" alight in his mouth, and nodding familiarly at us, said, in a cheerful tone of encouragement, "Now, then, go in and win."

Observing us to grope hopelessly about for an oyster, the half-dozen that were in the mess being so emaciated as to elude all the vigilance of the iron spoon, he drawled out, "Eyesters don't look numerous in a big bowl." Apologizing for the temerity of one we finally succeeded in entrapping, he added, that, "Cooking eyesters allers *srunk* 'em up," and had the audacity to assert that the one in question, was "as big as his hand when it came out of the shell." We swallowed his impertinence and his oysters in disgust; and never was a ninepence more reluctantly paid or more inadequately deserved than that we left upon his grimy counter. We

shook the sand of that shop from our feet, as we emerged into the street; and we mentally resolved to draw its likeness, as the antipodes of all it ought to be—and to show it up as a warning to all men who might be tempted to go into the business, without taste for their craft, or consciences for their customers.

A PRESENTIMENT AND ITS FULFILMENT.

About two or three years ago, a young lady, resident of this village, who at the time was in the full enjoyment of good health, was visited one night at her bedside (as she affirmed at the time) by an apparition, who in solemn accents informed her that at the age of eighteen she would be an inhabitant of another and a better world. She made the incident known to her mother, who vainly endeavored to erase the circumstance from the mind of her daughter by treating it as the hallucination of a dream. The daughter, however, averred that she was in possession of her faculties and wide awake at the time of receiving the spiritual visitor; and such was the effect it had upon her mind, that from a girl full of life and glee, she became thoughtful and reserved, and gradually sunk under its depressing influence, until during the past year she became a tenant of our village grave-yard at the age of eighteen!—*Kinderhook Rough Notes.*

CURIOUS EXPERIMENT.

A recent work of science gives the following novel experiment, which settles a question of some importance in philosophy: 200 pounds weight of earth was dried in an oven, and afterwards put in an earthen vessel. The earth was then moistened with rain water, and a willow tree, weighing five pounds, was placed therein. During five years the earth was watered with rain or pure water; the willow grew and flourished, and to prevent the earth being mixed with fresh earth or dust from any source, it was covered with a metal plate numerously perforated to admit air only. After growing in the air for five years the tree was removed and found to weigh 169 pounds, plus, and the earth in the vessel being removed, dried and weighed, was discovered to have lost only about two ounces of its original weight. Thus 164 pounds of woody fibre, bark and roots were certainly produced, but from what source, unless from air?—*Scientific Journal.*

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS.

Some years since, when Gulliver kept a carpet store in the city, a wag of an artist succeeded in obtaining credit for a carpet to his studio. The debt having become due, Gulliver called for his pay some half-dozen times, but could never find the artist at home. At last he was so fortunate as to meet him on the stairs, when the following colloquy took place:

Gulliver—"Sir, are you ready to pay my bill?"

Artist—"I don't know you, sir."

Gulliver—"Not know me! Why, my name is Gulliver."

Artist—"I can't say I know you, but I have heard of your travels!"—*Mail.*

CIVILITY IS A FORTUNE.

Civility is a fortune itself, for a courteous man always succeeds in life, and that even when persons of ability sometimes fail. The famous Duke of Malborough is a case in point. It is said of him by one contemporary, that his agreeable manners often converted an enemy into a friend; and, by another, that it was more pleasing to be denied a favor by his grace, than to receive one from other men. The gracious manners of Charles James Fox preserved him from personal dislike, even at the time when he was politically the most unpopular man in the kingdom. The history of our own country is full of examples of success obtained by civility. The experience of every man furnishes, if we but recall the past, frequent instances where conciliatory manners have made the fortunes of physicians, lawyers, divines, politicians, merchants, and, indeed, individuals of all pursuits. In being introduced to a stranger, his affability, or the reverse, creates instantaneously a prepossession in his behalf, or awakens unconsciously a prejudice against him. To men, civility is in fact, what beauty is to women; it is a general passport to favor; a letter of recommendation written in a language that every stranger understands. The best of men have often injured themselves by irritability and consequent rudeness, as the greatest scoundrels have frequently succeeded by their plausible manners. Of two men, equal in all respects, the courteous one has twice the chance for fortune.—*Philadelphia Post.*

CHRISTIANS RELAPSING INTO PAGANISM.

It is said that since Ceylon became subject to the Christian Queen of England, it has become much more of a heathen country than it was before. Three hundred years ago the Portuguese made great efforts to convert the natives to the Roman Catholic faith. When the Dutch got possession of the island, they divided it into 240 parishes; built numerous churches, translated numerous portions of the Bible into the native tongues, maintained European missionaries, and even compelled the natives to be baptized. In 1795, when the island fell into the hands of the English, there were 350,000 native Protestant Christians. In the first year of British rule, 300 heathen temples were built in one province only; in sixteen years, more than half the native Protestant Christians abandoned their religion; and in 1851 the whole number of Christians in connection with all the Protestant missions was said to be only 18,046!—*English Paper.*

MEDICINE EATERS.

There is no country in the world where the people are so addicted to the medicine-eating propensity as the United States. It has grown to be a perfect mania. The fact is, Nature never designed the human body to be such a receptacle of medicine. If men would study the laws of Nature, diet properly instead of excessively, be regular in their habits, instead of regular in their doses, use common sense and cold water freely, and the doctor as little as possible, they would live longer, suffer less, and pay little for the privilege.—*New York Atlas.*

DEATH OF AN INFANT.

BY ARVILLA TRAYER.

A lovely flower did sweetly bloom
 Within the garden of my heart,
 But nought could stay the fearful doom
 That bid its glories all depart.

But yet not all, for memory still
 With pensive pleasure loves to trace,
 With more than boasted artist's skill,
 Each look, and smile, and living grace.

One little lock of golden hair,
 A sad memento still I keep,
 Of that sweet infant once so fair,
 So early called in death to sleep.

But snares, alas, are thickly set,
 Along the untried paths of youth,
 And scalding, bitter tears oft wet
 The cheek of innocence and truth.

Earth's blighted hopes and wasting cares
 Her gentle spirit cannot know;
 Reflecting thus I dry my tears,
 And meekly bear the heavy blow.

MRS. MORRISON'S MISTAKE.

BY SARAH K. BARSTOW.

"Not a domestic will I ever trust again—no, Mr. Morrison! It is really a shame—the way I've been imposed upon, by servants, ever since the day I went to housekeeping. The most faithless, ungrateful set—and that dreadful Katharine, I declare, the worst of all! To think how I prized that girl, and told everybody what a treasure she was, and thought myself so lucky in getting her! But it's just the way. Now, what am I to do, Mr. Morrison?"

"Get a girl in Katharine's place, I suppose; though I don't know how much we shall better ourselves. For my part, Mrs. Morrison, I hate the whole tribe of servants, from beginning to end. They're all dishonest alike, in my opinion. If it wasn't that you couldn't get along without them, not one should set foot in my house."

"You don't detest them worse than I do, Mr. Morrison, goodness knows. I wish I could do every atom of my own work, and not be tormented with the creatures. To think about their treachery and deceit! For now that Katharine has proved herself no better than the rest, I don't believe an honest one can be found."

"Well, we must put up with what comes first to hand now, I suppose. I'll go to the intelligence office, and see what I can find."

"O, but Mr. Morrison, for pity's sake don't

bring home anything and everything—do look and see that the girl's a decent-looking one, *what* ever you get."

"Of course; but perhaps I mayn't meet with one to day. What will you do in that case? Couldn't you get somebody to help you, meanwhile?"

"I don't know—no, indeed, of course not! Whom should I get? But don't for pity's sake suppose such a thing! I tell you I can't possibly get along without one longer than to-day—and mercy knows how I shall make out as it is! Here it is washing-day, and Mrs. Murray has got washing enough to last her till night, and I must go to cooking dinner and doing up the housework myself, in the midst of it. O, that dreadful Katharine! To think that she should turn out so!"

"Well, Mrs. Morrison, you must look out for the next one that comes—that's all I know."

"That I will. I'll never trust a soul of them again! I'll watch them closer than a cat would a mouse; for there's not one of them, I believe, that wouldn't do as Katharine's done—if not worse. I declare, I can't help thinking about that creature, and it's enough to make one cry with vexation! Well! if ever I catch any of my help doing what Katharine did, I'll not be content with dismissing her without a character, but I'll give her up to the law. *That's* what I'll do." And Mrs. Morrison, with this, tied on an immense apron over her morning-dress, and descended to the culinary regions, to look after the dinner, with her mind in a state past description.

Ever since she first went to housekeeping, as she said, she had been tormented with servants, in one way or another; and finally, when she flattered herself she had found a perfect treasure, and had kept this treasure, in the shape of Miss Katharine O'Callahan, for the space of three months, it was discovered that Miss Katharine was in the habit of supplying her family in food, from her master's table, besides helping herself, quietly, to various articles of her mistress's property, whenever she found it convenient. On the very morning of the conversation above recorded, she had betrayed herself in the act of filling her big brother's basket with numerous good things from the store-room, and utterly discomposed by the sudden appearance of Mr. Morrison, allowed him to extort from her a confession that such had been her practice nearly ever since she had been there; and shortly, other peccadilloes were brought forward to the light, which, altogether, formed an array of wickedness and audacity perfectly astonishing. Now, Mrs.

Morrison found out what had become of the bracelet which she thought she had lost at Mrs. Marsh's party; now, her lace pelerine, and sleeves, and collar, which had been purloined from the clothes-line some weeks previously, were suddenly accounted for; now, Mr. Morrison's shirt-studs and diamond-pin were brought from the lists of the lost. True, Katharine declared she didn't take the bracelet, nor the laces, although she confessed to the rest. But then, of course, although she said it, she was not for a moment to be believed. No, of course not! She had lost all right to be believed. Mrs. Morrison declared she would never believe her in the world; or any other servant, she added.

So this morning, the lady set about preparing dinner in a state of the greatest perturbation. She missed Katharine's services, and continually lamented their loss; for doing her work alone, now, she realized their value. But her indignation at the recollection of the girl's treachery remained at its full height, notwithstanding she felt the need of help, and fretted unceasingly because she was without it; yet, even while she waited, with the utmost impatience, the arrival of some one, was predisposed to judge by her experience with Katharine every domestic whom she might henceforth employ.

It may reasonably be supposed that Mrs. Morrison was by no means in the best humor in the world, when she went to the kitchen. Mrs. Murray, the honest Scotch washerwoman, thought so when she came in, but it was not her concern. Besides, she supposed that Mrs. Morrison had her trials, as well as poorer people, and in her charitable heart made it out all right.

"Mrs. Murray," said Mrs. Morrison, as she brought in from the pantry the meat which the butcher's boy had just left, "Mrs. Murray, how long will it take you to do up the washing to-day?"

Mrs. Murray looked dubiously towards the great basket of clothes lying close by. Mr. Morrison and Tom (that was the son, a young man of seventeen) were both extremely fastidious in regard to their linen—more so than was needful or reasonable, as Mrs. Morrison herself declared, although she was equally unmerciful in the way of starched cambrics and embroideries, and consequently, the clothes-basket generally presented a formidable appearance on Mondays. To-day, however, it was piled up higher than usual, and the washerwoman doubted her ability to finish before half past three or four in the afternoon.

"Half past three or four? Dear me, Mrs. Murray, it appears to me that you might finish

sooner than that," said Mrs. Morrison, impatiently.

"Yes, ma'am; but ye see the shirts—twelve o' them—yes, thirteen, and six sheets, and all those ruffled pillow-cases, and your clothes besides—"

"Well, well, never mind," interrupted the lady, testily, "be as quick as you can, for I want to go out this afternoon."

"Indeed, ma'am, I'll get done as soon as possible," answered Mrs. Murray, humbly. And with redoubled exertion, she continued her labor.

Poor Mrs. Murray! A weary time she had of it, working in that hot basement all day long; but though her arms grew tired, and her feet ached with standing, and the great drops stood on her heated brow, she toiled with a contented and hopeful heart, for wouldn't she have fifty cents at night to carry home, to help make up the rent that was due to-morrow? And a picture of the pleasant though humble apartment that was all her home, with its bright walls and snowy floor, and the sweet afternoon sunshine—the sunshine that was hers as well as the rich man's—shining in through the open doorway, and her husband coming from his work to meet her, as she came from hers—all this came to her, standing there over the steaming wash-tub. And she rubbed away, smiling to herself as she worked, thinking of it. Mrs. Morrison's testiness was forgotten for awhile in that cheering day-dream. It took very little to make her happy; and while she could keep out of debt, and had her health, and could help Jamie keep the roof over their heads, she was a glad and fortunate woman.

Well, Mrs. Morrison dressed the meat and vegetables, and made a pudding, and got the dinner progressing satisfactorily, altogether, and by that time it was twelve o'clock. Not a sign of any girl was there yet; and with a fretful sigh, the lady went up stairs to attend to things there. The parlors were dusted and arranged, after a little while, and then a thousand other things, in various directions about the house, claimed her attention. Between looking after her culinary affairs, and doing whatever other work required to be done, it was three o'clock almost before she knew it; and she had scarcely time to re-arrange her hair, and change her dress, before Mr. Morrison came in to dinner, followed directly after by Tom.

She hastened to meet her husband, with inquiries concerning his success at the intelligence office. She could not but be gratified to learn that he had secured a girl, and one who promised, from her general appearance and address,

and from her avowed qualifications, the most perfect satisfaction. She was to come that evening. A sigh of relief escaped Mrs. Morrison. Her morning's toil, in one way and another, had completely wearied her out; and she was really elated with the prospect of assistance. She was quite willing to wait till evening, if the girl could come then.

"Is she Irish?" she demanded of her husband.

"No—an English girl, stout and healthy-looking, and as neat as one could wish. She seems active and capable, and has a civil, frank, honest manner, that alone recommended her. An English girl would be a prize to you, I thought."

"Yes, indeed—not an Irish girl shall ever come into my family again. And as it is," she added, with the memory of Katharine's wickedness still rankling in her mind, "as it is, there's no knowing whether the English mayn't be just as bad. I shall keep a sharp eye upon this one, at any rate. She may have her faults, in spite of her honest appearance. What's her name?"

"Margaret Willett. I dare say you will like her, Mrs. Morrison."

"I should hope so," joined in Tom, "for it's a regular bore, blacking one's boots one's self, in the morning. So I hope you'll make up your mind to keep her."

He was a very fine young gentleman, Tom Morrison. Happy the maid-of-all-work in his mother's house, who was obliged to run hither and thither, at the command of Mr. Tom Morrison. A weary life of it she led.

Dinner was over, and Mr. Morrison, after a half-hour's reading of the morning papers, in the sitting-room, put on his hat and went back to the store. Mrs. Morrison, who was just putting away the dinner-dishes, heard the front door shut.

"I wonder where Thomas is?" she said to herself. "It is time he were at the counting-room."

Going through the sitting-room, on her way to the basement, she looked at Mr. Morrison's watch, which hung over the mantel, and which he had left at home, on account of the chain being broken. It was after four.

"Tom," she called at the foot of the stairs, "Tom, aren't you going to the store this afternoon?"

And Tom, from his chamber, answered that he was just sealing a letter, which he desired to mail on his way to his place of business.

So Mrs. Morrison went down to the kitchen, and presently heard her son come down stairs, and shortly leave the house. Mrs. Murray had

not yet finished washing, but a half-hour more she thought, would see the last piece disposed of; and, tired as she was, the reflection was cheering to her. Mrs. Morrison left her at her work, and went back up stairs to receive a half-visitor. It was too late to go out this afternoon, so she devoted the remainder of the afternoon to her friend, in a comfortable chat, during which she gave a detailed account of her many grievances in domestic matters, enlarging principally on Katharine's scandalous behaviour, being regaled, on the part of her friend, with reminiscences of corresponding misfortunes.

Mrs. Morrison was aroused by the voice of Mrs. Murray, who, with her bonnet on, came and knocked at the parlor door, to tell the lady that she had done washing, and that the clothes were all dried and folded in the baskets, with the exception of a few pieces which she had put out last, and that now she was going home. So Mrs. Morrison paid her, and she went, with weary limbs but a light heart, homeward. Not a great while after, her visitor departed, and at seven, Mr. Morrison came home to tea. He inquired if the new girl had come yet.

"No—she seems to be in no hurry," returned his wife.

"O, well, I dare say she will be valuable enough to pay for making you wait a little, you will find," returned Mr. Morrison, anxious, by endeavoring to propitiate his wife in favor of the new girl, to save himself the trouble of a fresh hunt through the intelligence office.

After tea, the two adjourned to the sitting-room. Tom had gone to the theatre with a fellow-clerk, and it was somewhat lonely. Mr. Morrison took a newspaper from his coat pocket to read.

"By-the-way, Mrs. Morrison," he said, "I have got my chain repaired;" and he stepped to the mantel. Then he turned about.

"O, you've got it, I suppose, haven't you, Mrs. Morrison?"

"Got what?"

"Why, my watch."

"No, I haven't. It is hanging up there, isn't it?"

"No—I don't see it."

"Mr. Morrison, you don't tell me that watch is gone?" she cried, rising.

"Come and look for yourself."

She went to the mantel and saw the nail where the watch had hung—nothing more. The husband and wife regarded each other with astonishment. He was the first to speak.

"Mrs. Morrison, who has been here? Since dinner, I mean."

"Not a soul in the room. It looks like Katharine's doings. If she were here—"

"She *isn't* here, Mrs. Morrison. And the watch couldn't have gone without hands. Whose hands could they have been?"

"Sure enough—whose? No one has entered the room, to my knowledge, except myself and Mrs.—"

She paused, as a sudden thought struck her, and glanced at her husband.

"Well," he said, "why don't you go on?"

"And Mrs. Murray! There, Mr. Morrison, that creature—"

"Is just what I suspected. Not a whit better than all the rest. That's my opinion."

"Exactly, Mr. Morrison. It just entered my mind that she passed through here, on her way to the parlor, to let me know that she was ready to go home. O, the wicked, ungrateful thing! Now I remember how odd she looked, and how her hand trembled when I paid her. No wonder! Mr. Morrison, I haven't a doubt remaining! Now something must be done. I dare say that woman knew about Katharine, and thought if we let her off so easy, that she might take whatever she pleased, without fear of punishment, even if she should be detected. But she *shall* be punished! Mr. Morrison, you'd better go directly down to her house—you know where she lives—and take a police officer with you, to arrest her. Perhaps you may get the watch back; but there's no telling. At any rate, even if you do, don't let that creature escape. She deserves to be made an example of. That splendid gold watch, that cost one hundred dollars! Hurry, Mr. Morrison, as fast as you can."

Seizing his hat, Mr. Morrison started off. Procuring a police officer, he hastened to the humble dwelling of the poor washerwoman. They found her alone, her husband being away, and immediately charged her with the theft.

The poor woman was horror-struck. With tears in her eyes, she protested her innocence; but her accuser was not a pitiful man. He insisted on her guilt, and threatened her with the most rigorous punishment, unless she instantly restored the stolen property.

She was almost wild with grief. "But I ha'e na got the thing, I tell ye!" she cried, frantically. "Winna ye hear me? How can I gi'e't ye, when I ha'e't not?"

"Don't tell me you haven't got it, woman!" Mr. Morrison answered, sternly. "I'll find it, shortly. Come, Buckley, search the room!"

And they did search; but in vain. No watch was forthcoming. Mrs. Murray's face grew

brighter, with the idea that they were now convinced of her innocence.

"Did na I tell ye," she cried, "that I had it not? Noo I hope ye'll believe me."

But what was her horror to hear Mr. Morrison declare that, if it was not in the house, she must have sold it!

"O, hoo can ye, Mr. Morrison—hoo can ye!" she uttered, wringing her hands. "O, what will become o' me?"

"Become of you? Why, you'll go straight to prison, ma'am—that's what will become of you! Come, Buckley, march her off."

Throwing herself at his feet, she begged earnestly for pity, asserting her innocence with such simplicity and truthfulness, that the officer, already disposed to believe her, hesitated to proceed to immediate action. He was astonished at and ashamed of Mr. Morrison's unmanly behaviour. Mrs. Murray entreated that she might not be sent to prison. She begged only to go up to Mrs. Morrison, and endeavor to persuade her of her innocence. In this the officer seconded her. He was a man of much humanity, and it troubled him to witness her distress. Turning aside, he recommended Mr. Morrison to accede to her request. He did so, reluctantly, and they immediately proceeded to that gentleman's residence. Here Mrs. Morrison was eagerly awaiting her husband's appearance; and seeing the washerwoman coming also, commenced overwhelming her with reproaches.

In vain Mrs. Murray attempted to convince her hard accusers of her innocence. She declared that she had not even seen a watch, when she passed through the sitting-room, on going home. She asserted her incapability of theft. She appealed to them if she had not always been found trustworthy, since they had employed her. She urged the good character—the honest name she had always borne.

And in the midst of this scene, the door-bell rung. The new girl had come—a fair-haired, bright-faced, buxom-looking English girl, whose appearance spoke well in her favor, as Mrs. Morrison could not but acknowledge, at first sight. She lifted her trunk in from the steps, where the coachman had left it, as though it were a feather; and then, with bonnet and shawl still on, stepped inside the parlor door, where she stood, while Mrs. Morrison alternately plied her with questions, and loaded poor Mrs. Murray with the most heartless reproaches and accusations. Margaret Willett's answers were honest and satisfactory; and after some fifteen minutes' time, Mrs. Morrison said:

"Well, Margaret, you may go up stairs—"

three flights, the second door on the left—and take your things off. That's your room."

But she never noticed that Margaret stood perfectly still, instead of obeying her, and gathering, from her accusations, and Mrs. Murray's earnest, tearful protestations, a pretty distinct idea of the business going on before her. She stood by in silence, thinking how soon, in Mrs. Morrison's service, she herself might be placed in a position similar to that of this poor woman, with no way of proving her innocence. Her ruddy cheeks grew ruddier still, as she listened to Mrs. Morrison's unladylike language.

Suddenly, the front door opened, and Tom Morrison entered. Throwing his cap upon the stand in the hall, he advanced towards the scene of action.

"Hallo, mother, what's the fuss?" demanded he, in his elegant way.

"Fuss enough, I should think, Tom!" returned his mother, angrily. "Here this audacious woman has been stealing your father's watch, that was hanging up in the sitting-room to-day, and she declares she hasn't seen it! But there's proof enough, and I won't stand here talking any longer. Now, Mr. Morrison, I will have justice done this time. She shan't escape, as Katharine did. Will you have her taken off, or not?"

"Hold on, mother!" cried Tom Morrison, coloring up to the roots of his hair; "don't be in such a hurry. You've no need to think, because Katharine O'Callahan was a thief, that everybody else is, as well. There's the watch!" and drawing it from his pocket, he laid it upon the table. "I took it before I went from dinner, this afternoon, to wear to the theatre this evening."

There was silence—perfect, unbroken—among all there except Mrs. Murray. An ejaculation of joy and gratitude to Providence escaped her lips, and then a flood of almost ecstatic tears followed. Mr. Morrison and his wife regarded each other with confusion and humiliation. Mr. Buckley took his hat; and while Mrs. Murray, too happy to reproach her accusers, hastened, without a word, to leave the house and hurry home to her Jamie, Margaret Willett turned also, to take her own departure. At this, Mrs. Morrison found words. Hastily catching Margaret's arm, she said, in a tone of alarm:

"Why, where are you going?"

"Back to my boarding-house, that I came from," said Margaret, resolutely. "I don't like to take service here. If I'd happened to have been here to-day, it's like enough I'd ha' been taken up, as well as she. I don't like it. It's

dangerous." And away went Margaret, trunk and all.

Mrs. Morrison lost a good washerwoman and a good maid-servant at once, that night. And it was long and long ere she got others in their place, too; for in some way, the story of that day's proceedings got about, and it seemed almost as if every washerwoman and every maid-servant in town knew of it. Mrs. Murray, with her kindly, honest heart, would have pitied her quondam patroness, if she had known how much shame and mortification her hard, hasty, suspicious nature cost her.

Margaret Willett obtained a situation in a family where Mrs. Morrison was a frequent visitor; and that lady had the satisfaction, thereafter, of listening to Mrs. Vincent's warm and earnest praises of Margaret—eulogiums on her honesty, her industry, capability, and perfect trustworthiness, and of reflecting on the prize she had lost, for Margaret has been at Mrs. Vincent's ever since, and is likely to remain there.

NOVELTIES OF UTAH.

A private letter from Provo City, Utah county, Utah Territory (fifty miles from Great Salt Lake), says: "We are in sight of snow the year round. We can pick flowers with one hand and gather snow with the other. It is warm in the valleys, healthy, pleasant, fruitful, with seldom any rain; but we have plenty of mountain streams to irrigate our fields and gardens; so that the latter do not suffer for want of moisture. We have no fever and ague; there is always a mountain breeze which affords a very pure atmosphere. We have been busily engaged in making sugar, which is manufactured from a sort of honey-dew or sugar coating, which falls on the leaves of the cottonwood trees, and resembles the frosting on cake. There have several thousand pounds of sugar been made from this substance within a few days, and it sells readily at forty cents per pound."—*Portfolio*.

LOOKING DEATH IN THE FACE.

As she sat in her chair, she (Maria Theresa of Austria) reclined her head back, and seemed inclined to slumber. One of the women arranged the cushions around her dying sovereign, and asked in a whisper if her majesty would compose herself to sleep? "No," said the empress (naming herself), "I could sleep, but death is too near; and I must not let him steal upon me in that way. I have been preparing for his approach these fifteen years, and I am resolved to look him in the face without fear or terror." And she did so; for she ordered her physician to give her notice aloud when death was at hand, and she employed her parting breath in thanking Heaven, and blessing her people and her children.—*Memoirs of Sir R. M. Keith*.

Happiness consists not in having such and such possessions, but in being fitted to enjoy what we have.

TO MARY—A VALENTINE.

BY ALVIN HOSMER.

Come, lady, come, why longer roam
In such a state as this?
Why not away without delay,
To double-blessedness?
They tell me joy without alloy
Reigns there almost divine!
Then come away without delay,
And be my Valentine!

I've watched for years, 'tween smiles and tears,
Old Fortune's fickle wheel,
In hopes 'twould bring some treasured thing,
But nought it does reveal:
O shall it, say, be thine for aye?
Must I still watch and pine?
Nay, rather come and bless my home,
My gentle Valentine.

If 'twas designed for all mankind
To enter Hymen's vale,
'Tis strange to say that you and I
Are still without the pale;
And must I stray from thee away,
Nor ever call thee mine?
Nay, lady, nay; forbide, I pray,
My lovely Valentine.

Thine heart's a store which I prize more
Than diamonds rich and rare,
And to mine eyes thy mind's a prize
With which nought can compare:
Then lady, say, must I away?
Wilt spurn this love of mine?
Nay, rather love and be beloved,
My gentle Valentine.

THE GAME OF LOVE.

BY REBECCA OWENS.

In a shady, quiet grape-arbor sat a young lady deeply absorbed in the fascinating pages of Byron's poems. The deepening flush on her cheek, at his wild, daring strain, showed her impassioned nature; and the dewy light in her softening eye, at his thrilling words of feeling, showed that beneath a cold exterior beat a true woman's heart. Gay voices broke the silence, and two girls entered the far end of the arbor, gathering grapes.

"Kate," said one of them, "did you know we had a genius in our midst?"

"No, indeed," was replied, laughingly; "I never in thought, word or deed accused quiet, commonplace Langanon of harboring such an enormity."

"It is true, nevertheless; he is the young schoolmaster at—"

"Pooh! a clown!" said Kate.

"No, a genius, you most inveterate scuffer, for brother John told me so. I will tell you no more until Carolyn makes her appearance, for I know she would *look*, 'now don't tell me about a plebeian genius.'"

Our studious friend arose, and came forward. From her low seat they had not seen her.

"Good evening, girls," said she, with a stately air inseparable from her manner. "I must apologise for not joining you before. I was so interested that your voices did not at first reach me. Elsie, do me the pleasure of *sketching off* this genius, and see if I will sneer at the 'plebeian.'"

"O, I cannot," said Elsie, in confusion; "you know I was always afraid of you."

"Well," said Kate, as the trio seated themselves again, "I do not think we have lost much; for what can be said of a mere country schoolmaster?"

"This can be said," said Carolyn, fixing her brilliant eyes on the trifling speaker. "At the age of fifteen, a severe illness resulted in an incurable lameness. His livelihood depended upon his own exertions. His lameness prevented much physical exercise. He sought to fathom his mental abilities, and in this hour of need turn his superiority of intellect to some practical purpose; but he knew himself burdened by a low name, and trammelled by the prejudices of his friends against knowledge, of which they were ignorant, alone he must struggle, his nearest relatives being elder brothers who were too much occupied with self to render him effectual aid. Unaided by good advice from older heads, or cheering words from loving hearts, he resolved to make himself a name clear from the associating blemish of his ancestry—honored because reared by his own exertions. By close application, he attained the rank of teacher in his own neighborhood—an honor, for there he was best known. By rigid economy he saved, from a limited income, a sufficiency to enter college. In three years he graduated, returned and resumed his old school, to introduce that light to his native place that had from a feeble ray brightened to a steady beam."

"I cannot see anything wonderful in all that," said Kate, with a light sneer. "Lame! Ugh! Elsie, is he handsome?"

"No, I think not," said Elsie, rousing herself from a reverie. "Brother John says he is not; he has heard him speak at their lyceum—says he has the finest eyes in the world—they make one forget everything but their language."

"O, girls, a lighter strain, I beg," said Kate; "I am in momentary dread of a review of his

speeches and a critique of the most 'grandly beautiful.'"

"O, but I must tell something more. Brother John says this new star, Mr. Lacie, is taken captive by Carolyn's beauty. He almost raves about the perfection of her charms."

"I, too, cry a lighter strain, now," said Carolyn. "Mr. Lacie cannot have much dignity, to rave about a lady he does not know at all."

And the three girls entered the house.

Carolyn McCleure was an only daughter of Colonel McCleure, a haughty aristocrat, with barely an independence and the memory of former greatness to sustain his pride. His wife was just a softened fac-simile of himself. Carolyn, now about eighteen, was a distinct and original character. She was most bewilderingly beautiful. She had lived a very secluded life. Her natural reserve had thus been fostered, until her cold, haughty manner kept every one at a distance. She was allowed to select her own reading matter from a fine library. In an evil hour she fell upon Byron's poems, and all other reading seemed tame after his burning pages. Nearly all her time was passed alone in the library. Her constant poetical reading brightened the strong romantic turn of her mind, until her naturally fine feelings became morbid in their intensity. She was the only object that Colonel McCleure honored with his regards. He was a cold, stern man, made but little demonstration of approbation when his daughter pleased him, and at the least offence, his manner hardened to icy coldness. Carolyn had a passionate, enthusiastic temperament. Hero worship was a striking characteristic of her reveries. Her friends, Kate Lanamer and Elsie Harwood, were friends rather from the force of circumstances than from any other cause. Kate was a heartless coquette, beautiful, wealthy and capricious. Elsie was a nice sort of a girl, quiet, gentle and affectionate.

Soon after Carolyn left school, her father took her to a church about three miles distant from their residence, in a plainer neighborhood than theirs. As they were returning, she said to her haughty sire:

"Pa, who was that dark-eyed gentleman who—"

"Excuse me," interrupted Colonel McCleure, "I had no acquaintances there, and do not think it desirable that you should have."

Thus silenced, Carolyn said no more; but that night as she looked out of the window by her bedside, at the church, so white and ghost-like in the pale moonlight, at the stars, so coquettishly shining through the palmy branches of the alantus trees, her mind roamed over the

new subjects of thought that had been presented during the day. Then she lingered over those dark eyes, whose glance she had more than once encountered. Other things drove the subject out of her mind, until one day she was visiting a friend, who was teasing her about a peculiar kind of hat she wore.

"It must be very superb," said she, "for Mr. Lacie says it is, and says you are the most beautiful girl he ever saw."

Carolyn had so often heard her beauty lauded that compliments had no effect upon her, for, young as she was, she had many admirers. Often the blush with which she received flattery was shame that she was not valued for her mental attractions, instead of her accidental superiority of beauty. When she heard that the gentleman who had attracted her attention at church was the same one whose compliments were repeated by her injudicious friends, she listened more readily to them.

The evening after my story opens, she went up to her room too thoughtful to sleep. Looking out at the holy stars keeping their shining watch, she reviewed a subject that had lately claimed too many of her thoughts. Reason asserted her right to speak first, and silenced hero worship and romance by declaring that it was idle in the extreme to give so many thoughts to one whom her father never would consent even to her forming acquaintance with. Resolving to govern her truant fancies, she fell asleep.

Next day, she received an invitation from a distant friend to visit her. After an absence of two months, she returned.

"Carolyn," said her mother, "go up to see old Mrs. Reed. She has missed you sadly—she has had no one to read to her since you left."

Carolyn started, and met her father.

"Where are you going?" said he.

"To see Mrs. Reed."

"Very well," said he. "But Carolyn, I will have no improper acquaintances; be sure you make none."

She was much surprised, for Mrs. Reed was one of her father's favorites. Mrs. Reed welcomed her warmly, and they were deeply engaged in conversation when the door opened, and turning around, her eyes met Mr. Lacie's. Her father's words rushed into her mind. A cool introduction by the dignified Mrs. Reed recalled her self-possession. Her father soon called for her. As they walked home, he told her Mr. Lacie had applied for the school in sight of their residence, and that he had been accepted. He added a few words of encomium on his superior abilities, and explained his cool but polite invi-

tation to Mr. Lacie to visit him, by saying, "as I am trustee, I consider myself bound to encourage the teacher." During the following month, Carolyn often saw Mr. Lacie, but always in Mrs. Reed's presence.

Dr. Lanamer, a good, benevolent man, who was always hunting up some new protegee to patronize, about this time took Mr. Lacie into especial favor, and had him invited to a large party his daughter Kate gave. Carolyn arrived late; the first figure her eye rested on was Lacie's, standing conversing with several gentlemen. Never had Carolyn looked more beautiful, and leaving her surrounded by admirers, I will tell you about Harrie Lacie.

Circumstances which had surrounded him from boyhood had made him a skeptic and a stoic. Possessing a highly superior mind, he had spent years in storing it with useful knowledge, but had bestowed far too little attention on the cultivation of his heart. Not by feeling but by reason, he argued of all things. Any demonstration of feeling was denounced by him as sentimental nonsense. Carolyn was the first and only woman he had ever admired. Her glorious beauty first attracted him; every time he had seen her, the chain had been strengthened. The difficulties separating them only enhanced the value of the prize. He determined to attain it. This idea buoyed up his flagging hopes, and fired his feeble faith through years of endeavor, and now he was beginning to reap the fruits of his exertions. He was standing at her side, and yet far sundered; but he resolved every day to lessen the distance.

Dr. Lanamer brought him up and introduced him to his pretty, mischievous daughter. She was so charming, it was almost impossible to resist her witcheries. She kept Mr. Lacie by her side until she was called to the piano. Among her attractions she numbered an exquisite taste for music and a voice of unusual sweetness. Mr. Lacie was passionately fond of music, and hung spell-bound over the piano, while his glorious dark eyes expressed in glowing language his rapture. When the song ceased, he turned away and saw Carolyn standing alone by a distant table. He sought her side, and soon engaged her in a freer conversation than they had ever had before. They parted that evening; she, blinded by some dazzling lights in his character, forgot to look for the shades; he, giving his worship to the beautiful lady, distinguished for her social position and cultivated intellect; she, giving her young heart's homage at the shrine of hero worship; and he, knowing or caring nothing about the warm woman's heart and its affections.

Since Mr. Lacie had been entertained by Dr. Lanamer, he was invited to all social gatherings. Generally, Kate engrossed his attention. Laughingly she would come up to him, entice him to the piano, and by her music waft his soul to Elysium. Often Carolyn thought she would gladly barter her rare beauty for the one gift denied her—that of song. Though her soul was filled with harmony, her lips were sealed.

Colonel McCleure and his wife went to visit a sister of the latter, who was ill at a distance. Carolyn was left with Mrs. Reed during their absence. Thus thrown every day in Mr. Lacie's company, the first love of both hearts was daily strengthened. One evening, when alone, Carolyn seated herself at the piano and awoke strain after strain of music. Most beautiful she looked—her pale Madonna face lighted up by intense feeling. Now, stormy surges of strong passion swept over the keys, then died away to plaintive sadness or in joyous ripples. She arose, as the darkness gathered around her, and went to the window, and started to find Mr. Lacie leaning against it. In silence, the two looked out on the star-bright night. Burning words of passion were trembling on his lips, when the entrance of Mrs. Reed and a servant bearing lights interrupted them. For several days, no other opportunity occurred for a continuance of the subject, and then her parents returned. Mrs. McCleure was ill, having contracted the same fever with which her sister had died. One short week, and she, too, slept in death. Her father, too, was brought to his death-bed by the same disease. Poor Carolyn was quite overcome by distress. In one short month made an orphan! In the midst of happiness, for so dark a cloud to overshadow her and break in such a storm as left life a desert! Slowly her brain and heart awoke after the shock. Changed from the light-hearted girl to a saddened woman, she at length took her place in Dr. Lanamer's family circle. Her father had entrusted her to the doctor's guardianship, and she had accepted a home in his family.

Going down stairs one evening, she saw Mr. Lacie leaning entranced over the piano, fascinated by a melody Kate was warbling—a light, merry strain, with an under current of deep feeling. Though the song ceased and he came to her side, a deep wound was inflicted on Carolyn's morbid sensibilities. Had he been suffering in some way, she would have shown her sympathy. Always reserved, she kept this feeling preying on her heart and she grew more and more reserved.

"He shall not feel bound to me because

once, perhaps more influenced by circumstances than feeling, he spoke some hurried words of love. If Kate can win him, his was not such love as I want." Thus Carolyn thought; not jealous, for she could not be jealous.

"I will lead Mr. Lacie off from Carolyn," thought coquettish Kate. "It will be such a triumph, to win a beau from the beauty of the State."

Carolyn allowed Kate every opportunity of attracting his attentions. When obliged to be in the room, she would retire to a distant table, and lean over a book so cold and quiet, no one would imagine the storm in her young breast. But so severe was the conflict, that often she would retire to her own room, throw herself on the bed, and pressing her hand on her throbbing temples and aching heart, would long so wildly for rest, even for the quiet of non-existence, instead of this harrowing doubt. Mr. Lacie knew Carolyn only as the woman of intellect and beauty. He was obliged to look up to her with a respect that did not in the least flatter his pride. She would only sympathize with him so far as he was good and exalted according to her elevated standard. When he fell below that, she would turn her magnificent eyes in silent wonder to his face, and he would hasten to erase the bad impression. This had at length become galling to him; he called her merely an intellectual woman.

With Kate, he could always be free. He had been lured on and on by her witchery, until her voice was the sweetest music he heard—her smile the brightest sunshine.

"She has a woman's loving heart," thought he.

O blind and loved—there is a depth of feeling in Carolyn that Kate has not capacity to fathom nor you heart to appreciate.

Dr. Lanamer had offered Mr. Lacie his library; he was studying medicine with him. He became an inmate of the family, that he might devote more time to his study. As Kate entertained a great deal of company, Carolyn was necessarily thrown much in society. Several strangers, who came into the neighborhood about this time, formed the brightest male ornaments in that little galaxy of fashion. Colonel Lee, a widower of about thirty, and two other gentlemen of cultivated minds and prepossessing manners, made society pleasant even to Carolyn. Each day, Colonel Lee and Arthur Laurame might be seen bending over her. She was so different from other girls—so original, that they never wearied of the effort to lift the veil of reserve and see the rich treasures beneath. They partially succeeded; and as Mr. Lacie saw her

engaged in animated, brilliant conversation—saw the countenance that had of late been so cold to him soften beneath these strangers' influence, smiles wreath those proud lips, and the new language in her dark blue eyes, he said to himself:

"She cares not for me; she is all ice. I cannot melt down the barrier to our hearts' union, if my strong will has overleaped the distance between our social positions."

Ah, Harrie Lacie, have you forgotten that even when you were trying to make yourself worthy Carolyn's acceptance, that all you worshipped was her glorious beauty—all you aspired to was a position at her side in society?—that from your lips she heard only sneers at sentiment, and the holiest feeling of the heart, love? In all thy burning tide of eloquence to which she has listened so often, spell-bound, you spoke only of the future viewed through the lens of ambition, and her soul's hero worship bowed down before that ambition which in her ignorance she called godlike; that never but once thy voice softened, and falteringly you spoke of love. The subject interrupted, you never resumed it, and having made her cold to meet thy coldness, you find out that it is thy heart that wants a companion and thy intellect an admirer. You think you have found the treasure in Kate. O, Carolyn could be a companion for thy heart, for there is a well of undiscovered tenderness in her that would yield a never-failing fountain of delight! She could be an admirer of thy intellect, for she could follow its loftiest flights and appreciate their grandeur!

"Carolyn must have change of air; she is looking pale," said Dr. Lanamer. And she accompanied Kate to a watering-place.

But change of air did not bring back the roses to Carolyn's cheek. Several days after their return, as she was standing at a window, she saw Kate dash up on her spirited little pony. Mr. Lacie was just entering the yard; they had not before seen him. He sprang forward to assist Kate. She read the delight her presence gave one moment in his fine, expressive eyes; but a handsome young Lieutenant rode at her side. With a slight bow, a careless "good morning," she passed by him. Carolyn saw the blood crimson his brow. A moment he stood irresolute; then drawing up his fine figure, he entered the house. She knew he had gone to the library, and without pausing to think, she sought him there. Her pride was forgotten. She only wished to soothe his angry feelings with a woman's delicacy—to divert his thoughts from Kate's mortifying treatment. She found him

sitting with his head bowed down in his hands. She went up to him and laid her hand lightly on his arm.

"Mr. Lacie, you have not welcomed me home?"

"No," said he, rising haughtily; "I will not risk another rejection. I will make that heartless flirt feel my indifference, and then I am done with all the sex. I find them coldly intellectual, or skilled in duplicity; revelling in homage, or angling for hearts, counterfeiting that passion that fools and poets call divine." And turning, he opened a book.

Carolyn sought her chamber, and in spite of the cold, dead pain at her heart, began a review of her life. All her girlish romancing finally concentrated on one object. He, after a brief admiration, turned away chilled by a reserve she, unaided, had no power to break down.

Crossing her white arms on her heaving bosom, and lifting her eyes to the starlit sky—"Yes," said she, "let me die. This last effort to regain the object of my life-long love proves that I can never attain that coveted prize. O, how lonely! how lonely! wrapped in his gloomy, sullen pride. Disdaining a brother's aid for fear of pity; turning from words of affectionate interest with a sneer; and analyzing friendly acts—saying so much is self-interest, so much is deceit, so much is mockery, so much is fawning! 'Neath the mask of haughty indifference he will hide a lonely, mournful heart—so sad! so sad!" and bowing her head, she burst into tears.

A sharp pain stopped her sobs, another caught her breath; an hour later, Kate found her insensible on the bed. All that kind friends could do was done; but the fiat was passed. Carolyn the young, gifted and beautiful, must die! Mr. Lacie obtained permission to see her one evening. Her sad look at his harsh words still haunted him, and he wondered how she would look when he saw her again. She looked so white and motionless—so like a corpse, that he involuntarily knelt at her side.

"Do you, too, think it a mysterious providence that I, so young, must die?" said she, fixing her brilliant eyes on his face. "Two keen sorrows I have known—a third would wreck my faith in Heaven!"

"I have thought you so cold, that sorrow did not reach your heart," said Harrie, involuntarily speaking his thought.

A spasm crossed her face; then calmly she said:

"You have not known me. A secret hope brightened years of my life. When it seemed almost realized, my first great trouble came—the death of my parents. I loved with devoted car-

nestness one whom I believed loved me. This hope blunted every pang; but soon tint after tint faded from my rainbow of promise, and I knew amid the darkness of a premature night that my love had been squandered on one who knew not its value, and closed his eyes to its existence. I sought not to overcome this passion. I knew the struggle would be useless. You used to say that homage, admiration would satisfy my heart. It never cheated mine; it ~~was~~ ^{was}gered after the mania of appreciating love. The gift was denied, and wearily it closes its eyes in death."

"I have not known you," said Harrie. "When I worshipped your beauty, was awed by your mind, I forgot your heart."

She told him of her education, of her un conquerable reserve—slowly, for weakness clung leech-like to her speech. In that short hour they knew each other better than in years of health. Each day he sat at her side, and loved—O, so passionately! that pale form sinking so rapidly. He would gaze upon her spiritual face until he muttered against fate, and wildly swore by his deathless love she should not die! Ah, raver! cast thyself at her feet! Pour out thy anguish in burning words—words that once she would have bartered years of happiness for; though your face grows gray with agony, as she tells you how much and how long she has loved you.

"Be my wife, Carolyn," said Harrie, "even for the short time you stay."

And in her death-chamber she gave him her hand—ay, and her life, for ere the sunset he was wiping the death-dew from her brow.

"Come and see me in my lowly bed," said she, drawing his head close to her, "and try to think it is best so—for it is, Harrie, it is. Don't forget to pray, Harrie."

He turned away, for in heaven he could see no God because no mercy. When all had left her lying cold in her white shroud, he came in to see her. O, could it be! she so lately loved in life, now cold in death! He cursed his life, now so desolate—his continued being, now so aimless.

Weeks after, when at sunset he stood at her grave, the thought came, if there was no heaven, no God, where was his wife, that spirit so free from earth-taint—so strong in love? And as wave after wave of feeling rolled over his soul, the darkness cleared away, and kneeling at her side, vowed by divine assistance to meet her spirit in heaven!

At thirty-five, when he was laid at rest by his wife's side, the grief of many showed his was a great loss. His dying words attested that he had been faithful to his vow.

THE STREAMLET.

BY J. MANLY.

Concealed within a forest glade,
A rippling brook meandered by;
Half hid from view 'neath cooling shade,
It flowed—unseen by careless eye.

The tiny bird oft carolled near
Its hymns of praise to God above,
Its notes resounded "shrill and clear,"
The sweetest melody of love.

The student, too, oft brought his book,
And conned the page replete with thought;
But still to him the silent brook
Far better, hollower feelings brought.

It spoke of hope, of love, of peace;
It filled the soul with bliss and joy;
It told of times when doubts shall cease,
And peace shall reign without alloy.

And thus it proved an aid to all;
It soothed their minds when they were sad;
And pleasure ruled without a pall,
And hope, in shining vestments clad.

"PAPA GOES THERE."

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. SOULE.

"MAYN'T I go with you, papa? Please say I may, wont you?"

The words were uttered in a plaintive and sadly entreating tone, the hands of the speaker clasping the knees of the listener.

It was a boy of seven short years who lisped them; a beautiful boy with fair high brow, around which there clustered a glorious wealth of auburn curls; with dark, flashing eyes; cheeks rosy with health; lips like the cherries of summer, and a voice like the birds which taste them. There were tears in those eyes at this time, though, and the dimpled mouth was quivering.

It was a man of some five and thirty years who listened to his plea; a man who had been of noble looks and princely bearing. Ay, *had been!* for the blighting truth was written over form and face. His locks were matted, his forehead scowling, his eyes—red, but not with tears; there were furrows on his cheeks, too, and a brutish look to the expression of his lips. Twice did the little boy address him ere he answered. Then pushing the child rudely from him, he said, in a stern voice, "No, no. It's no place for you."

Again those fair, small hands encircled the knees.

"You go, papa. Why can't I, too? Do let me go."

For a moment the heart of the inebriate seemed

to wake from its sleep. He shuddered as he thought of the character of the place his pure-souled boy would enter. He took the child tenderly in his arms and kissed him as of old, then putting him down, he said kindly:

"You must not ask me again to take you there. It is no place for little boys," and seizing his hat he hurried from the room, murmuring to himself, as he paced the way to the brilliant bar-room, "and no place for men either. Would to God I had never gone."

For a long time Willie stood where his father had left him, then turning towards the few embers which faintly glowed upon the hearth, he sat down in his little chair and resting his head upon his mother's lap, said, earnestly:

"Mama, why isn't that pretty store a good place for little boys? Papa loves to go there."

It was a trying question for the poor, heart-broken woman. She had so far kept from her son the knowledge of his father's sin. She could not bear that he should look with shame upon him or that his gentle and pure heart should thus commune with so intense a grief. Kindly she toyed with his long ringlets for awhile, then said, endearingly, "Papa knows better than you, what is best for his little boy. When you grow older you will learn why he does not wish to take you." Then rising, she carefully put down her babe upon its little bed and tied on her hood and cloak.

"Mind the cradle, now, Willie; I'll come back soon and then you shall have some supper and a nice fire to sit by, too," and taking a large basket of ironed clothes, she went out. A wealthy mother would have been scared to death at the thought only of leaving so young a boy at nightfall all alone with an infant to care for and an open fire-place to sit beside. But poor Mrs. M. knew well she could trust Willie with his sister, and as for burning up, there were not coals enough to thaw his blue, stiff fingers. No, she did not fear to go and leave him, for he had thus been left many a time and always carefully obeyed her.

And he meant to now; but poor little fellow! his thoughts would wander to that brilliant corner store whither he knew his father always went at evening, and his brain was busy with eager wonderings. He knew his father loved to go, and he knew there must be something there he liked, for he never came home again till long after Willie was asleep. What lay behind those scarlet curtains was a mystery he sought in vain to ravel.

At length he whispered eagerly, as if to encourage a longing wish, "Papa used to tell me, if I wanted to know anything very bad, to persevere

and I would find it out. Now I do want to know what makes him love to go there so. I know there must be pretty things behind those windows. I shouldn't wonder," and his cheeks were glowing, "if it was like a fairy house. Why can't I go?"

Poor Willie! The temptation to know was too strong to be resisted, so he hunted through the closet for a candle, for he was a thoughtful little fellow and would not leave his little sister to the only danger that could menace her. He found a bit of a tallow dip and lighting it, drew the stand close to her, that the flame might scare away the rats and mice should they sally out ere his return.

"I won't stay long, pretty dear," said he, pressing a tender kiss on her sleeping lids, and drawing the blanket close over her fair arms. "No, I'll come back soon, but I do so want to take one peep."

Swiftly his little feet bore him over the pavement and in a trice he stood beside the curtained door.

"How light it is, and how they laugh and talk. It must all be very funny there."

A cold November blast swept around the corner as he spoke, penetrating his worn, summer clothes, and causing his flesh to quiver, and his teeth to chatter.

"I don't believe they'd hurt me, if I should go in awhile, I'm such a little boy and I am so cold out here," he said, as he pushed the door carefully from him, slipping in and closing it without a breath of noise. For a moment he was bewildered with the light and clatter, and half wished he were away. But the warm air was grateful to his chilled limbs, and finding that no one seemed to notice him, he stole towards the glowing grate and spread out his purple palms before the blaze. The group of men that encircled the bar, were drinking when he entered. Soon, however, they sat down their glasses and dispersed about the room.

"Halloo," said one, in a loud tone, as going to the fire he spied little Willie. "What are you doing here, my little fellow? Who are you; what do you want?"

"I don't want anything, only to see what you do here. My name is Willie M. My papa loves to come here, and it looked so pleasant through the windows, I thought I'd like to. But I mustn't stay long, for I've left the baby alone."

The man's tones were softened as he spoke again to him.

"And where is your mother, boy?"

"O, she's gone to take home the wash, sir. Papa don't have as much work as he used to

once, and we're very poor now, and she has to help him."

"And does it look so pleasant in here as you thought it would, my child?"

"O, yes, it does, sir. I don't wonder papa loves to come here so much, it's so cold and dark at home. But I should think he'd bring mama and me and little sis. How she would laugh to see this fire and all those pretty bottles and those flowers with lights in them. Please, sir," and he earnestly seized the rough hands of his listener, "please, sir, tell me why little boys can't come here with their fathers."

"For God's sake do not tell him, Bancroft," said a deep, anguished voice. "He deems me pure and holy. Heavens, what a wretch I am! My boy, my boy!" and Willie was clasped in his father's arms, "you have saved me, saved me from earth's vilest hell. Here, with my hand upon thy sinless brow, I promise never again to touch the cup I have drank so deep. And my brothers in sin, as ye value your souls' salvation, tempt me not to break my vow. Help me, Heaven—help me, men, so to live, hereafter, that papa may never blush to take his boy along—that if papa goes *there*, Willie may go, too."

Silently the door closed after them and silence dwelt in the saloon behind them. The preacher had been there in cherub form, and crazy, loose, unholy thought, or light and ribald jest was hushed. One by one they stole away and many a wife wore smiles that night, nor did the old bar-tender even, curse the little one that robbed him of so many dimes. Too deeply in his heart had sunk the voice of that cherub preacher.

"Don't you like me, papa? Are you cross at me?" asked Willie, in a hesitating tone, as they stood a few moments on the pavement, for the scene in the bar-room was an enigma to the child and he half feared a reproof.

"I was thinking what mama would like best for supper," said the father.

"Was you, was you?" was the eager question, in a gladsome voice. "O, then I know you aint cross. O, get oysters and crackers and tea, papa, and a candle, 'cause there is only a piece. And please, papa, tell mama not to be cross at me, 'cause I left the baby. I don't believe she will though, 'cause you know if I hadn't gone as I did, you wouldn't perhaps have come home, yet, and she does love to have you home so much. O, I feel just like crying, I am so glad."

"And I feel like crying, too," said his father, solemnly, and ere midnight he did cry, and his wife, too, but they were holy tears, washing his heart of the dust that had gathered on its beauty, and hers of the sorrow that had draped it as a pall.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

"GENTLE SPRING."

And this is spring, is it? Spring, that we sighed after when we had got tired of sleighing and cradle-holes; spring, that Miss Sophronisba Friskin, as she bent over her piano in melodious ecstasy, assured us was "coming," with a distinct reference to birds being "blithe and gay, love." (Wonder, by the way, if that sodden pigeon, who sits shivering on the eaves of the opposite house, "forenensat" the big icicle, is one of those "blithe and gay" spring birds? He doesn't seem particularly "jolly.") Yes, this is spring; we have just entered on the enjoyment of its blessings. Hand us Thomson! The book opens of itself at the passage. Let us recite: "Hail, gentle Spring! Ethereal mildness—" Hullo! what's that crash? Nothing; only a blind slamming to, and four panes of glass destroyed by the March zephyr. Ah, Thomson, you were a sad rogue! Bryant had a greater reverence for the truth. He did not talk of the mildness of March, though he confessed to a weakness for it. He acknowledged that it was a "wild and stormy month," and only claimed that it brought the "promise of the spring."

Let us lay aside the poets, however, and while the glazier is "taking panes" to restore the integrity of the sash, let us glance into the street, and see how matters are going on there. Our friend the pigeon has been blown overboard, and knocked in the head with an icicle. Deacon Cyrus Foster chancing to pass, picks up the defunct bird on his way to the hill, as a present to his bride, "a bride no longer, but dearer as a wife than bride." And there goes Mellen (alphabet M.) in pursuit of his hat, looking madder than a March hare. His ribbons are fluttering in the breeze, and that mysterious "order of the serpent," which he wears next to his "heart of hearts, Horatio," is nearly blown out of his button-hole. "Hail, gentle Spring!" Well, it does hail, and snow, too; a passing squall—like the cries of that child hurried by in its nurse's arms. The order of the weather clerk may be "Forward, March!" but by the blessings of *Leap* year, this looks like a "backward spring."

Yet so it is; our New England springs only

do for "poicks," who "succeed best in fiction," and this story of spring having arrived is an illegal fiction. April makes fools of us all, while May is a capricious, heartless coquette. Our springs begin in June. Maying parties are intense humbugs. We have been sleighing in May in our time, and snow-balling at the same season many a time and oft.

But as for this month of March—what shall we say of it? It is a blustering, roaring, ranting, swaggering, gaseous rowdy. It is no gentleman. It gives itself airs—or, rather, hurricanes. It has no reverence for age or sex, station or infirmity, wealth or poverty. It is burlesque, entering people's houses with pick-lock blasts. It makes free with our best garments; it compromises our dignity; it sends us on wild-goose chases after our hats, along highways and blind alleys, and "up all manners of streets." It is prodigal of catarrhs, and insinuates rheumatisms; it is inimical to mariners, and keeps us on tenter-hooks with regard to the non-arrival of foreign news; it puts us to enormous expenses in repairing awnings, shutters and blinds; it has a vicious spite against chimney-pots; it is ruthlessly rough with belfry pigeons, "like an eagle in a dove-cote." It is a notorious offender; it ought to be arrested and bound over to keep the peace; it ought to be tried for assault and battery; it is not fit to keep company with respectable months; it is covered all over with guilt—like the letters on a sign-board. We shall get out of it as soon as possible. It is the most disagreeable month of the year, and as such we dismiss it from our page; and would we could dismiss it from our mind.

EXTRAVAGANCE.—A fashionable woman in Paris ran in debt to the extent of forty thousand dollars in three years, besides spending twenty thousand dollars a year cash. She will probably die in the poor house.

GREAT UNDERTAKING.—It is proposed to bridge the Hudson at Albany, if the legislature give their sanction. Little doubt is entertained that the gigantic enterprise will be successful.

A QUESTION.—Is a man who has a present of a pair of boots to be called a "free-booter?"

MAMMON WORSHIP.

Nothing is more debasing than the worship of the Golden Calf. The nation which sets up wealth as the standard and the goal, which takes the measure of men's pockets, and not the gauge of their minds and hearts, may be pretty sure of being at the verge of that ruin which has by turns overtaken every empire in which money was the be-all and the end-all of existence. The pursuit of wealth engrosses and deteriorates all a man's faculties; it reduces his wisdom to cunning, his prudence to hard-heartedness; it benumbs his imagination, it obliterates his love for his neighbor, it concentrates all his energies on self. If he resolves to make mere wealth the sole object of his ambition, he must necessarily renounce the amenities of life, the labors of mental culture, the refinement and enjoyment of intellectual tastes, all, in short, that gives the true man a proud pre-eminence over the mere animal. And with wealth comes that fatal luxury which saps the strength of nations; for wealth, obtained by exclusive devotion to its accumulation, can hardly be worthily expended by its possessor. Wealth cannot put learning and taste into his head—it cannot give him brains,—and consequently, when not employed in multiplying itself, is wasted on costly food and luxurious apparel, and the various luxuries that minister to the senses alone. One millionaire will spend a fortune on a supper, another a sum that would found an academy on a brilliant equipage. We would not be understood as censuring the efforts of any man to obtain a competence, or even to attain wealth by honorable means, and by a devotion to its pursuit of a portion of his time, reserving a fair share for the education of his higher nature. Wealth, as a means, is not to be despised; as a mighty motive power it is respectable; but as an exclusive end, worshipped as an idol for itself, it is as fatal to its followers as the Indian Juggernaut.

As a nation, we think that we are free from this sin. There are individual mammon worshippers among us, but they do not give tone to the masses. Money, with us, is almost universally regarded, as it should be, as a means and not an end; and if we are eager in the pursuit of it, it is only that we may employ it worthily. In some of the countries of the old world, the insane thirst for riches, which has overthrown so many nations of the East, is still rife. France, it appears, is laboring under this curse, and its present political degradation is a proof and consequence of its mammon worship. Let us take warning from her example. A correspondent of the Boston Atlas writes:

"The truth is, the Golden Calf has nowhere such devout, single-hearted worshippers as the French nation. Nowhere in the world is the accursed thirst for riches so ardent as in France. It parches everybody. It pervades—ambient interfused—the whole country. There is no village uninvaded by it. There is no hovel too mean for its abode. The whole nation passes after wealth. They possess no standard for merit, but that which tries the currency. It is a singular, a melancholy spectacle—France is the only country in the world where the sole aristocracy is the aristocracy of wealth. Frenchmen have elected an aristocracy of mere money.

"Nothing is more demoralizing to a nation, to an individual, than to make the enjoyment of wealth the be-all and end-all of their existence. Let anybody call his mind into subjection, and conceive a person who frames the whole duty of man into questions of entry in 'profit and loss,' whose every action is an 'adventure,' and whose social intercourse is but one long series of accounts current, with carefully balanced debits and credits. When men so sink the man into the book-keeper, the book-keeper is but too apt to glide into the scoundrel, whose best conscience is, not to shun fraud, but to escape the penitentiary. To this issue, however, Frenchmen have come."

COLLEGES AND PROFESSIONAL SCHOOLS.—

According to the census and other later returns, there are in the United States 118 colleges, with not far from 1100 professors and teachers, and 12,000 students; 44 theological seminaries, with 127 professors, and 1372 students; 17 law schools, with 37 professors, and 797 students; and 37 medical schools, with 242 professors, and 5451 students.

HORSE FLESH.—It is said that horse flesh enters largely into the composition of sausages. A gentleman says it must be so, because he has a night-mare after eating them. Colt-stakes form a part of the bill of fare on every race-course.

A GOOD NAME.—The London city telegraph is managed by Alderman Wirs. This is putting "the right man in the right place." They ought to have a Pole as his assistant.

ALL IN THE TRADE.—An advertisement appeared the other day for artificial flower workers. Half the bakers in the city answered it.

A BIG FIELD.—Russia is 14 times the size of France, and 138 times that of England.

PERFUMES.

The use made of perfumes now-a-days is extremely moderate compared to the practice of antiquity; these sweet emanations are prepared with skill, and, with a few rare exceptions, they are composed of delicate elements and almost imperceptible substances. It is an advantage we possess over ancient chemistry, all of the secrets of which modern science possesses. In the seventeenth century, an unwarrantable use was made of perfumes. More than one beauty owed her death to a poisoned bouquet. Historians have analyzed for us the favorite perfumes of Aspasia and Cleopatra; those with which Judith moistened her tresses to influence the senses of the ferocious Holofernes; and the subtle odors employed by the dames of the court of Valois, to give full force to the magic of their charms. We have seen in a receipt-book, a "perfume to counteract melancholy and hypochondria," said to be potent enough to dispel the darkest gloom. It is well known that some of the most popular perfumes have a pernicious effect upon individuals. There are those who—

"Die of a rose in aromatic pain."

A young lady of very delicate nerves was one evening expatiating on her horror of the rose. "This fatal flower," she remarked, "always gives me a vertigo." At this moment a young friend of hers entered with one of the fatal flowers in her head-dress. The young lady fainted, and her friends reproached the new comer with being the cause of it, and explained the reason of the syncope. "Is that all?" said the maiden of the rose. "If so, I will sacrifice the guilty flower. But judge before you sentence." The rose, detached from her head-dress, was passed from hand to hand—it happened to be an artificial one!

Hundreds of thousands of dollars are annually spent upon perfumes. Perhaps the most popular of all is the famous *Eau de Cologne*, manufactured in a city noted for its disagreeable odors. The effluvia of the Rhine at Cologne is as unpleasant as that of the Thames has recently been at London, which gave rise to the following epigram:

"The river Rhine, it is well known,
Doth wash the city of Cologne,
But say, ye nymphs, what power divine
Can ever wash the river Rhine?"

DON'T BELIEVE IT.—It is said that a man was found lately sitting on a granite rock with his feet in a brook, trying to catch cold so that he could sing base in the choir on Sunday. It would be base to in-quire if such a story were true.

THE ABOLITION OF SERFDOM.

It now appears to be a fixed fact that the system of serfdom, or white slavery, is to be abolished in Russia. The measure was prepared by the Emperor Nicholas; but it was not decided whether the emancipation should be gradual or instantaneous. The Emperor Alexander pronounced for general and simultaneous emancipation. He did not come to this decision until, according to custom, he had consulted the imperial council, and listened to the observations of the nobility and the great proprietors. It is believed that an ukase, relating to this subject, will soon be promulgated. The nobility, in general, have shown themselves favorable, or resigned, to this measure; considering the emancipation of the serfs at this time more favorable to them than their retention in servitude. The dearth of living, and the necessity of supporting a large portion of their serfs, tend to produce this result. The Emperor Alexander is very desirous of attracting German colonists to Russia, and thus turn aside the tide of emigration that has hitherto flowed to this country.

A MAN OF COURAGE.

Captain Barnabas Wilkins was as great a blusterer as Bobadil! He was very quarrelsome, but he could never be made to answer for his insolence. One time a comrade, whom he had offended, ordered him to choose his weapon—"the sword or pistol at thirty paces." "Very well," said Captain Barnaby, "I'll choose the sword at thirty paces!" Once he was brought on the duel ground. "Surrender!" he called out to his antagonist, in tones of thunder, though he shook like a leaf. "Never!" retorted his enemy. "Then I'll be more generous," said Captain Barnaby; "I'll surrender myself!"

FUNNY.—A gentleman in Buckingham county, Virginia, has among his domestic animals a large rat, which was caught twelve months ago by a cat; but instead of devouring it, the cat nursed and fed it, and they now play and sleep together like cat and kitten.

TEMPERANCE.—A new temperance movement has been lately made in this city. The plan is moral suasion, and total abstinence is to be the watchword.

MORTALITY.—Ten thousand persons died of cholera in Venezuela, in four months.

AXIOM.—The wisest are not always wise.

GOSSIP ABOUT EATING.

We are not a nation of epicures, nor exactly of gourmands, yet we have been accused of eating too much, too fast, and too indiscriminately. An American *table d'hôte* rather resembles the grooming board of a feudal baron, after a successful foray, than the array of dainty dishes set before a Parisian *bon vivant*, after the scientific manipulations of some Soyer, or Vatel. We have no class of men who devote themselves to the gratification of their palates, and no ministering artists who have elevated cookery into the dignity of a science, and staked their lives on its triumphs. When some one desired an interview with Vatel, the answer of the attendant was sublime—"He is not visible, monsieur; he is composing." His end was worthy of a Roman hero. Perceiving that an entertainment he had prepared for his master, the Prince of Condi, fell short, he retired to his apartment in despair. The prince sent to console him; but the artist would not be comforted. "The kindness of my noble master overwhelms me," said he. "I know that the roast meat is deficient for two tables—I cannot survive it" and he fell upon his sword.

What cruelties have been enacted in the name of gastronomy! The enormous goose livers, which form the staple of the famous Strasburgh pie, attain their size by nailing down the unfortunate bird, alive, before a slow fire, and subjecting her to the most detestable tortures. "The goose," says the *Almanach des Gourmands*, with cynical effrontery, "passes, it must be confessed, a sufficiently unhappy existence. The punishment would be even utterly intolerable for her, if the idea of the fortune that awaited her did not serve to console her. But this prospect enables her to support her sufferings with courage; and when she reflects that her liver, fatter than herself, larded with truffles, and clothed in a scientific pie, will bear to all Europe the glory of her name, she resigns herself to destiny, and does not shed a single tear." An old English cook-book gives a receipt for roasting and serving up a goose alive, so that "she will be almost eaten up before she be dead, which is mighty pleasant to behold." Fortunately, the cookery of our country is disgraced by no such atrocities; for with respect to skinning eels alive, it is well known that pity in their case is thrown away, because they are used to it.

We shall come to culinary refinements by-and-by, when we do not enjoy such an abundance of food as at present. Cookery thrives best in those countries where the material is scarce. According to Achille Murat, every living thing

in this country is edible except the turkey-buzzard. "I have eaten ze alligator," he was wont to say; "ze alligator is good. I have eaten ze woodchuck—ze woodchuck is good. I have eaten ze owl—ze owl is good; dat is, *pooty* good. But as for ze turkey-buzzard, I have tried him different ways; I have eat him ross (roast); I have eat him boil; I have eat him vot you call hash; I have eat him smoke and pickel—but I regret to say, ze turkey-buzzard is not good."

We don't think we could relish a peacock any more than Achille Murat did a turkey-buzzard. Yet in Rome a peacock frequently commanded one hundred and sixty dollars for the table. Neither will extravagance in eating probably ever be carried among us to that pitch that a single supper will cost \$107,000, as it used to do that prince of gourmands, Heliogabalus. Vitellius spent over thirty-one millions of dollars a year on eating and drinking. But then we cannot wonder at the cost of living in those "high times," if there were many men like Clodius Albinus, the Roman military commander in Gaul, who at one sitting devoured five hundred figs, two hundred peaches, ten melons, twenty pounds of raisins, one hundred snipes, ten capons, and one hundred and fifty large oysters, besides violating the Maine law to the extent of several gallons. This Albinus must have been, as Shakspeare says of Cardinal Wolsey—

"A man of most unbounded stomach."

Something like half a dozen Falstuffs rolled into one. Of course, those old Romans were never troubled with dyspepsia!

CRIME EPIDEMIC.—Bulwer says truly, "Almost every year there is some crime peculiar to it; a sort of annual, which overruns the country, but does not bloom again." Crime begets crime. If a man commits suicide in a particular fashion, a dozen imitators spring up; for guilt has its file-leaders as well as virtue.

EFFECT OF PRAYER.—Haydn, the great musician, said the best means of restoring mental energy after the exhaustion of long and difficult studies, was to engage in fervent prayer.

NEW YORK CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.—This institution is older than the republic, having been established in 1758.

DELICIOUS FARE.—The army in the Crimea are regaled with India rubber sausages.

SAVINGS BANKS.—There are eighty savings banks in the State of Massachusetts.

THE FINE ARTS FOR LADIES.

We have often wondered that the arts of drawing and painting were not more assiduously cultivated by ladies; at least, to a certain extent. Not with the view of becoming artists—not in the hope of attaining the rank of Angelica Kauffman, but for the purpose of adding a new grace to home, of acquiring a keener perception of the beauties of nature, of multiplying the resources of that isolation which is a necessary attendant of domesticity, and as a complement to a high education. A lady enters on the study of art with more than one advantage over a man; she possesses more patience and a better natural eye for color. We never look upon an elaborate piece of ornamental needlework, however beautiful and graceful, without regretting that the time devoted to its accomplishment had not been given to higher efforts, something less mechanical, and exerting more influence. We may be told that all well-educated young females are taught drawing. Yes—as they are taught mechanics, metaphysics, and the sciences,—they receive a smattering, and no more. They copy poor patterns in a lifeless manner, and end their educational course without having received the faintest insight into the great world of art. It is time that a better system prevailed. Well did Lord Dufferin remark in a recent address to the young ladies of Belfast, Ireland:

“But I would venture to say one word on the immense gratification you would find it to be able to handle the brush, the pencil, or the modelling tool with a certain amount of facility. But comparatively little time would be necessary to obtain a most pleasant proficiency in any of these branches. Most people, if they would but exercise it, possess the power of taking likenesses; and, without soaring to the higher regions of art, a very little practice would enable you to take faithful portraits of your friends in water colors, clay, or crayon. What would many a stricken heart have often given even for the rudest resemblance of some dear face whose place is vacant by the Christmas fire! The most valued of my own family pictures is a sister's portrait of her sailor brother, who lived to become one of England's most distinguished captains. The most popular of modern statues was executed by the daughter of a French king; the saddest souvenirs of Schonbrunn are the girlish drawings of Marie Antoinette.”

POSSIBLY.—A late traveller informs us that a race of giants has been recently discovered in Central Asia, of such size that they eat fried elephants for breakfast.

CHURCH PROPERTY.—Some pews in a new church at Chicago were sold, recently, for \$26,000 on the first day.

FIRST TRANS-ATLANTIC STEAMSHIP.

To this country belongs the honor of sending the first trans-Atlantic steamship to Great Britain. She was the *Savannah*, of three hundred and eighty tons, barque-rigged, with a horizontal engine. She left Savannah, Georgia, in March 1819, and arrived at Liverpool in twenty days. When she arrived in St. George's Channel, moving along under bare poles, with smoke issuing from her chimney, she was thought to be a ship on fire, and the alarm caused by her appearance speedily gave way to astonishment when her real character was made known. From Liverpool she proceeded to the Baltic, where the Emperor Alexander visited her, and addressed to the captain (Moses Rogers) his appreciation of the new trans-Atlantic steamer. As testimony of his sentiments, he presented Captain Rogers with two chains from the imperial arsenal, one of which is still preserved in the garden of Mr. Dunning, of Savannah, as a souvenir of the most important enterprise of modern times.

WEDDING CAKE.—We have heard of mammoth squashes, mammoth watermelons, mammoth beets, and other large groceries; but the mammothest cake we ever read of was lately produced in London, at the wedding of Sir Robert Peel and Lady Emily Hay. It was formed in three steps, one of them large enough to support large vases of flowers, and the whole was mounted by a large Corinthian pillar. We do not know the exact dimensions, but it was probably as “large as all our doors.”

CURIOUS PASSION.—There is living at the North End, in this city, a woman who has a perfect passion for cats, and has at the present time no less than nine of various ages in her possession. She takes the very kindest care of them.

ROME.—The census of Rome has just been officially promulgated. In all there are 177,000 inhabitants, of whom 5081 are priests, monks, nuns or seminarists, or one to every 35 inhabitants.

JUST SO.—Editors are of more use than philosophers. The stars are immense worlds, and yet, owing to their great distance, they give less light and warmth than two shilling lanterns.

DEATHS FROM CONSUMPTION.—In Boston, for a number of years past, the deaths from consumption have been about one-sixth of the whole number.

HE PREPARED.

In addition to the six first-class war steamers already either completed or soon to be launched, by order of our government, we see it is proposed, and very justly urged, that six more be at once placed in course of construction. Prevention is always better than cure, and there is no surer way for a great commercial nation like the United States to keep at peace with the world, than for us to be *thoroughly* prepared to meet any contingency. But the economical will say, "it is so expensive." Not a bit of it. It costs less, far less than war itself, and we are liable, on account of our very weakness, at any moment to be forced into a contest to maintain our national integrity.

With a greater maritime interest to protect than all the world besides, we have less organized means to do it with than the meanest European power! Our navy should be sufficiently ample to protect and command, at least, all American seas and waters, whereas we find that all our ships afloat, in case of actual war, would be insufficient to guard the coast of New England alone. What a condition is this for such a country as our own to be in! The best argument, the best negotiator, beyond a doubt, for any maritime nation, is an able and large navy. Who is so blind as to believe that England would dare for a single moment to declare and maintain a claim to any portion of Central America, in the face and eyes of all treaty obligations, against this country, if she did not look upon our insignificant naval power with positive scorn? True, small as it is, it is no mean arm, but it could not cope successfully with her at the present time.

The present is a critical moment, and we do not lack for means to put our navy on a proper footing to command the respect which strength alone can ensure. Our treasury is full to overflowing, our mechanics want work, our manufacturers are ready to supply all demands. The government has never yet kept pace with the wants of the country in this respect, and with the honest convictions and wishes of the people themselves. Notwithstanding England would seem to have quite enough of fighting to do just now in the East, yet so strong is she in the right arm of power (her navy), that she is as arrogant as of old, and will yet teach us, we fear, another severe lesson, which is, "in time of peace prepare for war."

COMPLIMENTARY.—Lieutenant Maury has been honored by the Republic of Bremen with a beautiful gold medal.

WATER, BRIGHT WATER!

"Sir," said a stranger, addressing himself to our friend Bunkum, as he surveyed a trickling stream from the hydrant in the mall, near Park Street, "can you tell me where the water comes from that supplies Boston?" He could not have addressed himself to a gentleman more capable of giving information. Bunkum straightened himself up to his full perpendicularity, and replied: "Certainly, sir. We have an anecdote which brings water from Lake Cochineal. The limping alimient leanders through iron cubes. There are hydras at the corners of the streets, and yonder is a jetty dough at the Frog Pond. The supply of water is very ample, and enables every citizen to perform his daily absolutions like a Musclemann."

HAYTI.

The emperor Faustin I. is in a very bad fix. His army has run away from the Dominicans, whom he threatened to annihilate, and he dare not even re-enter his capital for fear of a formidable insurrection that has arisen there. The general verdict is, "served him right." He had no cause of complaint against the Dominicans, and the war he declared against them was utterly unjustifiable. He has lost his money, his reputation, and perhaps his crown, and now stands between two fires. Before this goes to press we shall probably hear that he has lost his head into the bargain, and "gone where all bad niggers go."

NEWSPAPERS.—When Parry sojourned in the Arctic regions, in 1819–20, he published a paper for the amusement of the expedition. We suppose it had leaders on icebergs, paragraphs on the Aurora, and reports on the barometer. Of course the editor sometimes found his ink frozen, for they used to have to cut their coffee in slices, and toast it before they could eat breakfast.

AN EXAMPLE FOR CHRISTIANS.—The Hindoos, when gathering in their harvest, before it is removed from the threshing-floor, take out the portion for their god. However poor, or in debt, or small the crop, the god's portion is first given.

CLASSICAL.—A classic southern editor says, if the Naiads were constantly bathing, he presumes, from their name, the Dryads were the ones who brought their towels.

THE DRAMA.—Two hundred and thirteen new plays were produced at Paris during the past year—good, bad and indifferent.

Foreign Miscellany.

A company has been organized at Hamburg for a steam packet line from that place to Brazil.

The new line of railway from Vienna to Raab was opened to the public on Christmas morning.

The Wesleyan Methodists of England have sent missionaries to Spain.

Mdlle. Alboni has appeared with great success at the Theatre Royal, Brussels, in *La Favorita*.

The Countess Dowager, of Errol, daughter of William the Fourth, and the celebrated Mrs. Jordan, is dead, aged 55 years.

Hon. Henry Gralboorne, Ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer, is dead. By his death the chancellor's pension of £2000 ceases.

In Europe, thistle heads are getting to be used, as a substitute for rags, in the manufacture of paper.

The gold mines of the Oural are said to have yielded, during the first six months of the past year, 9000 livres of gold.

A company of French capitalists has offered to construct 1560 miles of railway in Spain, taking national property as a guarantee.

It is said that Jenny Lind receives five hundred pounds sterling for each concert in which she sings in the series now in progress in London.

All the Russian families living at Vienna, most of whom belong to the nobility, complain bitterly of the war, and loudly call for its cessation.

The Baron de Wonar, Minister Plenipotentiary from Wurtemberg at Paris, has married Miss Lee, a young American lady, possessing a large fortune.

The Russian government has levied a new tax on Poland, in the shape of a voluntary contribution for the benefit of the defenders of Sebastopol. Every peasant will pay a sum equivalent to twenty centimes.

From the 1st of May up to the 15th of November 549,099 persons had the cholera in the Austrian empire; 288,039 recovered, 280,861 died, and 30,208 were still under medical treatment.

The Emperor Napoleon claims and receives from the Catholic Church its complete subservience, and whoever refuses this is treated like the other adversaries of the emperor, even if he be foremost in the Catholic ranks.

Light and pleasant bread is made in France by a mixture of apples and flour, in the proportion of one of the former to two of the latter. The usual quantity of yeast is employed. Very little water is required if the apples are fresh.

According to official reports, published in the beginning of 1855, the capital of France, with a population of one million souls, has only forty-six churches, or one church to 23,900 of the inhabitants.

Sir G. Grey, governor of New Zealand, has stated his belief that out of one hundred thousand natives, there were not more than one thousand who did not profess Christianity. Of these, fifty thousand are estimated to be in connection with the Church Missionary Society.

A life of Washington is about to be printed at Athens in modern Greek.

In Murano and Venice 4000 men are engaged in the manufacture of glass, and 15,000 people live by it.

M. Scribe proposes to lay aside the pen he has used for thirty years so much to the delight of thousands.

Alexandria and Cairo now communicate with each other by railway and electric telegraph. By the former the distance is eight hours.

The Berlin police have forbidden newspapers to admit advertisements for wives and husbands on the ground that they are contrary to propriety.

Serious disturbances have broken out at Mecca, and in different parts of Arabia, in consequence of the Porte having prohibited the sale of slaves.

Fourteen hundred services have been conducted by the open-air mission in London the past year. The average attendance was about fifty.

Some decorations of the Legion of Honor have been sent by the Emperor Napoleon to the Crimea, for distribution in the English army.

The tone of the English and French journals seems to point to the dissolution of Turkey. Already it is a common joke in Constantinople, that the next sultan will be a Frenchman.

Mr. Rogers, "the banker-poet," is said to have first induced Lord Lansdowne to take Mr. Macaulay under his patronage, and return the brilliant essayist for one of his nomination boroughs.

There is now living at Dyham and Hinton, England, a widow named Anne Ball, in the 95th year of her age, who actually takes in washing, and does it herself.

In Russia, where the Greek Church is the State religion, Roman Catholics, Lutherans and Calvinists may hold the highest offices in the State. Nesselrode is a member of the Church of England.

A private of the English artillery was lately whipped to death for drunkenness. He received fifty lashes, being made fast to the limber wheel, and died the next day.

The oldest living poets, since the death of Mr. Rogers, are said to be Walter Savage Landor, born in 1775, Leigh Hunt, born in 1784, and Barry Cornwall (Mr. Procter), born in 1790.

The Belgian papers report that M. Johnson, the sculptor, of Liege, has discovered in a cupboard of the Vatican Library, a fresco of the head and bust of Charlemagne.

The sultan of Turkey permits all the articles sent from the Ottoman empire to the Paris Exhibition, to be sold for the benefit of the widows and children of those who have fallen in the Crimea.

Mr. Gisborne is now in Egypt to make arrangements for the laying of the submarine electric telegraph from Constantinople to Alexandria, to cross Egypt, and be hereafter extended from Suez to India.

When Sir C. Campbell left the Crimea, Marshal Pelissier is reported to have said: "Nothing could have given me greater grief; he was THE MAN of the English army; such was my esteem and regard for him as a soldier that I felt inclined to embrace him whenever I met him."

Record of the Times.

Out of 165 men hung in this country in 1854, only seven of the number could read and write.

George Sand has written a new play for the French theatre, Paris.

Ex-President Fillmore has been received well everywhere abroad. A true hearted American.

Miss Adelaide Phillips has \$200 a night and travelling expenses for singing.

Jenny Lind will make another fortune by her engagement in England.

The total value of property in San Francisco is over thirty-two million dollars.

The United States navy are wearing buttons, bright as jet, made of India rubber.

At Cincinnati they have three music halls and two theatres, for the public amusement.

In London, one half of the deaths of children is produced by hereditary inebriety.

A man in England recently tried to kill himself by swallowing a red hot poker!

There are two hundred and thirty-four boys in the Maine State Reform School.

The effective force of the United States army is 15,752, officers and men.

The Hartford Bank redeemed the other day a two dollar bill that had been in circulation fifty-two years.

The Baltimore Sun says the capital invested in the oyster trade in that city, is \$5,000,000, employing 500 vessels and 15,000 persons.

The number of farms in New Hampshire is 47,406; in Vermont, 48,312; in Massachusetts, 56,082; in Connecticut, 31,756; in Rhode Island, 8,398.

A. Shade, Esq., has built and presented to the Episcopal Church in Galt, Canada, a school-house that cost \$20,000. This is a "shade which follows wealth or fame" to some good purpose.

We find in the St. Louis Herald a grand scheme proposed by a young man in that city. He calls it "A Leap Year Scheme," in which he proposes to raffle himself off at \$5 a chance—the number of chances to be limited to \$500.

The value of stone quarried in Rockport for building purposes last year was a quarter of a million dollars. There are some 300 men constantly at work on the ledges, and twenty sloops are all the time employed to carry it away.

Mr. Wm. B. Astor has purchased three lots adjoining the Astor Library, and intends erecting a building and stocking it with books, at a cost of about \$100,000, as an addition to the Astor Library.

Estimates of the present population of Texas, based upon the number of votes polled at the last election, make the number of inhabitants over half a million. This is an astonishing increase.

The tobacco crop of Connecticut has become so important that the tobacco growers lately held a convention at Hartford to promote their interest. A tobacco warehouse has been established in that city, where the crops of all the principal growers are sent for sale.

The city police of New Haven are henceforth to carry pistols.

If you do good, forget it; if evil, remember and repent.

Large apartments and large heads are not always the best furnished.

A codfish for breakfast and an India rubber coat will keep a man dry.

Where twenty persons have stomachs one has brains—the butcher thrives, the printer starves.

Bachelors and men with mustaches are to be taxed five dollars each in Tennessee.

It is thought that prunes may be raised in this country for drying as well as in France.

The Louisville Journal is twenty-five years old. Good old paper!

Milton says "a good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit."

The late revolution in Mexico has not brought peace to that republic.

There is a heavy crop of Austrian vice-consuls in the United States.

The great saint, Interest, rules the world with an iron rod.

It takes two thousand years for a current gold coin to be worn out.

They make boots by machinery at Troy, N. Y. Good souls!

There is now living in the State of Tennessee a man, aged 98 years, who has recently cut eight new teeth.

The Peruvian Legislature is about to sell all the guano in Chincha Islands. It is valued at \$350,000,000.

The Canadians are about to experience the benefit of an extensive lumber trade with France, as one of the results of the Paris Exhibition.

The maple sugar crop of the year 1855 is estimated by the officials in Washington, in the agricultural bureau, at \$2,720,000.

The debt of the city of Baltimore on the 1st of January, 1856, was \$13,000,000, exclusive of the floating debt. The finances of the city are said to be improving.

A new county is to be taken from Lincoln county, Mo., to be called Knox county, in commemoration of the gallant Gen. Henry Knox, of revolutionary memory.

The bachelors of Cleveland are an ungallant set of fellows. At their annual supper a few nights ago, the following was the seventh regular toast: Our future wives—distance lends enchantment to the view.

The largest railroad scale in the world, in actual use, is one built by Messrs. Fairbanks & Co., of Vermont, for the Mine Hill and Schuylkill Haven Railroad, in Pennsylvania. It is one hundred and twelve feet long, and is capable of sustaining a load of a hundred tons.

There are in the English language 20,500 nouns, 40 pronouns, 9200 adjectives, 8000 verbs, 2600 adverbs, 69 prepositions, 19 conjunctions, 68 interjections, and 2 articles—in all above 40,000 words. According to Webster's dictionary, there are 100,000 words.

Merry Making.

Pretender to a crown—a lady's bonnet.

"I'll take your part," as the dog said when he robbed the cat of her portion of the dinner.

A friend has presented us with the autograph of the blacksmith that "riveted the public gaze."

Did you ever see anything walk without legs? Yes—a rope-walk.

When will Russia yield to the pressure of the allies? When she can't bear it any longer.

The bumps raised on a man's head by a cudgel, are called "*fray*-nological developments."

The man who was frightened by the bark of a tree, is supposed to have been of a nervous temperament.

Why cannot a deaf man be legally condemned for murder? Because the law says, no man shall be condemned without a *hearing*.

Some slandering bachelor says it is much joy when you first get married; but more *jaudy* after a year or two.

The hardest thing to hold in this world is an unruly tongue. It beats a hot smoothing iron and a kicking horse considerably.

A militia captain at the West, by the name of Bang, has named his eldest son *Slam*. What a noisy fellow he'll be, ha? *Slam Bang!*

A Dr. Somebody, in New York, undertakes to prove that every herb has a distinct soul or spirit. If this be so, is not herb tea "spirit" uous drink?

A clerk seriously alarmed his employer the other day by informing him that a Middlesex county bank was in the same state with the Grocers' Bank.

Burke told Garrick, at Hampton, that all bitter things were hot. "Indeed," replied Garrick; "then what think you of a bitter cold day?"

Our friend, Mrs. Spudge, is in favor of the abolition of small bills; for she entertains the very delusive idea that 5's will be more plenty after that. Poor woman.

A philosopher, who had married a vulgar but amiable girl, used to call his wife "Brown Sugar," because, he said, she was very sweet, but unrefined.

A contemporary says that the difference between Joan of Arc and Noah's ark, is that one was Maid of Orleans, and the other was *made of Gopher wood*.

"This is really the smallest horse I ever saw," said a countryman, on viewing a Shetland pony. "Indade now," replied his Irish companion, "but I've seen one as small as two of him!"

"Sambo, you's larned in de law; can you say if de devil was to lose him tail, whar would he go to find anoder one?" "Why, to de grocery, ob course, you ignerent nigger—dat's de only place I knows on whare dey re tail bad spirits."

An old cynic, at a concert the other night, read in the programme the title of a song, viz., "O, give me a cot in the valley I love." Reading is attentively, the old fellow finally growled out: "Well, if I had my choice, I should ask for a *bedstead!*"

What *bourne* is that from which a traveller frequently returns? Mel-bourne.

What insect would denote that the Spaniards were defeated? The Spanish fly.

Why is the letter H like a cure for deafness? Because it makes the ear hear.

"It is time to wind up," as the watchmaker said, when he found he couldn't pay his debts.

When is iron the most ironical? When it is a railing.

In raising the heart above despair, an old violin is worth four doctors and two apothecary shops.

What proof have we that there was sewing in the time of David? Because he was *hemmed* in on every side.

Why is a woman in love like a man of profound knowledge? Because she understands the *arts* and *sigh-ences*.

A lazy fellow down south spells Tennessee thus: 10ac. He is the same fellow who spells Andrew Jackson thus: &ru Jaxn.

At a late hen convention, the feathered tribe finding it difficult to raise the price of eggs, resolved for the future to lay only ten to the dozen.

It is stated that a professor at Cambridge has been displaced, because he regulated the astronomical clock so as to make it keep *mean* time.

A simple friend desires to know whether the abolition of flogging in the navy includes "spanking breezes."

The fellow who broke into an almshouse and stole a couple of cases of ship fever has finally been detected.

People who wish to lead peaceful lives should never go to balls; for *hops* produce a great deal of bitterness.

A man boasting of his temperance habits, said he never saw a glass of wine without his mouth watering.

Coleman, the dramatist, was asked if he knew Theodore Hook. "Yes," replied he, "Hook and eye are old associates."

A witty lawyer placed on his office-door a card with the inscription, "Those who call on business will please make it *brief*."

"Grandma," said a little urchin, "your specs are up-side-down. Do you wear them thus to see to sew?" "No, my dear, I wear them so to see."

The Albany Knickerbocker cautions "the four black cats that are continually raising thunder on our back shed, to beware, or we'll send them to the sausage shop."

It cannot be said that the venerable and illustrious poet Rogers died without pain; for he expired in presence of Dr. Beattie and Mr. E. Paine, his attendant.

A member of the Laxy Society was complained of last week by another, for running. His defence was that he was going down hill, and that it was more labor to walk than run.

Habits are as easily caught as "yaller birds." Let a circus arrive in town, and in less than a week half the boys in town will be throwing somersets, and breaking their necks over an empty mackerel barrel.

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BOSTON, MAY, 1856.

WHOLE No. 17.

RESCOE, THE ADOPTED SON OF THE OCEAN.

BY EMMA CARRA.

"Fire! fire! fire!"

"Heave to a shake, shipmate! Didn't you hear a cry that if we were on board would pipe all hands in a jiffy?"

"Fire! fire! fire!" again echoed through the midnight mist, and aroused the slumbering firemen to their work of duty.

"You're right, Will," answered the one addressed; "but where away, shipmate, shall we go? It seems as if it were a woman that just gave that awful shriek; if so, it isn't Phil Brown that will stand by and see one of the dear little craft in distress; for Will, if there is anything I love better than a clear sky and a fair breeze, it is the bright eye and smooth words of woman. I tell you, shipmate,—after a long voyage, when I come home without money enough in my pocket to buy a mug of beer, and take Poll on my knee, she has such a way of saying, 'Never mind, Phil; better luck next time,' that I forget there ever was a storm. But heave ahead; for I see the blaze coming out of the lower story window of that house; and as I live, there is a woman aloft there at the garret window screaming for help with a baby in her arms! May I never walk the deck of the Sea Gull again, if I don't save them!" And the two sailors started with the utmost speed in the direction of the burning building.

It was not in the most thickly settled portion of the city, and no watchman's beat was near. The hour was midnight, when the great sea of human faces that crowd the thoroughfares of a

populous city during the day have disappeared, and silence and darkness succeed. The two friends, whom we have introduced to the reader, were the first to arrive at the burning house.

"Save, O save my babe!" again shrieked the woman, holding her infant out into the air, and leaning far out the casement.

"That I will, and yourself, too!" replied Will, as he attempted to climb a slender spout that conducted the water from the roof to the ground; but ere he had ascended far, the weak foothold gave way, and he was precipitated to the earth.

In the meantime his companion had taken off his rough pea-jacket, and spreading it across his arm, begged the woman to drop the infant upon it, and then jump from the window, and his friend Will, who had received but a slight bruise in his fall, would break her descent to the ground by receiving her in his arms. In an instant the babe was dropped, and with a light wail was resting safely on the coarse but warm jacket of the sailor. The young mother was preparing to follow, and a heavy gust of wind blowing the smoke aside showed the friends that she was young and beautiful; but they saw no more, for at that moment came a piercing shriek, and then a fearful crash, and the floor gave way beneath her feet, and she was precipitated into the flames below!

Phil, with a heavy blow, shattered the window opposite where he stood, in hopes to extricate the sufferer; but within all was still, save the crackling and roaring of the fire as it gained

strength in its upward course. By this time the neighbors had been awakened. Some, with heads projecting from open windows, cried out "fire! fire!"—others, half clad, rushed towards the flames, as if they would fain stay their progress. But in a moment more, the rattling of wheels and the din of the firemen were heard; and in the confusion that followed no one noticed Phil or his companion, nor the rescued babe. So the sailor wrapped the warm clothing more closely about it, and he and his shipmate took their way out of the crowd that was fast collecting; nor did they stop until they had reached the deck of the Sea Gull, that was moored alongside the wharf, and made fast to the land.

There seemed to be no one on board; so they went below, and in a few minutes there was a bright fire crackling in the little stove, which soon sent out a grateful heat, and made the little cabin look comfortable. Phil laid his pea-jacket, with its contents, into a berth near by, and then took a seat at the stove by the side of his companion. Neither spoke for some moments; but Phil kept his eyes in the direction of the berth, and then removing no very diminutive piece of tobacco, said:

"I'm blowed if I know what to do with that chap, Will. It seems a pity to cast him adrift, for he will always find a rough sea now that his mother is gone; for I tell you, Will, you might as well lose your sheet-anchor in a storm, as to lose your mother before you're a man;" and the kind-hearted sailor drew the coarse sleeve of his red flannel shirt across his eyes, and seemed absorbed in a reverie.

"That is a fact, Phil. Do you know that I can never bear to go down to the old homestead since they gave my mother a damp berth beneath the old chestnut tree? No, I always want to see her sit in a corner knitting, and hear her tell about what I used to do when I was a boy. Now when I do go, everything puts me in mind of a wreck, with her colors half-mast. But you was speaking about that chap. Why don't you keep him, and make a skipper of him?"

"Why, he isn't mine, you know."

"Well, you see his mother is dead, and it kinder seems to me that they hadn't any friends, or somebody would have come to help them sooner, or they wouldn't have been in the house alone."

"That's a fact," answered his companion, a new idea seeming to take possession of him. "I'll leave him here with you in the morning, while I go down to where the fire was and see if I can find out anything about them; and then if

I can't, why, I will keep him on board, and take him down to Polly and see what she says about the youngster. She always says she don't like children, and when I ask her why she is borrowing them of the neighbors every now and then, and making them presents, all the answer I get is an extra box on the ear, or—O, bless me! the little fellow is waked up!—so just look in the locker and see if there was any milk left."

Will, the younger of the two, did as he was directed, and in a few moments a cup of warm milk was standing on the little pine table, which was made fast to the floor, while Phil, who acted the part of a nurse, had drawn himself up much in the shape of a hoop, with his feet on the stove, and the infant in his lap, and was plying a spoon back and forth from the cup to the babe's mouth with about as much rapidity as a weaver would ply his shuttle—much to the amusement of Will, who in the scene before him forgot for a moment the sad occurrence he had witnessed at midnight. When the cup was empty, the sailor threw off the soft blanket with which the child was wrapped when he first caught him in his arms, and then pressed his lips to its cheek, and caressed it as fondly as any father could have done. The little stranger, feeling comfortable, and not realizing its loss, repaid the caresses with its innocent smile and infantile gestures. It seemed to be about a year old, and the night-clothes which it wore were of fine texture, and showed the needlework of a skilful hand.

"I tell you what it is, Will," said his companion, dancing the babe on his knee, "I have made up my mind that the Great Captain aloft knew what he was about when he put this child into my arms, and took the mother himself. So you see I aint a going to give it up if I can help it; and if you tell any one but Polly where I got it—"

"There, there, Phil, spare yourself the trouble of a threat. You and I haven't sailed together these ten years, and never had a brush, to run afoul now on account of that little bright-eyed chap. What should I say but that when the mother was about to slip her cable and go aloft, she gave the little fellow to our care, and that you are keeping it, and I'll do all I can to help you raise him."

"Give us your hand, Will! If ever I say another unkind word to you, I deserve to be set adrift in a storm, without provisions, or a hammock to swing in at night."

And both drew nearer the stove, and laid plans for the future until the babe was again asleep, and then Philip gently laid it on the pillow in his berth, and cautiously stretched himself beside

it, where both slept soundly until the heavy tread of the sailors on deck aroused Philip, who crept noiselessly from his berth, and approached the one where William lay unconscious of what was taking place around him.

"Will," whispered the captain in his ear; for that was the title Philip bore, and his was the responsibility of giving orders to the few sailors they employed in working the little craft in their voyages to and from different ports, engaged in carrying articles of merchandize. But perhaps we had better stop here a moment while Philip is awakening his companion, and in a few words give a little sketch of his former history.

Philip Brown was born of poor parents, who lived on a small farm, one side of which was washed by the waves of the Atlantic. From his boyhood he had ever loved the sea, and when his arms became strong enough to ply the oar, many were his feats of daring on the water, until at length the neighbors called him "the son of the ocean." A farmer's life did not satisfy the ambition of the only son, so as time sped on he sailed a larger boat than the little skiff. He had the reputation of being honest, industrious and a skilful sailor; so at the time we introduce him to the reader, he had risen to the command of the *Sea Gull*, a small but well-built vessel, and so true had he been to the interest of those who employed him, that his word was thought by many sufficient guarantee that all business transactions would be done with the strictest honesty, without the formula of a written compact. In his wanderings, he had engaged William Laine as a deck hand; but there soon grew up a strong friendship between them, until it seemed essential to the captain's happiness that Will should be ever at his side. He, too, was honest; and, as the sailors said, there could be no foul play when William's eagle eyes were upon you, and they often used to speak of the vessel having two masters. But let us return to the sleeper.

"Will!" again repeated Philip.

The drowsy sailor only drew a longer breath, and gave no further sign of awakening. The captain took up a small speaking-trumpet that lay near, and putting one end to his lips, he placed the other close to the ear of the sleeper, and then in a hoarse whisper he half shouted, "Fire! fire! fire!" at the same time catching up a burning lamp, and holding it near the closed eyes of Will, who with one bound sprang to his feet, and rubbing his eyes, exclaimed:

"Where away, captain?—and where is the young skipper? I'll save him!"

"Hush!" said Phil, pressing his hand over his mouth to keep from laughing aloud, when he saw

the effect his stratagem had had on his companion, who, discovering the ruse that had been played upon him, pouted a little, and an extra tinge of crimson shot upward to his brown cheeks and forehead.

"I want you to see to the youngster," whispered the captain; "and if he wakes keep him from crying, while I go upon deck and pay off those hands; for you know if they should see that little chap on board, 'twould be all up with our plans."

"But wont they think it strange, Phil, that you discharge them with so little warning?"

"O no; for I told them yesterday I didn't know how long I should stay in port, and I couldn't afford to pay hands to sit round on old sugar boxes and chew tobacco; so you see I'll just pay them off, and then when we get ready to start, why—we'll hire a new crew, and have them mind their own business."

"That's a fact," returned Will; "so I'll obey orders and be getting our breakfast ready while you're gone."

And Will hung up his boots on a rusty hook at the head of his berth, and walked carefully about in his stocking-feet, putting things to rights, while the captain went on deck to pay and discharge his men.

That being done, Philip did not return to the cabin, but walked down the plank that connected his vessel to the shore, and then stood upon the wharf, as if undecided where to go. A little way from him, he perceived a group of well-dressed men—merchants, he concluded, who had come down to the wharf to see about their goods, yet on board some of the ships lying alongside; but in a moment more he caught the words "fire last night;" so, unnoticed by them, he drew nearer, and with anxious ear listened to what they were saying.

"It was a dreadful affair, indeed," said one, "that they should perish in the flames. It will be a sad tale to—"

The captain did not wait to hear any more, for he was afraid they might observe him listening, and say something to him; and he felt so agitated that he knew if he said anything, he should by his emotion betray all he knew concerning it; so he passed on in the direction of the street where the fire occurred.

The morning was cold. There had been a light fall of snow during the latter part of the night, so that the air was bracing, and as Philip walked on, his mind gained composure, and by the time he arrived at the spot he had so abruptly left the night previous at midnight, no one could have guessed he had ever had an uneasy

thought. He stopped when he came opposite to where the fire had been, and seated himself near by on a charred timber. The nearest house was a few rods down the street, and there seemed to be no one astir as yet, save an Irish servant girl, who came out with a pail, and crossed over, apparently to get some water. Philip arose and beckoned for the girl to come to him, while he walked towards her.

"I guess you had a fire here last night?" said he to the girl.

"Faith, an' we did, sir," answered she; "and it makes my heart ache to think of it; for there was a beautiful lady and her child burnt up in the house."

"And did you or your mistress know them?" inquired Philip, putting his firmness to the test to appear unconcerned, save as a common passer-by.

"O no; they hadn't been there more than a week, and it was only once or twice we saw the lady at the window, with the baby in her arms; and that is all I know about them."

Philip took from his pocket a large red silk handkerchief, and pretended to wipe some dust from his eyes; and when he took it away, it seemed as if they had borrowed the hue of the cloth that had just passed over them; but the Irish girl thought it was only the effects of the frosty air, and she continued:

"O yes, there is one thing more," and the girl seemed to be a little vexed; "there was a Yankee servant girl with her the first day or two; and one day I went up to their yard to get some water, and as she was walking around with the baby in her arms, I asked her what its name was, and where they came from; but she turned away so saucy, and said it was none of my business; and when I went home and told Mrs. Jenks, she said she guessed they must be queer folks."

"And was the servant girl burned up with the woman and child?" inquired Philip, as if he would fain prolong the conversation, as the girl turned to go.

"No. I saw her come out day before yesterday, and get into a hack and ride off. I was going for water, and she whispered something to the lady just as she left the door, and I heard the lady say 'I will;' and then she closed the door, and I heard the key turn in the lock, and so that is all I know about it; but it does seem to me you are dreadful inquisitive."

"Well, it is a dreadful thing to have a human being go out of the world that way," said Philip, "and I can't help talking about it;" and he turned and went in one direction, while the girl pursued her way for the water.

The captain walked slowly along, musing on the events of the last few hours, and wishing he had stopped longer and listened to those men on the wharf; for it was evident one of them knew something about the sufferers; but he thought he could not recall their looks sufficiently to recognize them again; and from this frame of mind he was aroused by the cry of the news-boy, "Have a paper, sir?" as he saw Philip's eyes turned in that direction. "Line packet just arrived—latest news from Europe and—"

"Is there anything about the fire last night?" interrupted the captain, those thoughts being still uppermost.

"O yes," answered the boy; "one of our reporters was on the spot, and it gives the full particulars."

Philip waited to hear no more, but snatching one of the papers, and throwing the boy a piece of silver, he rushed down the nearest alley, and seated himself on the low step of a dilapidated house, and began to scan the contents of its pages.

"Do you see that, Jim?" said the successful dealer in papers, holding up the shining silver in view of his companion.

"Humph!" said the other, "I shouldn't a dared to take it. I'll bet he's that crazy feller that yesterday's paper gave an account of; because who ever heard of a man who wasn't out of his head giving so much for a newspaper?"

"Nonsense, Jim! you're only mad 'cause you didn't get it; but I've the chap what knows how to sell papers!"

Here each laid down his bundle and began to make arrangements to settle the affair in a pugilistic manner, when they were stopped by Philip, who again made his appearance, and learning the cause of the trouble, dropped a silver coin of the same size in Jimmy's hand, and passed on, while he, looking into his companion's face, whispered:

"I don't believe he is crazy after all; he's a real generous old feller."

But let us follow the captain to the deck and cabin of the Sea Gull. The morning was not very far advanced when he again trod the planks of his vessel; but ere he went below he walked cautiously along, and peeped through a crevice of the door that led to the cabin. A smile passed over his features as the scene within met his view, and he noiselessly opened the door just far enough to admit his form, and then crept along and hid himself behind a loose sail that had been thrown into the cabin the day previous for repairs. The back of the faithful sailor and friend was towards the captain when he entered,

and the babe was on his knee trying to hold in his hands a large boiled potato.

"Can't you manage it, my little fellow?" said Will, taking it and biting out a large piece, and then giving it back. "There now, boy, you can make fast to it, and I'll stow you away in the berth while I get the captain's breakfast ready; for he will soon be back again, and he is a great chap for ham and eggs when he gets into port."

And Will snuggled the babe close to his brown cheek, and danced around the cabin; but coming in contact with the sail, he got entangled, and before he could extricate himself there was a collision between the joint captains of the Sea Gull, which ended in a hearty laugh by Phil at his companion's awkwardness in his novel capacity of nurse. Half an hour after, the two tried friends were seated at a table in the cabin of their vessel enjoying a meal which the long experience of Will had taught him to prepare to the satisfaction of his employer. While seated at the table, the captain told his companion the events of the morning, and then taking the paper from his pocket, he read:

"**FIRE.**—Last night, about twelve o'clock, there was a fire on Alto Street, and before any one reached the spot, the interior of the building (a dwelling house) fell in, and a woman and child perished in the flames. They were strangers in our city, so we cannot give their names."

"So you see, Will, nobody will think of coming here after the boy; but somehow I don't feel just as I should if Polly was his mother; for though I don't know as I have tried as hard as I might to find out about him, yet I always have been honest, and if ever I come across anybody that has a better right to him than I, why, I shall give him up, although I love him more than I can tell—he seems so much like the angels that my mother used to tell me about when she used to kneel at the side of my trundle-bed, and hear me say my prayers, and then kiss me, and say 'good night, Philip.' Will, it's my nature to love something, and I want that boy, when he gets old enough, to go to sea with me; it will be such a comfort to me, after a storm, to have him by my side listening to the yarns I shall spin about shipwrecks and dangers; and then what a blessing it will be when I am old—and it won't take long to make me so now—to have him command the craft; maybe I shall have a bigger one then. No, I sha'n't part with the boy; so to-night, after dark, you may take him up to old Mrs. Chancey's—nobody ever goes there except you and me, to get our washing done—and ask the old woman to take care of him until we sail; for you see while we are

loading up, there will be a good many on board."

Reader, we will not detain you by giving geographical descriptions of the spot where Philip's little brown cottage was located. It stood just where we should suppose one of his mind and habits would wish to begin and end his days. In summer, from the blue sea, wafted inland through the clustering foliage around it the invigorating breeze. The captain's wife, his idolized Polly, was generally the only occupant of this retreat, save the numerous pets that skipped and ran about as if used to kind words and good fare. Not many rods from the dwelling was a high rock, the base of which had been bathed by the Atlantic for ages ere the foot of man had pressed it. From the top of that rock had Polly often watched for the white wings of the Sea Gull, until the stars glittered. But now the weather was cold, and when the wind blew off the sea it brought a keen edge, which almost reached the vitals; and so Polly stationed a light upon the peak, and gathered in her pets, and then knelt and prayed to Him who alone had the power to restore her husband in safety. As she knelt, Buff the old watch-dog came and took a seat by her side, and laid his head upon her shoulder, as if he comprehended her words, and would fain join in the petition, although he knew not to whom she was talking. But in an instant he forgot the better part of his nature, and gave a low savage growl, and then walked stealthily towards the outer door. His mistress was not afraid, for there were true and trusty neighbors near. So when a strange voice asked to be admitted, she bade Buff be quiet and drew back the bolt.

"Your husband has arrived," said the stranger.

"Where is he?" eagerly inquired the wife, forgetting the common rites of hospitality in her anxiety to meet the one she loved.

"He is making his boat fast to the pier," replied the other, still standing without the door; but as he attempted to go away, Polly remembered her incivility and invited him to enter; but he answered no, he was in a hurry to reach his friends, who lived at some distance; he had been a passenger on board the Sea Gull, and merely stopped to inform her of the arrival.

Polly did not repeat the invitation, so he passed on, while she hastened with almost electric speed to arrange things for her husband's comfort. The little iron tea-kettle was hung on the crane (for in those days stoves were not common), and an extra number of sticks were laid across the andirons, and as they crackled and

blazed they sent a glow to the cheek, and a thrill through the nerves, that the more modern invention fails to do. In a few moments the voice of Philip was heard as he came up the path.

"God bless you, Polly!" he said, as he stepped within the door, and clasped his little wife in his arms. "If every sailor finds such a harbor, it will be all he will need to keep him from the shoals and quicksands of life."

But ere Polly could reply, the counterpart of her captain made his appearance, bearing in his arms what seemed to be a bundle of clothes.

"I guess you have brought me some work," said the wife, as the idea of a washing day flitted across her brain.

"That is a fact," answered Philip, who had taken the bundle, and begun to remove the different articles, while Polly hastened to his side to assist.

"O dear!" she half screamed, as her hand came in contact with our little hero, whom the two sailors had agreed to call *Rescoe*, as they said it sounded enough like *rescue* to remind them from where they had rescued him. "Bless me!" she said, "why didn't you tell me you had a child here? I was going to throw the bundle out into the porch. But where is its mother?"

"Dead!" said Phil; "but don't ask me any more questions now. Give us some supper and then we'll tell you all about it; for you see we knew where we were going to cast anchor to-night, so Will and I haven't disturbed the locker since morning."

Polly had been expecting her husband for several days, so she was not unprepared, and in a short time tea, with a variety of viands, was smoking on the table. When the meal was ended, Will went back to the boat to remain through the night, and Philip and his wife were left alone. So he drew her to his knee, and placing his arm around her waist, said:

"Polly, dear, do you love your rough sailor husband?"

"Yes, Phil, or I should not have set up to-night till so late an hour, and prayed for your safe return; neither should I keep house here alone, that you may have a good home to come to when you are tired of the sea;" and she wound her arms around his sunburnt neck as lovingly as when first she was his bride.

"Then you must love that boy for my sake, and—God bless you, girl, I know you will; and protect him, too, when I am away, as the stars and stripes protect the *Sea Gull*." And Philip with the back of his brown hand brushed away the tears that dimmed his vision; and then he told her all the particulars of the fire and rescue,

and that he wished her to keep it a secret, and bring up the child as their own; and he told her, too, that if the neighbors were inquisitive, she might say that its mother was dead, and had confided the babe to his care. "I knew you always said you didn't like children, Polly; but I think you will love that little fellow—he has such a kind of a way of looking up into your face; and then he isn't afraid of anybody."

"I didn't mean it," answered Polly; "but I didn't want to seem dissatisfied, and I didn't know what else to say."

And so they talked until the old oaken sticks had turned to ashes on the hearth and the frost glistened on the windows, and then they removed the babe from its soft bed on the settee to their own couch, where it slept quietly on the arm of the sailor's wife.

It was late in the morning when Philip awoke, and then he quietly crept from the bed, and before he aroused Polly the teakettle was steaming up the chimney, and the glowing coals sent out a genial heat. This was Philip's first attempt at anything of the kind at home, and the wife guessed the cause—he feared the care of their new charge might have kept her awake, and he would make amends by sharing other duties. But we will not stop to relate the details of Philip's stay at home.

A week passed away, and bidding Polly take good care of the boy, and make herself as comfortable as possible, he gave each a kiss, and he and his friend Will once more embarked on board the *Sea Gull*, and by the aid of a fair wind her white sails soon bore them far away from the little cottage; and we will leave them to roam the wide waste of waters, while we spend a little time with the sailor's wife.

Polly stood upon the peak with the infant in her arms, well protected from the weather, until the wings of the *Sea Gull* had vanished, as it were, in the clouds, and then staunching the tears that had gathered on her lashes, she pressed the babe more closely, and clambered down the rock and entered her lonely home.

On the old arm-chair in the corner lay her husband's tarpaulin hat, which he had cast aside for a new one, and the pea jacket which the little stranger had been wrapt in, was hanging on a wooden peg; all looked dreary, and everything reminded her of him who would be absent many months, and perhaps never return. Tears started afresh as she thought of this, and all else was forgotten until she felt the soft cheek of *Rescoe* pressed against her own, and his warm lips endeavoring to kiss away the grief he could not comprehend.

"Rescoe, darling," she said, as she returned his embrace, "for the moment I forgot I had anything else to love; but mother will feel so no longer—you shall be all when father is away." And so she went about her work, putting everything in order that had been neglected while her husband was at home, that she might spend more leisure with him.

Winter passed away, and the pure sea breeze was again grateful, and the vegetables grew in the garden tilled by the hand of the sailor's wife; and when nature's beverage was needed to quench the burning thirst, the old sweep-well was there to yield its refreshing and almost icy liquid; and at evening came Brindle from the meadows to give her quota towards the support of the sailor's son.

Health glowed on his cheek, and rapidly did his form expand; so that a year after, when Philip returned and found him playing beside the door, he passed by and inquired for the babe he had left. Polly laughed and pointed to her strong boy, who was engaged in sailing a boat in a tub of water. Philip turned to look, and with one bound he was by his side.

"Awaist there, you lubber!" he cried, snatching the boy playfully from the tub. "Look here, Will, didn't I tell you he would be a sailor?" And then, after a few caresses from the two friends, they let him go back to his play, while they watched him from the window.

Ere Philip sailed, it was resolved that the next time they returned, they would let the little cottage, and Polly and the boy should take a voyage in the Sea Gull. "For there is nothing like beginning early to learn the ropes," said Phil; "and it seems to me, Will, that I never had so many storms when Polly used to sail with me, when we were first married; or if we did I didn't notice them."

"That's a fact, captain," replied Will. "Some sailors say it is bad luck to have a woman on board, but all the bad luck that I ever believed in was that they are generally so taken up with them that they don't mind their business; and then if they come near going to Davy Jones's locker, they lay it to the wrong cause. But that is a good idea about their going—we sha'n't be in such a hurry to get back again."

And now, reader, we must take a leap along the track of time; our limits will not permit us to follow our young hero through the minutiae of his youth up to manhood. From the first trip that he took in the Sea Gull, the ocean was his home. For many years Polly accompanied them, and then as he grew older and stronger, she went back to the seashore cottage, and kept a pleasant

home for them to return to at the close of each voyage.

Twenty-two years have elapsed since Philip and his companion rescued the child from the flames. He is now a tall and muscular young man, with a dark flashing eye and noble mien. With the kind-hearted Philip he has visited every clime, and extracted information from almost every land. His education has not been neglected; teachers have been provided by the liberal hand of his adopted father; and when the seas ran high and the billows roared loudest, the love of books was called in requisition, and by many he was called "the learned captain."

The tide has long since ebbed and flowed over the wreck of the old Sea Gull, and Philip Brown stands on a broader deck and is shadowed by taller masts than when we last met him. William Laine has taken in sail for the last time, and his soul is safely moored in heaven. A deep base voice gives orders to the sailor at the mast-head to keep a sharp lookout, for they have just passed fragments of a wreck. The one who gave the order is Rescoe, who occupies a seat on a settee that has been brought from the cabin and placed on deck at the stern of the ship, and beside him is a fair girl, whose hand rests confidently in his.

"You are sad this evening, captain," she said, as she looked into his face. "Now that the storm is over, and we are once more in safety, with the full moon shining above us, methinks it is ungrateful to be sad."

"I would not, Louise," replied the young man, "if I did not remember the words of your father this morning. He says you can never be mine, for I am but a poor adventurer of the sea, and that the one who marries you must have wealth equal to your own. In company with my father I own this ship—it is all I have."

"We are young yet, Rescoe, and I will wait for you; but I think my father will relent when he reflects how much we owe you for our safety. Had it not been for your skill, your brave old father's commands would not have saved us from encountering the foaming breakers that threatened us almost within a cable's length."

"When once in a safe harbor we forget the storm. But, Louise, you must not remain here; your father will be engaged in the cabin but a short time, and when he returns to the deck he will be angry to find you here. Besides, much as I love you, I would not wed you against his will, for it is worse than piracy to rob a parent of his only child. No, no, Louise! I know not what my future fate may be, but should I by some happy turn in the wheel of fortune possess

that which your father so highly prizes, then you will be the first one I shall seek ; but until then, although my heart should break, I will not force myself where it were better I should not be."

And the young man, who was protected from the view of those on duty by a screen that was placed to keep the spray from dashing over the after-part of the deck, pressed the lovely girl to his bosom, and kissed her again and again, as if it were the last interview he ever expected to have with the one beside him. But ere she could answer, "Sail ho!" was shouted from the mast-head, and the young captain springing to his feet, led her to the cabin door, and then in an instant placed the trumpet to his lips and demanded, "Where away?"

"About half a league to the eastward," returned the sailor. "She seems to be a small boat, with a signal of distress set at her mast-head."

Our old friend, Philip, hearing an unusual noise overhead, now made his appearance from below, where he had been engaged the last half hour talking with Mr. Beachley, one of the passengers, and father to Louise.

"What is the matter, my boy," said he, as he came up to Rescoe.

The young man briefly related what the sailor had said.

"Heave to!" shouted Philip; "and lower a boat and bear away for—" And then looking off on the water, he perceived that the order had been given and obeyed ere he reached the deck. "O, it's no use for Phil to try to be captain any longer," he said pleasantly, "as long as I have got such a smart boy. I tell you, Mr. Beachley, he knows every rope from the bow to the misson, and can balance himself on the maintop like a bird;" and the old sailor walked slowly along, and seated himself near the helmsman, and looked off in the shining wake of the rowers who were pulling away for the object in the distance. There was scarcely a breath of air astir, and the long steady swell that is ever felt after a storm served but to give a gentle, undulating motion to the ship and spread a home feeling among the passengers.

An hour later, the little boat again came alongside; but there were added three to her number—an elderly gentleman and two younger ones, in sailor garb. On inquiry it proved that the old gentleman was a passenger, and the other two were sailors, who had left Liverpool in the ship *Amity*, which was bound for New York, and in the storm which had occurred a few days previous, she was run into and sunk. They could give no account of the rest of the

crew or passengers, as the ship sank in a few minutes after being struck. They, with some others, had succeeded in getting on board of a boat, but she leaked badly, and they were without provisions. By long continued exertions in bailing and by fasting they had become exhausted, and all had died save those three.

"Bear a hand," said the mate to one of the sailors on deck, "and help swing this old gentleman on board. He is very feeble; so make fast a swing-hammock to those ropes;" and then he bent over the invalid and encouraged him to fear no danger; and so it proved, for in a few moments he was safely on board the *Flying Cloud*, Philip Brown, master.

Though Philip bore the title, all understood that on Rescoe devolved the responsibility of working the ship, and attending to business when in port. For several days Rescoe remained on deck most of the time. This was in part to attend to the duties of his office, and also to avoid meeting with his loved Louise; for he dared not risk another interview, lest the manly resolutions he had adopted might be overcome.

The old captain remained below with the invalid, who seemed to grow weaker every day. Several days had passed, when one morning, Rescoe, wishing to consult his father on some subject connected with the management of the ship, entered the cabin, where the sick man was bolstered up in a half reclining posture. His father, who was leaning beside the invalid, bade him come nearer. As he did so, and spoke in a low and softer tone than usual, the passenger half raised himself from his pillows, and fixed his eyes on the young man. Philip saw the movement, and every nerve trembled; for more than once since the sick man had lain there, had he thought he had discovered a resemblance between him and Rescoe; and at night he had often heard the invalid, who gave his name as Frederick Manton, cry out in his troubled dreams words of which the old captain could not mistake the meaning. For the moment he had forgotten this when he bade the young man come nearer. The eyes of Mr. Manton did not leave the form and features of Rescoe until the cabin door had closed behind him; then turning to Philip, he said:

"I think you told me you had a son who took the principal charge of this ship; is that he?"

Philip nodded assent. He could not speak; for he knew he should betray himself.

"'Tis strange," muttered the invalid; "and yet—I must be dreaming; my sufferings have driven me mad, and I shall die unknown, and my property will be divided among strangers!"

"Have you no wife nor child?" said Philip, endeavoring to appear calm.

"Not now," replied the stranger. "It is more than twenty years since I left them at home to dwell with my mother, while I went on a voyage to transact business which was to put me in possession of a fortune. Like yourself, I had followed the sea for many years, and had been successful, and so I started on what I told my wife should be my last voyage, and then I would return home and enjoy life with her and our babe. I had been gone several months, and was about to return; so I wrote to her to come to the city where our ship would land her cargo, so that she might be there when I arrived, and I could be with her in my leisure hours until my business was settled, and then we were to purchase a residence in the country, near where my mother lived. Too well did Ellen obey my request. Accompanied by my mother's servant girl, she took a small house in the city, and a few days after, the girl returned for some articles they had left, and the second night after her departure, my idol wife and child were—O God! I cannot say more!" and the invalid's face was the hue of death.

Philip arose and paced the cabin. He felt that the father of his beloved Rescoe was before him; and yet how could he resign him? He had never told the youth he was not his father, for he feared that he might blame him for not making further efforts to discover his parents; and he might leave him, too—and that was the most heart-rending thought of all; for to him and Polly he had become as necessary as were the oaken timbers to his ship. But he had an honest heart, and he could not bear to see the invalid suffering in his berth, without home or friends; and if he died!

Philip saw there was but one course to pursue, so he nerved himself for the worst, and went back to the sick man and knelt beside the berth. He was a blunt sailor in his words, so he waited for no glossing ideas to present themselves, but said:

"Well, captain, I suppose you will think I ought to be thrown overboard when I get through with spinning this yarn, and I'm blowed if I care much what you do with me; for if the boy leaves me, 'taint much matter;" and the old sailor's face was very pale, and he bit his lip until the blood started and crimsoned his teeth, and then he continued: "You see when we compare logs, your reckoning and mine make it out that at the same time you lost your wife and son, I gained a boy;" and then he related all the particulars of the fire and rescue; he told, also, that he had educated him, and how much he and his Polly loved the youth; still he would now give him up,

for he had not many years to live, and it didn't matter much if they were shortened a little.

"You need not give him up," said the invalid, feebly; after he had recovered a little from the surprise; "for he will soon have no friend but you. My mother did not long survive that dreadful shock, and my wife, when I married her, was an orphan. I had but one friend in the city on that fatal night, and he did not arrive at the burning building until it was too late to—"
and here the sick man hid his face with his thin hand.

"He must have been the one," thought Phil, "whom I heard speak about the fire while standing on the wharf."

After a short pause, Mr. Manton continued; "It would have been a great comfort to me, Captain Brown, to have known that the child was saved, but I would not reproach you for you have done well by him. I would again like to see him, and if he is my son, I shall will to him and you all I possess. Is there nothing which he wore upon that night that you have preserved?"

"There is," said Phil, "a small trinket that he had on, which I stowed away in my chest. It got broke and I never had it mended."

In a moment a small gold chain with a broad clasp was handed to the invalid who took it and pressed a secret spring upon the clasp; it flew open and revealed the name, Frederick Manton. It was enough.

And now, reader, we have a few more words to say, and then you and I will part company for the present. Rescoe loved his foster-parents too well to cherish one hard thought for the past, and few ever knew the circumstances of his so suddenly coming into possession of such vast wealth. Mr. Beachley knew, for Rescoe's father proved to be an old friend of his, and readily did he give his consent for the marriage of his daughter to the young sailor, whose love had commenced while floating on the sea and bid fair to be as lasting as the voyage of life. The old captain and his wife shared in the wealth of their foster-child, as was decreed by the will of his father drawn up on board the Flying Cloud, where he drew his last breath.

Reader, I suppose you would like to know how I obtained a knowledge of these facts. If any one asks you, you can just say that you don't know; for I can keep a secret, if I am a woman.

Always suspect a man who affects great softness of manner, an unruffled evenness of temper, and an enunciation studied, slow, and deliberate. These things are all unnatural, and bespeak a degree of mental discipline to which he that has no purpose of craft or design to answer, cannot submit to drill himself.

BOSTON HARBOR.

BY SIN.

'Tis noon! the sky is clear—the sunny deep
 Is still, save where the rippling breezes sweep
 Wooling, and whispering along, to sleep:
 Each stately ship reposed at anchor rides—
 By it the sportive ripple, as it glides,
 Laughs in the sunbeams, and uncertain plays
 On the dark vessel with reflected rays.
 Now o'er the lulling waters flit awhile,
 Broken reflections of the floating pile;
 Th' inconstant breeze each trembling charm enhancing,
 As beauty's eye most fascinates in glancing,
 Or as the glimpses o'er parting clouds bestow
 Of heaven's blue ether gladdens more the view,
 Than in those realms of sultry solitudes glow,
Their one unchanged expanse of azure hue.
 Hushed every sound of man, of toll, of care,
 The wanton pennons dally in mid air,
 All silent though not still. For even the bark
 That fleets as rapid as electric spark
 O'er the blue surface—mystic motive given—
 Seems by a secret, silent impulse driven;
 Unheard the music of the plashing oar,
 That brightly sparkles on the raptured sight,
 Though lost its sound—so distant from the shore—
 It gleams in measured harmony of light!
 Soothing the sight! Haply those realms of bliss
 May prove a haven typified in this—
 A calm eternity of peaceful light,
 Where wearied souls may rest them from their flight,
 And happy spirits, like those fleet barks, move
 Ever in radiant harmony above!

SAGATABSCOT.

BY MARY E. ROBINSON.

THE sturdy forest yielded to the axe; the trees
 disappeared from Sagatabscot Hill; fire passed
 over it; the plough stirred its soil; grain grew up-
 on it, and at length cattle pastured upon its swell-
 ing slopes. Mr. Serjent labored assiduously,
 and the earth began to reward munificently his
 labors. A family of children grew around him,
 bidding fair to comfort him when his hair should
 become silvery and his step feeble. He loved his
 offspring, and next to them the fruitful acres
 which his industry had redeemed from the wil-
 derness, and by years of toil converted into fields,
 pasturage and tillage.

Serjent lived in that dangerous period when
 the red men were arrayed in deadly hostility to
 the white settlers. The tomahawk and the
 knife were at work upon the frontier. Pitiless
 foes lurked on the border, leaping from ambush
 to slay the lone laborer, making direful marauds
 at night, carrying terror and destruction to many
 homes, leaving blood and death, sorrow and wail-
 ing upon many hearthstones.

The summer of 1702 came. Martha Serjent
 had reached the estate of early womanhood; her
 sister Mary was a girl of fourteen; while her
 three brothers were but lads of twelve, ten, and
 eight years. Martha was pretty; at least John
 Lewis thought so, and he was a sensible young
 fellow and I dare say a judge of beauty. John
 was the son of a farmer who formerly lived in
 an adjoining settlement; but who moved from
 the frontier on account of the increasing hostility
 of the Indians. John returned immediately after
 his father's hurried flight—for it was a flight
 rather than an ordinary quiet removal—in order
 to prevail on Mr. Serjent to do likewise. He
 reasoned with him upon the rashness of remain-
 ing when every other settler had fled in dismay
 from the ravages of savage revenge. Serjent
 pointed to his farm and his comfortable dwelling
 for a reply.

"Yes," said Lewis, "it is hard to leave what
 has cost so much toil; but what will all this suf-
 fice when the redskins pounce upon you like
 wolves? Life is more precious than these cul-
 tivated acres."

Serjent admitted that John's argument was
 weighty. "But," replied he, "I have made up
 my mind to stay and defend what belongs to me
 at all hazards."

John referred to his family, instancing some of
 the more recent massacres, which had filled the
 country with horror and mourning. These ex-
 amples of Indian cruelty were not disputed or
 palliated by the farmer, neither was his determi-
 nation shaken. With a troubled and heavy heart,
 young Lewis sought Martha, hoping through her
 influence to overcome the obstinacy of her father.
 She required little urging to add her solicitations
 to those of her lover. Indeed, she had a very ac-
 curate idea of the state of the country, and al-
 ready attempted to induce her father to leave the
 dangerous vicinage from which their neighbors
 had judiciously fled.

We must not forget to mention, also, that Mrs.
 Serjent was alive to the peculiar peril that men-
 aced them, and felt all the mother's anxiety
 to see her children in a place of safety; but not-
 withstanding that consciousness, she relied with
 a tolerable sense of security on her husband's
 courage and determination.

Lewis had a powerful ally in the pretty Martha,
 but failed to move Mr. Serjent's resolve to stay at
 Sagatabscot and defend his property.

Late in the autumn of the year I have named,
 and about two weeks after the removal of the last
 to the nearest military station, while the Serjent
 family were partaking of their evening meal, the
 clattering of hoofs reached their ears. One of

the boys ran to the window and announced that a horseman was approaching in full speed. A moment after a man drew up in the yard, and throwing himself from the panting beast, presented himself unceremoniously to the inmates of the dwelling. He was a messenger from Captain Howe, commander of the nearest military post; he brought news of new enormities in the adjacent settlement, and a pressing warning for Mr. Serjent to remove without delay.

The man was thanked for his faithful delivery of the captain's message, and cordially invited to share their repast, which he did; then mounting, rode away as swiftly as he came. This hurried visit left a vivid and unpleasant impression upon all the household. Some discussion ensued, but most of the evening passed in gloomy silence. In six days from that date another messenger appeared with a similar warning. But they had lived so long unmolested, that Mr. Serjent began to feel quite confident that the moment of peril was passed, and he should be left to the enjoyment of his own. Even his wife and Martha shared in this hope, as ill-founded as it was.

Young Lewis was now ready to despair; neither fear nor remonstrance could overcome the obstinacy of Serjent. Full of the benevolent thought of saving the family, the young man set out for the nearest military post to make more summary efforts. Some days passed after his departure and nothing extraordinary occurred.

The labors of the day performed, they gathered about the evening fire, the ruddy blaze of which diffused both warmth and light. There was an evident trial at cheerfulness by the elder members of the household; but the absence of Lewis, who had been with them much of late, was felt to be a sensible drawback upon their happiness. The younger children gathered closely into the chimney corner, fearful each moment might bring to their listening ears the sound of savage visitors. A fixed conviction of coming evil seemed to settle upon every mind. Tears were seen upon Mrs. Serjent's cheeks that night as she looked anxiously at her offspring. Her husband busied himself for a time in casting bullets and putting his gun in order; that task completed he paced the little room with a nervousness that was new to him, pausing at the windows occasionally to gaze out into the night. Just as the family were about to retire, there was a slight tapping at the door. Mr. Serjent grasped his gun and demanded who was there.

"A friend of the white man," said a female voice.

"A squaw!" exclaimed Serjent. "What do you want?" he added.

"Let me in, and be quick!" continued the voice.

"Perhaps there are others close at hand," suggested Mrs. Serjent, warningly.

Her husband hesitated a moment and then opened the door. A young squaw glided in. She could not have been past sixteen; her features were very pretty and interesting. She glanced timidly about the room as if half-relucting her purpose; but her ingenuous face soon resumed its confidence of expression. Martha motioned her to the fire—the snow was beginning to fall and it was quite cold—but she signified that there was no need; and remained silent.

Martha approached her and gently took her hand.

"Speak! what can we do for you?" she said, in a kindly voice.

"Girl with the white skin, for me you can do nothing. It is you that are in danger. Pale faces, you have been foolish; why did you not fly to the strong house with your people? Behold they are gone, and you are left alone!" she exclaimed, with energy.

"This is my house!" said Serjent, firmly.

"Pale face, you are like the foolish deer that turns to look at the danger close at hand. Where will be your house to-morrow?"

"Go on, go on!" cried Martha, parting the hair from the girl's forehead, and looking entreatingly into her black eyes.

"White squaw, I have come here at the risk of my life! Before the bright sun rises into the heavens again, Sagamore John and his warriors will visit your wigwam."

"And can you, and will you save us?" asked Martha.

"Whiteskins, you must save yourselves. Go to your great wigwams where your fighting men are."

"They will track us in the snow," said Martha.

"The falling snow will cover your trail. But go—go to the woods, anywhere for a hiding place, death awaits you here."

The Indian girl turned to depart.

"Stay!" cried Martha, detaining her by grasping her garments. "Can you not conduct these children and my mother to a place of safety?"

The girl gazed an instant at the fair pleader with a soft expression of pity, and then suddenly freeing herself ran from the house.

Half-stunned by what she had heard, and full of anxiety for the beloved ones around her, not well knowing what she did, Martha pursued the flying steps of the red maiden, impelled by some strong, vaguely understood hope. But the peaceful messenger was far out in the storm, flit-

ting like a spirit to the distant peaks of Wachusset. The white snow was falling in blinding profusion. A mist was before the eyes and upon the brain of Martha. She sped on, as if safety were to be found in that direction only. So many days and nights of suspense and painful expectation, with the awful certainty revealed in addition, for a moment bewildered her.

The air was cold and the wind whistled mournfully through the leafless trees.

The Indian girl glanced behind her and saw the dim shadow of Martha as she hurried wildly through the descending snows; she saw her stop, press her hands to her head and fall. Hastening to her side, she raised her in her arms, and seeking a sheltered spot, laid her there, wrapping her carefully in her own blanket. The girl then sat down beside her, and took her head on her knees, waiting patiently till she should revive.

Martha was unconscious a long time. Just as she opened her eyes there was the report of a gun. The sound recalled her to the outer world, and the realization of her condition.

"Where am I?" she asked, looking at her unknown friend.

"Hush! be still! you are safe!" said the Indian maiden.

The echoes of another gun vibrated through the woods.

"They have attacked my father's cabin!" cried Martha, attempting to rise to her feet. "Do not detain me—let me go and share their fate!"

She struggled to go, but the girl held her. Fortunately she became unconscious again. When she recovered her faculties all was quiet in the direction of Serjent's dwelling. The red maiden was preparing to go her way.

"The vengeance of Sagamore John is completed. By this time his face is turned towards the distant wigwams. Go back in safety," she said.

Martha rose and kissed the girl affectionately; a moment more and she was pursuing her way towards the lodges of her people, while Martha retraced her steps slowly, with fearful forebodings.

The cabin door stood open; there were sanguinary stains upon the threshold. She entered with feelings of dread impossible to describe. A terrible spectacle presented itself—Her father's body, mutilated and lifeless, was stretched upon the floor. Where were the rest of the family she had left but a little while before! She called them by name. Alas! there was no answer—they were on the weary march to Canada; the family circle was broken forever. Mrs Serjent, it was afterwards learned, was despatched by a

single blow of the hatchet while exerting her feeble strength to ascend a hill, which proved too rugged for her efforts.

It may be supposed that Martha passed a miserable night alone with the remains of her father, with the realization, also, of the mournful change that had taken place in the household.

Near morning she thought she heard sounds indicative of the proximity of enemies, and had scarcely time to conceal herself behind the ample, old-fashioned chimney, before the door was thrown open and six Indians rushed in, as she could see from her hiding-place. But she was soon relieved from apprehension as she perceived that their object was not murder and plunder, but to find a place of concealment. It appeared from their conversation that a party of twelve men were close at hand, and it was from them they were anxious to escape.

The cellar was accessible—as was common in those days—by a trap door, which they raised. Passing through the aperture into the darkness below, they drew the trap into its place. This was barely accomplished when Martha heard the party approaching which had excited their fears. It was led by John Lewis, who had been to the station. Captain Howe had sent him with twelve men to conduct Serjent and his family to the garrison, forcibly, if need be. He was too late; Serjent had paid the penalty for his rashness. Lewis was shocked with what he beheld. Pale and agitated he contemplated the work of the red men and thought of Martha; but Martha herself silenced his fears by springing from her hiding place to his arms, where she swooned. Her nervous system had sustained such a heavy shock that it was several days before she could remember what had transpired, or render a connected account of what she had witnessed.

Meantime the soldiers spread their blankets over the trap door, and slept several hours without mistrusting what kind of visitors were in the cellar. Later in the day, while they were burying the body of Serjent, the Indians made their way out and escaped; but it was afterwards discovered that they had no agency in the tragedy of Sagatabscot Hill.

Martha rewarded young Lewis for his devotion by the gift of her hand.

THE EATING-HOUSE WAITER.—Did you ever ask a waiter, when the bill of fare was new laid, what he'd got? His answer might be repeated as follows: "Haunchavenison, breastervealan-oysters, very nice; curry fowl, rosegoose, leggar-lamb an' sparrowhawks;" or, at least, it sounds like that.

WINTRY KNELLS.

BY J. DAY BARROW.

They are ringing, ringing, ringing,
Through the leafless, sapless trees;
And the birds have hushed their singing,
For they mourn the summer's breeze.

They are moaning, moaning, moaning,
In the sober, solemn pines;
Like a guilty spirit groaning
For the peace it never finds.

They are wailing, wailing, wailing,
As they whistle madly by;
And the fitful clouds are sailing
Athwart the leaden sky.

They are shrieking, shrieking, shrieking,
In a weird and fearful tone;
Like a guilty spirit speaking,
Whose last fond hope is gone.

They are sighing, sighing, sighing,
In the distance—far away;
Like a faithful Christian dying,
Whose lamp has burned away.

They are whistling, whistling, whistling,
Through the frost-king's glittering gems;
And the leafless trees are bristling
With their pearly diamonds.

They are telling, telling, telling,
Of the bright day yet in store;
When the buds will all be swelling,
And old winter's reign is o'er.

A QUARTER-DECK STORY.

BY CHARLES CASTLETON.

OUR ship lay at Diamond Point, below Calcutta, and close by lay another American ship, belonging to New York, which was both owned and commanded by Captain Lemuel Rowe. I had known Rowe when he was a poor boy, and knew that he had gained his present position of wealth by a peculiar stroke of luck. His wife was with him, and she was one of the most beautiful women I ever saw, being not only eminently handsome, but possessing one of those faces which at once appeal to the nobler and purer affections of the heart, and excite respect. In Calcutta, she had been the acknowledged belle, though some of England's fairest flowers of nobility were there.

One day, Captain Rowe came on board our ship to take dinner. I had renewed the acquaintance of bygone times, and I found him rather proud, than otherwise, of having once been poor. After dinner, we lighted our cigars and went upon deck, where we sat down and

enjoyed the cool evening breeze that came sweeping up the great river. Thus had we spent an hour, when Captain Fifield, our own commander, asked Rowe if he had any objections to giving us a little sketch of his life.

"The fact is," said Fifield, "we have heard a thousand rumors concerning your marriage, and if you have no objections—"

"Not at all," broke in Rowe, with a smile. He was a perfect pattern of a man—tall, powerful, and handsome. "They have their yarns on the fore-castle, where Jack tells his adventures; and I don't know why we may not have a story of the quarter-deck. At all events, you shall have one; so listen:

"Few youths can well be poorer than I was at the age of fourteen. I had just rags enough to cover my nakedness, and that was all. I had no stick with a bundle on it, for I had nothing to make a bundle of. In that plight, I found myself in the city of New York. One night, I slept on one of the wharves, and on the next morning, I begged my breakfast at the kitchen of a gentleman's house, and then started on the search for work. I was obliged to beg a dinner, which I got on board a North River sloop. About three o'clock, I came to a great store, where I asked for work, as I had done at a hundred others above it on the same street. The owner's name was Osgood—Laban Osgood. He asked me all about my former life, and then wished to know if I would go to sea. I told him yes. Then he told me there was a ship just ready to sail, of which he was part owner, and in which he intended to take passage with his family, and that she was short of men. He gave me a letter to the captain, and then sent a boy to conduct me to the ship, which lay at one of the North River slips. The captain's name was Bailey. He was a bluff, stern man, but honorable and just. I informed him that I had lived upon the water about Long Island Sound nearly half the time since I was big enough to sail a boat, and though I had never been to sea, yet that I felt sure I could very soon learn the ropes. He asked me a host of questions, and finally told me that he should be glad to have me ship for the voyage to Canton and back.

"I think that that moment was about the happiest I had ever experienced up to that time—in fact, I know it was. After I had signed the papers, I received an advance of two months' wages, and with this money I purchased such clothing as I needed, and on the evening of the next day, I looked as spruce as any of them. On the third day after I had shipped, we hauled out into the stream, and were towed out by a

steamer; and then Mr. Osgood and his family came on board. His family only consisted of himself and wife, and one child—a daughter named Florence, who was then only twelve years of age. Mr. Osgood had a great desire to go out, partly on business, and as his wife and daughter were anxious to see the world, he readily consented to take them with him. He said he had been confined to his counting-house for twenty years, and he was now going to take a wider range just for the air and variety; and his wife said the same, save that she had been confined to the coach and drawing-room, instead of the counting-house. But they were a happy trio, and were bound to enjoy themselves. This was the merchant's second wife. He had had no children by his first wife.

"It is natural for children to seek children's company; but I might have been in their company for years, and I should never have dared to advance beyond the distant respect I felt for the favored ones. But Florence was not so reserved. Remember—she was twelve, and I only fourteen, and I, too, the only boy on board. She sought my company, and by the time we had been at sea a month, she could not have clung more fondly to an own brother than she did to me. Her father smiled upon our sports, and more than once did he get me relieved from duty, that I might entertain his child. Of course, I don't wish to flatter myself, but I must be allowed to say that I was always called a remarkably good-looking boy.

"Well, we were on board that ship a year, and whenever Mr. Osgood went on shore, he invariably took me with him as a sort of valet. Of course, the parents dreamed not of the feelings which were springing up in the souls of those two children; if they had, the companionship would have been severed in a moment. When we reached New York, we were both a year older, and I loved that gentle girl with a love that occupied my whole soul—and I had told her so; and, more still, she had told me the same in return.

"For a year after this, Mr. Osgood kept me in his store as a messenger, and gave me a home beneath his own roof. At the end of this time, I was sixteen and Florence fourteen. I felt quite a man then in my love, and had even talked to Florence about being married. She was still the same, loving me with her whole soul, and thinking no harm of it. Mr. and Mrs. Osgood seemed to take no notice of our intimacy, and so our lives moved on another year in the same smooth way. When I was seventeen years old—it was during the very week on which my birth-

day occurred—Mrs. Osgood discovered the secret of our love. Florence told me of it. But they said nothing to me of it, only on the next day the merchant informed me that he had secured an excellent chance for me to go to sea once more. It was for an India voyage, and I was informed that if I studied the profession as I might, I should have a mate's berth on the next voyage. This was for the purpose of keeping me at sea.

"Before I went, I saw Florence alone, and she swore that she would never marry any but me. So I went away as happy as need be. When we reached Calcutta, our second mate died. The third mate was promoted, and I took his place. When we returned, I saw Florence, and she was the same as ever. I next went as second mate, for I had worked hard, and studied well. When I was nineteen, I took the office of first mate, and gave my employers and my captain perfect satisfaction. When I returned from this voyage, I was going on towards twenty-one years of age. I had laid up some three thousand dollars, and now resolved to ask Mr. Osgood for his daughter's hand. I went to his house, and did so. At first, he seemed to be perfectly astonished—and then angry. He accused me of seducing away his child's affections, and ended by bidding me quit his house and never enter it again.

"I will not attempt to tell you how I felt. I remember very well that I left, and that for a while I was blinded by passion; and during that time, I was foolish enough to speak to some of my shipmates of the subject in my vengeful mood. But when I became cool, and reflected upon all that Osgood had done for me, my feelings began to take a new turn. I saw that he had been more than a father to me, for few fathers could have extended to me such patronage as he had done. I knew the feelings of the aristocratic parents, and when I came to reflect upon my own circumstances and position, I felt that I had no just cause of complaint. I had known, three years before, the sentiments of the parents upon the subject, and I could not blame them now for adhering to their former resolution.

"It was nearly a month after the meeting with the merchant, that the train of circumstances commenced which gave me a wife. Our ship lay at the wharf ready for her load, and one evening, while I was alone upon the quarter-deck, two men came on board, and after a variety of questions, they asked me if I was not the man who had had something to do with Mr. Laban Osgood. I informed them that I was. They then asked me if I had not sworn that I would be revenged upon him.

"By some strange freak of thought, the idea at once came to me that these two men had some evil intent upon the old merchant, and wished for my assistance; and with it came the determination to work for the old man's good, if I could, for I could not forget all the good he had done for me. So I answered them in such a way as to lead them on. I pretended to be very anxious for vengeance, and they believed me. Gradually I learned that one of them had just been released from prison, where he had been confined four years upon complaint of Mr. Osgood for stealing; and that the other had been turned away from the merchant's employ on account of his dishonesty, and that he had also lost three or four opportunities for a place, on account of Osgood's making known his crime to those who would otherwise have hired him. O, I pretended to be very savage, and thus I gleaned the whole of their plot.

"He's ruined us," said one of them, 'and now we'll take amends at our own will.'

"I saw clearly that they were desperate characters, and that they knew no such thing as moral fear. When their plan was all opened, it amounted to this: They meant to enter the house at night and rob it of all that was worth carrying off, and to kill any one who interfered. As to Mr. Osgood, they would rather kill him than not, and I could see that the fear of possible detection was all that withheld them. But their chief object in hunting me out, was to get a plan of the house, for they had never been inside of it, and to gain my further assistance, if possible. I gave them a thorough plan of the merchant's house, describing where he kept his money when he had it by him, and where all the gold and silver plate was. They then stated that they meant to make the attempt on the next night, and asked me if I could go with them. I told them I would if I could, but I feared that I should have to start for Boston on the very next morning, and that I must be gone several days. Yet I hoped they would succeed—I gave some more severe flings at Osgood—and then told them over again how they could gain entrance to the house. I told them to come to the ship on the next day, and if I was not there, they would know I had gone to Boston. But I begged of them, if I did go, to let me see them when I got back. This they promised, and then they went away.

"On the next morning, I went to the street where Mr. Osgood lived, but I did not call. I had thought of placing them on their guard, but I feared they might thus be led to thwart the very object I had in view, which was to arrest

the villains and place them beyond the power of doing more harm. I kept myself concealed all day, and when evening came, I went to the police-office and obtained two good stout men to go with me and watch the movements of the robbers. We concealed ourselves in a narrow alley directly opposite Osgood's house, and there we remained until midnight. It was nearly fifteen minutes after the city clocks had struck twelve that we saw two men come crouching along under the shade of the buildings, upon our side of the street. They reached a point opposite the merchant's house, and then crossed over. At that moment, I saw a light in one of the front chambers. It was gone, however, in a moment, but it sufficed to show me that some one was up in the house.

"I could see by the starlight that these were the men who had visited me the evening before. They stopped when they reached the door of the house, but only for a moment. Then they went to the gate of the carriage-way and climbed over. I knew where they would enter the house, for I had explained to them the easiest way.—I want you to remember one thing here. I had not in the least set them on to this work, for they were fully resolved before they saw me, and had their time set. All I had done was towards trapping them.—We waited a few moments, until we imagined that the villains would have had time to enter the house, and then we went after them. I still had a key to the small gate—one which I had never given up—and thus we passed easily into the back yard. We found one of the kitchen windows open, and in we went in a trice.

We listened a few moments in the kitchen, but could hear nothing, and I then started to lead the way up stairs. The kitchen was a story lower than the front hall on the street, and just as we reached this hall, I heard a quick cry in the hall above, and then followed the shuffling of feet. I knew that cry. I had a policeman's club, and grasping it firmly in my hand, I leaped up the stairs. At the further end of the hall, I saw a female form, and a man close upon her with a knife in his hand, and I heard him say, with an oath:

"Make the least noise, and I'll let out your heart's blood on the spot!"

"Next I heard a low, supplicating moan from the female. It was Florence—I knew it well. With one wild bound, I leaped forward, and with all my power in that one arm, I brought the thick lignumvitæ club down upon the villain's head. He sank upon the floor like a lump of lead, without sound or motion.

"Where is the other one?" I asked, as I caught Florence to my arms.

"In my father's room," she gasped.

"So into the old man's room I hastened, with the officers after me. We found the old merchant upon the floor, and the robber just in the act of raising his knife. My club descended upon his head ere his knife could fall.

"The officers now came forward and lifted the villain up, but he was still senseless, and so they bore him down. But the man in the hall was dead. I had broken his skull completely in. With Florence half fainting in my arms, I told Mr. Osgood the whole story, from first to last; and then I learned that his wife was very unwell, and that he and his child had been up with her. Thus had they been in the robbers' way.

"Mr. Osgood," I said, as I placed Florence upon a seat, 'you have been very kind to me—more than a father—and I hope this act may be some faint mark of my gratitude. If I have saved your life, it is no more than you have done for me. You may rest now, sir, for your enemies are past harming you.'

"With that, I turned and left the house in company with the officers; and the fellow whom I had last struck did not recover until we had reached the station-house. On the next day, Mr. Osgood sent for me to come to his house. I will not tell you all he said, for you can imagine something from the circumstances. But I will tell you one thing he said, and what he did at the same time. He took his daughter's hand and placed it in mine; and he told me I had saved the dear girl's life, and he made me promise that I would never forsake her, never treat her unkindly, but always love and protect her. And I have kept my promise. The old man has been dead now three years, and I have come to settle up the last of his business here. Florence would not let me come alone. I was her companion during her first voyage, and she would be mine now."

THE USE OF OIL.

In this country, children are "perpetually watered," as though they were amphibious animals. In the East Indies, children are rarely washed with water; but they are oiled every day. A child's head can be kept much cleaner if oiled, than without it, and many young persons with hectic cheeks would probably never know the last days of consumption, if their parents would insist on having the chests, back and limbs anointed with sweet oil two or three times a week. The Hebrew physicians seem to have considered oil as more efficacious than any other remedy. The sick were always anointed with oil, as the most wonderful means that was known of checking disease.—*Christian Freeman*.

"FOR MOTHER'S SAKE."

A father and son were lately fishing near New York city. The boat was suddenly capsize and they were thrown into the water. The father, who was not an expert swimmer, while his son could not swim at all, at once commenced to aid the lad. He, seeing that his father was becoming exhausted, calmly said to him: "Never mind me, save yourself for mother's sake." God bless that boy, and God be thanked that both were rescued from the peril in which they were involved. "For mother's sake!" There spoke a true son and a true hero. He knew that his tender years ill fitted him to support and sustain her who bore him—that if his father perished she might be reduced to want and sorrow. So he bid his soul be quiet amid the troubled waters, amid the excitement and apprehension that such a scene must engender, and resolved to die for his mother, unless, indeed, some hand was stretched forth for his safety and the safety of his father. It was all right, because it was done "for mother's sake."—*New York Atlas*.

JOHN BUNYAN.

Lord Campbell, the present distinguished Chief Justice of England, in remarking upon the *Pilgrim's Progress*, says: "Little do we know what is for our permanent good. Had Bunyan been discharged and allowed to enjoy his liberty, he, no doubt, would have returned to his trade, filling up his intervals of leisure with field preaching; his name would not have survived his own generation, and he would have done little for the religious improvement of mankind. The prison doors were shut upon him for twelve years. Being cut off from the external world, he communed with his own soul, and inspired by Him who touched Isaiah's lips with fire, he composed the noblest allegory, the merit of which was first discovered by the lowly, but which is now lauded by the refined critic, and which has done more to awaken piety, and to enforce the precepts of Christian morality, than all the sermons that have been published by all the prelates of the Anglican Church."—*Illustrated News*.

PRACTICAL FALSEHOODS.

Lies of action are blood relation to lies of speech, and oral lies constitute a small share of the falsehoods in the world. There are lies of custom and lies of fashion—lies of padding and lies of whalebone—lies of the first water in diamonds of paste, and unblushing blushes of lies to which a shower would give a different complexion; the politician's lies, who like a circus rider, strides two horses at once—the coquette's lies, who, like a professor of legerdemain, keeps six plates dancing at a time—lies sandwiched between bargains—lies of livery, behind republican coaches, in all the pomp of gold band and buttons—lies of red tape and sealing-wax—lies from the cannon's mouth—lies in the name of glorious principles that might make dead heroes clatter in their graves—Malakoffs of lies, standing upon sacred dust, and lifting their audacious pinnacles in the very light of the eternal heaven.—*Chapin*.

FM SAD TO-NIGHT.

BY LIZZIE RAY.

O, ask me not to join the ring,
 From whence those joyous notes arise,
 A merry song I hear them sing,
 But ah, my heart responds in sighs,
 The starting tear bedims mine eye,
 I'm sad to-night—please pass me by.

Nay, tell me not that "friendship's beams"
 Now brightly gild the closing day,
 My heart is with its early dreams,
 I cannot call it thence away.
 'Tis listening now to other lays,
 'Tis living over by-gone days.

Nor tell me yet, that "lays of love"
 Will now your joyous notes prolong,
 Too deeply they my spirit move,
 I cannot join you in the song.
 For O, I've heard those same sweet lays
 From other friends, in by-gone days.

Where are they now, those friends so dear,
 So fondly loved in earlier days?
 Alas! not one is with you there!
 Then ask me not to join your lays—
 I cannot quell the rising sigh,
 I'm sad to-night—O pass me by.

THE HAUNTED SHIP.

BY HORACE E. STANFORD.

CAPTAIN GASPARD FENWICK came home in the ship "Our Lady." He was a good seaman, and an expert navigator; but he was a man of deep, bitter passions, who knew no feeling but revenge in connection with any injury, real or supposed. Luke Leeman had come home in the "Our Lady" in the capacity of first mate. He was a mild, generous man, and the sailors loved him well. Fenwick was not long in discovering that the men obeyed his mate more cheerfully than they did himself, and that what they did for him doggedly and sullenly, they would do for Leeman cheerfully and gladly. He professed to imagine that his mate had been poisoning the minds of the crew against him, and thus he allowed himself to cherish a feeling of bitter hatred against the unoffending mate. And then Leeman's very mildness gave him cause for ill feeling, for he could never get him into a brawl, nor manage to make him degrade himself before the men. In his wrath, the captain had ordered his mate to flog one of the men, but this Leeman flatly refused to do, and from that moment Fenwick hated him.

Towards the end of the voyage Fenwick contrived, after repeated trials, to get Leeman pro-

voked, and a quarrel ensued, which resulted in a direct challenge from the captain. The whole crew had been spectators of the scene, and Leeman accepted the warlike proposal. On the very next day after landing at the wharf, the captain and his mate went over beyond Flushing, Long Island, taking two of the crew with them as seconds for Leeman, while the second and third mates went with Fenwick. At the first fire, Leeman fell. His adversary's ball had struck him in the forehead.

"He's dead!" uttered Sam Natter, an old foretopman, who had gone out. "Your bullet's gone right through his head, sir!"

Captain Fenwick gazed for a moment upon the fallen man, and then started off in company with his mates, leaving the two seamen to take care of the body.

In the course of a month, the ship was ready to sail again, and the same crew were engaged as before. Fenwick had supposed that most of the men would have refused to sail with him again; but they consented at once to ship, and only one man was added. John Savage was appointed first mate—he had been second mate before—and Miles Brown, who had been third mate, was elevated to the next higher office.

Captain Fenwick was more harsh and cruel than ever. He had no one now to thwart him in his vengeance, and he gave full scope to his feelings. But his actions were not all natural. He seemed to be haunted by a spectre, for he was often seen to shudder when standing all alone and thinking, and it was soon evident that he vented his spleen upon his men for the purpose of keeping his mind from this dark pondering upon the past. At all events, he was now savage and cross, and he did really seem to long for occasion to punish his crew.

One night, after Fenwick had been more than usually ugly on deck, he descended to his cabin and turned in. He was alone, for his mates were on deck. He was more than usually depressed, and for a long while he lay uneasy in his berth. At length there came a deep, heavy groan to his ears. He started up, and with a pale, frightened look, he gazed about him. He was a coward, morally and spiritually; and, like most of his class and station, very superstitious. He could see nothing, and soon lay down again; but hardly had his head touched the pillow, when the groan was repeated louder than before. Again he started up, and this time he heard a voice. It said:

"Gaspard Fenwick, beware! This ship is your tomb!"

The words were spoken so deeply that they

seemed to come from the very waters beneath the ship. The captain hastened from his bunk, and having put on his pea-jacket and hat, he went on deck, where the cool night breeze struck gratefully upon his hot brow.

"Captain," said Savage, as the former came up, "the men swear the ship is haunted."

"What?" uttered Fenwick, starting with a fearful shudder.

"They say the old ship is haunted—that they hear deep, unearthly groans at night, and other strange sounds."

"Nonsense!" whispered the captain, turning away. "Let me hear 'em blabbing such stuff, and I'll—I'll—see!"

When Mr. Brown, the second mate, went below, the captain followed him, and during the rest of the night the only voices he heard were in his own bosom.

Two nights after this, when Fenwick and Savage were in their bunks, the dreadful groans were heard again. They were deep and solemn, and very plain. The captain started up and spoke to Savage.

"Gaspard Fenwick, beware! This ship is your tomb!"

So spoke the voice again.

"Savage! Savage! Hallo, there!"

"What is it?" asked the mate, opening his eyes, and raising himself upon his elbow.

"Did you hear that voice?" asked the captain, nervously.

"No; what—"

Here the mate stopped, for the deep groans were repeated.

"Hark!"

"This ship is your tomb!"

"By the powers, Fenwick, that is Leeman's voice!" gasped the mate.

"But Leeman's dead and buried," whispered the captain.

"I know he is—but—"

"It may be his spirit, you mean."

"Yes."

They listened awhile longer, but as nothing more was heard, they lay down again.

On the following morning, Mr. Savage took the responsibility of having the ship searched fore and aft, and below and aloft. But nothing could be found. The hatches were thrown off, and all the loose cargo overhauled; but without effect.

From that time forward, the strange sounds were heard almost every night. Fenwick began to grow pale and haggard. "This ship is your tomb!" rang in his ears continually, and often was it repeated to him from that dreadful pres-

ence that hung about him. He was struck with a mortal fear, and he could not hide it.

The ship had entered the Mediterranean, on her way to Smyrna, when, one stormy night, Captain Fenwick was again in his cabin alone. He was not well, and he had retired to his bunk at an early hour. The door of his state-room was left open, so that he could look out into the cabin. He had been trying to sleep, and had his eyes closed, when that deep groan sounded close by him. He opened his eyes, and a low, quick cry of horror burst from his lips. There—standing in the light of the hanging-lamp—was the form of Luke Leeman! It was arrayed in a white winding-sheet, and looked pale and deathly. Near the centre of the forehead was a dark, livid spot, from which the blood seemed to be oozing. Slowly the form raised its finger to that dark death-spot, and in a hollow, sepulchral voice, said:

"Gaspard Fenwick, beware! This ship is your tomb!"

The terrified captain clapped his hands upon his eyes and cried out in terror.

"What is it?" asked Savage, who came rushing down.

"See! See!"

"Where?"

"Has it gone?" whispered the captain, starting up and looking around.

"But what was it?" asked the mate.

"Leeman!"

"What of him?"

"He came here—here at my door—he showed me the death-mark upon his forehead—he spoke! O, Savage, did you not see him?"

"No. I came down as soon as you cried out, but I saw nothing. It must have been some freak of your imagination."

"No, no, Savage. I saw him as plainly as I now see you."

"But I tell you he's dead and buried."

"And yet he was here—as you are here now."

Savage himself began to grow timid and doubtful.

"By my soul, Fenwick," he uttered, earnestly, "I've often wished that I had had nothing to do with that man's death. I see him, sometimes, just as he laid there, dead, on the grass."

"Don't speak of him," gasped the captain.

"But stop. You say you have seen him?"

"Only in my thoughts."

"Then you have not seen him as I have seen him."

After this, the captain tried once more to sleep, but the "sweet restorer" came not to him, save in uneasy, hurried visits, that rested

him net. On every night these groans were repeated, and once more Mr. Savage had the ship searched all through, but without finding the least trace of anything unusual. The men were in the habit of gathering in knots now, and conversing in low tones upon the subject.

"Savage," said the captain one day, as the two stood together upon the quarter-deck, "it appears to me that the men take this thing easy. I always supposed that common seamen were much worked upon by these haunted ships."

"So they are, generally," returned the mate; "but there is something curious connected with this. I am confident that this spirit, or ghost—or whatever it is—gives good cheer to the men. Nutter and Banks both say he has appeared to them, and that he assured them he meant them well. You remember they were his seconds."

At this moment, Nutter came towards the quarter-deck, and the captain called to him.

"Nutter," he asked, trembling, "have you seen Luke Leeman?"

"I don't know what it was, sir," returned the man, shuddering. "But something appeared to me on the fore-castle last Friday night. It looked like Leeman. It was wound all up in a white sheet, and had a blood-spot on his forehead."

"Did he speak to you?"

"Yes, sir," answered Nutter; but he spoke reluctantly.

"What did he say?"

It was some time before the man would answer this question. He said he would rather not tell.

"But I command you."

"If I was sure you wouldn't be angry with me, sir, O, I dare not tell a lie about it, for he looked so terrible all the while he spoke."

The captain promised that he would not be offended, and then Nutter answered:

"Well, sir, I was standing by the lee cat-head, looking into the water, when I heard my name spoken by some one behind me. I turned, and saw the spirit. It was dark—very dark—but I could see him plainly, for he seemed to be kind o' light of himself—just like the glistening of the foam as it dashes out from our bows. I should have run, but he stopped me by telling me he was not to harm me. Then he laid his finger on the red spot of his forehead, and he said: 'Nutter, I am your friend; but he who did this, shall find his tomb in this ship!' And with these words, sir, he disappeared. He seemed to vanish into the air."

Fenwick asked no more questions; and from that time he began to grow more pale and thin than before. He trembled when he was on deck, and his very looks showed that he enjoyed

but little sleep. Savage and Brown did all they could for the comfort of the crew, and they were often heard to express the deepest regret for the part they had acted against Leeman. They remembered how generous and kind he had always been, and how often he discommoded himself for their good. But they had not only been anxious to retain the favor of Captain Fenwick, but they feared him, too; and they had said as much to the men.

At length the ship entered the harbor of Smyrna, and there cast anchor. Fenwick at once proceeded to pack up his goods, and on the second day after having obtained pratique, he took himself and his effects on shore.

"Mr. Savage," he said, "I cannot stay in that ship another day. I'll make that ghost a lying one, at all events. We'll see whether the hulk of the 'Our Lady' is to be my tomb."

The mates tried to persuade him to remain, but he would not. He assured them that not all the money in the world would tempt him to return in the ship. And upon second thoughts, they did not wonder, for he was wasted almost to a skeleton now, and at that rate, he could not surely live during the return voyage. He begged of them not to tell the truth, when they returned to the States, but to say that he was very sick, and had to go on shore. On the very next day, an English ship left for Gibraltar, and Fenwick obtained passage in her.

On the evening after the Englishman sailed, the crew of the "Our Lady" were all assembled on the quarter-deck, where a consultation was being held on the subject of the command. Savage did not feel competent to take the responsibility, for he had obtained his present berth more from Fenwick's exertions than from any capability on his part. They were thus conversing, when they were startled by seeing a dark object approaching from the fore-castle. It was a man, and habited in a seaman's garb.

"The ghost!" gasped Savage, in terror.

"'Tis Luke Leeman!" uttered Brown, equally terrified.

"Hold, shipmates," spoke the presence, in familiar tones. "Be not alarmed, for Luke Leeman means you no harm. I am no ghost—nor am I a spirit, save such an one as may rightfully walk about on earth."

Savage and Brown were soon assured that Luke Leeman, in *propria persona*, did stand before them, and then they caught him by the hand. They thanked God that they could now wipe their hands of his death; and then they asked to know what the wonderful circumstance meant.

"I can tell you all about it in a very few

words," returned Leeman, after a dozen questions upon the subject had been asked him in quick succession. "You all know how long Fenwick had hated me because of his jealousy, and I knew, as you must know, that he longed to take my life. On that day when we went out to fight, I did not fire at him, for I would not send such a man, in such a shape, to his God. His ball struck me in the brow, but not fair. I stood side to him, and the bullet struck at an angle so obtuse that it glanced off. Of course, it stunned me; and when I came to myself, I found Nutter and Banks kneeling by my side. They told me that Fenwick believed me dead, thinking the ball had entered my skull. I was taken to a cottage near by, where I soon recovered. Yet I think my mind was not wholly strong. It was in a morbid state, or I should not have done as I did. However, I resolved to punish Fenwick, for he had been worse than a brute, and I wished to touch the only feeling he possessed that held any connection with his soul—and that was, his superstition. And more than this: I believed I could save the crew from much evil at his hands. I communicated my plan to Nutter and Banks, and they urged me to it at once. They conferred with the men, and all swore the most implicit secrecy. So when the officers were away from the ship, the men worked upon a secret hiding-place beneath the after cot on the starboard side of the forecabin, where they conveyed bedding for my use. A secret passage was also opened to the hold, and in loading the ship, they were careful to place the bales and boxes so that I could easily make my way aft to the cabin bulkhead. Thus I could enter the cabin when I pleased, and also make my escape as readily as necessary, for one of the bulkhead panels had been removed and fixed so that I could slide it, and so that I could also fasten it on the inside. The men have fed me regularly. After I had entirely recovered from the effects of the wound, I would have made myself known, but I had gone so far then, that I resolved to carry it through. You have seen the result."

No one blamed Luke Leeman. At the urgent solicitation of the mates and the men, he took command of the ship, and from that time all went well; and for five years, Leeman commanded that same ship.

Fenwick never saw Leeman again, but he learned of the deception that had been practised upon him, and it only served to aggravate the disease of mind that already preyed upon him. He became more savage and ugly than before, and once more got command of a ship, and on

the return voyage he was lost overboard in a gale of wind. Some people wondered if other agencies than the wind might not have had a hand in this, but no regular inquiry was ever instituted.

SCALING TURTLES.

The tortoise shell of commerce is merely the scales that cover the bony shield of the turtle. The scales are thirteen in number, varying from an eighth to a quarter of an inch in thickness. A large turtle will furnish about eight pounds. To detach this shell from the living animal is a cruel process, which it made my flesh creep to witness. The fishers do not kill the turtles; did they do so, they in a few years would exterminate them. When the turtle is caught, they fasten him, and cover his back with dried leaves and grass, to which they set fire. The heat causes the plates to separate at their joints. A large knife is then carefully inserted horizontally beneath them, and the laminae lifted from the back, care being taken not to injure the shell by too much heat, nor to force it off until the heat has fully prepared it for separation. Many turtles die under this cruel operation, but instances are numerous in which they are caught the second time with the over-coating reproduced; in such cases, instead of thirteen pieces, it is a single piece.—*Florida Gazette.*

ANSELM ROTHSCILD.

The fortune of Baron de Rothschilds, who recently died, has been valued at forty to fifty millions of florins. The sum of 1,200,000 florins is destined to continue the alms which the deceased was in the habit of distributing every week, as well as for the distribution of wood to the poor in winter. The fund for giving a dowry to Jewish maidens receives 50,000 florins; the fund for the sick as well as the Jewish hospitals, 10,000 florins each. The Jewish school, 50,000 florins. Sums of three thousand florins are bestowed on several Christian establishments. The clerks who have been more than twenty years in the firm receive 2000 florins, the others 1000; and the juniors from three hundred to five hundred. Many legacies are left to servants.—*Swabian Mercury.*

IMAGINARY MONSTERS.

In order to grow wiser, perhaps we could hardly do better than recur to the little parable, spoken some time since, on the borders of Wales, by an itinerant preacher of the Evangelical Alliance. "I was going toward the hills," he said, "early one misty morning. I saw something moving on the mountain side, so strange-looking that I took it for a monster. When I came nearer to it I found it was a man. When I came up to him, I found he was my brother."—*Westminster Review.*

Avarice is rarely the vice of a young man: it is rarely the vice of a great man; but Marlborough was one of the few who have, in the bloom of youth, loved lucre more than wine or women, and who have, at the height of greatness, loved lucre more than power or fame.

O, THINK OF ME.

BY DARK STEEL.

Not when thy heart with mirth is light,
And friends around thee smile,
When on thy path the sun beams bright,
And earthly joys beguile.

Not when thou'rt yielded to the spell
Of music's soothing power,
Nor when the chilling word "farewell"
Bespeaks the parting hour.

But when thy heart is weary, love,
And all seems dark to thee,
O, let one sunbeam pierce the gloom,
And that my memory.

When hearts you trust a mask unfold
It chills thine own to see,
Then nuzzle closer to mine own,
For I'll be true to thee.

And when the world is cold and stern,
And darkly frowns on thee,
Then from its heartlessness O turn,
And cherish, cherish me.

THE ARTIST'S BRIDE.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

It was a morning in early June, soft, warm and odorous. Not with bright and dazzling sunshine, but with a dreamy, hushed murmuring sound of leaves and quiet streams, and a soft, grayish atmosphere that comes upon the sense deliciously. The air was heavy with flower scents, and as the breeze came pleasantly to the cheek, it seemed to whisper of the roses it had lingered to caress.

In a large room, at the very top of an old fashioned mansion, an artist stood before his easel, surveying the portrait which had just received the finishing touches from his long, pale fingers. Pressing the edge of his palette to his lips, he gazed thoughtfully on the hard, cold face that met his eye, and after pondering well the harsh and severe lineaments, his gaze lowered gradually from the portrait to his own feet, which were powerless, unless aided by crutches on which he now stood leaning.

He turned suddenly away as if a sharp pang had shot through his frame, and pressing his hand upon his heart, he coughed slightly and in a moment his lips were red with blood. He sat down and wiped away the crimson stream with his handkerchief, and as it still came faster and faster, he smiled, faintly.

"This will finish me, perhaps," said the boy; for he was but a child in years, and the lameness under which he suffered made him look young by reducing his height.

He sat there, vainly trying to stanch the blood, until he reached forward to a small table on which stood a pitcher of water and a small cup of salt. These he mixed and swallowed hastily, and in a few moments the purple tide ceased. A light rap at the door made him start. He called, faintly, "Come in," and there entered a young girl of small and delicate figure, and a face which was absolutely startling in its beauty.

"A soft, rich bloom overspread cheeks whose olive hue made her seem still more beautiful, while eyes of liquid black were so shaded by the long, dark lashes as to give sweetness to what might otherwise have seemed too piercing, and her mouth betrayed the loveliest of teeth and the sweetest of smiles; and yet there was a likeness, strongly marked and peculiar, to the face on the canvass. As she entered, Michael Waldmyer attempted to conceal the traces of his recent suffering, but her quick eye saw them and she faltered and turned pale. "It is nothing—absolutely nothing, Madeline. It was only an accidental fit of coughing which produced it." Madeline looked mournfully at the blood drops on his clothes, and then at the crutches which leaned against his chair. He watched her look and smiled again, for he was sure of Madeline Hargrave's love, even though he did have to use those appendages to his footsteps; and he knew that in her eyes, they were no bar to his fame and no hindrance to his goodness.

Boy as he was, Michael Waldmyer had already designed and executed works, which, in some countries would have brought him wealth and fame; and even here, his brother artists all acknowledged his genius without a shade of envy, for he had won them all by his sufferings, and his sweetness of temper.

"Why, here is father's picture all finished," said Madeline, "but, dearest Michael, he surely has not a face so stern and harsh as you have pictured him."

"Just so he looked, Lina, when I asked him for your hand. He was absolutely terrible in his expression. I confess that I copied that very look. It was in my memory too strong not to be mingled with every touch of the brush.

Mr. Hargrave had employed Waldmyer to paint his own portrait, because it was the fashion to patronize the lame artist, and wealthy friends had urged him to do so; but had he dreamed of his presumption in thinking of his daughter, his anger would have been most terrible. She had met Waldmyer, at a village on the sea-coast, where she had passed the preceding summer, and where he, too, had passed several months. His genius, his talents, and the serene

beauty of a face somewhat mournful in its expression, with large melancholy eyes that looked out from their blue depths like moonlight from the blue vault of the sky, and the infirmity which appealed so strongly to her pitying nature, had conquered Madeline's heart, and when they returned from their summer abode to the gayer scenes of the city, she would not have exchanged the love of the lame artist for that of the highest in the land. But when actually at home, with hearts full of the sweet memories of the moonlight scenes where they first talked of love, both felt the cold reality of their position.

Madeline feared her father, for he was cold-hearted and austere to others, if not to herself, and he paid a worship to wealth which she could not share. To her, a home in the wilderness with Michael Waldmyer by her side, would be sweet indeed.

"Some little oak, lone, simple, wild,
Where nameless flowers around were growing,
Would shine a palace bright for her—"

if he were her companion.

Of late, she had feared for his health, for twice before this, she had seen him wipe the blood from his lips, and each time had experienced a heart quake which told her how dear he had become to her; but he had laughed at her fears, and assured her that it was accidental and not at all alarming. And Madeline, young and inexperienced in sickness, was easily persuaded to believe him.

"I must not stay here," she said, as she turned away from the contemplation of that pale face, "Papa is coming here, and I would rather not meet him."

He called her to his side again and she bent over him with a loving smile.

"Let me show you this letter, dearest," he said, taking one from the table before him.

It was from a well known gentleman of great wealth, who was noticed for his liberality to young and indigent artists; and who had become singularly interested in Waldmyer. In the letter he had generously offered to take upon himself the whole expense of a voyage to Italy and a year's study there, if he would go at once; promising patronage and influence after his return.

"Shall I go, Lina?"

"Go! certainly, you must and shall go, Michael. Why, you would be mad not to accept this offer. Besides, do you know that if you go to Italy and succeed—as I know you will—my father would be proud to receive you when you return under the auspices of such a man as Mr. Lennox? Nay, you will think me unmaidenly if I say all that I was about to utter."

Then, as if struck by a new thought, she said, "yes, Italy will be the very thing for that terrible cough. Indeed you will go, Michael—and go now, yes, go now."

The young girl was beseeching her lover to part from her, even with tearful eyes, and he smilingly told her so. But she persisted, and soon left him to his own meditations upon the subject.

Rome! Italy! The very goal to which his thoughts had flown a thousand times, and as often returned as did the dove to the ark. Would his feet touch the land so beautified and hallowed by the art he loved? True, it would separate him from Madeline, but they were both young; and, as she said, when he had gained a name, perhaps he might dare to love her. He decided to go, and wrote a few brief but grateful lines to Mr. Lennox, signifying his acceptance of his generous offer.

He had just sealed his letter when Mr. Hargrave came in. He was, as usual, very stately and magnificent. He came to look at his picture for the last time before it should be removed to his house.

"You have an expression there, young man" (he said this very pompously), "which I am not conscious of wearing. Will you amend your work in that respect?"

Waldmyer bowed acquiescence and with a few strokes of the pencil, he changed the expression to a grave but pleasant one.

"Better, much better, and I flatter myself much more natural. When shall I send for this?"

"To-morrow, if you please, sir."

Mr. Hargrave gathered up his gloves and hat, and was leaving the room, when Waldmyer, who had exerted himself too much, was again attacked as before, and the red stream was flowing from his lips.

"Bless me, Mr. Waldmyer! let me call a physician." He could only answer by a sign not to do so. Mr. Hargrave handed a glass of water and held it softly to his lips. He was touched by Waldmyer's gentle and patient look.

"I am truly sorry for you," he said, in a tone unlike his usual imperious one. "You must go to a warmer climate, Mr. Waldmyer. Unquestionably it would be better for you than this changeful one which tries even my healthful frame," and he bowed himself from the room.

Hargrave was a man, after all, of kind feelings and strong benevolence. Perhaps he was not so much to blame for not wishing Madeline to marry one like Waldmyer. He was poor, ill and lame; and in his heart, Michael, ever candid and right-judging, could not censure him for the part

which he had taken ; while yet he sighed bitterly over the destiny which seemed to separate him from Madeline Hargrave.

Madeline had gone from Waldmyer's room to the house of a dear friend, Alice Clifford, to whom the lovers had mutually confided their hopes and fears. Alice was the niece of Mr. Lennox, who had been so generous to Waldmyer, and it was partly by her representations, that her uncle had become so interested in the youthful artist.

"You will not hinder this, Madeline," said Alice. Do not! for I feel that it is his only chance for life. I speak plainly, for you must see that Waldmyer is dying by inches—not so much from ill health, as that he is so hemmed in by circumstances, so narrowed in his prospects, that he has become hopeless of the future. I have talked long and earnestly with him, dear Lina, and this is my conviction, that he must go or die!"

Madeline thought of the blood, and shuddered.

"I will urge him to go, Alice," she answered. "I have done so already. God knows that I would not stand in his path. I will go to him again," and she added, with a quivering lip, "poor fellow, he *shall* go."

She did go to him and he consented to go. Over their last parting, we must not linger. It was full of a sorrow too sacred to be revealed; the sorrow which looks on death as near and certain.

It was on a morning in the latter part of July, that Waldmyer sailed for Italy. He arrived in safety, and wrote, full of hope and reviving health, to Madeline. Several months elapsed after this, and he was rarely heard from. Alice Clifford, however, received a letter from a friend at Rome, which contained this paragraph:

"By the way, Alice, one of your far-famed American youths, whose praises you have so often trumpeted, is here; and if those who are tall and straight and healthy among them can compare with this one, I will concede to you what I have so often disputed—the superiority of American artists in points independent of their art. You know that you have claimed for your countrymen that they were not only professional, but that the profession was only an adjunct of the man himself; while I, alas, was forced to admit that our artists have, in general, no claim—beyond their actual profession—to intellectual wealth.

"But I take it, Alice, that this youth must be an exception; for, although he is suffering from excessive lameness, and is often embarrassed in company, from his continual dependence on his

crutches, yet I assure you he is highly distinguished here, for his professional talents, for the mournful beauty of his face, and for his intellectual acquirements. He is studying with one of our first artists, and bids fair to paint well; understand me, Alice, not as Italians paint, but as well as Americans can paint. For the rest, I will only say that this wonderful youth is called Michael Waldmyer, and if he were not an American, I should expect him some day to rank with our best artists."

"What a teasing thing Agnes is, uncle Lennox," said Alice, as she showed him the letter.

"We have disputed so many times about American talent, that she considers herself bound to keep up the quarrel. Well, I forgive her in consideration of what she admits, and will go to Madeline with the letter. Even its qualified praise will rejoice her."

The year waned and ended, and it was not until the second had nearly expired, that Waldmyer returned to his native shores. Unknown to any one, Mr. Lennox had furnished him with the funds which should enable him to pass a few months with an eminent French surgeon, who had so far succeeded as to allow him to walk without pain, and occasionally to dispense with any other support than a light crutch and another person's arm. He thus looked a very little taller than before. His face wore a more hopeful expression, and there was a lighting up of the countenance, which no one ever saw there in the old time.

Mr. Lennox did nothing by halves; and almost before the arrival of the steamer that brought him was announced, a splendid room was fitted up with every requisite for the pursuit of art, that could be devised.

"Who is going to wear that splendid dressing-gown and cap?" asked Mr. Lennox, as he saw Alice finishing them.

"They are for your favorite, Mr. Waldmyer," she answered.

"Excellent! I believe they are the only things I did not provide. Purple velvet, I declare! Just the color of Raphael's. Why, Alice, I should think you were in love with Mr. Waldmyer, yourself; I will certainly tell Lina to watch you or you will run away with her lover. Nay, you cannot do that, Miss Alice, for poor Waldmyer is not given to running."

"For shame, uncle, to sport with his dreadful infirmity."

"I trust, Alice, from the accounts I hear from our young friend, that his infirmity will be greatly lessened."

"Now I can guess the meaning of those mys-

terious packets which you have been addressing so often to that French doctor with the unpronounceable name. Dear uncle, is Waldmyer cured of that terrible lameness? O, do let me go and tell Lina."

"Why, Alice, how you jump at conclusions. Because I hinted that Mr. Waldmyer may have received some benefit abroad, you—woman-like—conclude at once that he has thrown away his crutches, and can now walk as well as you do yourself."

"Well, that will comfort Lina a little. I will tell her that."

"No—wait and let her find it out."

A few months after this, Mr. Lennox and Mr. Hargrave were walking together, when the attention of the latter was drawn to the handsome sign on which the name of "Waldmyer, Artist," was conspicuous.

"Is that the same whom you recommended to me as a portrait painter?"

"The same. He is making a great sensation here. His room is constantly occupied by sitters, and already he has acquired a fortune, although it is only a few months since he came from Italy."

"Italy! and has he travelled?"

He has, and since he returned his success has been unrivalled, not only professionally, but socially, for he is now admitted to very select circles."

"Yes, very likely," said Mr. Hargrave; "by the way it was I who advised his going to Italy. I knew it would save his life, and moreover, I discovered such wonderful talent in him."

Mr. Lennox bit his lip. "Let us go in," said he. They did so, and Mr. Hargrave greeted the artist with so much cordiality, and congratulated him so warmly upon his restoration to health, and paid him so many compliments upon his success, that Waldmyer ventured to draw the curtain from a large picture which stood in the room. It was Madeline—so lifelike, so beautiful that one would have almost expected to hear her voice. It was a full length portrait, and perfectly matched another standing just behind it, which Mr. Lennox had employed him to paint for Alice. The two girls had sat privately, at hours when no one but themselves and Mr. Lennox were admitted.

Mr. Hargrave gazed and wondered; and then he gazed at Waldmyer—at Waldmyer, standing erect, or leaning but lightly upon a crutch of a peculiar French manufacture; and which seemed a light support to a cripple, such as he remembered him when he asked him for his daughter.

* * * * *

"If ever life was prosperously cast," it was that of the two beings whose love had endured so long and so well. It was not in Mr. Hargrave's nature to withstand the pleadings of Waldmyer and his two friends, Mr. Lennox and Alice; and there is not a happier little wife in the whole world than Lina Waldmyer, the Artist's Bride.

EXTRAORDINARY DISCOVERY.

One of the most singular accidents which sometimes bring to light the fruits of crime, the discovery of which has baffled all the efforts of official vigilance, has transpired in the city of Berlin, and has caused a great deal of conversation in commercial circles. On the 19th of last month, a well known firm, engaged in the bullion trade, were waited upon by a respectable-looking person, who asked them to dispose of some Prussian, Russian, and Polish bonds, amounting, in value to 10,000 thalers. Upon examining the bonds, it was discovered that the coupons attached to the bonds were overdue for nearly six years, and this circumstance occasioning some suspicion in their minds, the firm refused to make a purchase of any of the bonds until inquiry were made respecting them by their agents in Berlin. On the 24th the bonds were sent to their agents, and the following day the firm received a telegraphic message from the former, stating that some bonds of a similar description had been forwarded to the agents of another London banker, and that a full explanation would be afforded respecting the bonds by two Berlin officers, who were on their way to this country.

About half an hour after the receipt of the message the two officers called upon the firm, who were informed that the bonds were the property of a lady of the name of Henrietta Hirsch, a native of Berlin, who was foully murdered in October 1849, and plundered of Russian, Prussian, and Polish bonds of the value of 18,000 thalers or £2700; and that a man and two women were concerned in this murder, who had ever since its discovery been confined in Berlin jail, in which one of the women had died a short time since. It was added that all attempts to recover the missing bonds had been unavailing, notwithstanding the most vigilant inquiries of the police authorities in Berlin, and that those inquiries were set on foot by the Berlin agents of the firm, who were the nephews of the murdered lady.

Upon this information Messrs. — had the Berlin officers at call to await the return of the person who had offered them the bonds. On the next day this person called at Messrs. — counting house, and, being asked whether the bonds belonged to him, he replied that they did not; upon which Messrs. — stated that they must decline to negotiate with any one but the owner. The person answered that the owner was confined to his bed by illness, and, in order to obviate this difficulty, Messrs. — proposed that he should be accompanied to the owner by one of their officers which was agreed to. The Berlin officers followed at a distance, and the result was the apprehension of the *soi-disant* owner of the bonds, who it is believed is the brother of the murderer.—*London Paper.*

THE CASNET.

BY MRS. M. W. CUSTIA.

The casnet is open for jewels of thought,
Not flashes of flattery—those are not sought;
The gems of the heart are the riches desired,
By loving ones penned, and by friendship inspired.

This casnet of memory will bring to the mind
Of the owner a garland of flowerets combined,—
Of the sweet hopes of youth, and the blessings of age,
'Twill speak of the absent from each written page.

This bright earth hath many a beautiful spot,
And many a sun-ray will ne'er be forgot;
O this be the site of the autographs here,
To meet in the realms where the angels appear.

THE TWO LADY WATCHERS.

BY JOHN THORNBERRY.

RIGHT next door to one another, lived two unmarried ladies, who were each busily occupied with getting into matrimony as fast as they could. Their names were Miss Padd and Miss Tilly. The former lived in No. 175, and the latter in No. 176. The exteriors of the houses were remarkably similar, so that it would be the easiest thing in the world for a man to get through one door, when he meant all the while to go into the other. There were several striking little circumstances connected with these two ladies and their beaux, among which were two that I will be at the trouble especially to mention. First, each of them felt compelled, by the force of unhappy domestic prejudices, to receive and entertain her favorite in a secret sort of style, and if it happened to be in the evening, always in the dark. Such coincidences may be common enough, if you take the entire sex through; but when you come to place them side by side in a way like this, and the two houses so very like one another, too, it really offers a subject for the liveliest remark.

In the second place, the names of their worshippers exactly made rhyme with their own names! That was stranger yet, if anything. For example,—The gentleman who waited upon Miss Padd, was named Mr. Dadd; and the name of Miss Tilly's favorite was Mr. Lilly. Rather ludicrous, perhaps, considered from some points of view, and something that almost any person in his senses would be apt to notice as at least very peculiar.

It turned out, in the natural course of events, that both Miss Dadd and Miss Tilly—who, by-the-by, were not acquaintances at all—had made private appointments for their lovers one evening, and the better to admit them to their houses with-

out suspicion on the part of their friends, they had arranged to fasten back the night-locks on the hall doors, and to have them enter as stealthily as they could, and slip up stairs into the front parlors. The families were in the habit of passing the evening in their back sitting-rooms; but the courageous lovers were expected to take their seats in rooms without lights, and without fires, too. For shivering weather, it was not exactly the most comfortable arrangement we have ever heard of.

On this particular evening, the two young ladies sat in their parlors, surrounded by nothing but the dark. Miss Padd at 175, and Miss Tilly at 176. Both waiting. Both shivering. Both rattling their teeth together like the rolling clatter of castanets. By-and-by Mr. Dadd came creeping along up the street, and put his hand on the door knob of No. 176! He *should* have gone to the other number. But there was no gas light flaming near by, and, so long as he felt very sure he was right, stopping to study the number was the last thing he would have thought of. He opened the door softly, and climbed the stairs. Working his way along a tip-toe, he finally found the parlor door, which was situated just where it was in No. 175, and went in.

"It's me," he whispered, as soon as he had got safely into the room.

That was signal enough. Immediately a female figure glided along into the centre of the room, with its arms outstretched and rambling around in every direction. He extended his own to embrace it, although he was perfectly unconscious at the time that he was making the most, in an affectionate way, of Miss Tilly. He thought of course she must be Miss Padd.

So close was the parlor to the other room, that Miss Tilly dared express her feelings only in the most chastened whispers, articulating her words slowly and with much difficulty. And upon her visitor she enjoined the same caution. It were better not to say anything, she told him, than even by a careless whisper to arouse the suspicions of her dear papa. Accordingly there was very little talking done on the premises; what there was, was more in the way of a slow and thick lip, than anything after the style of spoken words or syllables.

As for Miss Padd, she still sat alone, shaking and shivering in the cold. She had told the family that she was going up-stairs for a while; which occasion she improved to come down again slyly, and slip into the parlor in the dark. And there she sat now; while Mr. Dadd and Miss Tilly were having such a sweet time of it, she was freezing for her negligent lover. She could only

sit and wonder what it meant. The clock had struck another hour since she had been there. It would not do for her to stay away from the family too long at a time, and so she went back up stairs, took her light, and came down again among them. It would be easy enough to slip into the parlor again, on one pretence or another to see when he did arrive; which she did several times, but no Mr. Dadd was to be discovered there. And because he was passing the evening, agreeably to a mistake of which both remained ignorant, with Miss Tilly.

Mr. Dadd sat with Miss Tilly as long as he thought it safe, and then took his leave. They had enjoyed their secret interview highly. Each had been deceived, but O, how pleasantly! Miss Tilly was in a flutter of excitement, and Mr. Dadd was ditto.

By-and-by Mr. Lilly came along. Something or another had happened to make him late that evening; but better late, thought he, than never. He made no mistake in the number, I warrant you. He did not go in at Miss Padd's door, when he had promised to go in and see—or try to see—Miss Tilly. But he got the right figures to begin upon, and in he went, working up very softly to the door of the parlor. Having opened it, he listened. All was as still as a tomb.

He sat down, after calling in a whisper many times vainly on the name of his lady-love, and tried to settle his thoughts into a mood something like patience. For a time this plan worked quite well, but it soon began to wear itself out. He could hear Miss Tilly chatting and laughing gaily in the next room, and wondered why she did not come in to meet him. He heard one after another pass along the little hall to bed, but still she sat and talked and laughed incessantly. He wondered what it meant, and shivered as he wondered.

And then he thought that there must be some untoward family circumstance in the way, which she would know much better how to manage than himself. This thought buoyed him up a little, making him feel assured that she would certainly come in as soon as the coast was all clear. And still he sat and listened, and wondered and shivered, until Miss Tilly took her light, passed through the hall exactly by the parlor door, and went—to bed! This was more than Mr. Lilly was going to stand from any one. He had sat there in the cold long enough. Now he was going home. He would be careful to keep free from any such engagements for the future. He took his hat accordingly, and crept down through the door again. And the town clocks began to strike twelve on the frosty air, as he carefully shut the

outer door—which had had the night-lock properly fixed by Miss Tilly since his arrival—and put his foot out upon the sidewalk again.

From that day forward, Miss Tilly could see nothing of him. He avoided her in the street, and went round the shortest corners if he found such sort of travel necessary to escape her. He determined that he would give up his passion forever, and clear himself of the foolish thralldom into which he had fallen.

Miss Padd, on the other hand, went back into her parlor after the family retired, and there held her cold and lonely vigils for a long, long season. But in vain. No Mr. Dadd was destined to call on her that night, let her wait there in solitude the whole night through. He had made his visit—though at the next door—and gone home upon it. And she grew more and more vexed as the hours wore on, and finally worked herself up into a very respectable passion. And at last she pushed off up stairs again, this time determined to go to bed in her wrath. She did not forget, however, to run down and fasten the outer door. But from that night forward, she was resolved on giving her lover the “go-by.” Anything so ungallant as this negligence, she could not find it in her heart to forgive. She would have nothing more to do with Mr. Dadd whatever!

It was just such a case with Mr. Lilly. Both of them determined on the same evening to turn over new leaves entirely. And still, for the time being at least, Mr. Dadd certainly thought he had met his engagement properly that evening. Miss Tilly likewise thought she had met hers. And both had finally gone to bed perfectly satisfied with themselves, and expecting to dream of wonderful pictures for their future. Stranger and shallower infatuations than these lead the world by the nose every day that is counted off the calendar.

Mr. Dadd afterwards met Miss Padd in the street, but she knew no such man. She threw him one single cutting look, and then lifted her chin as high as it would go. And Miss Tilly met Mr. Lilly in her turn, too, and thought she was certainly going to stop and chat with him as he came up. But he never came up! He turned off at a cross walk, bestowing on her a hasty glance of anger as he went, and passed on his way alone.

And thus were two very good matrimonial engagements broken off forever, which, but for so trifling an accident, might have made a deal of difference with the hearts of four individuals at least for a lifetime! Reader, if you mean ever to go to No. 175, don't pray drop in at No. 176. That's the moral.

THE SWEETEST SONG I EVER HEARD.

BY HENRY D. T. HOBBS.

The sweetest song I ever heard,
Was one calm summer night;
'Twas like the carol of a bird,
It thrilled me with delight;
It seemed not like a maiden's voice,
It was so low and clear,
It trembled on my spirit's chords,
And forced a pearly tear.

I sought a sylvan bower hard by,
And met the songstress there;
She was a child some twelve years old,
With flowing auburn hair;
"Tell me," said I, "sweet child of song,
Whence gushed that thrilling lay?
Didst learn it at thy mother's knee—
In childhood's earliest day?"

Her mild blue eyes were bright with tears,
She sweetly answered, "Yes:
'Tis full of tender memories,
A mother's smile and kiss:
I never knew that others prized
The song I love to sing;
I wonder, lady, that you weep,
It is a simple thing."

And often now when I am sad,
And deem the world unkind,
The pleading looks of that fair child
Come thronging o'er my mind.
Though oft I've heard sweet, dulcet strains,
That turned my thoughts above,
I ne'er shall hear a song again,
So full of truth and love.

A SEA-SIDE STORY.

BY FREDERICK W. SAUNDERS.

"MANY tailors have done wisely, but thou hast excelled them all," was my involuntary ejaculation, as I stood before the mirror, one day last summer, and viewed my exquisite figure in the inimitable garments for which I am still heavily indebted to the most accommodating clothier in existence. "Now I will go forth to conquer," said I, still addressing the individual whom I consider superior to any other gentleman at the present time sojourning in any portion of the solar system. "Never before have I looked so irresistibly fascinating. This coat is perfection with tails to it;" and I made an insane attempt to see how it fitted in the small of the back, by looking over my right shoulder, as men always do with a new coat on. "What though I have been jilted by Lucy Tompkins, because she fancied a beau more to her mind? or got the mitten from Mary Jones, because that blustering Jack Smith took it into his head to

'wait upon her?' Thank fortune, the race is not always to your fast men, nor the battle to your stout covies. With such a rig as this, there is little fear that I can create a sensation, and I'm bound to do it. Let me see; where shall I go, this hot weather? Newport is rather too lively; Cape May, ditto. Nahant—ah yes, Nahant might do; but I fear I could hardly get the very best accommodations for three dollars and a half per week, which must be the extent of my expenditures. Ah, now I have it; I will go to Pugwash. The water-cure establishment is in full blast—or perhaps I should say full flood. Blessings on those water-cure establishments; a fellow, under the pretence of looking after his health, can doctor a lean purse to great advantage, and still contribute his drop to the 'pail' of fashionable society.

It is a long ride, from here to Pugwash. The sun was very hot, the road was very dusty, and the panting travellers would insist on keeping the car windows open; so that upon arriving at the station, each delighted pleasure-seeker found *itself* amply supplied with cinders—at least a peek of cinders in its hair, rather more in its mouth, scarcely less in its eyes, and an unlimited quantity sifted down between its collar and neck, and sprinkled over its person generally.

Having accomplished the usual amount of handkerchief-brushing, and made a frantic attempt to improve our personal appearance by wiping the adhering cinders from our perspiring faces, which only resulted in rubbing in and spreading out the black abominations, thereby giving to each countenance a streaked and savage aspect, infinitely more picturesque than beautiful, we were deposited inside a lumbering old stage.

A short but stormy passage, over a fearfully agitated road, brought us in front of the water-cure establishment—a long, low range of yellow, consumptive-looking buildings, attached to a large garden, in which at stated intervals stately pines, stirred by the summer breezes, gracefully waved their foliage almost as high as your head; while in the centre of this terrestrial paradise, a melancholy little squirt drizzled pitifully, doing its best, yet evidently depressed by a sense of its utter inability to deserve the sounding title of "the fountain," bestowed on it by its proprietor. On the piazza in front of the house were seated the identical young ladies you invariably see on the piazza at watering places, some reading, some sewing, others working out startling zoological specimens, in little square frames, with crewel (appropriately so named), and all giggling sweetly, as young ladies will.

As we drew up at the door, the giggling ceased, and there was a solemn hush, each young lady becoming instantly absorbed in her occupation, and apparently totally unconscious that a stage-full of new arrivals was being unloaded near them. Having made all necessary arrangements at the office with the "gentlemanly landlord," the porter shouldered my trunk, and preceded me up as many pairs of stairs as the structure of the building would admit, showing me into a little love of a room, eight feet square, with a gracefully sloped ceiling overhead, of which, in consideration of certain weekly payments, I was to be absolute lord and master.

It is unnecessary to detail, step by step, the occurrences of the first few days. Let us suppose that I have been at Pugwash three weeks, have taken all sorts of baths, douches, plunges, sitz shower, rising douches, been "packed" and had a wet blanket thrown over my young aspirations, besides a wilderness of other performances, the very name of which can only be remembered by a Dutchman.

It is evening. The great, round, pewter-colored moon is flooding the entire landscape, after the manner described in story-books; the beautiful bay of Pugwash seems a boundless sheet of silver, stretching far as the eye can reach; while from the very feet of the wanderer by the shore, a long and glorious line of light passes on and on to the horizon, a seeming path to the spectator by which he might pass to the bright orb of night.

On such a night as this, the subject of the present memoir, with love in his heart, and his new suit of irresistible garments on his person, wandered slowly along one of the paths leading from the "establishment" to the bay. But not alone did he wander; by his side stood one of those bright visions one sees in dreams, or at a watering place, and nowhere else, a woman, and yet a child, just old enough to be bewitching, and just young enough to be artless and confiding. It matters not how these two beings became acquainted, how their acquaintance ripened into friendship; let it suffice that for three short but happy weeks, they had been all in all to each other. And now there they stood on the hill above the bay, looking—my overweening modesty forbids me to say how *he* looked; but she—ah, you should have seen her, as she stood there, her dark luxuriant hair clustering in rich curls about her beautiful forehead, her soft brown eye, so deep and full of meaning, the color coming and going on her peachlike cheek, and her bosom heaving with excitement and the gentle toil of the ascent. With one little hand she

held one of those dear little crocheted hoods, which she had removed from her flowing tresses, while the other was clasped in that of her friend.

"And must you really go to-morrow?" she asked, in the sweetest and most musical voice imaginable, as she lifted those soft brown eyes, pleading so eloquently for a favorable answer; then blushing, dropped them again, as she met the glance of her companion gazing so sedately on her. "Must you go to-morrow, Aristides?"

Mr. Jinx did not reply at once. He was thinking; calculating the same thing he had calculated a hundred times, during the preceding three weeks, whether, with the very limited expectations of the fair young creature before him, and the no expectations at all of his own, he could in any way contrive to commence house-keeping. His heart said yes, but judgment said none the less plainly, no; and it was therefore with a heavy heart that he placed his arm about her taper waist, and drawing her yielding form towards him, printed a kiss upon those ruby lips, sadly articulating: "Yes, Carrie, I must indeed go to-morrow."

Gently removing his arm from her waist, and withdrawing her hand from his grasp, she stood long, silently gazing far out on the waters of the bay, while her companion moodily bent his eyes on the ground. At length she turned, and with the slightest perceptible tremor in her voice, said: "I think we had better return to the house, Mr. Jinx; it is growing late."

Mr. Jinx offered his arm; she either did not, or affected not to observe the motion, and in silence they turned their steps homeward. Several times, during the walk, Mr. Jinx essayed to break the silence; but he felt a choking sensation in his throat, which interrupted his articulation. She never raised her eyes from the path before her.

"Good night, Carrie," said Mr. Jinx, with a violent effort, as they stood upon the piazza, where they were to separate.

"Good night, Mr. Jinx," she returned, in a mournful tone; "or rather good-by. As you go to-morrow, I suppose I shall not see you again."

"Good-by," stammered Mr. Jinx. But neither moved from the spot.

"I suppose you are anxious to meet some one—your lady-love, perhaps—that hurries you away so soon?" said Carrie, at length breaking the silence which had lasted some minutes.

"O, Carrie, how can you say so!" gasped Mr. Jinx, now completely overcome with emotion. And in a hurried voice he told her all—how he had loved her from the first moment of

their meeting, would cheerfully endure everything for her dear sake, but that he must go. It was necessary to the happiness of both that they should part; for he was poor, and could never find it in his heart to take her from her luxurious home to make her the wife of a beggar.

But Carrie could not see how that made such a great difference. She was not rich herself, did not want to be rich, and thought it the nicest thing in the world to make pies and things herself, without the assistance of those disagreeable servants. Mr. Jinx intimated that man could not live by pie alone, and that she was too inexperienced, too young, and too delicately nurtured, to contend against the iron hand of poverty; at which she manifested a great deal of indignation, and assured Mr. Jinx that, so far from being so very young as he seemed to think, she would be seventeen in less than ten months. And as to what she was capable of doing, she entered into such a wonderful recital, that had any one else told it, Mr. Jinx would have been inclined to doubt the correctness of some of the statements.

It was a feverish night that Mr. Jinx passed, turning and tossing, flapping and frowning on his bed, and catching now and again a short catnap, in which he dreamed of heaps of gold, of untold magnitude; and when he stooped to pick up the glittering coin, he found to his astonishment they were all marked with Carrie's name, and bore the impress of Carrie's sweet face, instead of an eagle. And while he gazed, they were not coin at all, but soft brown eyes that looked lovingly yet sadly on him, and said, mournfully: "Good-by, Aristides; good-by, Mr. Jinx." And when he started from his troubled slumbers, it was morning, and the sun was shining brightly through the curtain.

If Mr. Jinx carried a heavy heart to bed, it was like lead, as he made his arrangements for his departure. You would have thought him possessed of a very satanic disposition, could you have seen him tumbling his clothes into his trunk, topsy-turvy, and punching them down with his boot-heels, accompanying each kick with a mild malediction. At length everything was packed in, the cover shut down with the catch of the lock through the centre of a shirt bosom; the straps buckled, and the porter bore it away on his shoulder, very civilly indeed, for as the gentleman was going, he was on the look out for the odd change.

The coach was to start very early; indeed, it was but just sunrise, and no one beside the servants were astride in the house. "Carrie can hardly be up at this hour," thought Mr. Jinx, as

he meekly turned the key in his door for the last time and strode along the passage. "I have looked my last upon her; well, perhaps it is better as it is." But Mr. Jinx was wrong, as he often is; for upon passing a hall which intersected the one in which he was, a sad, sad little face was before him, and those soft brown eyes of his dream looked mournfully into his own, while two little white hands were held out to him in a mute farewell.

"Good-by, Aristides," sobbed Carrie, burying her face in his bosom, as he drew her to him, and with a trembling hand smoothed her silken curls. "You'll think of me, sometimes, won't you?" and the little fluttering dove drew a fresh rosebud from her bosom and placed it in his hand.

He could not answer; his heart was too full. One kiss, a pressure of the hands, and he tore himself from the spot where he had been so happy, and yet so miserable.

As the coach turned the corner which shut the house from view, he looked back. Carrie was standing on the piazza, and he thought—yes, he was sure, she had her handkerchief to her face, though he couldn't see very well. Something was wrong with his eyes, probably the want of last night's sleep; so he coughed smartly two or three times, brushed the back of his hand across his eyes, in a careless manner, cleared his throat again, with a savage ahem, tried to whistle, and couldn't make any sound, and so buried his face among the cushions in the corner of the carriage.

Only those who have returned from a summer tour, leaving their heart in the keeping of the dearest little creature in existence (and who has not?), can imagine the desolation of spirit, the utter loneliness of heart, with which Mr. Jinx returned to his city home and his customary avocations. It was strange how three short weeks could have so altered every person and thing with which he was familiar. The places where he had once enjoyed himself and been happy, were now pleasant no longer. Did he hear sweet music? They were not the strains to which he had danced with Carrie, nor yet the sweeter music of her voice. Did he meet fair and joyous maidens? Alas, they had not her face or figure, nor those gentle, loving eyes, which haunted him so sweetly, and yet so mournfully.

Meanwhile, the little fresh, white rose-bud, so fit an emblem, he thought, of his beloved, began to wither, like his hopes—each delicate white leaf turning brown at the edges; and as day followed day, the sombre hue of decay extended, though he cherished it carefully, until at length the bud was dry and lifeless, falling to pieces in

his hand. So he chose his favorite volume of poems, and selecting passages of beauty, laid each withered leaf, as a holy relic, carefully upon them, and placed the book among the most precious of his heart's secret treasures.

And so a month passed away, until one warm, summer Sunday afternoon he sat by the open window, reading his precious volume of poems, looking at the withered rose-leaves, and thinking of Carrie, when he fell into a delicious reverie of such sweet sorrow as to lose all sense of outward things; and dropping his open book upon the window-sill, he leaned his head upon his arms, and dreamed such dreams as young lovers will, as I have understood. And as he dreamed, the gentle summer breeze played in and out at the window, now toying with the flowers upon the sill, now gently rustling the drapery of the curtain, until catching sight of the open book, it began flustering its leaves, gently at first, but, as if curious to learn what therein might be, it began hastily turning them over and back, shaking out here and there a rose-leaf, until the last precious leaf floated on the breeze high over the housetops; then, as if angry at finding no more, or out of mere wantonness, to display the mischief it had wrought, it shook the leaves rudely and strongly, awakening the dreamer from his dreams.

It would have made you laugh could you have seen the look of dismay which overspread the countenance of Mr. Jinx, as he gazed upon the empty book, and felt that the last memento of his love was gone. But it soon vanished, for a new train of thoughts took possession of his mind, and he soliloquized. "Why," he muttered, "should I refuse the blessing that I might enjoy? True, I parted with Carrie from a sense of duty; but is it duty? I am not so very poor, after all, and if she is willing— Perhaps, too, she suffers, poor child." Ah! the selfish heart, for the first time, began to think that some one else might be unhappy. He wondered why he had not thought of that before; but Mr. Jinx did not consider how much of selfishness there is in the truest love. But the thought that she might suffer as much as he, opened his eyes, and he ejaculated, with great vehemence: "I will go to Pugwash to-morrow."

The next day found Mr. Jinx hurrying over the dusty road, with a heart so light, that the heat, the dust and the cinders only served to make him more joyous, for it reminded him of Carrie and his first trip to Pugwash. Indeed, he brought himself to believe that he rather liked to have cinders in his eyes, than otherwise. How his heart palpitated, as he got into the

dear old stage, and tied his legs in a knot to accommodate the other passengers! He hoped and yet trembled at the thought of seeing Carrie on the piazza, but she was not there; he looked into the parlor, as he passed—she was not there either. Could she have left the place, and not informed him? Yet why should she? he had not asked her to communicate with him. Almost staggering to his room—the same he had occupied before—he rang the bell for the chamber-maid; she, at all events, could give him the desired information. She came; placing some coin in her hand, he asked for Carrie. "Carrie was still stopping at the house." Had the presence of two tons and a half of coal been suddenly removed from his heart, Mr. Jinx could not have felt more relieved. He was in ecstasies; he could have kissed the chamber-maid (she was rather good-looking) for her glad tidings. The girl hesitated; he felt there was something new to be communicated. "What is it?" he asked, placing more money in her hand.

The girl, with all the volubility of her sex, added to the extra volubility of the chamber-girl species, informed him that in his absence, a rich old uncle of Carrie's, just such an uncle as one reads about in story books, had returned from foreign parts, bringing with him a young gentleman, a very nice looking young gentleman, too; and she rather thought—she didn't know for certain, but from what she heard the ladies say, when she was doing their rooms, that it was the uncle's wish for Carrie to marry the young gentleman, and in case of her complying she was to be his heir. The young gentleman, she went on to say, seemed to think a sight of her, but whether she liked him or not, she could not say; she had been dreadful kind of still and mopish for a month or more.

"That will do," said Mr. Jinx; and as the door closed behind the retreating figure of the girl, he fell into a reverie of a nature as pleasant as can well be imagined. While he thought her poor, he had scarcely allowed himself to entertain the idea that she could by any possibility become anything more to him than she then was; but now, when by marrying contrary to her uncle's wishes, she would in all probability forfeit a fortune, the thing was not so thought of. Besides, how did he know that she still cared for him? Their acquaintance had been short, she was very young, and might not be as much interested in the young gentleman of her uncle's choice, and who was such a "nice looking young gentleman, too," as he ever was in him? No; he would not believe that. Still, it might be so. At all events, he was

see Carrie; so making a careful toilet, he descended to the parlor.

Within the room were congregated most of the guests of the house, for it was evening, and the visitors at Pugwash did pretty much as the visitors at any place of more or less pretensions, and amid the throng of people stood Carrie. How his foolish heart fluttered, as he gazed upon her! She was leaning upon the arm of a young gentleman, and a confoundedly handsome fellow he was too, Mr. Jinx thought, gritting his teeth. Both Carrie and the young gentleman were listening to the remarks of an old gentleman, whose every word and motion bespoke him a millionaire, and who jingled a huge bunch of watch seals incessantly.

Mr. Jinx did not accost her at once; he liked to feast his eyes upon her unobserved. She was looking paler than usual, and very pensive and sad. Presently raising her eyes, she encountered the gaze of Mr. Jinx fixed earnestly on her. A deep flush suffused her cheek, and her eyes sparkled, and slipping her arm from the gentleman by her side, she tripped hastily across the room.

"O, I am so glad to see you again, Aristides," she said, in a joyous tone, holding out both hands.

There is no knowing what answer Mr. Jinx might have made, for before he could frame a reply anywhere near glowing enough to express what he felt, Carrie's uncle and the young gentleman followed her to the part of the room where she was standing. She felt that an introduction was necessary, which she rendered with a troubled look, awkwardly indeed for one so graceful as she.

The young gentleman gazed superciliously at Mr. Jinx, bowing stiffly, while the uncle merely nodded, without turning his eyes in the direction of the person he was addressing. "Carrie," he said, "I wish to see you;" and the poor child, looking anxious, obeyed him, whispering to Mr. Jinx, "I shall be on the piazza early in the morning."

When the sun rose in the morning, Mr. Jinx was on the piazza, and Carrie and he wandered away into one of the delightful paths of the dim old woods of Pugwash, and talked of all that was in their hearts. Having confided to each other all that they had thought, done and felt, during the month of their separation, they proceeded to speak of the future, and their hopes and fears. Carrie's story corroborated all that Mr. Jinx had learned from the chamber-girl. It appeared that her uncle had heard of their intimacy, and forbade her having anything to say to Mr. Jinx, for the future, on pain of his severe dis-

pleasure. And Carrie placed her little hands in his, and looked beseechingly with her soft brown eyes into her companion's face, and asked if she should obey her uncle. And Mr. Jinx, smoothing her silken curls with his trembling hand, kissed her fair forehead, and in a sad whisper, told her she must; and Carrie buried her face in his bosom and sobbed bitterly.

"How can I see you here, and not speak to you?" she asked, in a broken voice.

"I shall not be here, my child," said Mr. Jinx, in a scarcely audible tone. "I shall go away to-morrow, and you will see me no more."

So they parted—those two loving hearts—and returned to the house by different paths. Very mournful and sad was the heart of Mr. Jinx, as he saw Carrie lifted into a grand carriage by the young gentleman who was to be her husband, and in company with the stern old uncle, drive towards the beach. Strong east winds had blown for many days, and the surf was breaking into the bay furiously, with a roar that could be heard for miles, and Carrie, with her companions, had gone to enjoy the dangerous pleasure of surf bathing. As Mr. Jinx had no heart to do likewise, he wandered away to the hill overlooking the bay, and seating himself at the foot of an oak, watched the carriages as they rolled over the beach. He saw the carriage belonging to Carrie's uncle drive up; he saw her, too, as she alighted and mixed with the throng. But he could not keep sight of her; something was wrong with his eyes again, and his sight was dim.

Suddenly, he was startled by a commotion on the beach; people running confusedly to and fro, shouting for help or gazing at the sea, while in the midst of the fierce breakers a struggling form rose and fell on the heaving waters.

The sight of a person in such imminent peril caused him to forget his own sorrows, and rushing hastily down the steep hillside, he was on the beach in a moment. His worst fears were confirmed. Carrie's uncle had rushed madly into the waves, but had been restrained by the bystanders, who were now holding him; and he, struggling to break from their grasp, with alternate prayers and imprecations besought the young gentleman who accompanied him to rescue her. But the young man, pale as the white foam at his feet, shrank back.

All this Mr. Jinx took in at a glance, as he dashed through the crowd, divested himself of his most cumbersome garments, and plunged into the waves. It was a desperate undertaking to swim out among those wild breakers. Again and again the fierce surf threw him back almost to the beach, but he battled manfully with the

waves, gaining slowly but surely upon his object. At length a monstrous comber rose high above his head, gathering strength as it rushed towards him, and breaking with a prolonged roar, buried him deep beneath the seething waters, now hurling him with terrific force against the sandy bottom, now whirling him over and over with inconceivable velocity, as the undertow caught him and bore him out towards the sea. At length, when nature was almost exhausted, he rose to the surface. He was on the smooth sea, outside the outermost breaker. But where was Carrie? Nothing was visible on the face of the water, but deep down beneath, was something swaying backward and forward with the heave and swell of the ocean, that might be a human body. Taking a long inspiration, he dove, and after an interval that seemed an eternity to those on shore, he rose again, bearing in his arms a lifeless form. Brushing the salt spray from his eyes, he gazed on that beloved face. He raised her above the water; her head fell on his shoulder without life or motion. Could it be that she was indeed dead? With the terrible thought, the strength fled from his heart, and he felt himself sinking. At least, he would preserve her body. The boat was already near, the men bending to the oars with energy. He strove to strike out towards them, but his muscles refused to obey his will. He was going down; the salt sea filled his mouth as he gasped for breath. One stroke more would bring the boat to him. He held the body above his head as he sank beneath it. He was conscious some one lifted it from his grasp, and that was all.

When he returned to consciousness, he was lying on the bed in his room, about which people moved on tip-toe, occasionally bending over and looking at him anxiously. His first thought was of Carrie. Where was she—was she dead? he asked. They looked grave, and told him he must keep calm; his life depended on his remaining quiet. This could not satisfy him—he must know the worst. Springing from the bed, he dressed himself hastily, and hurried down to the parlor, near which her room was situated. About her door were standing a number of people, while others moved hastily in and out with vials and medicines, and all looked sad, and spoke in whispers. He did not ask how she was; he feared to do so. So he tottered into the parlor, and sinking on the sofa, buried his face in his hands, absorbed in anxious thought.

A long time he sat there; it might be an hour, it might be five—he could not tell. Some one else was in the room, but he did not look up to see who. It was Carrie's uncle, who, with his

hat pulled over his eyes, paced back and forth jingling his watch seals; and though the time was long, still he never varied his step, so spoke. Once a grave looking man stepped gently into the room; the uncle never halted in his step nor ceased jingling his seals. Mr. Jinx did not raise his head. "You must prepare yourself for the worst, sir; there is very little hope," the grave looking man said, and went noiselessly out again.

Another long interval Mr. Jinx sat listening to the monotonous step of the old man, and the jingling of his seals. Presently the grave looking man came into the room again, looking less grave and stepping quicker. "I have waited, sir," he said, "until our hope became a certainty. The young lady is now out of danger, she will recover;" and he left the room.

Mr. Jinx, who had raised his head when the man entered, let it fall into his hands again, and the tears ran through his fingers and fell upon the carpet. The old man continued to pace back and forth, jingling his seals, as before. Presently he halted, and gazed long and earnestly at Mr. Jinx. "God bless you, my boy!" he said, and quitted the room; and Mr. Jinx returned to his own room, and slept.

A day or two later, Mr. Jinx was walking on the piazza, with Carrie on his arm, looking very pale and very lovely, as she turned her soft brown, eloquent eyes to her companion's face with the old look of love and confidence. As they walked, the uncle came to the door, and gazed at them long and earnestly, and went in again. Presently he came back, and looked at them again. Then he called to them, and they followed him into his own room.

It was more than an hour before the door opened again; and when it did open, it was the old man who came out, and he walked several times briskly up and down the piazza, chuckling to himself, and jingling his seals very smartly. By-and-by he stopped and looked into the window, and chuckled audibly and jingled his seals furiously; and could you have looked in at the window, you would have seen Mr. Jinx with one arm round Carrie's waist, while with the other he smoothed her silken curls. But his hand did not tremble then; and when Mr. Jinx did come out of the room, the old man shook him heartily by the hand, and said, in a cheerful voice: "One year from this, my boy, if you love me as well then as now."

That was enough. Mr. and Mrs. Jinx were now among the happiest of the happy.

Railery is the lightning of calumny.

PLANT FLOWERS ON MY GRAVE.

BY VERA VAUGHAN.

I muse in the gray twilight,
And in the midnight deep;
I'm thinking in the starlight,
When others are asleep.
And this I'm wishing ever,
That, when I'm dead and gone,
Some one will plant sweet flowers
Beside my funeral stone.

The bright and pretty flowers!
May guardian angels save
Them from the rude destroyer,
And plant them on my grave.
I care not for proud mourners,
And endless, careless train,
If one will plant sweet flowers,
When spring shall come again.

When grief and care oppressing,
Weigh heavy on my heart,
Hope whispers, there's an ending
To this life's stinging smart;
It is in yonder churchyard,
When thou shalt sleep below
A little mound of grassy earth,
And flowers above thee grow.

When peacefully I slumber
In the graveyard cold and dim,
Let breezes sing above me,
And chant my requiem;
And when my wearied spirit
From earthly sorrow's free,
I'll whisper to some dear one,
Plant flowers over me.

POVERTY AND WEALTH.

BY ELLA FORREST.

"I WISH you would step into Hammond's, on your way home to-night, and get a set of coats for Edith. Poor little thing! it is too bad her neck and arms are so bitten by the mosquitoes. You send home a mosquito-net to-day—will you? Mother thinks it is ridiculous we should let her be so bitten, when a few dollars would prevent it." Scarcely waiting for a reply, and without noticing that her husband's face was clouded by an anxious, serious look, Mrs. Mendon went on: "When Edith and I go to Newport, this season, I hope you will be able to leave your business with the clerks for a few weeks, at least, and be with us. It's so dreary, only to see you once or twice a week."

"I don't think I can go to Newport at all, this season, it is so expensive. And then my business has been very poor, hardly paying for itself of late."

"Can't go at all? Mother said yesterday she

thought we'd better go very soon, as I haven't been very well, and Edith looks so pale. I don't know what she'd think to hear you say we can't go at all," said Mrs. Mendon.

"I can't help what she thinks. I have all I can do to pay my bills, and keep my head above water, now, and I can't go to any extra expense to please anybody. I newly furnished the parlors, last spring, and hired another servant, to please you, because your mother thought best; but I can't go to Newport this season, and that's all there is about it," said Mr. Mendon, in a very decided tone.

"I could give it up, Charles, and not feel badly, only so many of our friends are going. Then mother always feels so sad, and says so much about it, when I'm deprived of a comfort or pleasure, on account of our limited means," said Mrs. Mendon, in a peevish way.

"I am sorry to hear you say that again, Ellen," said Mr. Mendon. "Do you think more of your mother, and of pleasing her, than you do of me?"

"Of course I don't; but I can't bear to have her complain of you. I wish we were rich—then I should be happy. If you had been contented to stay in California a little longer, perhaps we might now have been as rich as Tom Mason."

"Good heavens, Ellen, you drive me mad. Mason was base enough to gamble, and shrewd enough to cheat everybody that came in his way. That's how he got his money. Would you like to have me do that?"

"I didn't know how he made his money. Mother said that Mason, who went to California when you did, had now returned home with great wealth, bought and furnished a splendid house, and was now living in great style."

"Having a fine house, and living in great style, is all you think about, I believe, Ellen. But these would never make us happy—no, nor anything else, so long as your mother meddles so much with our affairs, and you think more of her opinion than of mine."

"Why, Charles, I never heard you talk so before? What does it mean?"

"I know you never heard me talk so. I have borne insult after insult, and have never said anything; but I have thought, you may well believe. How came I to come home, and leave Mason in California? Every letter I received while there, was filled with some dreadful tale about you, or dear little Hattie that's gone, and what a dreadful thing for you to be left so. Then, your mother (unknown to you, I suppose,) wrote me a long letter herself, saying she thought you would live but a short time, your health was so

poor. I waited not a moment, but left, just as I had begun to do something (for then it took much longer to get under way, than it does now). And how often has it been thrown in my face that so much money was spent, and so little earned, in those two years?" said Mr. Mendon, his face coloring, and his voice assuming quite an angry tone.

Mrs. Mendon was by this time venting her own feelings by a flood of tears, for this was the first time her husband had ever complained of her mother. And without trying to soothe her, or dry up her tears, Mr. Mendon left his home, and walked towards his store.

"How do you do? Why, I should as soon have thought of meeting my old grandfather in the city, as you, Jones," said Mr. Mendon, as he met an old acquaintance from the country. "What, pray, can have brought you here?"

"The love of gold, I suppose, friend Mendon, and I expect it will carry me a great deal further, too."

"What, you are not going to California, are you?"

"Yes, and I only wish you were going, too."

"I going? I wish I was going somewhere—anywhere. I'm sick of living here, or trying to live."

"Come, then, make up your mind, and be off with me to-night?"

"O, don't mention it. I couldn't do any such thing, Jones. Do you start to-night?"

"Yes, for New York, and from there to-morrow, I suppose."

"Come into the store, Jones. I want to have a chat with you, for I've not heard from the friends in your vicinity for a long time."

But Mr. Mendon had other business to attend to; as he entered his counting-room, a gentleman was waiting.

"Can you settle this bill this morning, Mr. Mendon?"

"How much is it?" said he, taking the bill. "Seventy-five dollars. I have a note due to-morrow—if you could wait till next week, Mr. Twist, it would accommodate me very much."

"Very well, sir," said Mr. Twist, quite satisfied with Mr. Mendon's promise to pay next week, for he well knew he would fulfil it, if possible.

"I shall hardly be able to settle with Twist next week, after all," thought Mr. Mendon, "for I have another note due, and my rent to pay. I am really discouraged. Seventy-five dollars! Just what I gave Ellen yesterday to purchase her shawl, a thing she didn't need—no, nor she wouldn't have thought so, either, but Mrs. Mar-

tin and Mrs. Bailey had one, and then nothing would satisfy Ellen's mother but for her to have one, too. And now I must study and calculate, make promises and be dunned. Ellen ought to be more independent, more considerate, think a little of consulting my wishes, and of living within my means, not always expect me to pay this and that (no matter about the cost), just because her mother thinks she needs them. I can't live so, and it's no use to think about it longer. I'm tempted to go off with Jones, and leave Ellen and her mother to manage matters as they please."

Thus mused Mendon, as he stood gazing out of his counting-room window, which only served to increase the anger with which he left his home in the morning. He sat down, trembling with excitement, and wrote a note to his wife in the most hasty manner, stating that unexpected business had called him to New York, therefore she needn't expect him home that night.

He arrived in New York in the morning, and before he had time to cool his passion, and repent his rash measure, the steamer was ready to leave for California. He merely wrote a line to his wife, which ran thus:

"DEAR ELLEN:—While you read this, I am far away on the broad ocean, in the steamer ———, bound for California. I have left all I possess with you, except enough to buy my ticket. CHARLES."

Mrs. Mendon was an only daughter, and though her father was kind, and inclined to be indulgent, he died when she was very young, leaving her to the sole care of her mother, a stern, rigid woman, who held the reins of government tightly, but like Queen Elizabeth, without their being felt to be so.

She seldom indulged her daughter, but taught her to think and act as she directed, without consulting her own inclinations at all. And unfortunately she married and settled quite near her mother; therefore she still consulted her, and knew not how to do or say anything contrary to her wishes, to gratify herself or please her husband.

On the morning we have described, after her husband left, Mrs. Mendon soon managed to dry up her tears, and then resolved never again to quote her mother in any matter that should in the least irritate her husband, and by her cheerfulness at noon she hoped she would both be able to forget the unhappy affair of the morning.

"What is the matter, Ellen, that makes you look so grave?" said her mother, as she entered at this moment. "Is Edith sick?"

"No, nothing is the matter, only my head aches, and I've been trying to sew."

"I met Miss Dillaway last evening, and engaged her to come and make your dresses next week; and, as it is so pleasant this morning, I think we'd better go out and purchase them."

"My head aches, mother, and Edith don't seem very well, so I think I'd better not go out to-day," replied Mrs. Mendon, in a timid voice.

She had not the courage or the independence to say that she shouldn't need the dresses, that her husband didn't think of going to Newport, and so forth; therefore, she allowed herself to be censured for giving up to a little headache, and for putting off, till the last minute, those things that might be done at once just as well.

Thankful was Mrs. Mendon when she found herself alone again. "O, dear," sighed she, "I wish I could please Charles and mother too. I know I offended him this morning, and I feel so unhappy about it, and now I've offended her. I seem never to be allowed to have a wish of my own, but I'll not think of this now," thought Mrs. Mendon, "for I'm determined to appear happy and cheerful, when Charles comes home, and try, if possible, to heal the wound of the morning. But why is Charles so late? It's nearly an hour past his usual hour for return. There he is, and I'll run myself to answer the bell."

She started back in astonishment to meet one of the clerks (instead of her husband), who handed her the note before mentioned, and shuddered as she opened it, for a shadow of something undefinable fell upon her. The day passed sorrowfully away, and the night fell gloomily around the troubled wife.

"He'll come to-morrow," said she, as the first ray of morning peeped into her window. Still she felt sad. "What could have called him to New York so suddenly, that he couldn't come home to see Edith and me before starting?" thought Mrs. Mendon; "he must have known I should feel anxious."

To-morrow came; but instead of the looked-for husband came a letter, which, though it contained but few lines, conveyed much. Mrs. Mendon read it over and over again, doubting what her eyes beheld.

"It's not like him. He would never do so. Somebody else has sent this to me." And half frantic, she started for the store, to ascertain what she could of his strange departure.

She found them all collected in the counting-room, evidently conversing on some very exciting subject. The story was soon told. A letter had just been received at the store, which con-

tained the strange intelligence that Mendon was then far away, and instructions to Marsh, the head clerk, to settle up his business in the best way he could, and after paying his debts, give what should be left to his wife.

"How could he leave little Edith and me?" Thus thought Mrs. Mendon, much grieved, and her pride not a little wounded. "What shall I do?"

She had just resolved to consult her mother less, but now the one whom she ought ever to have consulted was gone, and she could only go to her and tell her troubles. Mrs. Walton, her mother, was in the greatest rage imaginable.

"One thing is certain, Ellen," said she. "He don't care anything about you or little Edith, else he would never leave you in this way. Depend upon it, there is something wrong somewhere (not dreaming she had had any influence in the matter). But don't sit down and cry, till you make yourself sick, Ellen. You must do the best you can, with what he has left for you. You'd better give up your house at once, and come home with me."

Ellen did so, giving up both her servants, for she was thought able to take care of Edith herself, now, and there was no more said about Newport, notwithstanding she was troubled by debility, and Edith looked pale.

Mr. Mendon had now been gone six months, during which time several letters had been received; but now Ellen was quite overjoyed to learn that he had been very fortunate, and in his next, designed sending her a draft for a considerable amount.

Ellen didn't rejoice because she wanted the money to spend—no, for she had learned, and was encouraged to practise the strictest economy now; but she could scarce endure longer the censure against her husband, and hear the same repeated morning and evening.

The two weeks (which were to elapse ere he sent the letter) passed rapidly and joyfully away, but no letter came; and two and two again were numbered with the past, when Ellen, with great delight, received and carefully opened her letter. But alas! it contained no draft—no, but a long account of a severe fit of sickness, occasioned by the climate and exposure, and the great expense attending his sickness. He wrote in a very desponding strain, and ended by saying that to stay where he was would soon end his days, and as soon as he could make arrangements, and his health would admit, he should return home.

"He's coming home!" said Ellen, smiling through her tears, as her eyes fell on that word.

"Coming home!" exclaimed Mrs. Walton. "He has no home to come to. He left you, and I have taken you home; but I can never take him too, sick and penniless as he will be. He'd better stay there till he gets better, and then see if he can't do something, and I should tell him so, if I were his wife."

"It is so strange," thought Ellen, "when mother has so much property, which of course I shall have some time, that she is so determined Charles shall make a fortune, even at the risk of his life, and say too, in such a decided tone, that he can't come to live with her, till his health has improved, and he is able to do business again! But if he comes home, and is without money, what can we do?" thought Ellen, in great trouble. "We couldn't live here, among our old acquaintances, but should be obliged to go to some other place, and he take the situation of a clerk, or worse still, he might have to work at his trade, which he learned when a boy. I think I must write him at once, and explain how it would be, and try to encourage him to stay awhile longer, till he has acquired a little, at least. Perhaps he is quite well and strong even now."

Had he been so, even when he *read* her letter, the advice it contained had been received quite differently. But his sickness had been severe; and it was long before he could stand under a burning sun, without great pain and dizziness. After his first day's labor, he came into the rough place he and his companions called a house, and threw himself upon the floor, weary, exhausted, aching in every limb, and sick at heart, saying, as he did so:

"I wouldn't ask to live another day, but for my wife and child. It's horrible to feel as I have to-day, and know that I must work, or starve."

"O, don't be discouraged, Mendon," said young Randall, a noble-hearted fellow, who was ever ready to pity and help the suffering, "you will feel better after you have some supper, and I have it most ready. Better still, here comes Joe Smith with letters for some of us. Cheer up, Mendon, one for you from home, all full of little nice sayings, of course. I wish I had a wife, or anybody to send me a letter," said Randall, who had from his earliest remembrance been an orphan.

Mendon began reading his letter, but instead of becoming more cheerful, he threw it down and buried his face in his hands; for much as men despise tears, when sickness has enfeebled them, and repeated defeat drank up their courage, a few of these "signs of weakness" may glitter upon the cheek and dim the eye.

"Is it possible," thought Mendon, "that Ellen could advise me to stay, when I told her plainly that I could live but a short time! Then, too, to say we couldn't live among our old acquaintances, unless I make a fortune here! That shows how much regard she has for me. Well, she's told me to stay now, and I *will* stay till I am rich, or die! But she'll not hear from me again very soon, nor shall she ever enjoy a fortune with me, unless I am convinced that she has changed her ideas a little, and is willing to live with me, even in poverty, regardless of her mother's opinion, or that of those old acquaintances, as she calls them."

Mrs. Mendon waited with greater anxiety than usual for her husband's next letter; but she waited in vain. Months passed by, and no news from him. None could conjecture the cause of his long silence, till a paragraph appeared in one of the morning papers (taken from a California paper), announcing the death of "C. Mendon, from Massachusetts." There were no particulars—not even the town or city of his former residence was mentioned; still, none doubted that Charles Mendon, of Boston, was the said "C. Mendon."

Mrs. Mendon was frantic with grief for many weeks. She felt that his life had been one of toil and care, and feared—ay, she knew that she had not tried to lighten his burden, and throw sunshine in his path, as it was her duty, and ought to have been her pleasure. But repentance came too late, and mingling with her grief at the loss of her husband, it cast a shadow over her life, and even made it a burden to her.

Mrs. Walton never mentioned his name from the day she learned his death, but tried by every means to divert the mind of her daughter. She gazed on her and her little child with a troubled heart, for she could expect to live but a few years, as her health and strength failed daily.

A year had now passed since Mrs. Mendon had worn the sable dress of a widow, but her heart mourned the lost one with the same deep grief of the day she learned his death.

"Ellen," said her mother, as they were alone in her chamber, "perhaps when I tell you what I have always endeavored to conceal from you, and every one else, you may be induced to act differently in this matter, and treat Malden less coldly."

"But I can never love him, mother. I can never regard him as other than my cousin."

"But he is not your cousin exactly, Ellen, though you have always called him so. You ought to feel flattered by his preference for you,

rather than treat it indifferently, for he is from one of the first families in the city of ——. His father was one of its richest and most influential men, and though he lost a large portion of his wealth, Melden is now worth enough to make a good appearance in the world, and live easy."

"But mother," said Ellen, the tears filling her eyes, "I can never marry Melden Ashley, or any one else."

"Perhaps you will think differently, when I tell you all. Your father, at his death, had in his possession a vast amount of real estate; he had been very rich, but entering largely into speculation, he lost much, and at his death was much in debt. But I had the widow's claim upon his real estate that remained unsold. These houses, and the property you have always supposed mine, will at my death go to your father's creditors. This must account for many things which may have seemed strange to you."

"Does Melden know this, mother?"

"No, I presume not; but you can't think that in seeking you, he thinks of my money, for he has enough of his own, and you have no right, child, to doubt his sincerity."

"But I don't love him, mother, and I don't wish to marry. The more I think of the matter, the further I am from it."

"Listen to me now, Ellen; it is my last request. I can live but a short time, and I can't think of leaving you in the condition you must be in, if you still persist. That the daughter of George Walton must be a beggar, is to me more dreadful than the pangs of death. But I doubt not you will do as I wish, and that I shall see you and Melden united in marriage before that sad day," said the mother.

Mrs. Mendon made no reply to these last words, for they fell like stunning blows upon her humbled heart, and she left the chamber that she might weep over her troubles alone, as usual. A few weeks from this time we find her again lone and sorrowful.

"Mother's last request," said she, "yes, and my last obedience my last act. I have ever done as she requested, but this will end my life. Why do I now think so much of my dear, dear lost husband? Why do I dream of him every night such bright dreams? O, I would rather live with him in a hut, than with Melden in a palace."

"Why are you looking so gloomy and sad, Ellen?" said her cousin Fanny, as she entered the room at this moment. "I thought everybody was laughing and gay at the bridal hour."

"I don't know why I feel sad, Fanny," said Ellen, "but I do, and can't help it. There

seems such a shadow over my life, the future looks so dark, so uncertain, and seems filled with such fearful forebodings, I dare not proceed into it. I feel as if I was leaving everything beautiful and lovely forever. The rustling of the leaves on that old maple, the rippling of the fountain, and the ticking of the clock, seem whispering farewell to me."

"Nonsense, Ellen," said Fanny, "for you to feel so. If you don't dry up your tears, and look gay at once, I'll call Melden, and tell him about you. He's cheerful enough, I assure you."

"I can't be gay, Fanny. I just went into the chamber where lay all my bridal attire, and such a chill as ran over me, at that sight! Had it been my coffin and shroud, it couldn't have made me feel worse. But I'll save you the trouble of calling Melden, for I'm going to call him myself, and have our marriage put off till to-morrow evening."

"How strangely you talk, Ellen. Your friends are all invited, and what reason could you give for putting it off till to-morrow?"

The clock chimed out the hour of eight, and Mrs. Mendon, pale and trembling, stood beside her lover, and the good man commenced the ceremony that unites hands and destinies forever. At this moment, the door-bell rang, and Sally, fearing some guest would find himself too late for the wedding, hastened to open the door. But to her astonishment, she saw a rough-looking and very poorly-clad man, whom she took to be a beggar, or purchaser of old boots and clothes, and was about to shut the door in his face, when he inquired if Mrs. Ellen Mendon lived there.

"Yes," said Sally, "she lives here, but you can't see her to-night, for she is just being married," and she made another effort to shut the door.

"Being married!" exclaimed the man; and he burst open the door, and rushed into the parlor, which he had observed was brilliantly lighted.

None knew him except Mrs. Mendon, who shrieked, "my husband!" and rushed to meet him just as the words were trembling upon the lips of the good parson that would have made her Mrs. Ashley; but she fainted and fell.

"Begone, villain!" said several, who didn't even now dream who it was.

"No, not till my wife bids me go!" said he, in such a tone none dared approach him; and he raised the prostrate woman, who seemed revived sufficiently to whisper:

"Am I dreaming? or is it you, Charles, and are you alive?"

"Alive, Ellen? Did you suppose I was dead?"

"We heard so, more than a year ago."

He now assisted her in reaching a chair, near the window, and then glanced round the room for his little Edith, fearing to ask for her, lest during his absence she had been laid beside his darling Hattie.

"Are you looking for Edith?" said Mrs. Mendon. "She was not quite well to-night, and Sally has put her in her little bed. Would you like to see her?"

After kissing his little child over and over again, he said:

"Ellen, how unfortunate that I returned, and thus deprived you of the honor of being connected with the Ashley family, and the comforts of the wealth Melden possesses!"

"That honor and wealth would have been dearly bought, Charles. I would rather live in poverty while I do live."

"Ellen, you know nothing about poverty. Could you dress to correspond with the garments I have on, and leave this beautiful house, for a few rooms?"

"Yes, to be with you, I will with pleasure go anywhere, and live as your means may permit."

"But what will your mother and your friends say?" replied Mr. Mendon.

"I care not what they say," replied she, with great earnestness. "I have listened to them too long, and have learned by bitter experience that a wife, to be happy, must forsake her friends, and live for her husband."

Mr. Mendon now rose to his feet, threw off his coarse garments, untied his faded cravat, wiped his face, and took a shabby wig from his head, and the handsome, finely-dressed Charles Mendon then caressed his wife tenderly, and whispered to her his plans for the enjoyment of the great wealth, with which he had returned, all of which he had obtained honestly.

"And now let us never mention, but forget the dark and gloomy past, from which I hope we have both learned a profitable lesson."

The guests soon dispersed, after Mr. and Mrs. Mendon left the parlor. Mrs. Walton found herself quite exhausted after the excitement of the wedding, and her disappointment and anger, when her daughter threw herself into the arms of a beggar, as she supposed. And Melden Ashley has ever since believed there is some truth in the homely saying of our grandmothers, that "there is many a slip 'twixt cup and lip."

There is ever the least in talent who become malignant and abusive.

HOW TO OPEN OYSTERS.

"Talk of opening oysters," said old Hurricane, "why, nothing's easier, if you only know how."

"And how's how?" inquired Starlight.

"Scotch snuff," answered old Hurricane, very sententiously. "Scotch snuff. Bring a little of it ever so near their noses, and they'll sneeze their lids off."

"I know a genius," observed Meister Karl, "who has a better plan. He spreads the bivalves in a circle, seats himself in the centre, and begins spinning a yarn. Sometimes it's an adventure in Mexico—sometimes a legend of his loves—sometimes a marvellous stock operation in Wall Street. As he proceeds, the 'natives' get interested—one by one they gaze with astonishment at the tremendous and direful whoppers which are poured forth, and as they gaze, my friend whips them out, peppers 'em and swallows them."

"That'll do," said Starlight, with a long sigh. "I wish we had a bushel of the bivalves here now, they'd open easy."—*Philadelphia Post.*

HALLUCINATIONS OF GREAT MEN.

Spiello, who has painted the Fall of the Angels, thought he was haunted by the frightful devils which he had depicted. One of our artists, who was much engaged in painting caricatures, became haunted by the distorted faces he drew; and the deep melancholy and terror which accompanied these apparitions, caused him to commit suicide. Miller, who executed the copper plate of the Sistine Madonna, had more lovely visions. Towards the close of his life, the virgin appeared to him, and thanking him for the affection he had shown her, invited him to follow her to heaven. To achieve this, the artist starved himself to death. Beethoven, who became completely deaf in the decline of life, often heard his sublime compositions performed distinctly. It is related of Ben Jonson, that he spent the whole of one night in regarding his great toe, around which he saw Tartars, Turks, Romans and Catholics climbing up and fighting. Goethe, when out riding one day, was surprised to see an exact image of himself on horseback, dressed in a light-colored coat, riding towards him.—*Historical Researches.*

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.

Jean Blanc, of New Orleans, represented to be an agriculturist of considerable scientific attainments, has secured letters patent from the United States for the discovery of a process of converting thirty different varieties of plants, which grow wild in enormous quantities in various sections of the Union, into flax of great strength and beautiful texture. Specimens are now in New York, and among them are said to be the flax made from the stalks of the cotton plant, large quantities of which are burned on the Southern plantations to get them out of the way; the century tree, or wild Manilla, which grows in abundance in Florida; the wild hollyhock, with a fibre ten to fifteen feet long; the gold nankeen, of a natural nankeen color; the vegetable silk, and the vegetable wool.—*Western Enterprise.*

"THIS BUT A DREAM."

BY TAMAR ANNE KERNORE.

"This but a dream," said the aged man,
As he lay at death's dark door;
"This world, with its changes, a long, long dream,
And now it is nearly o'er."

"How fair was its promise in youth's bright hours,
How sweet were its hopes of joy;
It seemed like an Eden—this world of ours,
To me when a careless boy."

"Yet soon I passed on to manhood's prime,
Then thorns were around me cast;
I looked in vain for my Eden flowers,
They remained with the gladsome past."

"Then on with the busy, restless throng,
I rushed in pursuit of gold;
When this was obtained to my heart's desire,
I found I was growing old."

"That my eye was losing its lustre bright,
My step its elastic tread,
That my brown hair was thickly sprinkled with grey,
And that soon I'd be laid with the dead."

"This world with its changes is but a dream,
Its strong ties will soon be riven;
But O, when awakened from death's deep sleep,
May I open my eyes in heaven."

THE LAST SIXPENCE.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

It was on a chill, bleak morning in November that Charles Aubrey emerged from an old shed where he had passed the last part of the night under a pile of sheep skins. He was a young man, not over two-and-twenty, and yet retained great beauty of person, though his clothes were torn and dirty, and his face pale and haggard. Only one year before he had been left an orphan, with eleven thousand dollars in money in his possession. He had always been a generous-hearted, frank, and loving companion, but evil associations had gathered about him, and in an unfortunate hour he gave himself up to their influence. He thought not of the value of money, but designing knaves, under the guise of friendship, could always draw it from him. But the poor, misguided youth had run the race, and was now alone. His money was gone, and his sunshine companions had left him. He had reached the goal towards which for a whole year he had been dashing on.

As young Aubrey stood there now, his lips were parched, and his limbs shook as though with the palsy. He mechanically placed his

hand in his pocket, and took therefrom a sixpence. He searched further—felt in every pocket—but he could find no more. That single sixpence was the last of his fortune.

"Ah, Charley, Charley," he murmured to himself, "you've run your race. Where now are the friends who have so long hung about you? One poor sixpence! It will buy me one glass of grog to allay my burning thirst. O, would to God it would buy me one true friend!"

He spoke thus, and with the words came rushing through his mind the memory of the past. He remembered his mother as she held him for the last time to her bosom and blessed him; and he remembered when he saw them cover her body up in the warm flowery earth of the summer, not many years ago. He remembered his kind, good father, and how that father had loved him and blessed him with his last breath. And he remembered one other, a bright-eyed, joyous girl, in whose keeping he had once placed all his love, and all his hopes of joy. But it was gone now! Thus he stood, with the small coin in his hand, when he heard footsteps approaching. He raised his eyes, and beheld an old woman, with bended back, who came tottering on, slowly and tremblingly. Her garments were torn and tattered, and the thin, gray hair hung matted and uncombed. She stopped when she came to where the youth stood, and leaned heavily upon her staff.

"Charity, good sir!" she uttered, in hoarse, tremulous tones. "Give me wherewith to purchase a single meal, and I'll ask God to bless thee."

"By my life, good woman, you are the very one I have been wishing for. Here—it is all I have—it is my *last sixpence*! Take it. I have only wished that it could buy me one true friend."

The old woman hesitated.

"Will you not take it?" asked Charles, earnestly. "Take it, so that I may feel that I have one friend."

"I need it, sir," the woman said, "but I dare not take it from you, for you would not profit by my friendship."

"Yes I would. It would send a ray of sunshine through my soul, to know that one human being blessed me."

"But what good could come of that while you continued to curse yourself?"

The youth started, but he spoke not.

"If you would have me for a friend, will you listen to me as a friend?"

"Listen? Yes."

"Then let this be your lowest vale of life," said the woman, with startling solemnity. "Turn

now and go up hill. Go up, up, until you have reached the sunshine once more. I knew your mother, Charles Aubrey, and I remember well how kind she was. O, did she ever think that her well beloved son would sink so low!"

"Stop, stop," groaned the unhappy youth. "O, who shall give me the first lift to regain all I have lost?"

"I will."

"You? Who are you? You say you knew my mother. Who are you?"

"Never mind. Suffice it for you to know that I have suffered as deeply as you ever did. I know what it is to suffer. I say I can give you the first lift. I mean by that that I can show you the way. Follow my counsel, and you may yet recover all that you have lost."

"No, no, not all. O, there is one loss I can never make up!" And as he spoke he bowed his head and covered his face with his hands.

"Let not such feelings be with you now. First resolve that you will turn from the evil that has brought you down. You know what it is as well as I do. Can you do this?"

"Ay, I had done it ere you came up."

"Then take the next step. Go and make a friend who can help you further. Go to Amos Williams and—"

"No, no, not there. O, not there," interrupted Charles.

"Go to his store and freely confess to him all your faults," resumed the woman, without seeming to notice the interruption. "Tell him all, and then ask him to trust you once more."

"No, no, I dare not go to him."

"But listen: I heard Mr. Williams say with his own lips that he would help you if he could; that he would give you his hand if you would only help yourself."

"Did he say that?" uttered Charles, eagerly.

"He did. And now, Charles Aubrey, be assured that you have not lost everything. Let people know that you mean to arise and be a man, and all whose friendship is worth having will give you their hands. Go to Amos Williams first."

"I will go."

"Then give me the sixpence."

* * * * *

Amos Williams stood at the great desk in his counting-room, and he was alone. While he thus stood, casting up a column of figures upon a page of one of the ledgers, the door was opened and Charles Aubrey entered. He was yet pale and haggard, and looked as he did when we saw him two hours ago. The merchant started back with an utterance of pain and surprise as he recog-

nized in the miserable form before him the once happy and beloved youth whom he had delighted to honor.

"Charles," he uttered, as soon as he could command his speech, "why have you come here?"

"Mr. Williams," spoke the youth in a choking voice, "I have come to—to—tell you that my course of wickedness is run, and from this moment I am—a—"

Here he stopped. He hesitated a moment, and then his feelings overcame him, and bowing his head he burst into tears, and sobs, loud and deep, broke from his lips. The merchant was deeply affected, and with the warm tears gathering thickly in his own eyes, he started forward and placed his hand upon the youth's head.

"Charles," he uttered in a tremulous, eager voice, "have you resolved to be a man?"

"With God's help I will be a man again!" was the youth's reply.

"Is your money all gone?"

"Yes, sir. This morning I had one solitary sixpence left, and that I gave to a poor old woman who bade me to come here."

"Ay, I know her. She is an unfortunate creature, and has suffered much. I bade her if she saw you, and you were cast down and repentant, to send you here, for I heard yesterday that you were at the foot of the precipice. Now if you are determined, you shall not want for help."

In eager, broken, sobbing sentences, Charles poured out his thanks, and stated the resolution he had taken.

"And now," said Mr. Williams, after the matter had been talked over some, "we must find a place where you can recruit your strength a little before you try to work. There is my brother, who owns a farm out in M——. He would be glad to have you come there and stop awhile; and when you wholly recover your wasted strength you shall have a place here."

At first the youth refused to accept so much, for he knew his unworthiness; but the merchant simply answered him:

"You can pay me for all this if you choose, so you need not be delicate about it; and as for your unworthiness—when the lost ones of earth are not worth redeeming, then some other standard of worth must be regarded than that simple one which Jesus of Nazareth gave to his followers."

So it was settled that Charles should go out into the country and remain awhile. He found Mr. Williams, the brother, ready and happy to receive him, and there he soon began to regain

his health and spirits. In two weeks he was as strong as ever, and at the end of a month the marks of dissipation had all left his face. Then he returned to town, and entered the store. Amos Williams gave him a lucrative station, and bade him remember nothing of the past save the one great lesson he had learned.

"Charles," he said, "you know the widow Swan?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I have engaged board for you there. I hope the arrangement will suit you."

"Yes, sir," returned the youth, with emotion.

From that time Charles Aubrey went on nobly and truly in the path he had marked out. As soon as he again made his appearance in prosperity his old companions sought his company once more; but he repulsed them with a stern firmness that left them no hopes. Yet for a month he was beset with temptations in every shape, but he hesitated not once. His mind was made up, and he made but one answer to all invitations to depart from his course. At length these temptations became less frequent, and finally he was left to pursue his own course.

Little did Charles Aubrey know how closely he had been watched. Mr. Williams knew his every movement, even to his prayers which he poured forth in the privacy of his own apartment. Thus passed away three months, and at the end of that time Mr. Williams called the young man into the counting-room one evening, after the rest of the people had gone.

"Well, Charles," the merchant commenced, "how would you like to change your boarding-place?"

There was something in the look and tone of the man as he spoke these words that made the youth start. The blood rushed to his face, and soon he turned pale.

"If you would like," the merchant resumed, in the same low, strange tone, "you may come and board with me. I will not deceive you, Charles. Until I could know that you would entirely reform, I dared not carry you to my house. But I am satisfied, now. I have not doubted you, but I would prove you. And now, if you please, you may inform Mrs. Swan that you shall board with her no more. She will not be disappointed, for I have spoken with her on the subject."

With these words Mr. Williams left the store, and as soon as Charles could recover from the strange emotions that had, almost overpowered him, he called for the porter to come and lock up, and then, having locked the great safe, he took his departure.

On the next morning he came to the store, and when his employer came he informed him that he had given his notice to Mrs. Swan.

"Very well," returned the merchant. "This evening, then, you will go home with me."

Evening came, and Charles Aubrey accompanied his old friend home. Tea was ready, the rest of the family having eaten an hour before. After tea Charles was conducted to the sitting-room, where lamps were burning, and where Mr. Williams informed him he could amuse himself by reading.

Charles sat down there, and his employer went out, but he could not read. His heart beat wildly in his bosom, and his soul was strangely worked upon. O, how natural everything there appeared. And how many happy, blissful hours he had spent in that same room. Thus he sat, when the door was slowly opened, and a female appeared within the apartment. She was a bright-eyed, beautiful maiden, and when she first entered a happy smile was upon her face. But the smile faded away, and her lips trembled. She tried to speak, but she could not. She only stood there with her hands half-extended, gazing tremblingly upon the youth. In a moment more her bright eyes overran with tears, and then Charles started up. He could doubt no more. Why else should he have been brought hither? why left thus? why placed on such probation? He hesitated no more. With one quick step he sprang forward, and without a word he caught the fair girl to his bosom.

"Mary," he uttered, as he gazed into the sparkling eyes of the fair being who still clung fondly to him, "you still love me—you forgive me all—and trust me once more?"

"Yes," she murmured; and ere she could speak further her father entered the room.

"Aha—so you've found him, have you, Mary?" he cried, in a happy, joyous tone.

"Mr. Williams," uttered Charles, still holding Mary by the hand, and speaking with difficulty, "I hope I am not deceived. 'O, you have not brought me here to kill me! You cannot have passed this cup to my lips only to dash it away again!'"

"Of course not," returned the merchant. "But you must know now the whole truth, and for fear my child may not tell you all, I'll tell you myself. This noble girl has never ceased to love you, and when you were the lowest down, she loved you the most. She came to me and asked me if she might save you if she could. I could not tell her nay, and she went at the work. She has suffered much, and, Charles, it remains with you to decide whether her future shall be one of

happiness or not. She knew that you were down, that your money was gone, and that your false friends had forsaken you. Then it was that her love for you grew bold and strong. She wondered if you would repulse her. She knew not what might be your feelings, and to save herself the pain of a direct repulse from you she assumed a disguise, so that she might approach you without being known, and yet gain some idea of your feelings, and save you if she could. I think she has done well. At any rate she has regained you to herself, and it must now be your own fault if the silken tie is loosed again."

With these words the father left the apartment.

"You, Mary? you in disguise?" queried Charles, as soon as he could speak.

"Ay, dear Charles; and you know why I did it. "Here—do you not remember it?" And as she spoke she drew from her bosom a small silken purse, and took therefrom a sixpence.

The youth recognized it in an instant.

"O!" he cried, as he strained the noble girl to his bosom, "what can I say? Mary—Mary—my own heart's truest love—let my life in the years to come tell my gratitude. O, my all of life is yours, and my last breath shall bear your name in gratitude to God."

And Charles Aubrey never forgot his promise. With this noble companion by his side he travelled up the hill, and in his path the flowers of life grew thick and fragrant.

Upon the wall of his sitting-room hangs a picture. It is a splendid painting of the Prodigal Son's Return. Upon the face of a heavy, gilt frame, visitors notice a small blemish, but which, upon closer examination, proves to be a small silver coin. Our readers need not be told why that bit of metal is thus carefully preserved.

A BRAVE MAN.

We have read of a battle in India, where column after column reeled back from a breach that vomited forth death on thousands, until an ensign at the head of his company rushed up through the rain of bullets, and planted the British flag on the ramparts. His example encouraged the troops, and the town was taken. The gallant young soldier was found dead, but still standing, clinging to the staff of the flag he had planted so bravely. His body had formed a target for the enemy's marksmen. When they tried to remove him, they found the staff could not be released from his death grasp without force. So they buried him with "the banner he had borne so well." And without the walls of that city a tall tamarind sheds its fruit over the grave of Ensign Vernon.—*Boston Bee*.

The praise of the envious is far less creditable than their censure. They praise only that which they can surpass; but that which surpasses them they censure.

VALUE OF JEWELS.

A lot of jewelry, sold at auction a few years since in London, brought \$229,000. The crown of her British Majesty cost \$555,000. The pearl which Cleopatra dissolved and drank to the health of Marc Antony, is estimated by Pliny at about \$375,000. Fenchwanger records a small box, containing a diamond, a blue sapphire, a Brazilian berge, and a few Peruvian emeralds, sold for \$830,000. Murray mentions a pair of bracelets set with brilliants, valued at the enormous sum of \$5,000,000. But the most precious of all gems is the diamond; it exceeds in value a hundred thousand times its weight in gold. It is a portable empire. The great Russian diamond is estimated at \$1,000,000; one belonging to the Rajah of Mattan, in Borneo, at \$1,840,000; the celebrated Regent diamond, now among the crown jewels of France, at \$2,000,000; one is the Austrian diadem, at \$450,000; and three is the Persian, dignified with the grandiloquent titles, "Mountain of Splendor," "Sea of Glory," and "Crown of the Moon," at \$900,000. The largest diamond known, that of the King of Portugal, is counted worth \$2,500,000; and the famous "Koh-i-noor," or "Mountain of Light," belonging to Queen Victoria, is said to be equal in value to half the daily expenses of the whole world. A string of such pearls a mile long would purchase the fee-simple of the globe; and one that would belt Britain might, at the same rate, buy up the solar system.—*Life Illustrated*.

EXTRAVAGANCE OF TURKISH LADIES.

Life in the harem would be insupportable were it not for the stimulants of luxury and dress; and the extravagance of the favorites of the Seraglio in particular is proverbial. A correspondent writing from Constantinople says: "These ladies have at length run up such terrible long bills, that the Sultan has just caused all the creditors to be called together, and their accounts examined. The charges of these dealers being judged too high, as is usual, both in the East and elsewhere, the merchants were obliged to consent to a deduction of ten per cent. on their accounts; and this point being satisfactorily settled, the Sultan has engaged to pay up the amount (no less than fifty-four millions of piasters), in monthly instalments, out of his private purse. But to think of a company of women, secluded from the rest of the world, and with nothing better to do than to run up bills for silks, gauzes, cachemires, jewels, sweetmeats, and cosmetics, to the tune of fifty-four millions of piasters (\$4,320,000)!"—*New York Mirror*.

SENSIBILITIES OF THE BRAIN.

Extreme emaciation, produced by low diet and exhausting diseases, is highly injurious to the brain. Great mental depression, and even in some cases insanity, are generally produced by the exhausted and bloodless condition arising from protracted abstinence, exhausting diseases, blood-letting, hemorrhage, or any cause by which the quantity of blood is greatly reduced and its quality impaired. A copious supply of good blood enables the brain to nourish itself properly, diminishes its irritability, and prevents those degenerations of its substance which are apt to occur in all impoverished constitutions.—*Hall*.

MUSINGS.

BY U. D. THOMAS.

I was musing—musing lonely,
At my window yester-night,
While my candle, burning dimly,
Shed around a fitful light;
While the wind without was moaning—
Moaning through the naked trees,
I was musing on the future,
And its dread uncertainties.

Darkness o'er my spirit brooded,
Like the darkness of a room,
Where the dying embers only
Gave distinctness to the gloom;
Wearily the moments glided,
Wearily, with sadness fraught;
Clad in sable robes of mourning,
Seemed each melancholy thought.

Then the future to my vision
Seemed its mysteries to unclose;
I beheld life's dreary pathway
Thickly set with lurking foes;
Friendship seemed unreal and fleeting,
Love inconstant and untrue—
And the stars that hope had lighted,
One by one in clouds withdrew.

Then I prayed in deepest anguish,
That the cup might pass from me,
That those days of darker sorrow
I might never live to see;
And, the while, a change came o'er me,
Like a wave from Lethe's tide,
A most sweet and soothing calmness
O'er my spirit seemed to glide.

Then a something spoke within me,
That did more than mortal seem;
Whispering softly—whispering sweetly,
Like an angel in a dream:
"Fear not thou to trust the future!
Whate'er thy lot may fall:
God is with thee and above thee;
He directs and governs all."

LITTLE KINDNESSES.

We have long since come to the conviction that the habit (easily acquired) of conferring and reciprocating little kindnesses is the heart's proper element. Their cost is so trifling, they afford so much pleasure to the parties who are in the secret, and make the pulse beat so healthily, that from a motive of very selfishness they should be kept up. The mutual exchanges of love, regard and pure affection which we hint at, are the very lungs of life. They are not to be occasional, studied, or of necessity. O, no! Let them be free-will offerings, perpetual in their freshness. If we have a beautiful flower given us, or growing in our garden, the poet will convey it to a friend, unharmed. Send it; ay, send anything, however trifling, that can speak the eloquent feelings of a tender, loving heart.—*Boston Evening Gazette.*

No cord or cable can draw so forcibly, or bind so fast, as love can do with only a single thread.

GREAT DIAMOND OF RUSSIA.

In the first volume of the quarto edition of "P. S. Pallas's Travels through the Southern Provinces of the Russian Empire in the years 1793 and 1794," which was taken from a wreck on the coast of Cape Cod, we find a very full and interesting account of "The Moon of the Mountain," the celebrated diamond of Russian royalty. Pallas was Counsellor of State to the Czar Alexander, and during his stay at Astrakan became acquainted with the heirs of Grigori Safarov Shaf-rass, the Armenian who sold the precious gem to Russia. Shah Nadir had in his throne, with this diamond, another of equal splendor, called the "Sun of the Sea." At the time of his assassination the soldiers secured and secretly sold many of the richest ornaments belonging to the Persian Crown. Shaf-rass, also named Millionshik, or the Man of Millions, resided at Bassora. One day an Arganian Chief visited him, and secretly proposed to sell the diamond, with other precious stones. He was surprised at the low price demanded, and affirming that he had not money enough to buy the jewels, asked time to consult two brothers who were in business with him. The Armenian, with the approval of his brothers, went in pursuit of the vender. He wandered in vain in search of the treasure. Shaf-rass at length accidentally met the Arganian in Bagdad, and bought all the jewels in his possession for 50,000 piastres.

The gem of the first water, with a large emerald and ruby, was laid away in brilliant seclusion for twelve years. Then the Armenian, whose fears of losing the royal plunder were overcome by the love of money, set off with the jewels for a market. Passing through Itham and Constantinople, he directed his course across Hungary and Silesia to Amsterdam, where he made the first public display of the beautiful stones, and offered them for sale. It is said that the English Government was among the bidders. Russia sent for the "Moon of the Mountain," promising to pay the expenses of transmitting it if not purchased. The Russian Minister, Count Panin, through M. Laseref, the Court jeweller, made the following offer:—Shaf-rass was to have the patent of hereditary nobility, an annual pension of 6000 roubles, i. e., \$4500, during life, and 500,000 roubles, or \$375,000 in cash. The Armenian, feeling that "blessings brighten as they take their flight," became so extravagant in his demands that the negotiation was broken off and the diamond returned. Shaf-rass was now in trouble. His outlay had been great, and he had borrowed large amounts. He absconded, and went back to Astrakan. Afterward, Count Grigoricish Orlov renewed the Russian offer to purchase; and Shaf-rass accepted 450,000 roubles, or \$337,500, ready money, together with the grant of Russian nobility. About one quarter of the sum was paid to the negotiators, and the rest, which at the death of the Armenian was the dower of his daughters, was squandered by the extravagance of their husbands. The diamond was secure, and shines on, though royal eyes which beheld its light with pride of power have lost their fire forever. Such is the story of the "Moon of the Mountain,"—the ornament of a sceptre which is shaken now in its sweep over the domain of the sultan. Who shall tell its history in the future? —*New York Sun.*

TOGETHER IN THE ARK.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

Wearily our hearts were drifted,
O'er the dark, uncertain wave,
Where the tide of error lifted
Phantoms from their alkmy grave.

She was proud, but I was prouder;
Each to each would scorn to yield;
As the voice of pride grew louder,
So each stubborn heart grew steeled;

Steeled against the plaintive pleading
Of the voice within the soul;
Though that very soul lay bleeding
At the threshold of life's goal.

I had fame and she had beauty,—
Each had once been lovers true,
And the shrine of love and duty
Never vows so holy knew.

We had pictured out our bridal
Underneath the skies of May;
But the bark that held the idol
On the shore of error lay.

Thus it happened for a season—
Each a friend and yet a foe;
Though to think of love was treason,
Each no other thought could know.

But at last stern pride has yielded;
All is bright that once was dark;
And our hearts, by true love shielded,
Are together—in the ark.

THE BELLE OF GRANADA.

BY ELLEN HUSTACE.

CELESTINE PEREZ, at the age of eighteen, was the most famous beauty of Granada. An orphan, and heiress to an immense fortune, she lived under the care of an old uncle, hard and avaricious, who was called Alonzo. He was occupied during the day in counting his ducats, and through the night in driving away the serenaders who sought the window of Celestine. The intention of Alonzo was to marry this rich heiress to Don Henrique, his son, who had already studied six years at Salamanca, and had begun to translate Cornelius Nepos quite passably.

All the handsome cavaliers of Granada were lovers of Celestine; but they could only see her at mass, and the church days were strictly kept by these worthy devotees. Among the most distinguished of these was Don Pedro Alvarez, captain of cavalry. Of little wealth, but of noble family, brave and distinguished, he attracted the eyes of all the dames of Granada, but he

only perceived Celestine. This she soon discovered, and her glances, in return, were directed to him alone.

Thus they passed two months without daring to speak, but at the end of that time Don Pedro found means to convey to his mistress a letter, in which he disclosed to her all that she well knew already. He also solicited permission to stand beneath her window, and behold her near him, if for only a moment. Such is the custom in Spain, where the lattices serve more for the night than the day. At a late hour, when the street is deserted, the lover, enveloped in his cloak, armed with his sword, and invoking the god of love and silence, walks joyfully toward the happy spot, and takes his station beneath the barred window. Soon it is softly opened. A charming Spaniard appears, and asks, in trembling tones, if any one is below. Her lover, transported with joy, re-assures her; he speaks in a low voice; they interrupt each other, saying a thousand times the same thing; vows ascend to the lattice; kisses fly through the air. But the day approaches—they must separate. An hour is passed in bidding adieu, and they part without having said a thousandth portion of all they had intended.

The window of Celestine overlooked a small place, almost deserted, and occupied only by a few poor people. The old nurse of Don Pedro there dwelt in a miserable chamber, opposite the room of his mistress. Pedro soon sought his old friend.

"My good woman," said he, "I have too long suffered you to remain in this miserable place. This forgetfulness is culpable on my part; go and occupy a room near me, and leave this humble abode for me to dispose of."

The good nurse could only reply with her tears. She accepted with joy the exchange, and kissed the hands of her pious foster-son.

No king ever took possession of his regal palace with greater joy than Don Pedro felt, when established in his nurse's apartment. As soon as night came, Celestine appeared at the window; the days were passed in writing to each other, and no cloud seemed to obscure their happiness, when Don Henrique, the son of Alonzo, and the future husband of Celestine, arrived from Salamanca, bringing a declaration of love in Latin, which he had been months in writing.

While Alonzo was preparing the marriage contract for his son and Celestine, the lovers determined to secure their happiness by an elopement. They decided to fly to Lisbon. Every preparation was made; Don Pedro, after having left his horses outside the city, was to seek Ce-

stine, who would descend from the window, and both were to fly to Portugal.

Don Pedro employed all the hours of the day in arranging his affairs; and Celestine, on her part, re-opened again and again a little casket of jewels which her mother had left for her. It was filled with diamonds and other precious stones, and among the rest shone a ring of emerald polish Don Pedro had lately given her. This treasure she was to bear away, and guarding it carefully, Celestine sat watching at the window, as Don Pedro hurried towards the spot, his heart palpitating with joy and expectation.

But just as he arrived at the street, he heard cries for succor, and turning, saw two men attacked by five assassins, armed with swords and clubs, and evidently intent on murder. The brave Pedro forgot everything to throw himself on the aggressors; he pounded two, when the others fled. What was his surprise at recognizing in those he had delivered, Alonso the uncle of Celestine, and Don Henrique! Don Pedro sought in vain to free himself from his companions. In their gratitude, they determined that he should pass the night with them, and the poor lover found that he had already lost two hours of his precious time. Alas, he little knew of the misfortune that had already occurred!

One of the assassins, in his flight, passed beneath the window of Celestine. The night was very obscure, and the unhappy maiden, when she saw the ruffian appear, believed that Don Pedro had at last arrived. Extending her hand with a sigh of impatience and joy, and presenting the casket:

"Take these diamonds," she said to him, "while I descend."

At the word diamonds, the assassin stopped, seized the casket without replying, and while Celestine was occupied in descending, he fled precipitately.

Judge of the surprise of Celestine when alone in the street she looked around her in vain for him she had thought to be Don Pedro! She called in a low voice, but no one responded. Fear seized her; she knew not what to do. Should she return to the house? Should she leave the city and seek for the horses and attendants of Don Pedro who awaited them? She hesitated; the silence and obscurity of the streets redoubled all her fears. At last she encountered a man, and asked in a trembling voice for the street which conducted to the gate of the city. The man pointed it out. She advanced with courage, and soon found herself in the environs of Granada. Here she sought in vain for

Don Pedro; calling him at every step, she still advanced, but in a direction opposite to Portugal.

However, Don Pedro, believing that Celestine had seen or learned the cause of his delay, submitted to the entreaties of Alonso and his son, and entered the house with them. Here the tutor sent to the chamber of his niece, to inform her of the peril they had escaped. But the room was deserted, and by the open window they saw that Celestine had fled. The house was alarmed; all started in pursuit. Don Pedro, in despair, would have followed on the moment, but Henrique, thanking him for the interest he seemed to take in their misfortune, insisted on accompanying him. Don Pedro then convinced him that each should take separate roads; he ran to rejoin his people, not doubting that Celestine had taken the road to Portugal, while Henrique galloped towards the road which the fugitive had really taken.

The sad Celestine continued to travel on toward the mountains. Soon she heard the sound of horses behind her. Her first thought was that it might be Don Pedro, her second that either travellers or brigands were approaching. She left the road, trembling, and concealed herself in a thicket. Soon she saw Don Henrique pass, followed by his attendants. Alarmed at the sight, and fearing to fall again into the power of Alonso, she left the main road, and turned into the entrance of a wood.

The Sierra Nevada are a chain of mountains that lie between Granada and the Mediterranean Sea. They are inhabited only by shepherds and laborers. As Celestine, worn and weary, rested a moment from her journey, she heard a voice singing a sad and touching air. Turning towards the spot from whence the voice proceeded, she perceived a young man habited as a hunter; in his hands he carried a gun, and at his side was suspended a bundle covered with goat-skin. Approaching the stranger, Celestine thus addressed him:

"I am alone and unprotected; have pity on my unfortunate state, and direct me to a village or habitation where I can find repose and sustenance."

"Alas, madam, I would gladly conduct you to the village of Gadara, situated behind these rocks, but you will require it not, when I tell you that my mistress resides there, and yesterday espoused my rival. I quit these mountains forever, carrying only with me my gun and a shepherd's suit, as a remembrance of happy days forever passed and gone."

These few words inspired Celestine with a

new idea. "My friend," she said to the youth, "you cannot travel without money. I have many pieces of gold which I will share with you, if you will give me the garments which you carry in the package."

The young stranger accepted the offer. Celestine gave him a dozen ducats, and after having inquired the road to Gadara, she bade adieu to the hunter, and entered a grotto to attire herself as a shepherd.

She soon appeared again, with a jacket of chamois skin, slashed with celestial blue, a hat ornamented with ribbons, and was more beautiful in this disguise than when covered with jewels and decked for the balls of Granada. She then took the road to the village, stopped in the market-place, and inquired if any one needed a keeper on his farm. All surrounded, and gazed upon her. The young girls admired the beautiful golden locks that hung upon her shoulders, her eyes so soft and brilliant, her noble carriage and graceful motions—all surprised and delighted them. No one believed that it was other than a handsome young man. One thought it was a great lord in disguise. Another said it was a prince, in love with a shepherdess. And the magistrate, who was the poet of the place, declared that it was Apollo descended to earth again more charming than ever.

Celestine, who now assumed the name of Marcello, was not long in finding a master. It was the old alcade of the village, regarded as the most honest man of the country. This good laborer, for the alcades are not much more, soon felt the most tender friendship for Celestine. Not more than a month passed, in her duty as shepherd, when she was employed to direct the household affairs; and Marcello performed every duty with such sweetness and fidelity, that master and servants were equally pleased. Marcello was the example and love of the village. His sweetness, his graces and wisdom won all hearts.

"See," said the mothers to their sons, "see this good Marcello. He is always with his master; he is occupied ever in making others comfortable and happy; and he never quits his duties, like you, to run after the shepherdesses."

Thus passed two years. Celestine, thinking always of Don Pedro, had secretly sent a shepherd, whom she could trust, to Granada to obtain information of her lover, Alonzo, and Don Henrique. The messenger, on his return, reported that the old man Alonzo was dead, that Henrique was married, and that Don Pedro, for two years, had not been seen in the country. Celestine then gave up all hope of ever seeing

him again, and strove to content herself with the prospect of passing her life in the village, with a heart dead to the sentiment of love, when the old alcade, her master, fell dangerously ill. Marcello watched over him with the greatest care and tenderness, but notwithstanding this, he died in a few days, and left all his property to her.

All the village wept for the alcade, and after the funeral assembled to choose his successor. In Spain, certain villages have the right to name their alcade, who performs the duties of magistrate and judge, pronouncing sentence upon, or restoring liberty to the few offenders who occasionally transgress the laws among these simple rustics.

The villagers, on assembling to decide upon their new ruler, declared unanimously that the will of the old alcade had pointed out his successor. The old men, followed by all the youth of the place, then marched with much ceremony to the dwelling of Marcello, carrying the mark of dignity, an ivory baton. Celestine accepted it, and touched to tears by this proof of affection from these honest people, she resolved to consecrate to her duties a life which could never be blessed by affection.

While the new alcade is thus occupied, we will return to the unhappy Don Pedro, whom we left galloping on the road to Portugal, seeking always for her whom he hoped to encounter. At length he arrived at Lisbon, without having heard any news of Celestine. He retraced his steps, searching in vain on the borders of the route, and returned discouraged and hopeless. After having assured himself that his dear Celestine had not returned to Granada, he imagined that she had perhaps gone to Seville, where she had relatives. He hastened to Seville; the relatives had lately left in a vessel for Mexico. Don Pedro doubted not that his mistress had departed with them, and took passage in the next vessel, arrived at Mexico, found the friends of Celestine, but they could give him no information regarding her. In returning to Spain, the ship was wrecked upon the coast. Don Pedro saved himself upon the fragments of the wreck, reached the shore, and penetrating into the mountains to ask succor, the chances of love conducted him to Gadara.

Having entered the first inn that they met with, Don Pedro and his companions in misfortune congratulated themselves on their escape, and while talking over their dangers, one of the passengers commenced quarrelling with a sailor for the possession of a casket, which the passenger declared to be his property. Don Pedro,

who sought to appease the quarrel, requested the claimant to describe the contents of the casket, and opened it himself to ascertain the truth.

Imagine his astonishment at recognizing the jewels of Celestine, and among them the emerald that he had given her! Remaining for an instant immovable, he examined more attentively the precious treasure; then fixing his eyes, filled with fury, on the passenger, he exclaimed:

"Of whom did you obtain this casket?"

"That is of no importance to you," fiercely replied the man; "it is sufficient that I claim it as my property."

He then attempted to wrest the treasure from Don Pedro, but he, placing it within his doublet, drew his sword, and attacking the robber:

"Traitor," cried he, "confess thy crime, or thou diest within the hour."

In saying these words, he threw himself upon his enemy, who defended himself with valor, but soon fell, pierced with a mortal wound.

At this sight, all the villagers gathered around Don Pedro; they surrounded and seized him, threw him into a prison, and the innkeeper ran to urge his wife to seek a priest, while he went to deliver the casket into the hands of the alcade and inform him of what had happened.

What was the joy and astonishment of Celestine at recognizing her diamonds and hearing that the robber was in custody! She ran hastily to the inn; the priest was already there, and the dying man, touched by his exhortations, confessed that two years before, in passing through a street in Granada, a female from a window had lowered to him a casket, telling him to guard it while she descended, that he had fled with the jewels, and that he asked pardon of God and the person he had robbed. After this recital, he expired, and Celestine hastened to the prison.

How her heart palpitated, as she advanced! She believed, after having heard of the rescue of her jewels, that she should behold Don Pedro; but she feared to be recognized by him. Drawing her hat over her eyes, enveloping herself in her cloak, and preceded by the jailor carrying a light, she descended to the dungeon.

Hardly had she reached the foot of the stairs, when she recognized her lover. At this sight, joy for a moment clouded her senses; she leaned against the wall; her head fell on her shoulder, and tears flowed over her cheeks. But soon rising, she sought to subdue her emotion, and approached the prisoner.

"Stranger," said she, disguising her voice, "you have committed a crime; you have killed your companion. What has led to an act so culpable?"

Here her voice failed her, and sinking upon a stone bench, she covered her face with her hand.

"Alcade," replied Don Pedro, "I have not committed a crime; it was an act of justice. But I demand death. Death alone will end the sufferings of which this villain, whom I have slain, was the first cause. Condemn me—I have no wish to defend myself; deliver me of a life which has no joys for me since I have lost all hope of ever finding—"

As he finished, his lips pronounced the name of Celestine.

Celestine trembled, in hearing him pronounce her name. She was no longer mistress of herself; she rose, and would on the instant have revealed herself to her lover, but the presence of the jailor restrained her.

"Go," she said to him, "I would remain alone with the prisoner."

She is obeyed. Then advancing to Don Pedro and extending her hand, she said, with much emotion:

"You have always loved, then, her who has lived only for you?"

At the sound of her voice, at these words, Don Pedro raised his head, but dared not believe his eyes.

"O, heaven! is it you? Is it my Celestine? Or is it an angel who has taken this figure? Ah, it is she; I can doubt no longer," he cried; and folding her in his arms, he kissed away her tears. "It is my love, my Celestine, and all my misfortunes are ended."

"No," replied Celestine, after some moments' silence, "you are guilty of murder. I cannot break your chains, but I will go to-morrow to the city, reveal all to the governor, tell him my birth and history, recount our misfortunes, and if he refuses thee thy liberty, I will return here to end my days in a prison."

Day had hardly dawned when Celestine, who had revealed her story to her loved companions the villagers, went, accompanied by them, to the palace of the governor. There she betrayed her sex, told her adventures, and informed the ruler of the crime which Don Pedro had committed, and of the motives which rendered it excusable. All the inhabitants fell at the feet of the governor, entreating that the request of their loved Marcello should be granted. A pardon is pronounced, and they hasten back to open the prison doors of Don Pedro.

As the happy lover pressed Celestine once more to his heart, an old man advanced from among the villagers.

"Stranger," said he, "we have given you your liberty, but you would take from us our

Marcello ; and our loss will be greater than your benefit. Deign to become our alcade, our master, and our friend. Live for the future among us, and permit us to reverence and admire as your wife her, who as a noble youth first won our affections."

Don Pedro and Celestine, touched by this new proof of affection, could not refuse the request of the inhabitants of Gadara. They returned to Granada, where they converted their wealth into money, and after their nuptials were solemnized, they chose for their future home a domain among these friendly people, who never ceased to bless the day when the youth Marcello first sought an asylum among them.

ASTONISHED!

A newspaper in one of the midland counties of Pennsylvania relates the following:

"A singular accident occurred on the Reading Railroad on Monday last. As the morning train was approaching Manayunk, the cylinder-head of the engine blew out, and with such tremendous violence, that, at the distance of forty yards, it struck a man who was walking between two others on the opposite track, carrying away the top of his head entirely, leaving his companion uninjured, but—considerably astonished."

"Considerably astonished!" We should think so.

A man—a friend—is walking by your side, along the public highway. You are talking as you jog along, when presently your friend has half of his head completely blown off by an explosion, and you are "*considerably astonished!*"

That is to say, the man was quite surprised! It seems to us that the use of this word, in this place, is almost as ridiculous as the Frenchman who said to an American friend, that he was "*very much dissatisfied,*" having just heard of the death of his father!—*Harper's Magazine.*

KILL OR CURE.

When old Bogus's wife fell ill, he sent for a doctor as sordid and avaricious as himself. Before the doctor saw the patient, he wished to have an understanding with the miserly husband.

"Here's forty dollars," said Bogus, "and you shall have it whether you cure my wife or kill her."

The woman died, and the doctor called for the fee.

"Did you kill my wife?" asked Bogus.

"Certainly not!" replied the indignant doctor.

"Well, you didn't cure her?"

"You know she's dead."

"Very well, then, leave the house in double quick time," said Bogus. "A bargain's a bargain. It was kill or cure, and you did neither."
—*Eccentric Anecdotes.*

A WILL IN RHYME.—A Chancery Lane lawyer died lately in London, and the following was actually probated as his last will and testament:

"As to all my earthly goods, now and to be in store,
I give them to my beloved wife and sons forevermore;
I give all freely—I no limit fix;
This is my will, and she's executrix."

BASKET WILLOW.

There is no fear about finding a ready market for any quantity of willow. It can be used for such a great variety of purposes that there is no calculating the amount that will be used in this country when it can be obtained. It can be peeled by machinery, at a cost not exceeding ten dollars a ton, and the whole cost of raising and peeling a ton not exceeding twenty dollars; it will sell for one hundred and fifty dollars, and it will be a long time before the market can be supplied so as to reduce the price, and it will never be reduced so that it will not pay better, perhaps, than any other farm crop. The amount annually imported into this country from France and Germany is variously stated to be from five to six million dollars worth. At present New York monopolizes the whole willow trade; but they will find a ready market when offered in any city in the Union. In St. Louis and all the Western cities they are worth three cents per pound more than in the Eastern cities. Two or three tons may be considered a fair average yield per acre, in good situations and with proper cultivation. After the second year they will generally shade the ground, and so they require no cultivation. Willows can be cut any time after the leaves fall, before the buds begin to swell in the spring. The bark makes good mulching for fruit-trees. It contains a large amount of potash.—*Tribune.*

RAILWAYS IN INDIA.

The progress of railways in India exceeds all anticipation. The line of 1000 miles from Calcutta to Delhi, for which government gave the land, is advancing at each extremity. One hundred and twenty-five miles from Calcutta to Ranagungee are open; and another seventy-five miles, to Rajamahall, will soon be ready. The four hundred miles from Delhi to Allahabad are to be finished in 1857. To travel between those two cities at present takes four days and nights, and costs \$125; but by rail it will be a journey of twenty-four hours, at a charge of \$30. The whole line is to be completed in 1859.—*Boston Journal.*

GAS ENGINE.

Many attempts have been made to construct gunpowder and explosive gas engines, but Dr. Drake of Philadelphia, is the first inventor who has succeeded in harnessing this mighty agent, and making it subservient to driving machinery. In external appearance, Dr. D.'s machine resembles a horizontal engine. It has a piston and cylinder, but in its other parts a number of new devices are involved that are not required for steam. Motion is produced by exploding gas in the cylinder, first behind and then in front of the piston, just the same in effect as steam is employed.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

The day is passed when science and learning were feared as contradicting the Bible; rightly used and applied, they verify every page. Progress and improvement are the business and duties of reasonable beings. We are not to live merely upon the past, upon other man's thoughts and opinions.

TO S. J. S.—

BY BLANCHÉ LEE.

Thou'rt far away!

Thy vessel ploughs the foaming main,
Where the billows heave and foam again,
Where the lightnings flash,
And thunders crash,
On the restless, ever moving sea;
Yet, dear one, I remember thee,
Far, far away.

I think of thee

When morn unbars the gates of day,
And evening shades fly swift away,
When the sun rides high
In the boundless sky,
And sinks from our gaze in the west;
When darkness falls,
Like a leaden pall,
O'er the earth, and the world is at rest;
Then, love, I think of thee.

And when amid the world's gay throng,
In halls of mirth and pride,
I cannot join in jest and song,
Thou art not by my side.
My heart is sad; I turn away
To shed a silent tear,
And weep in loneliness of heart,
Because thou art not here.

Then hasten from the dark blue sea,
Where the rolling waves are dashing free,
To thine own dear home,
No more to roam
From the friends who are waiting for thee.

Almighty Father! thou that calm'st
The angry wind and wave,
Protect the loved, the absent one,
From a cold, watery grave;
And, by thy everlasting hand,
O, bring him to his native land.

THE ROYAL BIRTH MARK.

On the banks of the sonorous river Tsampa, whose thundering cataracts refresh the burning soil, and sometimes shake the mighty mountains which divide Thibet from the empire of Mogul, there lived a wealthy and revered lama, whose lands were tributary to the Supreme Lama, or Secordotal Emperor, who governs all the land from China to the pathless desert of Cobi; but though his flocks and herds were scattered over a hundred hills, and the number of his slaves exceeded the breathings of man's life, yet was he chiefly known, throughout all the east, as the father of Serinda. It was the beauty, the virtue, the accomplishments of Serinda that gave him all his fame, and all his happiness; for Lama Zarin considered the advantages which birth, and wealth, and power, conferred, as trifling, when

compared with that of being father to Serinda. All the anxiety he ever felt, proceeded from the thoughts relative to her welfare, when he could no longer guard the innocence of her, whom he expected soon to quit forever. A dreadful malady, which had long seized him at a stated hour each day, he found was gaining on him, and threatened, in spite of all the arts of medicine, to put a speedy period to his existence.

One day, after a fit which had attacked him with more violence than usual, he sent for the fair Serinda, and, gently beckoning her to approach his couch, he addressed her thus:

"Daughter of my hopes and fears! Heaven grant that thou mayest smile forever! Yet, while my soul confesses its delight in gazing on thee, attend to the foreboding melancholy dictates of a dying father's spirit; my Serinda, whose breath refreshes like the rose; and whose purity should, like the jessamine, diffuse voluptuous satisfaction on all around her, disturbs the peace of her dejected father, embittering all the comforts of his life, and making his approach to death more terrible!"

At these words, Serinda, unconscious of offence, and doubting what she heard, fell on her knees, and urged her father to explain his meaning; while he, gently raising her, proceeded thus:

"The angel of death who admonishes and warns the faithful in the hour of sickness, ere he strikes the fatal blow, has summoned me to join thy holy mother, who died when she gave birth to my Serinda; yet let me not depart to the unknown and fearful land of death, and leave my daughter unprotected. O, my Serinda, speak! hast thou ever seriously reflected on the danger to which thy orphan state must soon be subject; surrounded as thou then wilt be, with suitor lamas of various dispositions and pretensions! Some with mercenary cunning, wooing thy possessions through thy person; others, haughtily demanding both, and threatening a helpless heiress with their powerful love?"

He then reminded her that he had from time to time presented her with portraits of the several princes and lamas who had solicited a union with his house; and which they had sent, according to the custom of Thibet—where the sexes can never see each other, till they are married; he also repeated, that he had already himself given her in writing an epitome of their characters, their good and evil qualities, their ages, their possessions, and their rank in the priesthood of the lama; and concluded by saying: "Tell me, then, my Serinda, which of all these mighty princes can claim a preference in the soul of my beloved daughter?"

Serinda blushed and sighed, but answered not. Lama Zarin desired that she would withdraw, to consult the paper which he had given her; to compare it with the several portraits; and determine before his next day's fit returned, which might be most deserving of her love.

At the word love, Serinda blushed again, but knew not why. Her father saw the crimson on her cheek; but said it was the timid flushing of a virgin's modesty; and urged her to withdraw, and to be quick in her decision.

Serinda, with innocence, replied: "My father knows that he is himself the only man I ever saw, and, I think, the only being I can ever love; at least, my love will ever be confined to those objects which delight or benefit my father, whether they be man, or beasts! I love this favorite dog, which my father so frequently caresses; I loved the favorite horse on which my father rode till, by a fall he put his master's life in danger—then, I hated him. But, when the tiger had seized my father on the ground, and he was delivered by his trusty slave, I loved Tarempou; and, since my father daily acknowledges that he saved his life, I love Tarempou still."

The father heard her artless confession; and told her that Tarempou was no lama.

"But," said she, "which of all those lamas who now demand my love, has made an interest in my heart by services to my father, like the slave Tarempou? And yet I have not seen his person, or his picture; nor know I whether he is old or young; but he has saved my father's life, and is a favorite of my father; therefore, it is my duty surely to love, and I will love the good Tarempou."

The lama, smiling, gently rebuked his daughter for the freedom of her expression, and desired her to withdraw; after he had explained to her that love was impious, according to the law of Thibet, betwixt any of the race of lamas and their slaves. Serinda left her father; and, as she stroked his favorite dog, which lay at the door of his apartment, a tear trembled in her eye, lest she should be guilty of impiety.

And now the slave, Tarempou, who for his services had been advanced from chief of the shepherds to chief of the household, had an audience of his master; and, observing him unusually dejected, declared that he had himself acquired some knowledge of medicine, and humbly begged permission to try his skill where every other attempt had proved unsuccessful. The lama heard his proposal with a mixture of pleasure and contempt—or, as it is expressed in the original, "His eyes flashed joy, his brow looked forgiveness; but contempt and incredulity smiled on

his lips, while his tongue answered the faithful Tarempou in gratitude and doubt."

The slave replied: "May Lama Zarin live forever! I boast no secret antidote; no mystic charm, to work a sudden miracle; but I have been taught, in Europe, the gradual effects of alterative medicines. It is from these, alone, that I expect to gain in time, by perseverance, a complete victory over the disease; and if, in seven days, the smallest change encourage me to persevere, I will then boldly look forward, and either die or conquer."

The prince assented; and from that day became the patient of Tarempou, whose situation, both as chief in the house, and as physician, gave him a right to be at all times in the lama's presence, save when Serinda paid her daily visit to her father, and then he had notice to withdraw.

The first week had not elapsed, before the lama was convinced that his disease gave way to the medicines of his favorite; the fits returned, indeed; but, every day, they attacked him with less violence, and were of shorter duration. In proportion as Tarempou became less necessary as a physician, his company became more desirable as a friend. He possessed a lively imagination, and had improved his natural good understanding by travel in distant countries; thus his conversation often turned on subjects which were quite new to the delighted lama. They talked of laws, religion, and customs of foreign kingdoms, comparing them with those of Thibet; and, by degrees, the slave became the friend, and almost equal, of his master. Among other topics of discourse, the lama would often tell of the virtues and endowments of his beloved daughter; while Tarempou listened with delight and felt an interest in the subject, which he was at a loss himself to comprehend. On the other hand, in the conversations of the lama with Serinda, he could talk of nothing but the skill and wisdom of Tarempou; wondering at such various knowledge in so young a man.

It happened, one day, when he had been repeating to his daughter the account Tarempou gave of European manners, that Serinda blushed and sighed; her father asked the cause, when she ingenuously confessed, that he had so often mentioned this young slave, that she could think of nothing else by day or night; and that, in her dreams, she saw him, and thought he was a lama worthy of her love. Then, turning to her father, with artless innocence, she said:

"O, lama, tell me! can my sleep be impious?"

Her father saw her with emotion; and told her that she must think of him no more.

"I will endeavor to obey," she said; "but I

shall dream, and sleep will impiously restore my banished waking thoughts."

The lama, dreading the flame which he had himself kindled in his daughter's bosom, endeavored to check her rising passion: and resolved, henceforth, never again to tell her of the slave Tarempou. But it was now too late; love, of the purest kind, had taken full possession of the virgin's heart; and, while she struggled to obey her father, the fierce contention betwixt this unknown guest, and the dread of being impious, preyed upon her health, till feverish days, and sleepless nights, at length exposed her life to danger.

It was impossible for Lama Zarin to conceal from Tarempou—whom we will no longer call his slave, but his faithful friend—the sickness of Serinda; and while he confessed his alarm for his fair daughter's safety, he plainly saw that he had too often described that daughter to his favorite. He saw, what it was impossible for Tarempou to conceal, that he had been the fatal cause of mutual passion, to two lovers, who had never seen, and but for him, could never have essentially heard of each other. Thus situated—even if the laws of Thibet had permitted the visit of a male physician—prudence would have forbade his employing the only skill in which he now had confidence; but Serinda, whose disease was occasionally attended with delirium, would only call on the name of Tarempou; often repeating: "He saved my father, and it is he alone, who can save the lingering Serinda."

Overcome by the entreaties of his sorrowing daughter, the afflicted father, in an agony of grief, cursed the cruel laws of Thibet; and told her that she should see Tarempou. Serinda heard this with ecstasy; and, knowing that a lama's promises must ever be performed, the words became a balsam to the wounds of love; but the lama had not fixed the time when his sacred promise should be fulfilled; nor would he, until he had first withdrawn, and weighed the consequences of what had fallen from his lips. The oftener he revolved the subject in his thoughts the less appeared the difficulties; and having, by his conversations with Tarempou, raised his mind above the slavish prejudices and customs of his country, he at length resolved to overcome all scruples, and to give his beloved daughter to the only man whom he thought worthy of her.

Full of the idea of their future happiness, he determined to obtain all that remained necessary for its completion; which was the sanction of that higher power to which all the lamas of Thibet are subject. He instantly dispatched

messengers to the great lama, who resides at Tonker; with whom his influence was so great, that he had no doubt that he should obtain whatever he might ask, though unprecedented in the laws of Thibet; laws which forbade the holy race of lamas to intermarry with any but of their own sacred order. And now, unable to suppress the joy which he felt in communicating to the lovers that plan of future bliss he had formed, he raised Tarempou to a pitch of hope, which neither his love, nor his ambition, had ever dared to cherish; and to Serinda he promised, that the sight of her physician, and her lover, should only be deferred one week, or till the messenger returned from the great lama at Tonker.

From this day the physician was no longer necessary; but the week appeared a tedious age to the expecting love of young Tarempou, and his promised bride, Serinda.

The seven days at length elapsed; when the messenger returned from Tonker, with the following answer:

"The most sacred sultan, the mighty sovereign lama, who enjoyeth life forever, and at whose nod a thousand princes perish or revive, sendeth to Lama Zarin, greeting. Report has long made known, at Tonker, the beauty of Serinda; and, by the messenger, we learn the matchless excellence of thy slave Tarempou. In answer, therefore, to thy request, that these may be united, mark the purpose of our sovereign will, which not to obey is death, throughout the realms of Thibet. The lovers shall not see each other, till they both stand before the sacred footsteps of our throne at Tonker; that we ourselves, in person, may witness the emotion of their amorous souls."

This answer, far from removing the suspense, created one a thousand times more terrible. The Lama Zarin thought it portended ruin to himself and family; he now reflected on the rash steps he had taken, and feared that his sanguine hopes had been deceived, by frequent conversations with a stranger, who had taught him to think lightly of the laws and customs of Thibet, for which he now recollected with horror, the great lama's bigotry and zeal. He knew that he must obey the summons, and trembled at his situation. Tarempou was too much enamored, to think of any danger which promised him a sight of his beloved mistress; and all the fear he felt was, lest the beauty of Serinda should tempt the supreme lama to seize her for himself. But she, in whose love-sick heart dwelt purest innocence—a fountain from whence sprung hope; which, branching in a thousand channels, diffused itself over all her soul, and gleamed in her counte-

nance, half seen and half concealed, like the meandering veins that sweetly overspread her swelling bosom—revered the lama for his decree; and thought it proceeded from his desire of being witness to the mutual happiness of virtuous love. With these sentiments, she felt only joy at their departure, which took place that very day, with all the pomp and retinue of eastern splendor.

Here, in the original, follows a long detail of their journey; describing the number of their attendants, with the camels and elephants employed on the occasion. It relates that the lama would sometimes travel in the sumptuous palanquin of his daughter, and sometimes rode on the same elephant with Tarempou; dividing his time betwixt the conversation of each, but unable to suppress his apprehensions, or dissipate the fears of his foreboding mind. To compress the story within suitable limits, we shall immediately proceed to the tribunal, which was held in the great Hall of Silence, and leave the reader to imagine the magnificence, which there is not now room to describe at large. At the upper end of a superb apartment, sat, on a throne of massive gold, the supreme lama. Before him, at some distance, were two altars, smoking with fragrant incense; and, around him knelt a hundred lamas, in silent adoration—for, in Thibet, all men pay divine honor to the supreme lama, who is supposed to live forever, the same spirit passing from father to son! To this solemn tribunal, Lama Zarin was introduced by mutes, from an apartment nearly opposite to the throne; and knelt, in awful silence, betwixt the smoking altars. At the same time, from two doors facing each other, were ushered in Tarempou and Serinda; each covered with a thick veil, which was fastened to the summit of their turbans, and touched the ground; and each, accompanied by a mute, fell prostrate before the throne. A dreadful stillness now prevailed—all was mute as death—while doubt, suspense and horror chilled the bosoms of the expecting lovers. In this fearful interval of silence, the throbbing of Serinda's heart became distinctly audible, and pierced the soul of Tarempou. The father heard it, too; and a half-smothered sigh involuntarily stole from his bosom, which resounded through the echoing dome. At length, the solemn, deep-toned voice of the great lama uttered these words:

"Attend! and mark the will of him who speaks with the mouth of Heaven; arise, and hear! Know, that the promise of a lama is sacred as the words of Alla! therefore are ye brought hither, to behold each other; and in this august presence, by a solemn union, to receive the re-

ward of love, which a fond father's praise has kindled in your souls; and which, he having promised, must be fulfilled. Prepare to remove the veils. Let Lama Zarin join your hands, and then embrace each other; but, on your lives, utter not a word; for know that, in the Hall of Silence, it is death for any tongue to sound, but that which speaks the voice of Heaven."

He ceased—and his words resounding from the lofty roof, gradually died on the ear, till the same dreadful stillness again prevailed through all the building—and now, at a signal given, the mutes removed the veils, at the same moment, and discovered the beauteous persons of Tarempou and Serinda. What language can describe the matchless grace of each! far less convey an adequate idea of that expression with which each beheld the other, in agonies of joy, suspense, and rapture! But they gazed in silence; till, by another signal from the throne, the father joined their hands; and then Tarempou, as commanded, embraced his lovely bride; while she, unable to support this trying moment, fainted in his arms.

And now, Tarempou, regardless of the prohibition, exclaimed—"Help! my Serinda dies."

Instantly, the voice from the throne returned this melancholy sound—"Tarempou dies!"

Immediately two mutes approached, with the fatal bow-string; and seizing Tarempou, fixed an instrument of silence on his lips, while other mutes hurried away Serinda, insensible of the danger of her lover.

But the father unable to restrain the anguish of his soul, cried out with bitterness—"If to speak be death, let me die also; but first, I will execrate the savage custom, and curse the laws that doom the innocent!"

He would have proceeded, but other mutes surrounded him, and stopped his speech, as they had done that of Tarempou.

Then the supreme lama again addressed them in these words—"Know, presumptuous and devoted wretches, that before ye broke that solemn law which enjoins silence in this sacred presence, ye were already doomed to death. Thou, Lama Zarin, for daring to degrade the holy priesthood of lamas, by marrying thy daughter to a slave—and thou, Tarempou, for presuming to ally thyself with one of that sacred race. The promise which this foolish lama made, was literally fulfilled; these daring rebels against the laws of Thibet have seen and been united to each other, and the embrace which was permitted, was doomed to be the last. Now therefore, mutes, perform your office on Tarempou first."

They accordingly bound the victim, who was

already gagged, to one of the altars, and were fixing the cord about his neck—when they desisted on a sudden, and prostrating themselves before Tarempou, they performed the same obeisance, which is paid only to the heir of the sacred throne of Tonker! A general consternation seized all present! and the supreme lama, descending from his throne, approached Tarempou, on whose left shoulder, which had been uncovered by the executioners, he now perceived the mystic characters with which the sacred family of Thibet are always distinguished at their birth. He saw the well-known mark; the voice of nature confirmed this testimony of his sight; and falling on the neck of Tarempou, he exclaimed:

"It is my son! my long-lost son! Quickly restore his voice. Henceforth, this place shall be no longer called the Hall of Silence, but of Joy; for in this place, we will to-morrow celebrate the nuptials of Tarempou and Serinda!"

The history then explains this sudden event, by relating, that some Jesuit missionaries, who had gained access to the capital of Thibet, in their zeal for religion, had stolen the heir of the throne, then an infant, hoping to make use of him in the conversion of these people; but, in their retreat through the great desert of Cobi, they had been attacked by a bandit, who killed the Jesuits, and sold the young lama for a slave. He had served in the Ottoman army; he had been taken by the knights of Malta; and afterwards, became servant to a French officer, with whom he travelled through all Europe, and at length accompanied him to India; where, in an engagement with the Mahrattas, he had been again taken prisoner, and sold as a slave to some merchants of Thibet. By these means he came into the service of Lama Zarin, without knowing anything of his origin; or the meaning of those characters which he bore on his left shoulder, and which had effected this wonderful discovery.

The history concludes with saying, that Tarempou was wedded to the fair Serinda, and that their happiness was unexampled; that the lessons he had been taught in the school of adversity, and the observations which he had made in the various countries he had seen, prepared him to abolish the many foolish and impious customs of Thibet; and he caused to be written over the great throne of the great hall this inscription:

"Mark the cries of distress, and give relief—receive the blessings of the grateful, and rejoice in them—hearken to the words of age, experience and goodness, and obey them—stifle not the feelings of humanity, but encourage virtuous love: for the still small voice of innocence and nature is in every country, the true voice of Heaven!"

THE MOON.

"If the moon is made of green cheese," said a philosophical old lady once upon a time, in the town of Rye, on Long Island Sound, "then that settles the question about its being inhabited; 'cause everybody knows that cheese is inhabited!"

Good reasoning; but Lord Ross (whose famous telescope is one of the wonders of the world) don't seem to think so. He says, in a late communication to an English paper:

"Every object on the surface of the moon, of the height of one hundred feet, has been distinctly seen through my instrument; and I have no doubt that, under very favorable circumstances, it would be so with objects of sixty feet in height. On its surface are craters of extinct volcanoes, rocks, and masses of stone almost innumerable. I have no doubt whatever, that this building, or such an one as we are now in, if it were upon the surface of the moon, would be rendered distinctly visible by these instruments. But there are no signs of habitations such as ours; no vestiges of architectural remains to show that the moon is, or ever was, inhabited by a race of mortals similar to ourselves. It presents no appearance which would lead to the supposition that it contained anything like the green fields and lovely verdure of this beautiful world of ours.

"There is no water visible; not a sea, or a river, or even the measure of a reservoir for supplying a town or a factory. All is desolate!"

"Hence," says Dr. Scoresby, "would arise the reflection in the mind of the Christian philosopher, 'Why had this devastation been? Was it a lost world? Had it suffered for its transgression? Had it met the fate which Scripture foretold us was reserved our world? All, all is mysterious conjecture.'"—Knickerbocker.

REFRESHINGLY COOL.

A conductor on a New-England road was sent for by the president or superintendent of the road one day, and rather summarily informed that after that week the company would not require his services. He asked who was to be his successor, and the name was given him. He then asked why he was to be removed. After pressing the question some time, and failing to obtain a satisfactory explanation, a little light dawned upon him, and he addressed his superior officer nearly as follows: "You're about making a great mistake, sir, a great mistake. You know, sir, I have a nice house, a fast horse, a splendid gold watch, and an elegant diamond ring. *That fellow you have chosen to take my place has got to get all these things.*" It is said the argument was conclusive, and the conductor was allowed to retain his position.—Franklin Express.

"How do you like the character of St. Paul?" asked a parson of his landlady one day, during a conversation about the old saints and the apostles. "Ah, he was a good, clever old soul, I know—for he once said, you know, that we must eat what is set before us, and ask no questions for conscience sake. I always thought I should like him for a boarder."—Post.

CELEBRATED CASES OF POISONING.

THE OLD SCHOOLHOUSE.

BY MRS. S. E. DAWES.

In a shady spot by the quiet roadside,
It stands in all its ancient pride,
Save that its olden coat of red
Is now with snowy white o'erspread.

How many forms, years long ago,
Have passed within its portals low,
And up the aisle with cautious feet,
Have safely climbed their lofty seat.

How many aching limbs and sore,
From thence have sought the distant floor,
And finding vain their efforts all,
Have sighed to be like giants tall.

How oft, perchance, some rogue so sly,
Unseen by teacher's watchful eye,
Has down the aisle, on mischief bent,
An apple or an orange sent.

Perhaps beneath the ancient seat,
The girls have dressed their dolls so neat,
Or held a whispered, social chat,
With schoolroom chums who next them sat.

And there enthroned in chair of state,
Behind the desk the master sat,
And while he thundered forth each rule,
Terror reigned in the village school.

From youthful sports and schoolday dreams
Those forms have passed to other scenes,
And other feet now tread the floor,
And play around the schoolhouse door.

CELEBRATED CASES OF POISONING.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIIVAGE.

Our press has briefly alluded to the case of William Palmer, the alleged poisoner and forger, which has caused an excitement all over England, and on the continent of Europe. The cases of which this man stands charged seem to carry us back to the days of the Borgias, in which poisoning was a crime as common as robbery now is. William Palmer is a surgeon by profession, and his house at Rugeley, Staffordshire, in the valley of the Trent, on the line of the North-western Railway, is described as a beautiful residence. Mrs. Palmer, his mother, is the widow of a wealthy dealer in wood. She had five sons and two daughters. Of the five, the first was a lawyer, the second a clergyman, the third a surgeon, the fourth a corn dealer, and the fifth a wood dealer, like his father. One of the daughters is still living; the other died at an early age, the victim of intemperance.

William Palmer, who is now about thirty-five

years of age, always passed for a man of skill in his profession, a jovial, good-natured fellow, very fond of the turf, but rather lax in his morals. He married a daughter of Colonel Brooks, who is said to have been mysteriously assassinated. Palmer passed whole nights in his study, studying the properties of poisons—strychnine, prussic acid and morphine. He carried his passion for the science to such an extent that he gave the name of "Strychnine" to one of his favorite race-horses. He was very fond of horses. Brought up in a town which is famous for its annual horse-fair, and which is eminently popular with the heroes of the turf, he was accustomed to attend the races, to back the horses heavily, and to enter animals of his own. He spent the few thousand pounds his brother left him on his stables and the course. He bet very high and rarely won. As gambling debts are debts of honor, he was compelled to liquidate them, and often borrowed money at sixty per cent. At his wit's end for means, he had recourse to his mother-in-law. The latter was afraid of the man. She feared for the happiness of her daughter, and left Stafford to reside in Palmer's house, at Rugeley. Four days after she reached it, she died. Her fortune passed to her daughter, whose husband now found himself possessed of a considerable income; but on her death it was to go to her children. The Rugeley doctor was a cautious man, and accordingly set about effecting an insurance on the life of his dear Anne. Three companies agreed to pay, collectively, the sum of \$65,000 on the day of her death. On the 24th of January, 1854, a child was born, which lived two days. The second day the father summoned Mr. Bamford, an old physician of eighty, who prescribed a potion. Palmer administered it, and one hour afterwards wrote in his memorandum book, "Baby died at 10 P. M."

Some months after this incident, a Mr. Bladen, the agent of a large brewery, to whom Palmer owed £400, borrowed on the turf, came to Rugeley to demand immediate payment. His friend—for Palmer only borrowed of his friend—invited him to pass the night at his house. During the night he fell sick. Old Dr. Bamford was called in, and administered a sedative potion. One hour afterwards Mr. Bladen no longer lived, and Mr. Palmer no longer owed two thousand dollars. In the month of September, 1854, Mrs. Palmer fell sick, was attended by Dr. Bamford, and died—the doctor signing in advance a certificate that she had died of cholera. A Dr. Knight and the old nurse afterwards signed the certificate. The insurance

companies promptly paid the sixty-five thousand dollars. Palmer tried the insurance policy speculation again. He had a brother, Walter Palmer, who had already suffered from an attack of delirium tremens. But he found physicians to give him a certificate of good health, and by dint of all sorts of intrigues, he effected an insurance of \$70,000 on his head. He now placed beside Walter a man who, day and night, ministered to his passion for liquor, giving him gin constantly. Returning drunk from the Wolverhampton races, August 14, 1855, Walter was urged to drink more by this servant, and died of congestion—Dr. Bamford certifying that he had died a natural death. The insurance company, however, refused payment, and suspicions of foul play attached to Palmer; but were not pressed.

Last autumn, Mr. John Parsons Cook, a young man of twenty-eight years, after being in Palmer's company at Rugeley, and drinking with him, was seized with convulsions. Palmer was called professionally, and administered a soothing draught. Dr. Bamford came in and prescribed two opium pills, which the patient refused to take. After which, another physician, Dr. Jones, a friend of Cook, arrived and remained with the patient. He gave him two ammonia pills, after taking which Cook expired in terrible convulsions. An inquest in the case could not be avoided. Dr. Bamford asserted that there was a cerebral congestion, but Dr. Taylor, a famous chemist, to whom Cook's father sent the stomach of the deceased for analysis, gave the following reply to the questions asked: "Death produced by tetanus—tetanus produced by strychnine."

The next morning Palmer was arrested, charged with voluntary homicide. But this was not all. Of the £700 Cook was known to have with him, only £15 could be found; and his betting-book, which he had placed on the marble mantelpiece was gone. Then it was shown that the first day of the deceased's illness, Palmer had run up to London to get some notes discounted, to which the signature of Cook had been forged. The chief of police now obtained permission of Sir G. Gray to exhume the bodies of Mrs. Palmer and of Walter Palmer. Dr. Taylor, after making his analysis, reported that while Mr. Cook had been poisoned by the aid of strychnine, Mrs. Palmer had succumbed to repeated doses of antimony, and Walter Palmer to the effects of prussic acid. He is now charged with having obtained by forgery sums amounting to £10,000 sterling. How indefatigable and marvellous must have been the activity of this

man, if we suppose him guilty of the crimes laid to his account. An English journal remarks that he combines in himself the audacity of Napoleon, the memory of Wellington, and the strategic genius of the greatest of conquerors. The evidence at the inquest, for which we have no room, developed the most extraordinary ingenuity and fertility of resources on his part. Dr. Taylor says he occupied six months in poisoning his wife; he took a year in killing his brother with gin, in the meantime plying him with prussic acid—it is known that he purchased an ounce at Wolverhampton.

And what an accumulation of incidents in this dreadful history! Mr. Palmer, the father, amasses a colossal fortune, no one knows how, and dies of apoplexy. One of his daughters dies of drink; one of his sons dies poisoned by his own brother. Col. Brooks is killed, without his assassin being discovered; his companion dies, poisoned by her son-in-law; their daughter poisoned by her husband—four of her children descend prematurely into the grave. Five years ago this man poisons one of his friends—two months since he kills another. Are there not enough horrors heaped on the head of one man? Public opinion maintains that the plans crowned with such success in the cases of Bladen and Cook, were tried upon twenty other persons of note, belonging to London, Manchester, Newcastle, Cambridge and Nottingham. People even talk, in connection with Palmer, of the sudden death, two years ago, of Lord George Bentinck, son of the Duke of Portland, one of the most influential members of the conservative party in Parliament, and at the same time one of the most distinguished turf men in England. How much can be legally proved against Palmer remains to be seen. At the time of preparing this article for the press, we are without advices of the trial.

The crime of poisoning is by no means rare in Great Britain. A few years since the community was horrified by the discovery of frequent murders, committed for the most part by mothers on the persons of their own children, solely in order to obtain the miserable sums paid by the "burial clubs" for funeral expenses, when any of their members died. It had, indeed, horrible as the statement may appear, become a regular system—the lives of children were bartered for these burial fees with little more compunction than a grazier would exhibit in disposing of his flocks for the shambles. So frequent were these murders, that people began to look upon these burial clubs as positive incentives to infanticide, until, by the strong force of popular

opinion, the societies were for the most part done away with.

The crime of poisoning, according to Voltaire, first became known in France during the age of Louis XIV. This cowardly vengeance had previously only been resorted to amidst the horrors of civil war. This crime, by a fatal singularity, infected France during the period of glory and pleasure which refined her manners, as it glided into ancient Rome during the brightest days of the republic.

Two Italians, one of them named Exili, had for a long time been laboring with a German apothecary, named Glaser, to discover what was called the "Philosopher's Stone." The two Italians lost the little they had in this business, and sought to repair the consequences of their folly by crime. They sold poisons secretly. By means of the confessional, the grand *penitencier* of Paris learned that some persons had died of poison, and gave information to the government. The two Italians were suspected and thrown into prison, where one of them died. Exili remained there without being convicted; and from the depths of the prison circulated through Paris those fatal secrets that cost the lives of the civil lieutenant D'Aubrai and his family, and which gave rise to the erection of the tribunal of poisons called "The Burning Chamber."

St. Croix, a captain in the regiment of the Marquis of Brinville, had excited the jealousy of the latter by his attentions to the marchioness, and was sent to the Bastille. He was lodged in the same room with Exili, who taught him how to avenge himself. He was soon liberated; but his associate, the marchioness, refused to attempt the life of her husband. She, however, poisoned his father, his two brothers, and his sister. It must be observed here that the marchioness enjoyed a high reputation for piety and charity, and the poor were her devoted friends. No suspicion attached to her in consequence of the numerous deaths in her family. But they were talked of in all the saloons of Paris, and caused the greatest anxiety to St. Croix. Still he pursued his chemical experiments in an obscure part of the city, away from his proper place of residence. Although his manipulations in regard to the preparation of subtle poisons were conducted with all possible secrecy, a just retribution was at no great distance. Already, he was so ill, though ignorant of the cause, that unable at length to quit his dwelling-house, he had got a furnace brought to him, that he might still continue his experiments. He was at that time engaged in researches into the nature of a poison so subtle, that its mere emanation was fatal. It

was amidst these fearful occupations, at the moment when bending over the furnace, watching, no doubt, the deadly operation approach its greatest intensity, that the glass mask worn by him as a protection against its fumes, went to pieces, and the agent or accomplice of so many murders, by means of his fell knowledge and preparations, was struck down as by a thunderbolt. His wife—for the villain was a married man—surprised that he remained so unusually long in his laboratory, went thither, and found him lying extended and quite lifeless near to the furnace, the fragments of the glass mask round him. It was impossible for her to conceal the circumstances of his death. The servants had seen the body and could reveal the facts. The proper functionary was therefore required to put everything under seal, thus insuring a proper scrutiny into the affairs and conduct of the deceased.

As soon as the Marchioness de Brinville heard of the death of her associate, with its attendant circumstances, she took refuge in a convent at Liege. Lauchausse, St. Croix's servant, and the agent of the guilty pair in their poisonings, was arrested, "struck in the boots," as Macaulay says of that mode of torture, made a full confession, implicating his deceased master and the marchioness, and was broken alive on the wheel. Desgrais, one of the most active of the Paris police, succeeded in winning the confidence of the marchioness at Liege, under the guise of a gallant abbe, and prevailed on her to leave the convent and the city with him. She was brought to Paris under arrest, her captor having foiled all her attempts at self-destruction. Among her papers was found a full confession of her crimes. Yet she behaved with great firmness on her trial, denying everything, and treating the witnesses against her with haughty contempt. She was put to the rack, and then conducted in penitential garments, and holding a taper, first to the church of Notre Dame, and then to the Place de Greve, the spot appointed for the execution. She was beheaded, and her head and trunk afterwards burned to ashes in presence of the assembled populace.

"On the morrow," says Madame de Sevigne, "the bones of the marchioness were sought for, as the people believed she was a saint."

By the execution of this French Medea, the practice of poisoning was not suppressed; many persons died from time to time under very suspicious circumstances; and the archbishop was informed, from different parishes, that this crime was still confessed, and that traces of it were remarked both in high and in low families. For

watching, searching after, and punishing poisoners, a particular court, called the *Chambre de poison*, or *Chambre Ardente*, was at length established in 1679. This court, besides other persons, detected two women, named La Vigoureux and La Voisin, who carried on a great traffic in poisons. Both of them pretended to tell future events, to call up ghosts, and to teach the art of finding hidden treasures, and of recovering lost or stolen goods. They also distributed philtres, and sold secret poison to such persons as they knew they could depend upon, and who wished to employ them either to get rid of bad husbands, or recover lost lovers. Female curiosity induced several ladies of the first rank, and even some belonging to the court, to visit these women, particularly La Voisin; and who, without thinking of poison, only wished to know how soon a husband, a lover, or the king would die. In the possession of La Voisin was found a list of all those who had become dupes to her imposture. They were arrested and carried before the above-mentioned court, which, without following the usual course of justice, detected secret crimes by means of spies, instituted private trials, and began to imitate the proceedings of the Holy Inquisition. In this list were found the distinguished names of the Countess de Soissons, her sister the Duchess de Bouillon, and Marshal de Luxembourg. The first fled to Flanders, to avoid the severity and disgrace of imprisonment; the second saved herself by the help of her friends; and the last, after he had been some months in the Bastile, and had undergone a strict examination, by which he almost lost his reputation, was set at liberty as innocent. Thus did the cruel Louvois, the War Minister, and the Marchioness de Montespan, ruin those who opposed their measures. La Vigoureux and La Voisin were burned alive, on the twenty-second of February, 1680, after their hands had been bored through with a red-hot iron, and cut off. Several persons of ordinary rank were punished by the common hangman; those of higher rank, after they had been declared by this tribunal not guilty, were set at liberty; and in 1680 an end was put to the *Chambre Ardente*, which in reality was a political inquisition.

The case of Palmer has revived the story of Thomas Griffin Wainwright, who, under the *nom de plume* of "James Weathercock," wrote for the London Magazine when Lamb, Proctor, Hazlitt and Allan Cunningham were among its contributors. He was an epicurean, very fond of self-indulgence, a good-natured egotist, had a good deal of literary talent, and was quite an

artist. Lamb called him, "kind, light-hearted James Weathercock."

In 1829, Wainwright went with his wife to visit his uncle, by whose bounty he had been educated, and from whom he had expectancies. His uncle died after a brief illness, and Wainwright inherited his property. Nor was he long in expending it. A further supply was needed; and Helen Frances Phoebe Abercrombie, with her sister Madeline, step sisters to his wife, came to reside with Wainwright; it being soon after this that Wainwright effected insurances on Helen's life at various offices, amounting in all to £18,000. By a forgery of the names of the trustees of his wife's property, he obtained the principal, which was invested in the Bank of England, and soon squandered it. Miss Abercrombie died suddenly, and he then claimed his £18,000 from the various offices. The "Imperial" resisted payment on the ground of deception, but their counsel insinuated a charge of murder against Wainwright. Wainwright lost his case, and in the interim had been compelled to fly to France on account of the discovery of his forgery on the Bank of England. At Boulogne, he insured the life of an English officer, with whom he lived, for £5000. One premium only was paid, the officer dying in a few months after the insurance was effected. Wainwright then left Boulogne, passed through France under a feigned name, was apprehended by the French police, and that fearful poison known as strychnine being found in his possession, he was confined at Paris for six months.

After his release, he ventured to London, intending to remain only forty-eight hours. In a hotel near Covent Garden, he drew down the blind and fancied himself safe. But for one fatal moment he forgot his habitual craft. A noise in the street startled him; incautiously he went to the window and drew back the blind. At the very moment, a person passing by caught a glimpse of his countenance, and exclaimed: "That's Wainwright, the Bank Forger." He was soon apprehended, and his position became fearful enough.

The difficulty which then arose was, whether the insurance offices should prosecute him for attempted fraud, whether the yet more terrible charge in connection with Helen Abercrombie should be opened, or whether advantage should be taken of his forgery on the bank, to procure his expatriation for life. A consultation was held by those interested, the Home Secretary was apprised of the question, the opinions of the law officers of the crown were taken, and the result was that, under the circumstances, it

would be advisable to try him for the forgery only. This plan was carried out, the capital punishment was foregone, and when found guilty he was condemned to transportation for life.

The career of Wainwright has its moral. Selfish indulgence hurried him into crime—crime brought punishment in its train. He died in a hospital at Sydney under circumstances too painful to be detailed. It is painful to dwell on these fearful records of great crimes. Truly "the way of the transgressor is hard."

SALE OF A WIFE.

A short while ago, Mr. Robert Rhodes was united in the bonds of matrimony with a Miss Eastham, of Longbridge, but the marriage was unfortunate. Both parties very soon forgot their vows to "love and cherish," for shortly after, they relinquished the fascination of each others' charms and separated. Since this event, they have both lived in private lodgings. To bring the marriage knot to a solution, the husband recently led his wife through the streets of the village by a halter, offering her for sale, when, being viewed by one and examined by another, she was ultimately, after a little higgling, knocked down for 20s. The purchaser was a Mr. George Banks, who quietly but gallantly seized the halter and led her away.—*Preston (Eng.) Chronicle.*

THE ANT THAT FIGHTS ITSELF.

The insects, as I have often said, are countless; swarm everywhere, and over everything. Their tenacity of life is most amazing. I have told you of the manner in which one half of a bull-dog ant fights the other if cut in two. I saw an instance of it just now. Our giant cut one in two that was annoying him. The head immediately seized the body with its mandible, and the body began stinging away manfully at the head. The fight went on for half an hour without any diminished sign of life; and this is what they always do. Instead of dying as they ought to do, they set and fight away for hours, if some of the other ants do not come and carry them away; whether to eat them or bury them we know not.—*Howitt's Australia.*

A TITLE.

A certain widow O'Keefe, who flourished in the city of Cork, and who did a little banking business, on her own account, cashing bills for gentlemen in distress, made her appearance at Bath in the height of the season.

"She must be a lady of quality," said one gentleman.

"A marchioness," said another.

"A duchess," said a third.

"By the powers! You're all wrong," said an Irish officer. "I know the lady well—she's not even a countess!"

"What then?" was the simultaneous question.

"Why, gentlemen, the fact is, she is a dis-countess."—*Eccentric Anecdotes.*

BRITTANY.

Of all the provinces of France, Brittany is the richest in religious sentiment. The country where are found the most extensive and magnificent relics of Druidism, now reposes most calmly beneath the shadow of the cross. Christianity seems to have pursued her triumphs into the last strongholds of that gigantic idolatry which once exercised so marvellous an influence over the human mind. Churches rise side by side with Druidical temples, and many of the stupendous ruins are connected by exulting tradition with the victories of Christian faith. One of these old legends, still repeated by the peasantry, declares that the "stories of Carnac" owe their origin to a heathen army, which chased St. Cornelius into the valley because he had renounced paganism. Being close pressed and surrounded on all sides, he had recourse to prayer, whereupon the whole host were petrified in their lines as they stood; and thus the stories of Carnac were formed.

Throughout Brittany, the fields, the causeways, the roads and the mountains, are dotted with churches, chapels, crosses, images, expiatory monuments and consecrated chaplets. The sanguinary agents of the revolution had difficult work to accomplish in this sturdy province. The Britons clung to their religion until the guillotine was wearied of its victims. The Republican committees pronounced the penalty of death in vain against the minister who should perform any of the functions of the church. "I will pull down your belfries," exclaimed the famous Jean-Bon-Saint-Andre to the mayor of a village, "in order that you may have no more objects to recall to you the superstitions of past times." "You must leave us the stars, and we can see them farther off," was the memorable reply of the enlightened peasant.—*Portfolio.*

A GREAT STORY.

The following "thrilling story," although not of the highest order of merit in a literary point of view, may serve as an amusing theme for lovers of "puzzles" to exercise their ingenuity:

We once saw a young man gazing at the *ry heavens, with a † in 1 ☞ and a ~ of pistols in the other. We endeavored to attract his attention by ling 2 a ¶ in a paper we held in our ☞, relating to a young man in that ‡ of country who had left home in a state of derangement. He dropped the † and pistols from his ☞ ☞ with the † "It is I of whom U read. I had left home b4 my friends knew my design. I had s0 the ☞ of a girl who had refused 2 lis10 to me but smiled upon another. I —ed madly from the house, uttering a wild † to the god of love, and without replying to the ? ? ? of my friends, came here with th s † & ~ of pistols to put a . to my Xistence. My case has no || in this ‡." —*Philadelphia Ledger.*

A writer in a late English paper, speaking of the culinary nicety of the French, relieves himself of the following:

"Full many a fruit of purest juice serene,
The dark unfathom'd woods of Galia bear;
Full many a mushroom springs to rot unseen,
And waste its ketchup on the desert air."

THE RIPPLING SEA.

BY CARLO CARRINGTON.

Ghiding o'er the rippling sea,
Come sail, my love, with me;
Why must I roam and leave thee here,
While I am on the sea,
While I am on the sea—
To tarry still O do not seek,
But come with me at morning break.

A joy thou hast not tasted yet,
Is travelling on the sea;
The pleasure that I find in it
I wish to share with thee,
I wish to share with thee—
Then do not stay to mourn the time,
But come with me to another clime.

Thou wilt not fear the danger, love,
Whilst I am near to thee;
The arm that round thee now is thrown,
Shall thy protection be,
Shall thy protection be—
Then say thou'lt come and make the sea
Thine only home while 'tis for me.

I would not tempt thee to forsake
Thine home to come with me,
Were I not sure that I could make
Thee happier o'er the sea,
Far happier o'er the sea—
In place of friends that thou wilt leave,
I'm then thine own—how canst thou grieve?

Hurrah! we're on the bright blue sea,
My bark, my love, and me;
Our sails are trim—we skim with ease
Across the rippling sea,
Across the rippling sea—
Away we speed to spend the time
Of sweetest love in a foreign clime.

OUR OWN FAULTS NEVER VISIBLE.

Of all this common failing of our nature the heathen were very sensible, and represented by saying that every man carries a wallet, or two bags, with him, the one hanging before him, the other behind him—into that before he puts the faults of others, into that behind him that of his own—by which means he never sees his own failings, whilst he has those of others always before his eyes. But self-knowledge helps to turn this wallet, and place that which has our own faults before our eyes, and that which has those of others, behind our back.

A very necessary regulation, this, if we would behold our own faults in the same light in which others do; for we must not expect that others will be as blind to our foibles as we ourselves are; they will carry them before their eyes whether we do or not. And to imagine that the world takes no notice of them because we do not, is just as wise as to fancy that others do not see us, because our eyes are shut.—*Mason's Self-Knowledge.*

Whoever makes the fewest persons uneasy, is the best bred in the company.

HANNIBAL AS A GENERAL.

Hannibal in his 28th year was nearly of the same age at which Napoleon Bonaparte led the army of the French Republic into Italy. Bred in the camp, he possessed every quality necessary to gain the confidence of his men. His personal strength and activity were such that he could handle their arms, and perform their exercises on foot or horseback more skilfully than themselves. His endurance of heat and cold, of fatigue and hunger, excelled that of the hardest soldier in the camp. He never required others to do what he could not and would not do himself. To these bodily powers he added an address as winning as that of Hasdrubal, his brother-in-law, and had talents for command fully as great as those of his father, Hamilcar. His frank manners and genial temper endeared him to the soldiery; his strong will swayed them like one man. The different nations who made up his motley army—Africans and Spaniards, Gauls and Italians—looked upon him each as their own chief. Polybius twice remarks that, amid the hardships that his mixed army underwent for sixteen years in a foreign land, there never was a mutiny in his camp. This admirable versatility of the man was seconded by all the qualities required to make the general. His quick perception and great sagacity led him to marvellously correct judgment of future events and distant countries—which, in those days, when travellers were few and countries unknown, must have been a task of extraordinary difficulty. He formed his plans after patient inquiry, and kept them profoundly secret till it was necessary to make them known. But with this caution in designing was united marvellous promptness in execution. "He was never deceived himself," says Polybius, "but never failed to take advantage of the errors of his opponent." Nor was he a mere soldier. In leisure hours he delighted to converse with learned Greeks on topics of intellectual interest.—*The Court and Camp.*

PHILOSOPHY.

What oddities men are, to worry because they are not so well off as "that fellow across the street!" The richest man in town will be as forgotten in fifty years as the mason who built the Pyramids. In 1843, we attended the funeral of a millionaire. We visited his grave recently, and saw four bob-tailed pigs rooting the soil from his grave. And this was the end of influence—a neglected grave, with four stub-tailed pigs rooting up the soil. "So passes the glory of the world!" —*Life Illustrated.*

GOLD WATCH CASES.

The Philadelphia Ledger, in speaking of the manufacture of watch cases, which is carried on extensively in that city, says there are eleven firms engaged in the business, all of whom employ over 300 hands, and turn out at least 500 cases per week, at a cost of some \$20,000, or more than \$1,000,000 annually. The gold manufactured into cases weekly will not amount to much less than \$14,000, or over a half million of dollars annually.

TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

BY GERTY.

Silently the twilight shadows
 Gather o'er earth's quiet breast,
 And the gorgeous hues are fading
 Slowly from the glowing west;
 In the azure vault of heaven
 Myriad stars are gleaming forth,
 And the night is closing sadder,
 Deeper, o'er the snow-robed earth.

But the night is not eternal,
 And its hours will pass away,
 And again earth's busy millions
 Will hail the cheerful day;
 But with my spirit dwelleth
 Deeper gloom than night can shed,
 There a darkness reigneth ever,
 Sadder than by nature spread.

There were hopes which lit my pathway,
 Bright unto my spirit's view
 As the clouds around the sunset,
 But like them they faded too.
 There were friends who clustered round me
 When my sun was shining bright,
 Now, alas, I seek them vainly,
 In the gloom of sorrow's night.

Though to me no morrow cometh,
 Save the morning which shall dawn
 When the night of life is over,
 And its fears and darkness done;
 Yet in hope of that bright morning,
 Heavenward still I lift my eyes,
 For I know the sun is shining
 Evermore beyond the skies.

THE MAN OF THE WILLOWS.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

"THE mad-woman! the mad-woman!" exclaimed the children of St. Florentin, half laughing, half trembling, at sight of a poor girl wrapped in a blue shawl, her head covered with red rags, marching like the heroine of a tragedy on the road to The Willows.

The children laughed much at her singular dress. But the vagueness of her look, and the sadness of her countenance, extremely pale, caused them an indefinable terror.

The poor girl marched with measured step, seeing and hearing nothing. She passed the mill situated at the foot of the little town. The mill was turning, the miller singing; she heard neither the mill nor the miller. Very soon she passed the numerous poplars along the road, and traversed the meadows, among the elms which were rustling in the breath of evening.

"Poor girl!" murmured an old woodcutter, who was slowly regaining his dwelling; "there she is, taking, as usual, the path to The Willows.

May God have pity on her soul! Run in, children!" And one saw only, through the dark and gnarled trees, a silent shadow becoming by degrees effaced, dying in the distance, then disappearing.

In those days, a poor woman lived in a faubourg of St. Florentin. Left a widow with two daughters, she managed to provide for the wants of her little family. The widow Gremi was a washerwoman.

These two daughters were named—the one Mariette, the other Rosette. Mariette was the youngest of the two sisters. She was a simple creature, thinking only of keeping the house in order, and of lightening, as much as possible, the difficult task of her mother. She was, one of those who are born and die in the shade, after having fulfilled their duties without ostentation; not thinking they have merited anybody's esteem for having remained prudent and good. But whether she wished it or not, Mariette was beloved, praised, admired by the whole neighborhood. Mariette was a genuine wild-flower. Although she was only eighteen, she did not suspect that there could exist any other sky than that which, overcast or sunny, hung over the cottage of the widow Gremi.

Rosette was not less beloved; nevertheless, the neighbors could not help noticing her want of taste for rustic labors, her aversion for monotonous household cares. Her poor mother had never been able to prevail upon her even to drive the cow to pasture. To put a little wood under the kettle when the humble food of the family was cooking, was for this child quite an effort. Rosette passed long hours in watching the ladies as they promenaded in the avenues of the chateau. It was then that her mob-cap seemed to oppress her forehead like an evil thought. She would begin to weep, and crouch before the fire, dreaming of a thousand foolish things.

One day, Jean Louis, a stout youth of the village, her betrothed, an industrious laborer and a pleasant fellow, by whom more than one maiden in the place would have been proud to have been led to church, said to her:

"We have no ambition, we wish above all to love our wife, and we think a little property on our side, if not a sufficient evidence that we love her, if we offer it heartily, at least proves that we do not mean she shall take up her abode with poverty, pouting and quarrelsomeness. You see why, Rosette, we are proud of having a little property under the sun."

Rosette blushed.

"It is true," said she, "you remind me, in

fact, that I do not possess a single inch of ground."

Jean would have taken her hand; Rosette withdrew it.

"You slight me!" resumed Jean, a little disconcerted, not comprehending how a word from the heart could disturb the susceptibilities of the mind. "We did not think that the sincere word of an honest youth could cause you vexation. You are too proud, Rosette. That does not become us poor folks; it should be left to those who have nothing better to do. And besides, every one knows that your pretty walnut sabots may walk without disgrace in the same path with my iron-heeled shoes."

Rosette made an effort to conceal her pretty walnut sabots.

"Certainly your striped blue woolen petticoat is as good as my coarse gray frock," continued Jean.

Rosette fell back in her chair like lightning, and as if overwhelmed by the striped blue woolen petticoat.

"And if anything should blush, it is our coarse hempen cap, when we meet you at the market with your pretty white cap, so coquettish, so nicely plaited," added he, again.

Rosette felt a thunderbolt fall on her cap, so coquettish, so nicely plaited. She cast down her head.

"We are not as rich as the Marquis of Carabas," continued Jean; "nevertheless, when we commence housekeeping, we will raise our little dwelling one story, add to it a wing, and surround it with a pretty whitewashed fence, with a gate of red bricks. At this very moment, two beautiful hens are setting to prepare for us a nice poultry-yard. Chickens and ducklings await your appearance, to break their shells and flutter before their gentle mistress. Carillon, my beautiful white cow, has a pretty calf. The harvest will fill the barn, and the vintage the wine-press. To-morrow let us kneel together, to ask the blessing of the curate; you will be, we hope, the happiest of wives, and we the most favored of husbands."

"We have time," replied Rosette, with a pouting air; "what hurries us?"

All Jean's vexation betrayed itself at these words.

"That is a wicked answer, miss; you do not reply thus, doubtless, to the gentleman who passes and re-passes the door of your house every evening," added the poor boy, bitterly.

In fact, a man of singular physiognomy, wearing a grotesque costume, his head covered with a cap surmounted by a floating plume,

theatrically enveloped in a long mantle, passed and re-passed the house of Rosette every evening, and went away only when he had perceived the young girl and been seen by her.

Rosette became as red as a cherry.

"Monsieur Jean," cried the young girl, sharply, "it seems to me your tools are rusting in the court."

"So I will rejoin them," replied Jean, with a heavy heart.

As he went out, a merry voice exclaimed: "Rosette! Rosette, come and help me." It was the voice of Mariette returning from the stream with a heavy load of linen on her back. Jean helped Mariette to lay aside her burden.

"Here is a brave girl!" exclaimed he; then he went away.

"Thanks, Monsieur Jean," replied Mariette, "not for the compliment, but for the service."

Jean disappeared without replying. Mariette busied herself in spreading out her linen on the hedge in the garden.

Rosette began to devour the pages of a bad book, lent her recently by a discreditable woman in the neighborhood. All the pride of the world was presented there under the most alluring, the most perfidious colors. The Bible was forsaken in the dust, on the old mantel-piece of the chimney. The bad book never left her. On this day, the extravagances with which she fed her imagination had raised such a degree of excitement, that it was impossible for madness itself to surpass it.

Mariette entered, still damp from the water of the stream. Rosette hastily concealed her book. Her eyes were full of tears.

"What is the matter, my good sister?" said Mariette to her, throwing an armful of vine-branches in the fire, to dry her garments.

"Nothing," replied Rose, who was embarrassed by the question.

"You are weeping then for pleasure, good sister?" said the little washerwoman, smiling playfully; and the little Mariette began to prattle without her sister's listening to her:

"The day has been pleasant; the birds were never gayer, the trees were never greener, the water never softer; our luncheon on the grass, on the banks of the stream, in the shade of the tall lindens, would have given us much pleasure, if the sun had not darted its rays so brightly upon us; never was the beetle lighter in our hands; fatigue was, as it were, asleep in the reeds. So, good sister, your cap is white as the flower of the hawthorn; your apron, red as a poppy; your dress, clear as a field-flower."

Night fell; the precipitate roll of an equipage

was heard returning to the chateau ; it was a caleche ; it stopped. Some ladies descended from it ; Rosette saw them and sighed ; Mariette uttered a cry and almost fainted ; her eyes had met the eyes of The Man of The Willows. The ladies buried themselves beneath the shady avenues of the chateau ; the man disappeared. Mother Gremi entered the cottage ; Rosette wiped away her tears, Mariette forgot her terror. Rosette began to smile ; Mariette thought she had dreamed, so dreamed that she did not perceive that Rosette concealed in her bosom a billet which The Man of The Willows had deposited mysteriously on the little window opening on the garden.

"Let us sup, children," said the widow Gremi ; and they supped.

The village was profoundly asleep, when, at the first strokes of midnight, the door of the house of the widow Gremi opened and turned discreetly on its hinges. A person, pale and trembling, issued from it hastily, holding her sabots in her hand, scarcely daring to touch the ground with her foot. The door closed as it had opened. Meanwhile the widow Gremi, who was not asleep, thought she heard an unusual movement in the house. She rose, then lighted the lamp.

Let us follow Rose, for it was she who was directing her steps rapidly towards the valley of The Willows. The mysterious billet had produced its effect. This step of Rose was the reply.

"Thou shalt be queen if thou wilt, young girl. To-morrow, thy beauty shall eclipse that of the ladies of the chateau. I can lay at thy feet the attire of an empress, all the pleasures of the world, all the power of kings ; thou shalt be beloved, admired, obeyed. Come to us, as we come to thee. At midnight ; to-morrow will be too late. At the valley of The Willows.

"Signed, THE MAN OF THE WILLOWS."

Rosette had resolution. She quitted without regret the paternal roof, arrived without terror at the spot designated. The infernal billet, in passing over her breast, seemed to have withered her heart. As she arrived, some one said, with a diabolical smile :

"It is here."

She stopped. It was the voice of The Man of The Willows.

"Enter," said he, "through the cavernous trunk of this old tree ; it is the baronial door of our castles," added he, with an imperceptible mocking tone.

Rosette entered without replying. He followed her. The old willow trembled from

roots to branches, and Rosette found herself transported into an enchanted place, dazling with lights, assure and gold.

"Here are your apartments, beautiful Rose," said the mysterious man tranquilly, as he led her by the hand.

Then transpired one of those scenes of sorcery worthy of the enchanter Merlin. The pretty walnut sabots, so much admired by poor Jean, were changed into pretty boots of white satin, with red heels, and laced with a silver ribbon. Her petticoat of striped blue wool was transformed into a silk dress of such dazling whiteness, such a perfect cut, such a rare fit, that it seemed woven, cut, adjusted by the hand of a little fairy. Nothing can express the art which had presided over her coiffure ; a gold comb, sparkling with jewels, glistened like a flame in her black, glossy and abundant tresses ; a necklace of the brightest coral surrounded her snowy neck, like a circlet of fire ; on her fingers, diamonds of inestimable value gleamed like live sparks ; bracelets of massive gold, surmounted by the richest topazes, adorned her arms.

A mirror stood opposite Rosette. When she saw herself in it, she thought she should die of joy.

"Rose," then said the mysterious man to her, "you must know that I possess a power unknown to men, which power makes me richer than mines of silver and gold. Science has no secrets for me."

"Yes, sir," replied Rosette, who could not tire of admiring herself.

He conducted her by the hand into vast gardens, full of the rarest flowers, planted with the choicest fruits of earth ; thousands of birds of the most varied plumage, from distant climes, were flying about and singing. The light in this garden was strange ; it was like a day without sun, like a sun without heat. Rosette nevertheless experienced a secret terror. As she passed beneath a flowery eglantine, The Man of the Willows shook this tree, and roses detached themselves from it in abundance and fastened themselves to the white robe of Rosette. And, again, advancing beneath an immense hedge, The Man of The Willows shook the dew from it ; thousands of pearls were scattered among the tresses of the young girl, on her pretty boots, in the roses which set off the brilliancy of her dress ; then, a little mist suddenly arose, hovered above Rosette, enveloped her, descended upon her shoulders. The mysterious man stretched out his hand, and this mist became a long mantle of azure ; then, raising his eyes to heaven, a thousand stars dropped among the

folds of this imperial mantle. They passed into the court; coursers were impatiently pawing the ground, harnessed to an equipage of sombre green; a richly liveried coachman held the reins. At the approach of the mysterious man, two lacqueys came to open the caleche. The Man of The Willows and Rosette hastily entered; the two lacqueys silently took their places behind. The equipage started at a full gallop.

"Where are we going?" said Rosette to The Man of The Willows.

"To Paris!" replied the latter; and the carriage went on, on like lightning.

As Rosette passed by the house of her mother, which she left an hour before, she heard a loud sigh, something like a death-rattle, then sobs. The widow Gremi was expiring; Mariette was weeping. The horses started back; the coachman whipped them; they sprang forward again, fire flashing beneath their feet.

"How beautiful you are thus!" then said to her The Man of The Willows.

Rosette forgot the sighs and sobs of the cottage to smile at this compliment. Nevertheless she could not help saying:

"What are those sighs? Whence come those sobs?"

The man replied:

"It is the wind whistling among the trees by the roadside."

Behold her at Paris, enjoying the world and its pleasures, always under the guidance of the strange man who had carried her off from the poor village. A secret torment began to devour the heart of Rose; ennui seized her. There is a voice which we silence with difficulty, which we can never wholly silence; it is the voice of conscience. It began to trouble the heart of Rosette. A violent desire seized her to throw herself at her mother's feet. Her heart, enervated by pleasures, was incapable of executing such a resolution; she was ignorant of the death of the widow Gremi. The poor woman having risen, as we have said, having lighted her lamp, had perceived the flight of Rosette. The billet, found on the floor, at the threshold of the door, had explained all. She expired just as her daughter was passing by the door; the sobs which Rosette heard were those of her good sister Mariette, who did not know what was to become of her. Jean Louis had hastened to them. The brave youth, on seeing the desolation of the poor cottage, was desolate himself; and, as Mother Gremi looked anxiously at her faithful and gentle Mariette, the honest boy said:

"Mother, fear nothing for her; our head was turned yesterday, but our heart tells us to-day that it is Mariette whom we ought to marry."

The good woman could only press the hand of Mariette and that of the good Jean Louis within her dying hands; the widow Gremi expired like a Christian, without cursing, but asking God to pardon her unhappy daughter.

After the mourning was over, Jean Louis espoused Mariette, who had always cherished a secret affection for him. On her death-bed, the widow Gremi had said to Mariette:

"Mariette, take this ring which was given me by your father; it is blessed, my child; seek to find your sister; she is the eldest; give it to her."

The poor woman labored under the idea that her daughter Rosette was the victim of a spell. She had faith that this ring would release her and restore her to repose. Mariette promised to comply with her wishes.

By chance, Mariette discovered the dwelling of Rosette. She set out for Paris; Jean accompanied her. She arrived at the house of Rosette; but each time she presented herself, received only evasive replies:

"Madame is not up;" "madame is at her toilette;" "madame is bathing;" "madame is breakfasting;" "madame is visiting;" "madame has company and cannot receive calls;" "madame is at a party;" "madame is at the opera."

Mariette related all this to Jean Louis, who did not fail to confirm the opinion of the widow Gremi.

"Our poor sister Rosette is certainly the sport of some sorcerer," said he.

It was the season of carnival. One evening, when a crowd of people disguised and masked were surrounding the hotel of Rosette, Mariette resolved, by aid of the confusion, to penetrate there. In order to do this, she put on her prettiest peasant's costume: beaver shoes with silver buckles; a round cap, flowered handkerchief, figured dress; a golden heart and cross on her breast. Mariette entered suddenly. All eyes were turned upon her.

"There is a pretty costume," said the domino. "The little one is very well disguised. What freshness! what whiteness! a genuine wild-flower!"

Mariette did not stop to hear all these compliments; she sought her sister amid the crowd which encumbered the apartments; she found her in the dancing-hall, surrounded like a queen. Her heart beat. She soon entered. This strange man was about to essay the last act of the temptation which was to overcome the soul of Rosette. False priests were awaiting her de-

cision to give her their benediction. On this day, Rosette would certainly have yielded. No one could surpass her in beauty, in decoration, in power. Pride seemed to have vanquished all her repugnance. Mariette appeared. Rosette saw her, and uttered a cry which was heard through the house. The two sisters fell, weeping, into each other's arms.

"And my mother!" exclaimed Rosette; "my mother?" repeated she.

"Dead!" replied Mariette, wishing to give a deep wound to this almost insensible heart.

Rosette cast down her head. Here The Man of The Willows, suspecting some conjuration against his power, made a sign. The orchestra gave forth strange sounds; a diabolical choir howled fearfully. They could hear each other no more. Mariette then drew from her finger her mother's ring, and presented it to her sister. Rosette took it.

"It is our poor mother's ring," said Mariette to her.

Rosette, bursting into tears, raised it to her lips. The infernal orchestra and choir were silent, and behold her pretty satin boots became pretty walnut sabots; her silk dress, a striped blue woollen petticoat; her gold comb, a white and nicely plaited cap; the azure mantle dissolved into mist; the pearls became dew-drops; the roses fell withered at her feet; the lights were extinguished one by one; and the dancers seemed to be shadows passing through each other, effacing and re-appearing like beings of phosphorus. A cry of despair was then heard, and all was extinct. It was The Man of The Willows lamenting the loss of his prey. This fascinating demon, whose name is Pride, was vanquished; the blessed ring had triumphed. Mariette carried her sister back to the village. Jean took her in his willow carriage. From that day, poor Rosette did not cease to go from the cottage to the valley of The Willows, to seek what she had left there—repose. It was in vain; she never found it again. This is the reason why she wandered about silently, why she was indifferent to all around. She was now only a kind of phantom among the living. It seemed as if she sought, despairingly, the innocence of her early days.

One summer night, a shepherd of the place saw Rosette enter mysteriously the village cemetery, then advance, kneel and pray at the foot of a wooden cross planted on a tomb still new. The old shepherd approached; then he heard heart-rending sighs, bitter words. Rosette wept; her long and black hair was dishevelled and

hang down over her shoulders; her aspect was so mournful, that the old shepherd dared not disturb the prayer of the poor girl. By degrees the voice of Rosette became extinct; the unhappy child sank down and lay extended on the funeral turf. Very soon the shepherd heard and saw no more; but raising his eyes, watching a moonbeam obstructed by the clouds, he saw something like two shadows closely embracing—a poor woman, a kind mother, who, all in tears, was bearing away in her arms a sad and pale child, invoking God and looking upward to the sky. It was the soul of the widow Gremi; it was the soul of the unfortunate Rosette.

And as the young men and young girls interrogated the good curate concerning the story of the old shepherd, saying to him: "What, then, has wrought this miraculous reconciliation?" the good pastor replied to them:

"It is, my children, *filial repentance and maternal love!*"

CAUSE OF THE COLD.

In a communication to the Scientific American, Mr. T. Barrows, of Dedham, Mass., alluding to the intense cold of the past winter, states that he never saw the sky so brilliant and clear by day and night before. He attributes the cause of the cold to the hundreds of thousands tons of powder which have been burned at Sebastopol, and other places, having put into circulation large quantities of nitrous gas. "If saltpetre and sal ammoniac," he says, "be put into a given quantity of water at fifty degrees Fahr., it will reduce its temperature fifty degrees." He therefore concludes that the gases of the exploded gunpowder named have exerted a great cooling influence upon the atmosphere, both in Europe and America. On account of the pure cold air this winter, he is of opinion that cholera, yellow fever, and the potato rot will not be so prevalent during the present, as in former years.

A CUSTOM WORTH IMITATING.

It is a custom among certain tribes in Siberia, that, when a woman is married, she must prepare the wedding dinner with her own hands. To this feast all the relatives and friends, both of her own family and that of the groom, are invited. If the viands are well-cooked, her credit as a good housewife is established. But if the dishes are badly prepared, she is disgraced in that capacity forever. The result is, that a Siberian wife is generally a good housekeeper, whatever else she may be, and thus is competent, beyond her sex generally, for the practical duties of life. Girls, bear that in mind!—*Russian Life.*

No evil is wholly evil. Behind the blackest cloud the sun shines, or the stars. All our trials and sorrows have elements of good in them; hopeful features, which smile upon us in gentle reproof of our unbelief and discouragement.

HOME BY THE SEA.

BY MARY W. CUTLER.

Where the sunlight danceth o'er the crested wave,
And the murmuring of the billows lave,
Where are rocks half-hidden 'neath a sea of foam,
And the wild bird fleeth—there I'd have my home.

There, when twilight shadeth in a summer eve,
Oft I love to wander, and bright fancies weave,
Listening to the chiming of the sea and shore—
There I love to linger when the day is o'er.

When the moonlight resteth with its silver light
On the ocean's bosom, in a summer's night,
Then the sparkling moon-rays, lovely to behold,
Cast a spell around me with entrancing fold.

When the sunbeams sparkle o'er the glassy deep,
And the wintry storm winds 'neath the wavelets sleep,
Azure skies above us, whence the zephyrs come,
On the shore I linger—there I'd have my home.

A NIGHT AMONG WOLVES.

BY E. S. MIDGLEY.

POOR JEAN BRAGG was a Texan ranger known to almost every fighting Mexican or Indian over the whole borders of Texas. But at last he is missing, and none know where his bones lie, or of his fate, save that he must have met it on the prairies or in the forest he once loved so well.

Speaking of wolves reminds me of one of Jean's bold and perilous adventures, which even he could scarcely refrain from shuddering at, as, seated round the camp fires, he whiled away the time by repeating it. He had just eluded the vigilance of a band of hostile savages, when he came upon the track of one of those terrible prairie-fires, which devastate the country for hundreds of miles at a time. Before him, as far as the eye could reach, there was only one charred, levelled, smouldering waste, that had to be crossed before he could reach water for which both himself and his wearied horse were now almost perishing. To return in his track, were death, for the yelling redskins were scarcely out of sight; and feeling sure, from the actions of his companion, that escape was impossible in that direction, as the animal was already run down, he determined that the safest course for him would be to cross the still smouldering track of the destroying element, whose glare and smoke could be seen towards the west. But water, water he must have, or they would both die. He urged on his wretched steed with the last energies of his sinking life.

In an hour he had begun to grow dizzy, and the blackened earth swam round and round, and

tossed him to and fro! Now strange noises were around him, and in the wavy moments of consciousness, he could catch glimpses of huge wolves careering about him, who would turn up their fiery eyes to his, and howl at him with red-hot, open mouths, and boiling tongues.

Suddenly his horse rushes down a steep bank, and there was a great splashing. Water! O, how thankful! water! He tumbled from his saddle into the cold, delicious fluid, and the bath at once restored his consciousness, and he saw himself surrounded by thirty or forty prairie wolves, some of whom were swimming in the water after him, while the others sat upon the bank of the small lake he now discovered it to be, and howled fiercely at him.

He struck those which were the nearest with his gun-barrel and beat them off, while he had time to draw his hunting-knife. One of them had seized his passive horse (who stood and drank) and endeavored to pull him down; his head was split by the heavy knife. But those on the bank only howled the louder, and they were answered by hundreds of others, who were swiftly gathering at the well known call to banquet; for these wearied and infernal brutes always collect to follow the course of a prairie-fire, and tear the carcasses of those animals that are killed, or to chase and drag down those that, scorched, blind and staggering, are yet alive. The creatures at other times are utterly contemptible for their cowardice, but Jean shuddered when he called to mind their deadly fierceness at such times as these.

The horse, also, now refreshed, gazed round with staring eye-balls upon the crowds that lined the shores. He snorted in affright, and lifted his head with a mournful neigh that seemed the most piteous sound poor Jean had ever heard. He mounted, and after firing his rifle with deliberate aim into the thickest of them, charged through at full speed. They leaped at his feet and attempted to seize his horse's legs; but through them he trampled, and across the prairie flies snorting with terror, and moving with as great speed as if fresh and strong. And away, too, in pursuit, swept the crowd of wolves, now numbering over a hundred; and as Jean glanced his eyes around, they seemed close to his heels. The greater part, particularly those that seemed the most fierce and ravenous, were scorched nearly naked. With the white foam flying from their long red tongues, and their fiery, glaring eyes, they presented the most unearthly terror that ever mortal lived to be chased by.

The appalling conviction that if his horse should fail or give out, they would both be torn

in fragments in an instant, caused him to give all his attention to guiding his steed, for the only hope now lay in him. He soon found that he was gaining, for there is little comparison between the speed of a horse and that of a prairie-wolf, and hope began to rise in his bosom as he sees timber ahead, and he shouted in an ecstasy of joy, for he, at least, can be safe. His horse sees and is inspired too, but they have scarcely reached the timber, when the poor animal gives out, and after a few ineffectual efforts, can only lean against the trunk of a tree and groan with exhaustion. He is tied to one of the lower limbs, while his master ascends the tree and loads his arms in the vain hope of defending him. He ascends higher to look out for the approachers, in the vain hope that they have given up the chase; but there they come, and several large white wolves have joined them now, and his heart sinks as he knows the tameless ferocity of those red-eyed monsters, and feels that his true, his noble horse must die. The poor steed shivers, as he hears their cry, and utters that wailing neigh, as they rush upon him in a body. In a twinkling he's down and torn to atoms. Jean fires upon them; of what avail is it? and the empty halter hangs useless beside the tree.

Now they lie panting around, with their fiery eyes turned up wistfully at him. Whenever he makes a movement, they rise, and leap with eager yells towards him, as if to meet his face. In this dreadfully hopeless position, a grotesque sort of humor suddenly possessed him, and he commenced deliberately firing at the glaring eyeballs of the white wolves, and fairly danced with glee when he saw them tumble over with the shrill death-cry, then the whole pack rush on and tear them into shreds in an instant. In this way, every white wolf that had joined the chase was slain. This sport delighted him so much, that he became careless and commenced falling, and only saved himself by dropping his gun, which they seized and almost tore its stock to pieces before they discovered it was not eatable.

Darkness was coming on, and they seemed not in the least disposed to go; and he felt that he must tumble from the faintness of hunger and fatigue, if he was compelled to stay another hour in that tree without food.

It is a peculiarity worthy of remark that these pieces of timber, or islands, as they appear on the smooth face of the undulating prairies, are nearly always of one sort of tree, and it is very rare to meet with one where there are two sorts. Like the beasts of the forest that herd together according to their kind, so does this wild vegetation preserve itself distinct in its several spe-

cies. One island will be composed of live oaks, another of plum, and a third of pecan trees; the vine only is common to them all, and embraces them all alike with its tenacious but slender branches. They are generally perfectly free from bushes and carpeted with the most beautiful verdure. In this instance, the huge volumes of smoke and flame that had passed so near and only suffered the island to escape from the dampness and luxuriance of the foliage, and from its being situated on the summit of a high knoll, had withered the leaves and crested all with the same sable pall of the smoking prairies around.

In the moments of almost despair, prompted by the pangs of hunger, he began chewing the bitter and smoky bark of the tree on which he had taken refuge, when suddenly he observed that those surrounding him were loaded with plums now just ripe, and the thought that if he could only pass to the next tree, he might be safe, flashed through his mind.

The distance was scarcely ten feet, and yet to reach it, he must dare the ferocity of the yelling pack below, who, with fiery eyes and ivory teeth laid bare, waited anxiously to tear him in pieces. But Jean was one to whom all expedients were common. He saw to descend were death, and his only safety was in bridging the intervening space; and he immediately commenced cutting off with his stout hunting-knife the top of the tree above him, after first carefully trimming it of all branches.

If he can only succeed in guiding the fall of the pole thus produced, so that one end may lodge firmly on the nearest tree, and thus form a bridge on which to cross, he may yet be saved; and the hope of life grows strong within him. Cut through at length, he sees it tremble—he exerts his feeble strength—it cracks—it slowly moves! O, if it falls, there's no more hope for Jean! It falls, goes crashing through the withered leaves and smoky branches, and catches—moves again—but finally becomes firmly fixed in the opposite tree, while the end just severed (and which he had taken the precaution to firmly fasten with his hunting-belt) is safely secured, and a bridge is formed, on which to cross would require a strong man's arms; but still the weak tired and suffering hunter must dare or die. He seizes the frail support with both his hands and commences passing himself across, while his dangling feet, scarcely a man's height from the ground, seem the mark for an hundred fiends to precipitate themselves against. But their haste is his safety; and in their eagerness and thirst for blood, they hinder each other, and battling, they roll and rage in madness at their failure.

At this moment, as if to seal his fate, the treacherous branch to which he clung with convulsive grasp, began to crack and bend. At such a time, fear in a brave strong man might be excused, and hope grow dim. But for poor Jean there seemed no hope. Even his broad Panama, as if forsaking its master, and influenced by the evening breeze, fell off and was borne away. As his eye glanced after it, his brain grew dizzy, and murmuring a prayer for mercy from Heaven, the faithless tree-top broke and he fell to the ground.

Man's life hangs on a single hair, and oft the destiny of nations turns upon the smallest point, and it was thus with Jean Bragg; and to the simplest accident he owed his life. When his hat blew off, the crowd of wolves pursued, and he had gained the foot of the long-coveted tree before they, apprized by the loud crash of his fall, came rushing on. And need was there of haste, for scarcely had he gained the lowest branches before the merciless leaders of the hideous throng dashed at him, but missing their way so narrowly, that they carried away in their ugly and frightful jaws part of the hunter's clothes. But trembling and breathless, he felt that at least he was safe, and hastened at once to assuage those keen demands of appetite that had so nearly cost him his life; and the small sour fruit, smoked and sodden, seemed to his parched and fevered taste the most delicate of dainties.

Somewhat refreshed and at length satiated, Jean observed for the first time that the sun was just sinking behind clouds of smoke that hovered over the flames now hidden by distance, like the vulture over the track of war and desolation, and the question at once arose in his mind, how was he to pass the night? He knew that if he slept, it was but to fall into the ravenous jaws of demons whose eyeballs he could see glaring around him like globules of fire, shining through the rapidly increasing darkness, and who, with parched lips and snapping teeth, kept watch around. Securely buckling himself to the tree with his belt, he resolved to keep watch, if possible, through the live-long hours of darkness in silence, in hope that, wearied out and despairing of obtaining the morsel so longed for, they would leave him. This very silence induced sleep, and after vainly resisting the overpowering inclination, his eyes imperceptibly closed and he slept.

How long he remained unconscious, he knew not; but visions wild and fanciful chased in dreadful dreams repose away. The scenes of the day came before him, and the horrid acts

seemed acted over again. It seemed to his disordered fancy that a colossal phantom blacker than the darkest night encircled him with its huge sable arm; and the poor hunter shrieked piercingly in the midst of his slumber, for it seemed as if the cold and slimy contact of a tremendous snake were coming upon him, and he writhed and struggled with horrible convulsions in the imaginary grasp of the sable being. And then it appeared as if he were suddenly carried away with appalling rapidity through an atmosphere as black as pitch, and dense as if it were one vast mass of soot. His tongue seemed paralyzed, so that he could not give vent to the scream which he wished to send forth as an expression of his agony, when he became aware that the shape of the colossal being was growing every instant more and more terrible. The legs and feet became elongated in the form of a tremendous serpent—the vast mass of moving, loathsome, undulating blackness stretching away to an incalculable distance, till at length it became lost in the soot-like gloom; while its head seemed turned to a multitude of wolves' heads, with gaping mouths and long red tongues, nodding and winking with those fiery eyes, that seemed to burn into his very soul and scorch his very blood with terror.

But suddenly the demon stops, and his sable arms placed the dreamer upon the summit of a pillar shooting up from some unfathomable abyss, and shrieking aloud in tones so like the last loud plaintive neigh of his faithful steed, mixed with the yells of grinning fiends innumerable, that the sounds rang in the hunter's ears for years. The demon relinquished his hold upon his trembling prey, who instantly fell, screaming and shrieking horribly, through the air.

But just as it appeared to the wretched Jean that he was about to be plunged headlong into the bottomless pit, he awoke with so convulsive a start, that the vast tree-trunk shook and quivered as he clung to it in an agony of terror. Then he hung motionless—utterly motionless—for a few moments, striving to collect his scattered thoughts and deface the conviction that it was all a dream.

But such a dream—the deathbed knows no anguish, and the churchyard has seen no mental misery, more poignant than he had passed through in this phantasy. Still upon his haggard brow stood the big drops of terror, and still was the sense of an awful consternation upon his brain and heart.

At length, when assured that there was nothing of reality in all that he had gone through,

he raised himself only to see the glaring, horrid eyes of the wolves fixed upon him. And there he clung, silent and sleepless, until the rising sun cast its bright, glorious, warming rays over the desolate and charred prairies. They glanced on him, warming his stiffened limbs and kindling within his despairing heart fresh hopes of life, and longings to escape the fate which half an hour before he had almost wished to dare, as a panacea for all his pains. He watched it as it climbed slowly up the vast blue arch until overhead it marked with shortening shadows the hour of noon, and hope again began to wane, as slowly it passed on its way to the golden gates of the west; and the conviction forced itself upon his mind that at last he must surely perish before another sun arose. He had become entirely reckless now, and loaded his pistols, determined, if he must fall, to bring death with him for some more of his ferocious persecutors.

Suddenly he heard a distant yelling on the prairie like that which had sounded so dreadfully behind his flight. The wolves sprang to their feet and with pricked ears, listened. He looked towards the prairie, and could faintly discover a large buffalo bull plunging along over the plain, surrounded by a great herd of wolves, who were tearing him at every jump. He could even hear the low bellowing of the creature's agony—another victim!—and his thirsty guardians started to join the chase. One after one they went, while those who staid behind would turn their heads to look wistfully back at him and whine and lick their dry chops.

When the chase came in sight, off they started in a body with savage yells. He knew he should be safe now if he could get a fire kindled before they returned, if they did so at all. Before they were out of sight, he had reached the ground, and with trembling eagerness proceeded to light a fire with the help of the tinder-box which every ranger carries. He soon had a great blazing fire, and then curtailing a piece from the last wolf killed—for when they started off, he had fired his pistols after them, killing one and breaking the shoulder of another, who kept on yelling with the pack—he proceeded to roast it for food. Having eaten, he felt so much refreshed that he could now proceed to make provision for the night's rest. He gathered a great heap of wood and built a large blazing circle about the spot selected to sleep upon. The wolves came back in about an hour after he had made his arrangements for the night; but he now felt perfectly secure, for though he could see their hungry eyes shining all around, and they kept up a continual howling all night long, he laid himself down and

slept soundly until morning, and when he awoke the wolves were all gone but one or two cranching at the bones of yesterday's feast. He shot one of them and made a breakfast off of it. On picking up his gun, he found that although much torn and gnawed, it could still be used. He now took his course and started towards the settlements, which after a long tramp he reached safely.

PETRIFIED CITY.

The enterprising traveller, Mr. Ritchie, who proceeded, some years since, with an expedition from Tripoli, for the purpose of exploring the interior of Africa, wrote as follows:—"As one of my friends desired me to give him, in writing, an account of what I knew, touching the petrified city, situated seventeen days' journey from Tripoli, by a caravan, to the southeast, and two days' journey south from Ongnala, I told him what I had heard from different persons, and particularly from the mouth of one man of credit, who had been on the spot; that is to say, that it was a spacious city, of a round form, having great and small trees therein, furnished with shops with a large castle magnificently built. That he has seen there several sorts of tree, the most part olive and palms, all of stone, and of a blue, or rather lead color. That he saw also figures of men, in postures of exercising their different employments; some holding in their hands staffs, others bread; every one doing something; even women suckling their children, all of stone. That he went into the castle by three different gates, though there were many more; that there were guards at the gates, with pikes and javelins in their hands. In short that he saw in this wonderful city, many sorts of animals, as camels, horses, asses, and sheep, and various birds, all of stone, and of the color above-mentioned."

PLAYING WILLIAM TELL.

In Pittstown, Rensselaer County, N. Y., Horace H. Wadsworth, with his rifle at arm's length at twenty paces, shot a potato from the head of a young man named Crogan. The potato was cut in two, and by the force of the ball a wale as big as a man's finger was raised on Crogan's head, and the poor fellow thought his skull was split, though no blood was drawn nor any real harm done. The truth is, a party in the tavern, somewhat elevated, had been discussing the story of William Tell, and that led to the perilous trial. Crogan says it was the first and last time that he will ever stand as a live illustration of Swiss patriotism.—*Boston Transcript*.

SHARP WORK.—Professor Gould, in a recent lecture on astronomy, at New Orleans, said, when the great book of Copernicus was being published in 1543, the populace were so exasperated against his new doctrine that they threatened to destroy the printing-office, and "printers set it up with a composing stick in one hand and a gun in the other." They must have had smart compositors in those days. Of course they must have set type with their teeth, both hands being occupied.

FAREWELL TO THEE, ERIN.

BY WINNY WOODBINE.

Farewell to thee, Erin, thou home of my childhood;
I've wandered afar 'neath the shade of thy wild-wood,
I have roamed through thy valleys, thy mountains roved
o'er,
And now I am leaving thy dearly loved shore.

How oft by the streamlet I've wandered at even,
To gaze on the glory that shone from the heaven—
Till my heart, in its loving, deemed the stars ne'er could be
As bright elsewhere as in Erin, the gem of the sea.

The memories of home softly round me are stealing,
And moving the waters of love and deep feeling;
And I sigh for the oot, by the wide spreading wild-wood,
And the maiden who shared all my griefs in my childhood.

But fate hath ordained that far away I must roam,
To fight in the behalf of my country and home;
To battle for freedom; our fair Ireland to save
From the grasp of the tyrant—or else find a grave.

Far, far o'er the ocean our vessel is flying, [ing;
While the wind through the white sails in sorrow is sigh-
And echoes back sadly to our passionate grieving,
A dirge for the homes and the land we are leaving.

Then fare thee well, Erin, I know not if e'er
I shall view thy fair plains and thy cottages dear;
Should I fall in the strife, then my last words shall be
The name of my Alline, and a farewell to thee.

ONE OF A THOUSAND.

BY HOWARD STANHOPE.

"I say, she's one of a thousand, my mother.
Such wit, such loveliness, such vivacity."

"Ah, my son, I fear you have in this instance
been led away by outside show. Did I not know
Ellen Varney well, I would not say one word
against your proposal; but I do know her well.
She is not the girl to make you a good wife.
And were she even an excellent girl—which she
could not be under the circumstances I am about
to state—you would do wrong in a measure to
take her for a wife. You know Lucius Warren
has waited upon her nearly two years; and she
has always given him encouragement until she
found you. You are no better than he, but he
has no money, and you have. Your few thou-
sand dollars have attracted her. It is no noble
quality she has detected in you, take my word
for it."

"You mistake her, mother. She does love
me, well—and for myself, too; for she has told
me so in language not to be mistaken. I tell
you she is one of a thousand."

"But I know her, my son, and I cannot see
you take an unworthy partner to your bosom

without using all my efforts to save you. Ah,
you do not yet know how much of your future
welfare depends upon the wife you shall choose.
Look upon the home you would have when your
poor old mother is gone,"

"Speak not so, my mother. I cannot bear to
hear you."

"But, my son, I cannot always remain with
you. You know that. You have been my only
care for years. I have loved you well, and I
know that you have loved me in return, so all my
cares have been joys, and all my labors for you
only so many sources of blessedness. But the
time must come when you will have no mother;
and then who shall take that mother's place?
When you are worn and weary with the business
of the day, who shall give you peace and com-
fort? Remember, my boy, what you will want
for a home. It is not a beautiful face, nor is it
wit and vivacity—though these are worthy
qualities in a woman who is worthy of them.
Think calmly of Ellen Varney, and see if you
can find—I mean not to praise myself, but yet I
will ask it—can you find the signs of your moth-
er's home qualities in her?"

"But, mother, you—you are prejudiced. You
do not like Ellen. You have seen some little
thing which you did not like, and hence you
fancy she is not the girl I think she is."

"I have seen some things in her which I did
not like, Vulcain. I will tell you one, if you will
listen."

"Tell me."

"Then, only last week I was at her mother's.
While I was there, a poor blind man came to the
door and asked for food. He was cold and hun-
gry, and his limbs were weak and tremulous.
The servant-girl had gone out, and there was no
fire in the kitchen. The only fire in the house,
was in their little, back sitting-room. Ellen, at
first objected to admitting the old man to the
house, though she thought he might have some
food out of doors. But her mother saw my look,
and she admitted him. I proposed having him
come into the sitting-room where he could warm
himself, but Ellen came nigh going into parox-
ysms at the bare idea. She said she could not
remain in the room with such a 'horrid creature!' And so the poor, shivering old man was forced
to sit down in the cold kitchen and eat. The
door was left ajar at the suggestion of Ellen,
who feared that the 'old wretch,' as she termed
him, might steal something. In a few moments
the old man's dog came into the sitting-room,
and crawling up to where Ellen sat, he wagged
his tail and whined imploringly. He either
wanted food or drink. She started up and gave

him a kick that sent him crying away to his master. The noble brute had led his poor blind owner over the earth when all other friends had forsaken him. And this was the treatment the noble animal received at Ellen Varney's hands. I was sick at heart when I came away; but I came not until I had bade the old man follow me. That was the man who remained here two nights, and in whose conversation we found so much pleasure and profit."

"But Ellen—a—has very sensitive feelings, I know. Her nerves are not strong," returned the son, somewhat perplexed.

"And is such the woman for the wife of one who wants love and care through all the dark hours of a lifetime? Suppose you were sometime to be struck blind?"

"O, mother, you wrong Ellen, now. Whom she loved she would protect and care for."

"I don't know, my son. I fear, were you to become maimed in body, now, she would leave you at once."

"There, now I know you are prejudiced, or you would not have spoken those words. I know you do not understand Ellen."

"I will say no more, Vulcain. I have only spoken for your good, for I fear you do not fully realize the vast importance of the choice you are to make for a wife. You know what HOME is; and remember that all of your future home on earth will depend upon the character of the wife. One word more, my son: Poor Julia Lawrence loves you truly and well. You should not have turned from her."

"But I never, never, gave Julia any hopes of being my wife. If she loves me, how can I help it? She is not the girl that Ellen is. I tell you, Ellen is one of a thousand. She loves me, and I love her."

"Very well, my child; I only hope that ere your fate is irrevocably fixed, you may know exactly how much Ellen Varney loves you."

After this the son went to attend to important business, and the mother was left alone.

Vulcain St. Egbert was twenty-two years of age, and was just upon the point of going into business. His father had come over from France, at the accession of Louis XVIII. He had loved Napoleon, and when the mighty hero was banished to Elba, the elder St. Egbert came to America, and here his only child was born. When the father died, he left his widow, in keeping for his son, ten thousand dollars, also leaving the same amount for her use and comfort. Vulcain was then only ten years of age, and since then, his mother had kept him at school at her own expense, being resolved that when he

came of age he should have his patrimony untouched for such business as he might select to prosecute.

And now Vulcain was going into business. Under the careful superintendence of his mother, the ten thousand dollars had more than doubled, and he was now able to buy out one of the most extensive business places in the town. An old man had grown gray, and accumulated a fortune, in his store, and he now sold out to Vulcain St. Egbert. But none in the town, save the youth and his mother, and the old merchant and his attorney, knew the extent of Vulcain's wealth. Those who knew him, knew that he had considerable, but they knew not how much.

Not far from where Vulcain lived, resided a poor widow who had an only child—a Mrs. Lawrence, who supported herself by hard labor, though of late years her child had been of much assistance to her. Julia Lawrence was nineteen, and though not so fair and beautiful as some, yet she was a lovely and loving girl. She possessed a noble look—a soft, winning nobleness—and it required acquaintance to develop all her beauty. She had been a schoolmate and playmate of Vulcain, and she loved him for his noble qualities of heart and soul. And once Vulcain had loved her; but as he came nigh to his commencement of business, and it became known that he had considerable money, people began to court his favors. Among this class were Mrs. Varney and her daughter Ellen. The latter had a quick, flashing wit, the transitory brightness of which hid its shallowness. And she had some outward beauty, too. Her mother had commenced the onset—for it had been calmly planned that the young man should be caught and secured. She commenced the work by very adroitly leading Vulcain's mind astray. To this end she brought the whole force of her social powers to bear, and gradually she made him feel that by associating with poor people, he was losing his influence in society. This point was not presented bare and unrelieved, for had it been, Vulcain's soul would have scorned the idea; but the way was curiously paved for it, and it came upon him unawares. He was caught and ensnared, and Ellen's influence she thought complete. Vulcain knew not how Julia Lawrence wept all alone in her chamber, for he knew not how truly she had loved him. Ah, he knew not his own heart. It was in a state of fusion, caught and bound by elements not congenial with his nature, and living upon the ideal alone.

It was on the first of January when Vulcain concluded the bargain with Mr. Forbes, the man of whom he was to buy. He paid down seven-

teen thousand dollars in cash, and the store with all its contents was his. That evening he came home and held a long consultation with his mother, upon a simple subject that he had held in contemplation for some time; and in the end, she agreed with his opinion.

"And now," said the mother, after this matter was disposed of, "I suppose in the coming spring you mean to take a wife."

"I think of it," replied Vulcain."

"And are you still determined to make Ellen Varney your partner?"

"Of course."

"I wish you could know her better, my son."

"I know her well enough. I have made myself acquainted with her character, and I like it. And then her station in society is good."

"Ah, Vulcain, there is the rock upon which your bark may founder. Station in society is of much importance, I will admit, but stand up now, like a man as you are—stand up before me—look me in the eye—and then tell me if you want a wife to give you station in society! You want an honest, noble-hearted, pure-souled wife, and then, be she plebeian or patrician, her station will be with your own. You forget your own honor when you allow such a thought to enter your mind. You are what the world calls handsome—your features are noble, your hair is dark, glossy, and curling, and hence has Ellen——"

"Stop, my mother; you do not surely know Ellen Varney. I tell you she is one of a thousand."

"No, Vulcain, it is you who know her not. You have only seen her when she was prepared for your reception. I have been intimate in the family, and I know all her domestic qualities. O, my son, not for worlds would I thus speak of Ellen Varney, were it not that your whole future of earthly happiness is dependent upon your choice here. But we will say no more about it now. Seal not your vows with her until you have studied her character more carefully."

"Vulcain was perplexed, but he knew that his mother meant only for his good, and he was not offended. On the next morning he started for the city, where he was going to purchase goods, and Mr. Forbes accompanied him, partly to settle up his own affairs, and partly to introduce his youthful successor to the merchants of the metropolis. He was to be gone a week. On the fourth day of his absence, his mother received a letter from him, in which he stated that he had not quite money enough with him to do as he wished to do, and asking her to send him five hundred dollars. She did so, at once, and wrote a fond letter in reply.

That evening Mrs. St. Egbert called in upon Mrs. Varney. She found the mother and daughter both at home, and she was kindly welcomed.

"Have you heard from Vulcain, since he left?" asked Mrs. Varney, after various other topics had been touched upon.

"Yes, I received a letter from him to-day," replied Mrs. St. Egbert, in a low, sad tone.

"When is he going to buy Forbes out?" continued Mrs. Varney, not seeming to notice the tone of the answer she had just received.

"Well, they had some talk on the subject the day before my son went away. I think if Vulcain should look over his account, he would find himself—well, perhaps he will have to work diligently. A month ago he felt sure he had a number of thousand dollars, but from the tone of his letter, to-day, I am sure he finds himself with not so much money as he needed. However, he has found a good friend who can furnish him with a little. But I care not so much about that. I see by the same letter that he has lost one of his eyes!"

"Lost an eye!" gasped Ellen. "You don't mean so!"

"He has, Ellen—lost it entirely. But he has one good one left which he can use."

"O, mercy!" cried the affrighted girl, "how horribly he must look with only one eye. O, I never could bear the sight of a one-eyed man. That dreadful socket—all shrunk away and hollow! How did he lose it?"

"He didn't write me how. But then it will not hurt him for business."

"O, how dreadfully, dreadfully, he must look!" murmured Ellen, spasmodically. "And he hasn't so much money as he thought he had?"

"No. He must have been spending money lately—he must have spent a great deal; I am sure of it. But I care not for that. He is young and healthy, and business is before him."

"But only one eye! But he can have a glass one put in."

"No, that would be impossible. The nature of the loss is such that art cannot do anything for it."

"How dreadful he must look!" repeated Ellen, shuddering.

"And do you suppose it hurt him any?" said Mrs. St. Egbert, severely.

"O, it must have hurt him. But what is that compared with the looks of the thing?"

"And what are simple looks, compared with the loss?"

After this the conversation was dull and unpleasant, and ere long Mrs. St. Egbert took her leave. Two days after that her son came home,

and on that very evening a servant came from Mrs. Varney's with a note for Vulcain. The young man recognized Ellen's hand, and he opened the missive eagerly. It read as follows :

"TO VULCAIN ST. EGERT. *Dear Sir,*—However painful it must be for me to pen these lines, still duty bids me do it. If there has been in your bosom any thoughts of a union between us other than that of common friendship, I hope you will banish it from this time. I sincerely pity you in your misfortune, but more than that I cannot do. I cannot unite myself for life to a man whose very face would make me shudder, every time I looked at it.

"Yours very respectfully, ELLEN VARNEY."

The young man read the missive through twice, and then he handed it to his mother.

"In mercy's name, what does she mean?" he uttered.

His mother read the note, and she smiled as she laid it down.

"What do you think of it, my son?"

"Think? Why—I know not what to think. You know something of it. Now what is it? Tell me."

"But first answer me, my son. What kind of love can the girl have felt for you who wrote this note? Answer me?"

"But I first must know what she thinks, and then I may answer."

"Well—she thinks you have lost one of your eyes, and that a glass one cannot be put in its place. And she also thinks that you have not so much money as you thought you had."

"But how should she have thought this?"

"Why, I must confess that I am at the bottom of it. I was in there on the evening after I received your letter, and upon their asking after you, I told them I saw by your letter that you had lost one of your eyes, and the only feeling Ellen expressed was horror at the thought of how you would look. They also asked me if, or when, you were going to buy Forbes out. I did not tell them that the thing was already done, but I told them I thought, if you were to look over your money, you would not find so much as you thought you had a month ago. I also told them you had to borrow some to get through in Boston; and also that I thought you had been spending much money very recently. All of which, you know, is strictly true. And if, in the result, I meant to deceive, the end must justify the means, for in no other earthly way could I have shown you Ellen's true character."

The youth bowed his head in silent thought, and for half an hour he spoke not a word. During that time a new spirit seemed to spring to life within him. His thoughts wandered away

to the lowly widow's cot, and he knew that beneath that roof was one who loved him. The assurance was not such an assurance as he had had of Ellen's love—it was a calm, solemn truth which his soul embraced without a lingering doubt.

"We will speak of this in the morning," he at length said, and then he retired.

When he came down to breakfast his face was lighted up by a look of calm, self-satisfied joy.

"My mother," he said, taking her hand, "forgive me for the doubts I have held of your judgment. Half of this long night have I laid awake and pondered upon the subject we have conversed so much upon of late. I can only say now that Ellen Varney is not what I could have wished. The woman who can fling away a loved object for so slight a cause is not surely the companion for a lifetime. She could not have loved me for what there was good or true in me. It cost me a pang last night—a torturing one—but it is past now. I must away to business early this morning, but we will converse further upon the subject this evening."

* * * * *

"My dear Mr. Forbes," said Mrs. Varney, meeting that gentleman in the street—Ellen was with her—"so it seems that young St. Egbert will not purchase your store, after all?"

"No—don't think he will, madam," replied the blunt old man.

"So I was informed. Poor youth! He must have spent a great deal of money lately."

"Yes—I think he must. He paid me seventeen thousand dollars in cash about a week ago."

"What? Paid you—seventeen thousand—A—But—"

"He bought my store, madam, over a week ago, and is now sole owner," said the old man, while Mrs. Varney was stammering.

"But I was told that he had to borrow money to—to—"

"Ah, yes. After having paid away twenty-three thousand dollars of his own, he wrote up to his mother for a few hundred, which she sent him, he being determined to buy for cash."

The scheming mother and daughter went home with a peculiarly annoying little insect in each ear.

Very soon the old sign came down from the great brick store, and a new one went up in its place, with the name—"VULCAN ST. EGERT."

* * * * *

"Mrs. St. Egbert, how could you tell me such a falsehood?" Mrs. Varney indignantly asked, as she met the former lady for the first time after the interview last alluded to between them. It

was in front of St. Egbert's store they met, and Ellen was present.

"Surely," returned Mrs. St. Egbert, calmly, "I told you nothing untrue."

"Did you not inform us that your son had lost one of his eyes?"

"Yes—I believe I did," answered the lady, with a smile. "I told you I saw by my son's letter that he had lost an—eye. If you will look at his sign you will see what I meant. Don't you see—he spells his name now 'V-u-l-c-a-n,' having left out the *i*. Before going into business he resolved to adopt the English method of spelling the Christian name. He conferred with me, and I advised him to do it. Don't you think it sounds better? or, at any rate, that it looks better?"

"But—but—you surely meant for us to understand differently, for you spoke of his having one eye left."

"Ah—yes—I remember. I said he had one left which he *could* use. I meant that if he clung to the *i*, he could have it for use by spelling out his whole name—*Saint* Egbert. Don't you see?"

The indignant schemer was upon the point of giving vent to some very severe rebuke, but the approach of a third party prevented it—and they separated.

Not many days after this Vulcan St. Egbert visited at the Widow Lawrence's. Julia found it hard to compose herself, but she succeeded in doing it, and at length she conversed freely. The young man was astonished at the thought that now presented itself. Once he had preferred Ellen Varney to this noble, lovely being! But his eyes were open now, and so was his heart; and ere he left the widow's cot that night he held not a thought of love which Julia did not know. She wept, for she could not help it, but her tears were gentle dews, distilled of heaven, giving new life to the once blighted bud, and causing it to blossom as the full rose.

Years have passed since then, and many—many times, has Vulcan St. Egbert blessed the hour that led his heart back to the widow's cot; and now he can truly say, as he holds his wife to his bosom—"Thou art one of a thousand."

And Julia often answers—

"And the rest of the thousand can be easily found by those who can distinguish the false from the real. Noble women are plenty in our land."

He that never suffered extreme adversity, knows not the full extent of his own depravation; and he that has never enjoyed the summit of prosperity, is equally ignorant how far the iniquity of others can go. For our adversity will excite temptations in ourselves, our prosperity in others.

SAMUEL ROGERS'S TABLE TALK.

What a treat it must have been to breakfast with Samuel Rogers, and hear him relate his personal reminiscences of the great men, the warriors, poets, statesmen, artists, actors, and beautiful women of eighty years ago, the most stirring and Augustan of the world's modern history! The memory of his contemporaries has preserved some of his anecdotes, and here are a few of them. They illustrate the social atmosphere that surrounded the poet.

"I saw Garrick act only once—the part of *Ranger*, in the 'Suspicious Husband.' I remember that there was a great crowd, and that we waited long in a dark passage of the theatre, on our way to the pit. I was then a little boy. My father had promised to take me to see Garrick in *Leary*, but a fit of the mumps kept me at home. Before his going abroad, Garrick's attraction had much decreased; Sir William Weller Pepys said that the pit was often almost empty. But, on his return to England, people were mad about seeing him; and Sir George Beaumont and several others used frequently to get admission into the pit before the doors were opened to the public, by means of bribing the attendants, who bade them 'be sure, as soon as the crowd rushed in, to pretend to be in a great heat, and to wipe their faces, as if they had just been struggling for entrance.'—"Boddington had a wretchedly bad memory; and in order to improve it, he attended Feinagle's lectures on the Art of Memory. Soon after, somebody asked Boddington the name of the lecturer, and for his life, he could not recollect it."—"John Kemble was often amusing when he had had a good deal of wine. He and two friends were returning to town in an open carriage from the Priory (Lord Abercorn's), where they had dined; and as they were waiting for change at a toll-gate, Kemble, to the amazement of the toll keeper, called out in the tone of Rolla, 'We seek no change; and, least of all, such change as he would bring us.' When Kemble was living at Lausanne, he used to feel rather jealous of Mont Blanc; he disliked to hear people always asking, 'How does Mont Blanc look this morning?'—"I once dined with Curran in the public room of the chief inn at Greenwich, when he talked a great deal, and, as usual, with considerable exaggeration. Speaking of something which he would not do on any inducement, he exclaimed, vehemently, 'I would rather be hanged upon twenty gibbets.' 'Don't you think, sir, that one would be enough for you?' said a girl, a stranger, who was sitting at a table next to us. I wish you could have seen Curran's face. He was absolutely confounded—struck dumb."—"Lord Nelson was a remarkably kind-hearted man. I have seen him spin a teetotum with his one hand, a whole evening, for the amusement of some children. I heard him once during dinner utter many bitter complaints (which Lady Hamilton vainly attempted to check) of the way he had been treated at court that forenoon—the queen had not condescended to take the slightest notice of him. In truth, Nelson was hated at court; they were jealous of his fame."

LINES TO AN ABSENT FRIEND.

BY MARY DELL.

'Tis cold without, the snow is drifted round,
The icicles are thick on every tree,
And in my heart a kindred gloom abounds,
For where thou art not winter reigns for me.

How strong the love that binds the heart to heart,
Not like "the fading fancy of the hour,"
It holds us bondmen under sorrow's smart,
In joy or woe obedient to its power.

How prized the memory of kindly deeds,
And friendship's tokens, are they not most dear?
And, when afar, the lonely heart still feeds
On thoughts of what was when our friends were near.

Ah! 'tis a troubled sleep the exile knows,
Broken by dreams, and fancies born of love,
Rough is the mountain, deep the stream that flows,
Whene'er in sleep we chase our heart's lost dove.

We never hear a kind and tender word,
But it will call to mind a friend most dear;
And the sweet echo to a voice once heard,
In every gentle tone we seem to hear.

THE ART OF SLEEPING.

BY THE OLD 'UN.

POOR Sancho Panza has been immeasurably laughed at for his exclamation, "Blessings on the man who first invented sleep!" but we fancy that we shall be able to prove that his expression was perfectly correct, and that the pursuit of sleep under difficulties is an art and science, requiring talent and cultivation for success. But this we cannot well do without resorting to our old trick of story-telling.

Some dozen years since, while sojourning at Williamsburg, we went one glorious summer evening to Niblo's Garden to witness a French vaudeville company from New Orleans. The weather was as fine as a night at Naples; the moon rose without a cloud; the air was tropical, and suggestive of the necessity of white pantaloons and vest. The play was a very attractive one, and the performances long—extending, in fact, into the morning. When the "school was dismissed," the weather had become threatening; but not, as we thought, immediately betokening a storm; so we set out to foot it down Grand Street to the ferry. About half way down, a sudden thunder storm, accompanied by a perfect deluge of rain, broke over the devoted streets. An awning and a doorway afforded us temporary shelter till there was a lull in the peltings of the pitiless storm.

Between drops, as it were, we finally made our way to the ferry-house, where no lantern was displayed, and where two ruffianly proprietors of a leaky boat assured us that their craft—they, themselves, looked in the dim light very much like river-pirates—was the only conveyance for crossing the stream, and offered to ferry us over for the modest sum of ten dollars. Liking neither the men nor their terms, we concluded to take lodgings at some hotel in the city; but in all Grand Street, and in all Broadway, there was none open. The "All Nations," which we occasionally patronized, because it commanded a pleasant view of Trinity churchyard, was hermetically sealed, and though we used up our walking-stick, and a cane we borrowed of a benevolent watchman, in seeking to make an impression on the auditorium of the porter, we were compelled to relinquish the attempt. Wet, tired, sleepy, the pleasant prospect before us was that of walking the streets till morning. Diving down a by-street, a light in a window attracted us, and we entered a low-browed room, with a sanded floor, and benches ranged around it; a sort of parcel eating-house, parcel bar-room and parcel variety store. We were compelled to seek its shelter, uninviting as it was, by the rain, which descended in furious torrents just as we reached the door. The proprietor of the establishment, a venerable individual in a green baize jacket, sold at his counter liquors of all kinds, and cigars of every villanous flavor, Coney Island clams, Blue Point oysters, cakes, marbles, candy, knitting needles, ice cream, fine-tooth combs, castor oil, soap, sassafras, India rubber, musk-melons, dried codfish and snuff. Selecting from this assortment half a dozen of the least ambiguous cakes, to authorize us to a seat for a few moments, we looked around us.

A seedier set of individuals than those who rested on the surrounding benches our eyes never beheld. They seemed to be clad in the refuse of a Rag Fair; a Parisian *chiffonier* would have disdained to wear any of their garments. With arms folded, legs crossed, and hats and caps pulled down over their brows, they were all in attitudes of profound repose, with the exception of one foot, which each of these singular figures kept in perpetual motion, up and down, sideways or semicircularly. A sandy-haired waiter, evidently a London cockney, kept perambulating the room like a sentinel, holding a little rafter in his hand. We watched his motions narrowly, and observed that when one of the loafers ceased to agitate his foot, he received a sharp cut from the rattan across the toe, with the admonition of "Wake up, Mr. Ferguson—you can't sleep 'ere!"

One of the wretched men, whose foot did not exhibit the required vitality, even after receiving the admonitory cut, was seized by the collar by the waiter, dragged from his seat, and unceremoniously ejected into the street. This awful example, which created an unwonted disturbance, roused every individual in the room to unusual activity. Each one seemed anxious to prove his wakefulness by coughing, whistling, or scuffling on the floor. The waiter, after grimly surveying the same with a smile of satanic satisfaction, condescended to sit down by us and address us a few words.

"A rum set of customers, mister!" was his opening remark.

"You mean they come here for rum."

"They buys just one glass apiece," said he; "cost's 'em three-pence, and that gives them the freedom of the room—just as your cakes does yourn."

"Ah!"

"But, 'cordin' to the reg'lations of the guv'n'r yonder, ve don't allow no sleepin' on the premises. The werry moment ve detex von hasleep, hout 'e goes—just as hi served that 'ere chap just now. They haint got no other place to sleep in, 'cept the streets, and there the police stirs 'em up continually; so you see they larns 'ow to behave themselves."

"Well, they're all wide awake now," said we.

"Never you think it, mister," said the waiter.

"Ah! they're the downiest, owdaciousset set of scamps you ever see. They've larned to wiggle their feet while they're fast as a top. Long as they keep a teetering their toes, they're safe. Hullo there, old Blue Cap! vake up, or I'll be arter you vith the sharpest kind of a stick."

The admonished individual stirred uneasily, and began to whistle "Dandy Jim."

"That 'ere covey's the downiest of all," said the waiter, half admiringly. "I'm blessed if he haint larned to whistle 'Ginger Blue' ven he's as fast as the Seven Sleepers. But ve've put a stop to 'Ginger Blue,' and now he's larnin' smother tune. Ve 'as to vatch 'im werry narrowly, and ve allers detex 'im by a kinder 'uskiness in the demi-semiquavers. I gets 'alf a dollar a week hextra on account of my musical hear. Hullo! there's a false note! Confound the feller! 'E's hasleep agin. Vake up, Mr. Ferguson!"

Having seen a new chapter of human nature, and the weather having cleared up, we bade adieu to the establishment, and sallied forth once more in pursuit of a lodging. Fortunately, the City Hotel was open.

"Got a spare bed?"

"Yes'ar—cords on 'em."

The way we sunk into that bed—the way we slept—the way we didn't hear the breakfast-gong, and the roar of the imperial city waking up at daybreak—is nobody's business but ours. We never slept sounder, and never, on awaking, and on recalling the scene of the past night, had a more vivid impression of the profundity of Sancho Panza's philosophy.

A REMARKABLE CLIMATE.

The climate of the Khasia mountains, which lie northeast from Calcutta, and are separated by the valley of the Burrampooter River from the Himalaya range, is remarkable for the inordinate fall of rain—the greatest it is said, which has ever been recorded. Mr. Yule, an English gentleman, established the fact that in the single month of August, 1841, there fell 264 inches of rain, or twenty-two feet, of which *twelve-and-a-half feet* fell in the space of *five consecutive days*. This astonishing fact is confirmed by two other English travellers, who measured thirty inches of rain in twenty-four hours, and during seven months above five hundred inches. This terrific rain fall is attributed to the abruptness of the mountains which face the Bay of Bengal, and the intervening flat swamps two hundred miles in extent. The district of the excessive rain is extremely limited, and but a few degrees further west rain is said to be almost unknown, and the winter falls of snow to seldom exceed two inches. —*Boston Atlas*.

AN AMUSING MISTAKE.

A gentleman of Downt was going out in his carriage to make some calls with his wife, when he discovered that he had left his visiting cards. He ordered his footman, recently come into his service, to go to the mantelpiece in his sitting-room, and bring the cards he should see there. The servant did as he was ordered, retained the articles to be used as he was directed, and off started the gentleman, sending in the footman with cards wherever the "not at home" occurred. As these were very numerous, he turned to his servant with the question—"How many cards have you left?" "Well, sir," says the footman, very innocently, "there's the king of spades, the six of hearts and the ace of clubs!" "The deuce!" exclaimed his master. "That's gone," said John.—*New York Mirror*.

SCHOOL LESSON.

"Napoleon Alexis Dobbs, come up here and say your lesson. What makes boys grow?"

"It is the rain, sir."

"Why do not men grow?"

"Because they carry an umbrella, which keeps off the rain."

"What makes a young man and woman fall in love?"

"Because one of 'em has a heart of steel, and t'other has a heart of flint; and when they come together, they strike fire, and that is love."

"That's right. Now you may go and plague the gals." So says Simon.

MY EDEN HOME.

BY ESTHER B. STRATTON.

Has earth a dearer spot than this?
 A home more bright with happiness?
 More watched a nest?
 Where every object sends a charm
 Of sweet, wild harmonies, that calm
 The soul's unrest?

Where every white-robed image seems,
 Like genii strayed from poetry's dreams,
 To guard from wrong—
 Where every hour the moments bring,
 Slips, like a fly on silver wing,
 Gaily along.

Where every song our birdie tells,
 Like angel-echo, floats and swells
 With hallowed trill—
 And every gift with thought is wove,
 Of him who shares this home of love,
 And shields from ill.

O, earth holds not so blest a home
 As this, where two souls blend in one,
 So truly woven!
 My Eden home! God grant its light
 Be ever holy, ever bright—
 A type of heaven.

THE HUNDRED DOLLAR BILL.

BY ANSON B. CLIFFORD.

MR. JOHN SOMERS was a merchant, doing business in a thriving country village. He had two clerks in his employ, both of them faithful and industrious, but with some difference in minor points of character. Peter White was twenty-two years of age, the child of a now widowed mother, and in his choice of a profession he had only been governed by the desire to yield to his mother and self the surest means of honest support. Walter Sturgis was of the same age, and equally as honest, but he paid more attention to the outward appearance of things, than did his companion. For instance, it galled him to be obliged to put on his frock and overalls, and help pack up pork, potatoes, and so on; while Peter cared not what he did so long as his master required it, and it was honest.

One day Mr. Somers called the two young men into his counting-room and closed the door after them. His countenance looked troubled, and it was some moments before he spoke.

"Boys," he said, at length, "I have been doing a very foolish thing. I have lent my name to those I thought my friends, and they have ruined me. I gave them accommodation notes, and they promised solemnly that these notes should not pass from their hands save to such

men as I might accept. Of course I took their notes in exchange. They have now failed and cleared out, and have left my paper in the market to the amount of seven thousand dollars. I may arise again, but I must give up my business. Everything in the store is attached, and I am left utterly powerless to do business now. I have looked over your accounts, and I find that I owe you about a hundred dollars each. Now I have just one hundred dollars in money, and the small piece of land on the side of the hill just back of the town-house. There are four acres of this land, and I have been offered a hundred dollars for it, repeatedly, by those who have land adjoining. I feared this blow, which has come upon me, and I conveyed this land to my brother; so now he can convey it to whom he pleases. Now I wish you would make your choice. If I could pay you both in money I would, but as I cannot, one of you must take this land. What say you? You, Walter, have been with me the longest, and you shall say first."

Walter Sturgis hesitated some moments, and he said:

"I'm sure I don't want the land, unless I could sell it right off."

"Ah, but that wont do," returned Mr. Somers. "If you take the land you must keep it. Were you to sell it, my creditors would say at once that you did it for me, and that I pocketed the money."

"Then I am willing to divide the hundred dollars with Peter, for if I had the land I should do nothing with it."

"O, you need not divide the money, for I can easily raise the hundred dollars on the land. My brother will do that. But I imagined that you would prefer the land, for I knew the soil was good, though quite rocky. However, what say you, Peter?"

"Why, I will take the land," returned Peter, "or I will divide equally with Walter—each of us take half the money and half the land."

"But what should I want with the land?" said Walter. "I could not work on it, I—should hardly like to descend from a clerkship to digging and delving in a blue frock and cow-hide boots."

"Then it is easily settled," rejoined Peter, "for I should prefer the land."

Walter was pleased with this, and before night he had the hundred-dollar bill in his pocket, and Peter had the warrantee deed of the four acres of land upon the hillside. Both the young men belonged in the village, and had always lived there. It was only five miles from the city, and of course many city fashions were prevalent

there. It was under the influence of this fashion that Walter Sturgis refused to have anything to do with the land.

Times were dull, and business was slack, even though it was early spring. Peter White's first object, after having got the deed of his land, was to hunt up some kind of work. Had he been a mechanic he might have found some place, but he knew no trade except that of salesman and book-keeping. A whole week he searched in vain for employment, but at the end of that time he found an old farmer who wanted a hand, though he could not afford to pay much. But Peter, finally, and with the advice of Mr. Somers, made an arrangement of this kind: He would work for the old farmer (Mr. Stevens) steadily until the ground was open, and then he should have half the time to devote upon his own land, and in part payment for his services, Stevens was to help about all the ox work that the youth might need. Next Peter went to the hotel, where there was quite a stable, and engaged a hundred loads of manure, the landlord promising to take his pay in produce when harvest time came. So Peter White put on a blue frock and cowhide boots, and went to work for Farmer Stevens.

In the meantime Walter Sturgis had been to the city to try to find a situation in some store, but he came back bootless. He was surprised when he met Peter driving an ox team through the village. At first he could hardly believe his own eyes. Could it be possible that that was Peter White, in that blue frock, and those coarse boots? On the next day a relation from the city came to visit Walter. The two walked out, and during the day Walter saw Peter coming towards them with his team. He was hauling lumber which Mr. Stevens had been getting out during the winter. Walter saw how coarse and humble his quondam clerk-mate looked, and he knew that Peter would hail him if they met; so he caught his companion by the arm and dodged into a by-lane. Peter saw the movement, and he understood it, but he only smiled. By-and-by the snow was all gone from the hillside. The wintry garb was removed from that spot some time before it left other places, for Peter's lot lay on the southern slope of the hill, and thus had all the advantages of the warm sun all day without any of the cold north and east winds. The youth found his land very rocky, but none of them were permanent; so his first move was to get off some of these obstructions, and as Mr. Stevens's land was not yet clear from snow, he was able to give his young workman considerable assistance. They took two yokes of

oxen, and two drags, and went at it, and in just five days every rock was at the foot of the slope, and made into a good stone wall. Peter then hauled on his hundred loads of manure, which he had for seventy-five dollars, and part of it he plowed in, and part he saved for top dressing.

Peter now worked early and late, and much of the time he had help. Mr. Stevens was surprised at the richness of the soil, but there was reason for it. At the top of the hill there was a huge ledge, and the rocks which had encumbered the hillside must, at some former period, have come tumbling down from the ledge; and these rocks, laying there for ages, perhaps, and covering nearly half the surface of the ground, had served to keep the soil moist and mellow. The first thing Peter planted, was about a quarter of an acre of water melons. He then got in some early garden sauce—such as potatoes, sweet corn, peas, beans, radishes, cucumbers, tomatoes and so on. And he got his whole piece worked up and planted before Stevens's farm was free from snow. People stopped in the road and gazed upon the hillside in wonder. Why had that spot never been used before? For forty years it had been used as a sheep pasture, the rocks having forbidden all thoughts of cultivating it. But how admirably it was situated for early tilling; and how rich the soil must have been, with sheep running over it so long. An adjoining hill shut off the east winds, and the hill itself gave its back to the chill north.

Peter had planted an acre of corn, an acre of potatoes, and the rest he had divided among all sorts of produce. Then he went to work for Stevens again, and in a few weeks he had more than paid for all the labor he had been obliged to hire on his own land.

In the meantime, again, Walter Sturgis had been looking after employment. His hundred dollars were used up to the last penny, and just then he accepted a place in one of the stores in the village, at a salary of three hundred dollars a year. He still wondered how Peter White could content himself in such business. Peter used to be invited to all the little parties when he was a clerk, but he was not invited now. Walter Sturgis went to these parties, and he was highly edified by them. Also, when Peter was a clerk, there were several young and handsome damsels who loved to bask in the sunlight of his smiles, and one of them he fancied he loved. After he had got his hillside planted, he went to see Cordelia Henderson, and he asked her if she would become his wife at some future period when he was prepared to take such an article to his home. She told him she would think of it and let him know

by letter. Three days afterwards he received a letter from her, in which she stated that she could not think of uniting her destinies with a man who could only delve in the earth for a livelihood. Peter shed a few tears over the unexpected note, and then he reasoned on the subject, and finally blessed his fate, for he was sure that such a girl was not what he needed for a wife.

When the first of July came, Peter reckoned up his accounts, and he found that Mr. Stevens was owing him just two dollars, and all he owed in the world was the seventy-five dollars for manure. On the third day of July he carried to the hotel, ten dollars worth of green peas, beans, and radishes; and in three days afterwards he carried to the city twenty-eight dollars worth. Towards the end of the month he had sold one hundred and thirty dollars worth of early potatoes, peas, beans, etc. Then he had early corn enough to bring him fifteen dollars more. Ere long his melons were ripe, a dealer in the city had engaged them all. He had six hundred fair melons for which he received fourteen cents apiece by the lot, making eighty-four dollars for the whole.

During the whole summer, Peter was kept busy in attending to the gathering and selling of the products of his hillside. He helped Mr. Stevens in haying, and about some other matters—enough so that he could have some help when he wanted it. When the last harvesting came, he gathered in seventy-eight bushels of corn, and four hundred bushels of potatoes, besides turnips, squashes, pumpkins, etc., and eighteen bushels of white beans.

On the first day of November, Peter White sat down and reckoned up the proceeds of his land, and he found that the piece had yielded him just five hundred and five dollars, and besides this he had corn, potatoes, beans and vegetables enough for his own consumption. That winter he worked for Mr. Stevens at getting out lumber for twenty-five dollars per month; and when spring came, he was ready to go at his land again.

In the meantime, Walter Stargis had worked a year at a fashionable calling for three hundred dollars, and at the end of the term he was the absolute owner of just two dollars.

"Say, Peter, you aren't going to work on that land of yours another season, are you?" asked Walter, as the two met in the street one evening.

"To be sure I am," was the response.

"But here's Simonds wants a clerk, and I told him I guessed you would be glad to come."

"What will he pay?"

"Three hundred."

"Ah, Walter I can make more than that from my land."

Stargis opened his eyes in astonishment.

"You're joking," he said.

"No, sir. I received five hundred and five dollars in money last season. Seventy-five of that went for manure; but some of that manure is now on hand, as I found the land so rich last year as not to need much over half of it. This season I shall have two hundred dollars worth of strawberries, if nothing happens unusual."

"And you don't have to work any winters to do this?"

"No, four months labor is about all I can lay out to advantage on it."

Walter went to his store, and during the rest of the evening he wondered how it was that some folks had such luck.

During the second season Peter had experience for a guide, and he filled up many gaps that he left open the year before. His strawberries turned out better than he had anticipated, and he made a better arrangement for his melons. And then from all that land whereon he planted his early peas, etc., he obtained a second crop of much value. It was but one hour's drive into the city, and he always obtained the highest prices, for he brought the earliest vegetables in the market.

On the first of the next November he had cleared seven hundred dollars for the season over and above all expenses.

One morning, after the crops were all in, Peter found a man walking about over the land, and as the young man came up the stranger asked him who owned the hillside.

"It is mine, sir," replied Peter.

The man looked about, and then went away, and on the next day he came again with two others. They looked over the place, and they seemed to be dividing it off into small lots. They remained about an hour and then went away. Peter suspected this land was wanted for something. That evening he stopped in at the post-office, and there he heard that a railroad was going to be put through the village as soon as the workmen could be set at it.

On the next morning Peter went out upon his land, and as he reached the upper boundary and turned and looked down, the truth flashed upon him. His hillside had a gentle, easy slope, and the view from any part of it was delightful. A brook ran down through it, from an exhaustless spring up in the ledge, and the locality would be cool and agreeable in summer and warm in winter. At the foot of the hill, to the left, lay a small lake, while the river ran in sight for several miles.

"Of course," soliloquized Peter, "they think

this would make beautiful building spots. And wouldn't it? Curious that I never thought of it before. And then when the railroad comes here, people from the city will want their dwellings here. But this land is valuable. It is worth—let me see:—say six hundred dollars a year. I can easily get eight or nine hundred for what I can raise here, and I know that two hundred dollars will pay me a good round price for all the labor I perform on it. And then when my peach trees grow up, and my strawberry beds increase—Ho—it's more valuable to me than it could be to any one else."

When Peter went home, he could not resist the temptation to sit down and calculate how many house lots his land would make; and he found that his hillside would afford fifty building spots, with a good garden to each one. But he didn't think of selling.

Two days afterwards, six men came to look at the land, and after travelling over it, and sticking up some stakes, they went away. That evening Peter went down to the hotel, and the first thing he heard was:

"Aha, Pete, you've missed it."

"How so?" asked Peter.

"Why, how much did you get for your hillside?"

"What do you mean?"

"Haven't you sold it?"

"No, sir."

"Why, there was a man here looking at it a week or so ago, and to-day he came and brought five city merchants with him, and I can take my oath, that each one of them engaged a building lot of him. One of 'em spoke to me about what a lovely spot it was; and I told him nobody would have thought of building there till you got the rocks off. But haven't you sold it, though?"

"No, not an inch of it."

"Why, that man told me he had engaged to pay four hundred dollars for a choice lot of twelve square rods."

"Then he will find his lot somewhere else, I guess, till I sell out."

Some more conversation was held, and then Peter went home. On the following forenoon, the very man who had been the first to come and look at the hillside, called to see Peter, introducing himself as Mr. Anderson.

"Let's see—I believe you own some two or three acres of land, up here on the hillside," he said, very carelessly.

"I own four acres there," replied Peter, very exactly.

"Ah, yes—well; it doesn't make much difference. I didn't notice particularly how much

there was. I thought I should like to build there, and if you would sell the land reasonable, I might like to purchase. It would be enough to afford me quite a garden; though I suppose it would cost about as much to till such land as the produce would be worth."

"That would depend upon how you worked it," said Peter, dryly.

"O, yes, I suppose so. But you are willing to sell out, I suppose?"

"Certainly."

The man's eyes began to brighten.

"How much should you want for it?" he asked.

"Well, I don't know. What could you afford to pay?"

"Why, I suppose I could afford to pay a great deal more than it is worth. Rather than not have it I would pay—well, say—two hundred dollars, or two hundred and fifty at the outside."

"I don't think there is much use of our talking, sir."

"But—you paid one hundred, only, if I mistake not."

"I had my choice between one hundred dollars and the land, and I chose the latter. But as you seem to labor in the dark, I will explain to you. In the first place, there is not another spot of land in this section of the country, that possesses the natural advantages which this one does. I can have my early peas and vines up and hooded before my neighbors get their ground plowed; so I have my early sauce in the market ahead of all others, save a few hot-house owners whose plants cannot compare with mine for strength and size. Then my soil is very rich, and yields fifty per cent. more than most other land. Now look at this: During the last season I have realized over eight hundred dollars from this land, and next season I can get much more than that, for my strawberry vines are flourishing finely. There are not any two farms in this town that can possibly be made to realize so much money as my hillside, for you see it is the time of my produce, and not quantity, that does the business. A bushel of my early peas on the twenty-second day of May, are worth ten times as much as my neighbor's bushel on the first of July and August. Two hundred dollars will more than pay me for all my time and trouble in attending to my land; so you see I have this year six hundred dollars interest."

"Then you wouldn't sell for less than six hundred, I suppose?" said Mr. Anderson, carefully.

"Would you sell out a concern that was yielding you a net profit of six hundred dollars a year for that sum, sir?" asked Peter.

"A-hem—well—ah—you put it rather curiously."

"Then I'll put it plainly. You may have the hillside for ten thousand dollars."

Mr. Anderson laughed; but he found that Peter was in earnest, and he commenced to curse and swear. At this, Peter simply turned and left his customer to himself, and he saw nothing more of the speculator.

Two days afterwards, however, three of the merchants came to see our hero, and when they had heard his simple story, they were ready to do justly by him. They went up and examined the spring, which they found to be pure as crystal, and as it was then a dry season they saw that the supply of water could never fail, and all the houses which might be built upon Peter's land could be supplied with running water, even in the very attics of the upper ones.

The merchant first went to the man who owned the land above Peter's, including the ledge and the spring, and he agreed to sell for two hundred dollars. This, to builders, was a great bargain, for the stone of the ledge was excellent granite. Then they called a surveyor and made a plot of the hillside, whereby they found that they could have forty building lots, worth from two hundred and fifty to four hundred dollars each. They hesitated not a moment after the plot was made, but paid Peter his ten thousand dollars cheerfully.

Ere many days after this transaction, Peter White received a very polite note from Cordelia Henderson, asking him to call and see her; but he did not call. He hunted up Mr. Somers and went into business with him, and this very day Somers & White do business in that town, and Walter Sturgis is their book-keeper. And in all the country there is not a prettier spot than the old hillside. The railroad depot is near its foot, and it is occupied by sumptuous dwellings, in which live merchants who do business in the adjacent city.

One thing Peter missed—that he did not reserve a building spot for himself. But his usual good fortune attended him, even here. A wealthy banker had occasion to move to another section of the country, and he sold out his house and garden to Peter, for just one half what the building cost him. So Peter took a wife who loved him when he dug in the earth, and found a home for her and himself upon the old hillside.

And now, reader, where do you think the hillside is? Perhaps you know; for it is a veritable history I have been writing, and the place I have told you about is now one of the most select suburban residences in the country.

FASHIONABLE SOUP.

When I lived in New York, said Tom A., I received a visit from a country cousin, who being a rough hewn, clever sort of fellow, I took some liking to, and as he expected, I invited him to dine with me at the Prescott House. Ed. set at the long splendid table, mouth, ears and eyes wide open, perfectly astonished. When soup was announced, I ordered some of a new "style," which was all the go just then, and, as by some chance we had no napkins, I requested some. Garcon was prompt, and the "hasty plate" was soon before us. No sooner was it on the table, when my friend Ed., with a muttered "by Jimmy, Neddy," suddenly shoved back his chair, and before I could turn round, he was half-way out of the room. I followed as soon as possible, amid the anxious looks of those next us. When I reached the hall, Ed. was there, hat in hand, waiting for me. "What in the world is the matter?" exclaimed I, anxiously. "Tom," said he, his face looking larger and redder, "I can stand to be called *green*, for I know I aint up to all the kinks, but I swann I wont be called *dirty*, by the president." "What do you mean?" said I. "Well, Tom, I don't know what you said to that short-haired monkey, in the white round-about, but just after you spoke to him, he comes and sets down a big dish of water right afore me, and then sticks a towel in my face, as much as to say, 'Mr. Brown, you might as well wash yourself afore you eat with this crowd.' And Tom, I believe he is the only man I care about seeing afore I leave this village."

Tom vows he gained four pounds of flesh that week, and never till he forgets his cousin Ed., will he believe "stylish" soup is not fattening.—*Springfield Republican*.

IVORY.

Few of our lady readers, while they peep so bewitchingly over the tips of their ivory fans, or play their fingers so nimbly and gracefully over the white keys of the piano, are wont to cast a thought towards the manner in which this material is procured, the quantities of which are annually used, and the number of noble animals which are yearly slain for the purpose of supplying the constantly increasing demand. Mr. Dalton, a celebrated Sheffield manufacturer, estimates that the annual consumption of ivory in the town of Sheffield alone is about 180 tons, equal in value to £30,000, and requiring the labor of 500 persons to work it up for trade. The number of tasks to make up this amount of ivory is 45,000; and according to this the number of elephants slaughtered every year for the Sheffield market is 22,500. But supposing some tasks to be cast, and some animals to have died a natural death, it may fairly be estimated that 18,000 are killed for that purpose.—*Scientific American*.

Ceremonies are different in every country; but true politeness is everywhere the same. Ceremonies, which take up so much of our attention, are only artificial helps which ignorance assumes in order to imitate politeness, which is the result of good sense and good nature.

NIGHT WINDS.

BY HOWARD PUTNAM MOORE.

O, cease your howling, night winds,
Now soft—now loud—now low;
Ye but remind me, night winds,
Of misery and woe,
Existing in some hovel,
Round which ye fiercely blow:
Then cease your howling, night winds,
Now soft—now loud—now low.

O, cease your howling, night winds,
Now soft—now loud—now low;
Ye seem but voices, night winds,
Of misery and woe;
As like tortured demons,
Ye past my window go:
Then cease your howling, night winds,
Now soft—now loud—now low.

GRANDMAMA'S STORY.

A LEGEND OF "THE GREAT SNOW."

BY EVA MILFORD.

"Good evening, grandmama; what do you think of this for a snow-storm? I suspect it must equal even those, which you so often allude to, when you were young."

"Yes, George, it is a violent storm," said grandmama, looking up affectionately at the handsome face of the young man, all glowing with exercise and exposure to the furious wind and driving snow.

"But did you ever see a worse?" persisted George. "This is the third day that it has snowed, more or less, and the streets are almost impassable already. I never knew anything like it."

Ah, I hope you never *will* know anything like the snow-storm which I once knew—it was the snow-storm which you must have heard old people, like me, refer to as 'the great snow.' O, that was really fearful."

"Where did you live then, grandmama?" said little Ella, softly, hardly liking to disturb her venerable grandparent, whose dim eyes, fixed steadfastly on the fire, seemed to be gazing through it down the dim vista of departed years to the long past youth—youth so little valued in passing, so all-engrossing when gone.

Ella waited a little, and then putting her little white hand into the brown and withered one from which the forgotten knitting-work had fallen, she asked: "Where were you then, grandmama?"

The old lady started a little, and putting her hand upon the shining brown curls of the little girl, said solemnly:

"Child, I was where, had it not been for the exceeding mercy of God, my body had remained until the last trump shall summon the quick and the dead."

"Is it a story, grandmama?" said the child, a little awed by her grandmother's manner, but not quite able to repress the ever-active curiosity of childhood. "Do tell us all about it."

"Yes, do—I admire to hear of those grand old times when there was so much for a man to do in life," said George.

"Very well, dear. Close the shutters, and draw the curtains, and in this favorite firelight hour of ours, I will tell you of my share in 'the great snow.'"

"When your grandfather and I were married, we were both of us young, strong and enterprising; but our whole worldly wealth consisted of five hundred dollars, which my husband had inherited from his father, and a 'setting out' of household linen, clothes, etc., which was all my father, with his small fortune and large family, could afford to give me.

"After many anxious consultations, we all concluded that the best prospect for us was to buy some wild land which the just-organized government offered for sale in what was then the 'far West,' but now is the centre of the populous State of Ohio.

"The bargain was made for two hundred acres of land, and in the spring of 1779 your grandfather set off, with three other young men whom he had engaged for help, to make a clearing and build a log hut. When this was accomplished, he returned and arranged for the transportation of myself and household goods.

"The first day of August was our wedding-day, and on the next we set forth upon our westward journey. Our caravan consisted of a covered wagon drawn by a span of stout horses, which were a present from our two fathers. In this I rode in state, with all the lighter articles closely stowed in behind me. My husband sometimes rode beside me and sometimes walked at the horses' heads, to guide them over the bad places in the rude forest road. Creaking slowly along behind us came an immense wagon, or wain, as we called them then, drawn by four powerful oxen and loaded with all the rest of our worldly possessions. Among these were several bags of meal, two of rye, and one of wheat flour, but this was considered a great dainty and only to be used on great occasions.

"We had also some grain for planting the next spring, and a small supply of tea and sugar for festivals. My husband and the young men with him had already laid in a good supply of

bog for the winter from the open glades and intervals of the forest. Our journey was slow and uneventful, but as pleasant to us, perhaps, as the wedding-trips to Saratoga and Niagara, in which young people indulge now-a-days."

"We were many days upon our journey, as you may well imagine, when you consider the distance which we traversed and the slow rate of our progress, and very glad was I when, at the close of a delicious summer day, our tired horses were turned into our own clearing and brought to a halt at the door of our own log cabin. I was charmed with everything which I saw.

"The next day, the wagons were unloaded and the contents placed; and the morning after that, our companions left us with the big wain and one pair of oxen, both of which belonged to the elder of the two men who had accompanied us. And now our life fairly commenced. It was laborious, but very pleasant. My husband was the man and I was the maid, but we had the advantage over other servants in also being our own master and mistresses.

"Before cold weather set in, we had everything about us snug and comfortable. John had built a shed of small trees and bark, close by the house, for the accommodation of our horses and oxen; and we promised ourselves in the spring a nice cow, which would make our housekeeping quite luxurious. The winter proved a very mild and open one, and there was abundance of game all around us, by means of which my husband kept us supplied with fresh meat, and before the next winter we were to raise a pig, the salted meat of which is the backwoodsman's staple in the way of animal food.

"As early in the spring as the frost would allow, my husband commenced farming; getting out the stumps upon the piece of land which had been cleared the preceding summer, ploughing up the rich virgin soil, and then sowing the grain which, in due time, was, with the blessing of God, to bring forth the means of life. The pig and cow were both procured, and we took the best care of them, hoping that they would repay us with their respective products in proportionate abundance. The summer sped happily, although to me somewhat wearily, and on the anniversary of our wedding-day, my first child was born."

"That was our father," exclaimed George.

"No, my dear boy, it was a little girl," said his grandmother, in a tremulous voice.

"I thought papa was your oldest child!" said George, in a surprised voice.

"Little Alice never saw the anniversary of her birth," said the grandmother, mournfully.

"The second winter set in very suddenly, and

with a degree of cold almost unprecedented for the season of the year. Our pig had not been killed, or our grain carried to mill, when the snow fell; and that very morning, John came in from the cow shed looking grave, and saying:

"Betsey, I don't think we shall have to kill the hog. I am afraid we shall find it done to our hand, and not much good from it, either."

"I went out to look with him, and we found poor piggy in a sad condition. We never knew what ailed him, but he died the next day, and so ended our hopes of pork for that winter. I could not help sitting down and crying, partly from sorrow at the sufferings of a creature whom I had fed and tended, but more from disappointment and vague despondency.

"'Never mind, Bessie—cheer up, girl,' said my husband, kindly. 'We never wanted for meat last winter, and why should we this?'

"But we soon found that this winter was to be very different from the last. The cold was steady and more and more severe each day. Great quantities of snow fell, and threatened so to cover and destroy all vegetation, that the deer and other game would desert that part of the country and go south in search of food.

"It was in the first part of December that my husband, after waiting a week for some change in the weather, decided that he could no longer put off carrying his grain to mill, as our stock of meal was running low, and we had hardly anything else in the house. We agreed that if the part of the produce which we could spare should sell well, that John should buy a half of a pig to replace the pork of which we had been disappointed.

"The nearest town was twenty miles from us, and there was but one house upon the road thither; so I desired John not to think of coming back the next day, as I knew he would not have the grain ground, and make his purchases, so as to start before afternoon, and I would not have him upon that lonely road after dark. Everything was prepared the night before, that my husband might set off by sunrise.

"I was up very early to prepare breakfast, but in spite of all my efforts, the blinding tears fell so fast, that I could hardly see to perform my customary duties. The horses were harnessed to the great sled, and my husband came to give me a last kiss, and bid me good-by. But at this my fortitude wholly gave way, and clinging about his neck, I begged that if he must go, I might accompany him.

"'Why, Bessie, woman,' said he, 'what's come over you? It's not the first time, by many, that you've been left alone, and why are

you so down-hearted now? Besides, my dear girl, though I might take you, it would never do to carry the 'wee bairnie' out in this weather—she would be sure to freeze. Nay, nay, Bessie, don't sob so,' continued he, soothing me with tender caresses; 'it's only two days, and I will be home again for the whole winter.'

"With much difficulty, I drove back the tears and succeeded in smiling gaily, as I bade my kind husband good-by and watched him out of sight; but as I turned again into the house, that terrible presentiment of evil bore me down again, and I cried and sobbed till I was almost sick, and little Alice waking up and missing my usual quick attention, began to cry too. This aroused me; and after taking her up, and dressing and playing with her, I felt more cheerful, and went about my small household duties more contentedly. My cooking was not very extensive, for there was nothing left in the house but a little rye and Indian meal, and a small quantity of molasses; however, I thought there was plenty for three days, and then my husband would be home with a fresh supply.

"This was Wednesday; and as I could not look for John before Friday night, I got out my spinning-wheel and some rolls of wool, and thought I would occupy myself with making some yarn to knit winter stockings for my husband. I was very busy with this during Wednesday and Thursday, but Friday I devoted to cleaning house and putting everything, myself and the baby included, in the nicest trim. I determined to use my last meal in making a good kettle of hasty-pudding, except a little which I reserved for a hoe cake, which was all the variety of which my materials allowed. The morning was very pleasant; but about noon, the clouds began to gather, and as I strained my eyes to pierce the gathering gloom, in hopes of seeing the well known team cross the brow of a hill at some distance from the house, I noticed large flakes of snow slowly dropping from the sullen bosom of the dense clouds.

"*'He must be here soon,'* said I, as I turned away from the window, more disappointed than I would confess even to myself. The kettle of strabout was made and hung in the corner of the fireplace, the cake was mixed and all ready to spread upon the baking-board at the first jingle of the sleigh bells. Then I undressed the baby, sung her to sleep, and sat down with her in my arms before the fire, determined not to look or listen any longer, but to allow myself to be taken by surprise, when the traveller should at length arrive. I sat there perhaps half an hour, when I heard feet beneath the window.

"*'Ah,'* thought I, *'the rogue has taken off the bells and driven up to the barn, and now is going to steal in and surprise me.'* So I waited a moment in glad anticipation, but as nothing more came of it, I got up softly, laid the baby in her little cradle, and went to the window to look out. I first glanced at the barn, but to my surprise, no sign of sleigh or horses was there—only the fast filling track I had made that morning in going out to feed the cattle.

"I went to the door, and opened it; closely following the click of the latch, I heard a low, deep growl, and looking hastily out, I saw the ungainly figure of an enormous bear skulking off into the woods. I was not much frightened, for during my life in that lonely place, I had seen and heard a great deal of these wild animals; but as I hastily closed and bolted the door, a terrible feeling of loneliness came over me, and I murmured to myself: *'If he should not come!'*

"I sat by the fire till the hands of the old silver watch my husband had left with me pointed to nine o'clock; then, after one long wistful gaze through our solitary window, which showed me nothing but the fast falling snow, I put away the untasted supper, covered the embers of the cheerful fire I had prepared for the traveller, and went sadly to bed.

"The snow fell steadily all night, so that it was only with considerable effort I reached the barn and fed the cattle the next morning. There was here stowed up a small quantity of dry wood for kindlings. I brought in as much of this as I could carry, not without once losing my footing and letting my load fall into the rapidly deepening snow. I at last collected it again and staggered forward into the house, so exhausted that throwing my wood upon the floor, I sunk down beside it unable for some moments to make the least exertion.

"That day passed slowly and sadly enough, although I *would* believe that John must arrive before night. But day grew dusk, and dusk grew dark, and still nothing was to be seen but the ever-falling snow. I went to bed utterly dejected and despondent, and after some time, fell into an uneasy sleep. In the middle of the night I waked suddenly, and going to the window, looked despairingly forth. Still fell the unwearied snow, and I could see that it was level with the window-sill. As I looked, the idea occurred to me: *'If the snow continues, I shall be quite unable to reach the barn to-morrow morning, and those poor dumb beasts must starve in the midst of plenty.'*

"I lay down again, but I could not sleep. I

arose, put on some of my husband's clothes, for I knew that in female attire my plan would be quite impracticable. I put on a large pair of boots over all, lighted the lantern, and taking the snow-shovel in my hand, opened the door with much difficulty. A wall of snow rising to half the height of the door was before me. Setting down the lantern, I applied myself to the shovel, and at last succeeded in partially clearing a small space around the door, for I knew if I stepped directly into this bank, it would fall in and render it impossible for me to close the door behind me. But seizing my lantern in one hand, and my shovel in the other, I set bravely forth.

"I must have been more than half an hour in traversing the few rods between the house and the barn. Arrived at the latter, I hung my lantern on a nail in the log wall, and proceeded to shovel away, the snow sufficiently to open the barn door, which of course opened outward. I had noticed before dark that by the course of the wind, the snow was drifted away from this particular spot, and it was principally on the strength of this observation that I had ventured upon my present undertaking. I found, however, enough of an obstacle to demand all and more of my feeble strength, and several times I was about to abandon my task as hopeless and return to the house while yet my strength sufficed so to do. But thoughts of poor Crummie and Star and Spot starving only a few feet from their stock of provisions, inspired me with new vigor, and I at last succeeded in forcing the door back sufficiently to admit me.

"I did not lose a moment in resting, although every limb trembled with fatigue, for I feared if I delayed, the fast falling snow would obliterate the result of my labors and make it as hard to shut the great door as it had been to open it. So untying, as fast as my numb fingers would allow, the ropes with which the three beasts were tied, I left them, knowing they would soon find the way to the haymow themselves. Coming out, I succeeded with some effort in closing the door, which indeed was very necessary, for as I paused for a moment before plunging again into the drift, I heard far off in the forest the wailing howl of the bear, and with a shudder at the thought of my unprotected situation, I made frantic efforts to reach the shelter of the house. At last, breathless and exhausted, I burst open rather than unlatched the door of our little dwelling, and falling prostrate upon the floor, gave relief to my overstrained faculties of body and mind in a passionate flood of tears.

"Morning came, but brought no relief. Still

fell the snow, and the wind shrieked around the hut. I felt it necessary to eat, not only for my own support, but for that of my little Alice, who depended entirely on me for food. My little stock of provisions could not last more than twenty-four hours longer, and what was then to be done? My brain reeled with the idea, and I clutched my baby to my breast in mad despair.

"The snow fell all that day, and before night it had risen to the top of my little window. After that, my recollections are all indistinct. I remember eating the last piece of my hoe cake—of trying in vain to give food to my baby—of watching her blue eyes grow dim and close—and I put my last fuel on the fire, and pressed close to it, with my child in my arms. Then I laid her in her little cradle and covered her with all the clothing I could collect, and kept muttering to myself, 'she sleeps—my baby sleeps—how sound she sleeps,' till the fire went out, and I crept shivering to bed; and as I closed my eyes, the wolves howled wildly outside the house.

"When I returned to consciousness, I lay for some time with my eyes closed. A low murmur of voices reached my ear, but I was incapable of thinking about them. Soon I was conscious of a pleasant warmth creeping through my limbs, and at last I languidly opened my eyes and saw my own dear husband leaning over me. As I looked up, he gave a quick start, and then sinking on his knees by the bed, he buried his face in the clothes and his sobs shook his frame. But this did not last long; springing up, he took some blankets, which had been heating by the fire, and enveloped me; then returning to the fireplace, he brought a basin of broth and fed me as one would an infant.

"Much revived, I lay after this perfectly still, with my eyes closed, and I suppose John thought I slept, for he stole away on tiptoe, and I heard heard him whispering with some one in the room. Suddenly a recollection flashed across my mind, then another and another, until the past all stood out plain and bright.

"'John,' I murmured very faintly, but he heard me, and was beside me in a moment; 'John,' I whispered, 'the baby—where is she?'

"My husband was silent a moment, and then answered softly: 'The baby is safe, Bessie—safe and happy—now shut your eyes and sleep, and when you wake, we will talk more.'

"I obeyed him, for neither mind nor body was yet strong enough to bear more exertion, and so I slept till night, and through the night and far into the next day. When I awoke, the house was very still, and beside my bed sat a kind, motherly looking woman, whom I remembered

having seen at the house of our ten-mile off neighbor. My husband had engaged her to come and take care of me till I should be strong again. As soon as she saw I was awake, she went to the fire and returned with another cup of broth. This strengthened me so that I began to talk quite fast, asking what was the matter, and why I lay there so feeble, and where was Alice.

"Bless the dear creature," said my nurse, with her checked apron to her eyes, "I can't tell her and *kill* her, too, though I expect it will come nigh about as hard to him as to her."

"Stepping to the door, she summoned my husband, who soon stood by my bedside, with a look of joy at my recovery struggling in his face with an expression of sadness at the thought of what I had to bear.

"Fixing my eyes on his, I gasped out: 'John, where is our child?'

"Bessie, it is well with the child."

"He said no more, nor did I, but laying his head upon my pillow, we mingled our tears.

"Some days passed before I was able to hear the story of John's adventures. Then he told me that he reached town safely, effected his business to his satisfaction, and was four or five miles on his return home, when he was startled by seeing an immense bear cross the road a little before him. Having his gun and knife with him, he determined to carry the bear home as a trophy. Jumping from the sled, he tied his horses and pursued the bear, who was in full retreat; a ball from the rifle, however, served to stop him, and he now turned upon his assailant. My husband retreated a little to re-load, but before he could do so, the bear was upon him, and a severe conflict ensued, in which, although John was the victor, he received some severe wounds, and his left arm was so mangled, that, as the bear at last fell dead, my husband fell beside him, fainting with loss of blood. When he became conscious, he found himself in an Indian lodge, surrounded by dusky forms all entirely new to him. They soon made him understand that their intentions were friendly, as he found his wounds carefully bound up with healing preparations. He was, however, too weak to move for that day or the next, but on the third day he asked by signs for his horses. The Indian, in whose lodge he found himself, assented by a nod, and gave some brief command in a guttural Indian dialect to a couple of young men, who, leaving the lodge, soon brought the horses from some rude shelter at hand, where they had been cared for.

"As my husband spoke not a word of Indian, and his hosts as little English, it was impossible

for them to relate how he had come there, but the natural supposition was, that finding a bloody hunter and a dead bear lying near the sleigh and horses, the old Indian had surmised the facts and taken the paleface to his lodge to cure him.

"Expressing his thanks by signs, my husband offered some trifling presents to the squaws and young men of the lodge, and as much shot and powder as he could spare, to the old Indian, making at the same time signs of farewell. But the master of the lodge smiled, and shaking his head, gave my husband to understand that he would find it impossible to make way through the snow alone, but that he and two of his young men would accompany and assist him; and long before they reached the highway, some three miles distant from the wigwam, my husband became sensible that without their help, he could not have found his way through the almost impassable drifts and banks in his path—so that, although they left the lodge early in the morning, it was long after dark when they reached the cabin of our ten-mile neighbor. Here both horses and men were entertained with true backwoods hospitality, and at dawn the three Indians took a silent leave of their host.

"My husband would willingly have done the same, but on examination of the poor horses who had served him so nobly the day before, he found them quite unfit for use during that day at least, and this fact, added to the great loss of blood he had recently suffered, compelled him to remain for the day and night quietly in the house of our kind neighbor. Fortunate was it for him, in these circumstances, that he had no anticipation of the terrible reality—the low state of our larder being quite unknown to him.

"As early as possible on Wednesday morning, my husband left the cabin of the hospitable settler, accompanied by Mr. Simpson himself and his two stout, broad-shouldered sons; but with the utmost exertions of all four, it was nearly dark before they penetrated the lonely hut where our little Alice slept so sound, and where I lay wrapped in a slumber which, but for the timely succor, had been indeed my last."

"And now, my dear George," said grand-mama, after a pause, "you will not wonder at my not calling this the heaviest snow-storm which I ever saw."

Neither George nor Ella spoke, and the little circle sat silent and thoughtful, till the opening of the front door and the stamping of feet announced that papa had come, and that the dreamy, brooding firelight must give way to the joyous, cheering blaze of the solar.

THE CHIEFTAIN'S FAREWELL.

BY WOODLEY READ.

"The moon is sinking slowly, love,
Adown the western sky,
But stars are beaming brightly, love,
As beams thy dark blue eye.
The soft south wind is roaming now
Among the orange bowers,
And swiftly, silently away
Doth pass the midnight hours.

"And when the first, faint light of morn
Shall make the hill-tops bright,
I must away, and with the sun
My bark be out of sight.
But weep not, love, for soon again
I will return to thee,
And nevermore afar I'll roam,
Across the deep blue sea.

"Then fare thee well, my love, my own,
My friends await but me,
And I, their chief, must not be late;
I must away from thee.
Farewell to thee;" Into his bark
He stepped with conscious pride;
It swiftly bounded o'er the wave,
Upon the swelling tide.

And many moons had rose and set,
And many days passed on;
She waited for his safe return—
Yet still he did not come.
Ah, true he said he nevermore
Would cross the ocean wave!
Upon its coral beds below,
They all have found a grave.

Yet on the shore there wanders still,
A form that once was fair,
With moaning words, and wailing sobs,
And torn, dishevelled hair.
She gazed sadly o'er the waste,
And sighs "why comes he not?
The nymphs of ocean stole my lord,
And I am all forgot."

MASKS AND FACES.

A toy-shop window, full of what boys call "false faces," is to us a very suggestive spectacle. We love to linger over those shining countenances of varnished papier mache. They carry us back into the past, and aid our imagination in conjuring up those scenes in which masks have played so conspicuous a part. We are in Athens, in the high and palmy period of her drama, when the voice of fate spoke through the rigid mask of the tragedian, in "deep and hollow tones." The scene changes—a vast multitude is gathered before a dark scaffold to behold a fellow-creature die the cruel death of the sword. The executioner, the hated and hooted agent of

the law's vengeance, wears a black mask that adds by its mystery to the terrors of his direful occupation. The sword falls—the head rolls in the ensanguined dust—but no one in that vast multitude knows whose hand has dealt the fatal blow—the grim, black mask baffles every attempt at identification.

Glance with us into that dismal cell into which the light of heaven casts the grim checkerwork of iron bars in portentous shadow—bars which fence the captive from liberty forever. And who is that captive? Vainly you inquire. An iron mask, never unlocked, conceals the features of the prisoner of state, and presents to history a strange problem for solution. That mask may, and probably does, hide the features of the twin brother of a reigning monarch. Shift the scene again. Who is that masked lady sitting beside a cavalier, and draining with her the wine cup to its very dregs? It is Margaret of Burgundy, revelling in the Tour de Neale at Paris. A few moments of reckless enjoyment, and the cavalier, the favorite and victim of a demon in human shape, will be floating a corpse in the turbid midnight waters of the Seine. And what have we here? 'Tis the chamber of poisons. A woman—the Marchioness de Brinvilliers, and her accomplice, the Chevalier de St. Croix, their faces shielded by glass masks, are concocting those fatal compounds, the fumes of which are death, and which are destined to destroy the lives of those they hate, or whose property they covet. For St. Croix, the breaking of his mask will prove his death-warrant—while the marchioness is reserved for torture and the scaffold.

Away to Italy! In the shadow of a Venetian palace lurk two men, with sword in hand, watching for a victim. They are bravoës, who murder for hire. Their faces are covered with masks. A sound of music, a blaze of light, and we stand in the centre of the great opera house at Paris, in the height of the joyous carnival. In the whirling waltz, in the demoniac gallopade, three thousand men and women are dancing, as if life depended on agility. But every face wears an impenetrable mask, and you ask in vain who are your associates in that lunatic revel. Thus genius, justice, crime, assassination, illicit pleasure and revelry are associated with the history of the mask. In the first century ladies wore them to shield their complexion from the sun, and wind, and dust, as they took their pleasure on horseback and in chariots.

These artificial faces have been abandoned in our time; but has masquerading gone out of fashion? By no means; only we substitute false expressions for false faces. Yonder is a

countenance beaming with benignity, wearing such a look as

"Limners give
To the beloved apostle."

Surely that gentleman is made of earth's finest porcelain clay. By no means; he is a miser—an oppressor of the poor—a hard-hearted, selfish egotist. But here is a face that cannot deceive. It is a woman's face—lovely, smiling, smooth—unfurrowed by a single wrinkle. Sure, that face must be the sign of a happy heart. You are mistaken, friend. It is the mask that conceals the agonies of blighted affection, of ruined hopes, of secret household cares. And there goes another, and another, and another, and another. They all wear masks. They have learned that saddest of social sciences—the art of concealment—to hide what they are, to appear what they are not. In the good old times, masks concealed faces—now faces conceal hearts. Could every one wear his natural expression, we should be astonished at the revelations that would meet us on all sides. Let us cherish those frank and natural faces, in which the eye of experience detects no artifice—they far outnumber, we are happy to believe, the masqueraders in the carnival of life.

“DON'T WORRY.”

This is the first thing an editor should get by heart. If Mr. Slocum threatens to withdraw his patronage because you criticised Prof. Drawl's lecture on the onion question—don't worry, but tell him to go ahead and do it.

If Mr. Bullion writes you an insulting letter, saying that if you don't stop writing about the Middleton Railroad, he will ruin you with a lawsuit—don't worry, but dare him to try it on.

If Mr. Smith threatens to “cave your head in,” because you mention that “his son Bob” was sent to the Tombs for pelting a street lamp with brickbats—don't worry, but tell him that you so love the law, you dine on a salad made of red tape and sealing wax.

Again we say never worry. If you do, you are no more calculated for an editor than a Quaker is for marine hornpipes.—*Trumpet*.

PRINTERS AS EDITORS.

The Albany Journal, says: “Printers—if men of capacity—generally make the best editors, for the reason that they are educated to their profession. The first and most illustrious example was Benjamin Franklin. Joseph Gales and Edwin Croswell, two of the most influential editors in America, if not born in printing offices, were sons of newspaper editors, and learned their alphabet ‘at case.’ The late Col. Stone served a regular apprenticeship in the office of the Cooperstown Federalist.”

The name of the architect who builds castles in the air, is To-morrow; and Hope lays the foundation.

MOZART.

At the first general rehearsal of “Don Juan,” two amusing episodes occurred. Signora Bondini, who sang the part of Zerlina, was always at fault in the finale of the first act, where she has to call out for help. She either did not scream in the right place or else not loud enough; this might easily have produced confusion in the music, and, considering the importance of the situation, have given the piece, in a dramatic point of view, a blow from which it might not have recovered. Mozart impatiently stepped on to the stage, caused the last bars of the minute to be repeated, and at the instant Zerlina's voice should be heard behind the scenes, seized the lady so tightly by the waist that she cried out this time in good earnest. “Brava! Donella! that is the way you must scream,” said our hero. On coming to the churchyard scene, he stopped the rehearsal, as one of the trombonists who had to accompany the commander's song, *Di rider finituri*, made a mistake.

The passage was repeated two or three times, and, on each occasion, the same mistake occurred. The composer then left his place, and, going to the incorrigible trombonist, explained how he wished the passage to be played. The musician answered rather drily: “It is impossible to play it so, and I am not going to learn how to do it from you.” “Heaven forbid that I should attempt to teach you the trombone, my friend,” replied Mozart, laughing. He then asked for pen, ink and paper, and added two oboes, two clarionets, and two bassoons to the accompaniment, at the same time altering the impossible passage for the trombone.—*Musical Echo*.

A LEARNED RASCAL.

A Greek, named Constantine Simonides, has been hauled up at Leipsic, Germany, for endeavoring to pass off forged documents as original Greek manuscripts of the most ancient dates. He was detected, among other proofs of forgery, by the fact that his text contained the emendations of modern German scholars. The cause of his arrest was the sale of a work which professed to be the first three books of a certain Ouranias, who wrote on the sovereigns of Egypt and Ethiopia, the kings of Caria, Lybia, etc. The forgeries were very well executed, but the rogue slipped upon one or two points. It appears that the fabrication of ancient manuscripts is quite as much of a trade in Europe as the manufacture of old masters.—*Albion*.

THE HALIBUT FISHERY.

About fifty sail of fine clipper schooners of eighty tons burthen, from the port of Gloucester, are now prosecuting the halibut fishery on George's Banks. They are manned by a hardy, daring crew of about twelve men to each vessel, who will be absent from home about three weeks. So far this spring they have had good luck on the Banks; but the risk they run is very great, and the money obtained in the business hardly pays the expenses. These schooners being in the bay and on the coast during heavy weather, are a great benefit to the strange mariner, oftentimes piloting them safely into port. Our government should grant to each one large bounty.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

READY FOR THE WORST.

There is no more golden maxim than that which bids us "in peace to prepare for war." No one in this enlightened age disputes the blessings of peace; none but a ruffian loves war for the sake of war; and all classes unite in the wish that all national disputes might be settled by diplomacy, without resort to arms. But, alas! human nature will be human nature. No matter how pacific a nation may be, no matter on what brotherly principles its intercourse with foreign countries may be conducted, it may, in any year of its existence, be forced into a state of war. Therefore every nation, while cultivating the arts of peace, should also cultivate the arts of war, and make a thorough system of national defence the foundation of its legislative action.

Now, the United States, with a sufficiently large army for a nucleus, with hundreds of thousands of well drilled volunteers ready to fly to arms whenever danger threatens, are lamentably deficient as to a navy, and as to our coast defences. With a mercantile marine greater than that of any nation in the world, our navy is inadequate to cope with that of England or France. We have got all the material for the finest navy in the world; but still, with an enormous line of coast on two oceans, and a chain of lakes, and with a world of merchant ships to protect, we are terribly tardy in the matter of building, equipping and manning a respectable fleet. It is the boast of Englishmen that

"Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep,
Her march is o'er the mountain wave,
Her home is on the deep."

But where are our "floating bulwarks?"—where are our "wooden walls?" The entire navy of the United States, were it mustered beside the entire navy of England, would exhibit a woful disparity. Now we have no idea, and no wish, that Congress should create as large a navy as that of Great Britain; but we ought to have one a little more commensurate with the greatness of our nation and the interests we have at stake. "Two years ago," says the New Orleans Crescent City, "Congress ordered the construction of six war steamers. The arguments used on the occasion demonstrated our

wretched inferiority as a naval power, while they proved that, with a single exception, we had the largest marine of any nation upon earth! It was also proved, in case of a sudden collision with any great naval government, we would be comparatively helpless to defend ourselves, and that we would have first to *build a navy* before we could hope to cope on anything like equal terms with our enemies on the ocean." There should be no delay in attending to this matter; no "penny wise and pound foolish" policy on the part of our representatives. The nation will sustain them in liberal appropriations for a formidable navy.

Then, too, our coast defences ought to be looked to. The great powers of Europe possess formidable means of annoyance, and are troubled with few scruples about using them. There are only, perhaps, two cities on our Atlantic seaboard, adequately defended—Boston and New York. Pennsylvania has already demanded additional seaboard defences, and Louisiana also requires them. On the land our provisions for meeting a foe are ample; but it is not on the land that any enemy, after the experience of the past, will dare to throw down the gauntlet; the sea and the seaboard would be their field of action, and there we must be prepared to meet them. Since a state of preparation is the best security against foreign aggression, we can well afford to expend "millions for defence."

LADIES' QUARRELS.—The Duke of Roquelaure was told one day that two ladies had quarrelled. "Have they called each other ugly?" asked the duke. "No, sir." "Very good—then I shall be able to reconcile them."

THINK OF IT.—Preserve the numbers of our Magazine from month to month, and when the year is complete they will bind up in a charming miscellaneous volume.

SHOW.—The Parisian shopkeeper's whole stock in trade is often displayed in his window. This gives the streets a gay appearance.

A NEW NAME.—A French general the other day spoke of editors as composing the "aristocracy of the inkstand."

KINGS AND PLAYERS.

When the Yankees settle in any place they establish newspapers; the advent of the British is signalized by the laying out of race-courses; and the French, passionately attached to the theatre, carry their players with them. In the Crimea, the British got up races and steeple-chases; while the French Zouaves erected a little theatre and played vaudevilles for the amusement of their comrades. When Napoleon the First began to aspire to the part of Cæsar, and saw his future glory dawning on his mortal vision, he said one day to his friend Talma, the great French tragedian, "You shall one day play before a whole pit full of kings." At Erfurt, on the 28th of September, 1811, "Cinna" was actually played before the Emperor Napoleon, the Emperor Alexander, and the king of Saxony. "Britannicus" was represented on the following day. The assembly was increased by Prince William of Prussia, Duke William of Bavaria, and Prince Leopold of Coburg, who married the Princess Charlotte of England. On the evening of the 2d of October, Napoleon received Goethe, and "Mithridates" was played. On the third day came "Philoctetes," when, on the occurrence of the line,

"A great man's friendship is the gift of gods,"

Alexander offered Napoleon his hand. In the second act the king of Wurtemberg made his appearance and took his seat. On the 4th, the king and queen of Westphalia were added to the royal company, and finally the king of Bavaria and the Prince Primate. After the close of the sixth night's performance, Napoleon said to the leading actor: "Talma, my friend, I have redeemed at Erfurt the promise I made at Paris—you have played to a pit full of kings."

Talma was Napoleon's friend at the most discouraging period of his life, and the great emperor never forgot his obligation to the great actor. The emperor was passionately fond of the tragic stage, and loved to declaim passages from his favorite dramatic authors. He took a French company with him to Moscow when he invaded Russia. After the retreat, the troupe passed three months in Stockholm, and Mlle. George, now a wrinkled, poverty-stricken old woman, then a brilliant beauty and actress, undertook to convey a letter from Bernadotte to Jerome Napoleon, king of Westphalia. She had with her also a casket, containing a hundred thousand dollars' worth of diamonds. She travelled in a carriage, and rode night and day. Suddenly one midnight, with loud hurrahs, a cloud of Cossacks surrounded the carriage. The

door was opened, and a young Russian officer presented himself. Mlle. George appealed to his gallantry, and the horde of enemies became a friendly escort, which did not desert the ambassador until she had reached the next station. She faithfully accomplished her mission.

The late Czar Nicholas was a great patron of French actors and actresses, and particularly the distinguished Mlle. Rachel, the greatest of them all. If peace is declared between France and Russia, the players of Paris will have cause to bless the event; for St. Petersburg is a great mart for their talents. The French stage will flourish as long as the French nation exists.

HENRY J. FINN.

On one occasion this excellent actor was called before the curtain at Baltimore, when he addressed the audience as follows: "Ladies and gentlemen—I feel persuaded more than ever that I have 'had a call,' and as you have done me the honor to call me out, it must be considered, I suppose, an *affair of honor*. According to the modern laws of honor, a man is called out for the purpose of giving satisfaction; but why should you call me out, when I trust I have already given you satisfaction? Ladies and gentlemen, accept my sincere thanks for your attention, and the compliment which your calling pays to my calling; and allow me to say, that, although circumstances have compelled me to-night to bawl to few, I hope it may not be long before I shall return to bawl to more (Baltimore)."

SECRETS OF HEALTH.—The four ordinary secrets of human life are—early rising, exercise, personal cleanliness, and the rising from table with the stomach unoppressed. There may be sorrows in spite of these, but they will be less with them, and nobody can be truly comfortable without them.

ATROCIOUS.—It was the New Orleans Picayune that said an old maid eyes a single gentleman with the same feelings that we look at a street dog in dogdays, as if to say "wonder if he intends to bite?"

REMARKABLE.—An exchange paper, in giving an account of a sentence of death passed upon a criminal, remarks, "he appeared to feel unpleasantly." We should rather think he did.

SPECIMEN NUMBERS.—We cheerfully send specimen numbers of *Ballou's Pictorial* to all who desire to see it.

ARISTOCRACY.

Mr. Jarvis, in his second series of "Parisian Sights," has some thoughtful and suggestive remarks on aristocracy, European and American, which are well worthy of consideration. He shows that aristocracy in the old world is easily defined, its position being distinctly marked. "England," he says, for instance, "has given birth to aristocrats of whom humanity has reason to be proud—aristocrats by education and personal interest, but men from the higher motives of reason and humanity. However much we are compelled to admire the results of rank, wealth, refinement and education concentrated upon a few, like the diamond polished by its own dust, yet the system that perpetuates and makes hereditary these distinctions, is none the less to be deplored." In this country the constitution ignores all inborn distinction between man and man, and hence aristocracy, as a system, has no chance to take root.

Yet we hear of American aristocracy—of this or that American being called an aristocrat. "Each obviously attributes it to a neighbor, and shrinks from it himself as a plague spot." Aristocracy in America, if it means anything, means the difference which exists between any individual and the mass of his countrymen. If a man were to revive in himself a fondness for the old miscalled science of astrology, and were to study the stars with the idea of investigating their influence upon human destinies, he would be called an aristocrat. If a man, from timidity or inability to take part in public affairs, holds himself aloof from primary political meetings, caucuses and conventions, though he may be the humblest of the humble, he is branded as an aristocrat. If he has succeeded in amassing a few thousands of dollars more than his neighbors, though he may make the best use of his means, he is an aristocrat.

"Individuals," says Mr. Jarvis, "should discard the false meaning attached to the word (aristocracy) in the United States, and if, in their heads, as it really does, the word aristocracy implies but a superior standard of manners, education or position to their own, strive for it; not with the feeling that Haman viewed Mordecai, but with the consciousness of self-respect and desire of improvement, the birthright of every American, which, if properly sustained, makes him at once a fit companion for princes, and a bright and shining example of the virtue of democratic institutions in forming a man. Such is the character of the only intervention in the affairs of their fellow-men worthy of the genius of American citizens."

FRANCE AND THE UNITED STATES.

We noticed, the other day, a paragraph in the *Paris Constitutionnel*, intimating that, in the event of a war between England and the United States, France would take a hand in the game, as an ally of the former. This we do not believe. It is doubtless policy on the part of the French journals to hint at such help while the peace negotiations with Russia are going on, as a soothing to the irritated feelings of Great Britain at being forced into a peace before having had an opportunity of displaying that tremendous power of which she is so constantly boasting. But Louis Napoleon does not wish for war; and least of all with the United States of North America. He is too sagacious not to know that the ultimate result of it would be the triumph of the stars and stripes—and he knows, too, that the deepest sympathies exist between the French and American people, and the former would not tacitly endure the burthen of a war with their ancient friends and allies, for the sake of their ancient enemies, the English. "The empire!" Louis Napoleon declared, "is peace!" The war with Russia has trained his troops and shown their power, and that is enough for France at present. He will rather be disposed to make England listen to reason than to aid her belligerent designs.

A WEDDING RIDE.

Horses were scarce in the Plymouth colony during the first years of the settlement, and substitutes therefore became necessary. When John Alden was married—and he was a great man in his day—he put a ring in his bull's nose, covered his back with a piece of broadcloth, mounted him and rode to the wedding. His bride rode home in the same manner, John Alden leading the animal by the nose. The gentleman who led, and the lady who rode, were the ancestors of some of the first families in the country, including members of Congress, heads of colleges, and two Presidents of the United States.

VERY PROPER.—The forts on the Atlantic seaboard of this country are being put in a condition of active usefulness. The way to prevent war is to be prepared for it.

CHEAP LIVING.—One can live like a prince in Florence for one hundred and twenty dollars a month—the blessing of fleas and beggars being thrown in gratuitously.

SURPRISE PARTIES.—These unique entertainments are becoming quite the vogue in and about Boston.

OLD MAIDS.

If we acquiesce in the sentence of excommunication which society presses upon old bachelors, those half-scissor members of the community, who persist in pursuing lives of single blessedness, in spite of a plethora of marriageable maidens to pick and choose from, we must protest against the practice of heaping ridicule upon the class of single ladies. It is vulgar, it is unjust, it is unmanly. It is a popular fallacy, rife among men, to attribute the maiden state of many ladies to the worst of motives—to malevolence, to coldness of heart, and to downright hatred of what we term, with most undemocratic and unchristian pride, the nobler sex. Many maiden ladies—old maids, if you please; there ought to be no implied reproach in the term—are so from neglect. But neglect does not argue demerit.

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

The judgment of man in matrimonial matters is not so very infallible. He is as often caught by the artificial brilliancy of a flirt, by the audacious challenge of a belle, by the clink of the almighty dollar, or the prestige of an aristocratic name, as by unobtrusive worth, by simple manners, by a true heart and modest beauty. In the very matter of beauty itself, the eye is often deceived. The belle of a season is often belle only in name, and far less lovely than her neglected sister, who is condemned to sit among the wall flowers, while the idol of the hour is whirling in the waltz.

"The ridicule which is often poured forth on unmarried women of a certain age," says a sensible writer, "is very odious, and perfectly uncalled for. The smile of contempt may be reserved far more justly for those women who, instead of being respectable and useful old maids, have married without love, and without any prospect of happiness, merely to escape the odium of a name. These spinsters, about whom, in flippant moments, we say flippant things, are many of them among the most true-hearted and self-denying of their sex. Their lives have been heroic poems, full of musical rhythm and lofty actions; and, could we read their secret history, we should find that, in many instances, they retained their single state, not because they had never met with wooers, but because the troth they had plighted in youth was sacred even unto death, or because, in the spirit of Christian martyrs, they had resolved, for a great purpose, to make a life-long sacrifice. We allow frankly that the single woman has not—if we dare use such a term—such a *chance of happiness* as the

woman who, as the cheerful 'house-mother,' has an affectionate husband at her side, and a number of olive-branches springing up around her. But then the law of compensation may be distinctly traced in every position of life. If there are many joys, they are certain to be attended by a multiplicity of sorrows; and if the sphere is more contracted, and joy is like a stranger-guest, and pays only angels' visits, then the path is less formidable, the struggle less severe, the haven more easily won.

"The vocation of the single woman is one of disinterestedness and self-denial. It is for her to visit the sick, to relieve the poor, to scatter good deeds from her on all sides, which, like the seed of the husbandman, may spring up and produce an abundant fruitage. It is for her to devise plans of usefulness, and to see them carried out; she must find her home in the hearts of the suffering and sorrowful, her family in the children who have experienced her kindness, and who look up to her for sympathy. It depends on the character of the single woman, and not on her position, whether she meet with a friendly greeting among her circle of acquaintances, and real love from those who know her best, and stand in close relationship with her."

We have seen so many true heroines, so many self-sacrificing martyrs, so many gentle ministering angels in the ranks of ancient maidenhood, the traditional record of the world's benefactors is so full of such, that we have come to regard old maids with reverence and respect. For one malignant retailer of scandal and promoter of domestic strife, we have found twenty pure-minded and gentle women, who would rather cast oil upon the troubled waters of life than add to their disturbance by a breath. Let us then leave the ridicule of old maids to sinful old bachelors, to profane playwrights, and to the daubers and inditers of penny valentines, who, by the way, ought to be indicted themselves. The age is too enlightened to accept as gospel the traditional prejudices of the past.

EASILY OBTAINED.—ANY POST-MASTER, OR OTHER INDIVIDUAL, WHO WILL EXPEND A FEW HOURS IN OBTAINING EIGHT SUBSCRIBERS FOR OUR DOLLAR MONTHLY, CAN RECEIVE IT GRATIS FOR ONE YEAR HIMSELF.

THE REASON.—Some one attributing the distress of Ireland to absenteeism, Sydney Smith remarked that "the misery of the Irish arose not from *absent-tee-ism*, but from *absent-dinner-ism*."

BINDING.—Binding in all its varieties, and at the lowest prices, neatly executed at this office.

EDITORS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

While, in this country, the editorial profession is duly honored, and it is quite a feather in a man's cap to be known as belonging to the "press-gang," in England it would appear that the profession is not held in very high repute. It is not a passport to office. One might as well have the bar-sinister in his shield, as to confess that he wields the pen and scissors. It is perhaps in consequence of this condition of things that the names of the editors of English papers are generally suppressed. The editor is almost invariably an impersonality. Anonymous editorship has its advantages and disadvantages. Where the writer is known, a personal prejudice frequently prevents his articles from exercising a due influence. His opinions, in themselves, may be perfectly sound, his arguments perfectly logical; but if he has formerly entertained different views, they lose their force, and his articles are not judged by themselves, but by their author. An editor writes more freely and easily when he writes anonymously. But then he is apt to be betrayed into more bitterness, more ferocity, perhaps, than if he were personally responsible.

Mr. Galliardet once remarked of the American press: "There was a time, perhaps, when the prejudices of the old British aristocracy had extended over the young republic, its revolted daughter; there was a time, perhaps, when the American press was ranked in the number of the secondary conditions of social life, when its writers were only penny-a-liners, a kind of unworthy and mercenary laborers in the field of thought. But these times have already nearly disappeared, and will soon disappear entirely. The press, too, has had its revolution of '75 in America, and has by degrees obtained esteem and influence by its talent and dignity."

In France, from the revolution of 1830 to that of 1848, the press was acknowledged to be a power in the realm; editorial talent was a universal passport to society, to court favor, to senatorial honors and to fortune. But Louis Napoleon has crushed the press; all the editors of France are now but the servile echoes of the views of one man. Editorial independence is visited with fine, imprisonment, and the ruin of the journal which dares utter any truths unpalatable to the sovereign. Thus, with all the wit, learning and eloquence of the Frenchmen, the French papers are excessively vapid and stupid. The sense of degradation deadens even essays on art, literature and science, which are the only topics free for discussion, so universally petrifying to all intellectual effort is political despotism. Give us a free press or none at all.

BALL THE ARTIST.

A notice we saw the other day of this excellent man and artist, who is now hard at work in his studio at Florence, Italy, recalled to our mind an adventure of his, which occurred when Kimball occupied our present publication hall with his museum. Ball had a room in the building, and sometimes volunteered to lock up the outer door, after all the performances had been concluded, and carry home the key to Mr. Kimball. Late one night he was wending his way to the South-End, with the huge brass door key firmly clenched in his right hand beneath his cloak. Somewhere near the Boylston Market he saw a gentleman approaching, whom he mistook for the "enterprising proprietor." Jumping at the opportunity of getting rid of his cumbersome charge, he extended the formidable instrument. To his surprise, the stranger halted, as if he had been shot, and exclaimed: "For God's sake, spare my life! I'm a married man, with a family! Here's my money, but spare my life, good Mr. Highwayman!" And the stranger, dashing a wallet at his feet, turned and fled precipitately. Our hero, one of the gentlest men in the world, horror-struck at being mistaken for a robber, and having not the slightest ambition to figure as a Paul Clifford in the eyes of the midnight guardians of the city's peace and honor, turned and fled in an opposite direction, and gaining his lodgings at a "two-forty lick," locked himself into the room, and passed a wretched night. The next day he walked the city like a spectre, fearing to meet at every corner a hand-bill, headed "Highway Robbery," and offering a reward for the detection of the criminal. But nothing came of it, and thereafter he never presented a brass-barrelled door key to a stranger.

A RECOMMENDATION.—On the English translation of the card of a French inn, between Boulogne and Abbeville, these words are printed: "The wines are of that quality they will leave you nothing to hope for."

A BANK CHECK.—Soon after the battle of Leipsic, a wit observed, "that Napoleon must be in funds, for he had received a *check on the bank of the Elbe*."

MATHEMATICAL.—Mr. Sheutz of Stockholm, has invented a calculating machine which solves the knottiest problems.

BACK NUMBERS.—We can still supply the back numbers of our Dollar Monthly to January 1st, 1856.

HIGHLY IMPORTANT FROM EUROPE!

There are some snobs who receive every item of court gossip from Europe with the liveliest delight. We commend to these quidnuncs the following important facts: Miss Smead, a very beautiful young lady, was much admired and petted by Louis Napoleon, before that worthy and immaculate gentleman married the fair Eugenie. The fair Eugenie, who had heard of these attentions, vented her post-nuptial spite by refusing to invite Miss Smead to any of the imperial parties. Miss Smead resented the slight, and between the two ladies subsisted, and subsists, the same feelings of affection which animated the breasts of the two Kilkenny cats of yore: Lately the emperor and empress attended a soiree at Lord Cowley's. As the fair Eugenie passed through a room where Miss Smead and other ladies were seated, all rose to salute her, according to etiquette, except the implacable Miss Smead. Burning with wrath, the empress swept into the next room. Soon afterwards, Louis Napoleon re-appeared, and finding Miss Smead engaged in conversation with a gentleman, pushed in between them, and turned his back on the offending and offended lady. Wasn't that a glorious revenge for a crowned head? Can any one now dispute the title of Louis Napoleon, emperor of France by the grace of muskets, to be the "first gentleman of Europe."

MEDICAL ITEMS.—Inoculation is said to be a preventive of pleuro-pneumonia.—Alum has been used successfully by Dr. Riddore in the treatment of bronchial catarrh.—It is said that lard is an infallible antidote to the poison of strychnine.—In England they are about to employ mesmerism to cure insanity.—A medical school existed in connection with Columbia College, New York, as early as 1760.

A LONG WAY BETWEEN.—The distance between Boston and New Orleans is greater than the distance between London and St. Petersburg; and the Pacific coast is as far from New York as the latter is from Bremen. Have our British friends any adequate idea of the size of the country they talk about swallowing?

A NEW LOAN.—"I say, Josh," shouted a Brighton drover to a crony, the other day, "these pesky sheep wont start in this weather—lend us a bark of your dog, will you?"

VALUATION.—The assessed value of the city of Hartford, Ct., for 1856, is \$20,560,720, which is an increase of \$1,306,587 over last year.

MILLS'S STATUE OF JACKSON.

At the recent inauguration of the equestrian statue of Jackson, at New Orleans, Clark Mills, the sculptor, made the following remarks with regard to his work: "General Jackson is here represented as he appeared on the morning of the 8th of January, forty-one years ago. He has advanced to the centre of the line in the act of review: the lines have come to present arms as a salute to their commander, who is acknowledging it by raising his chapeau, according to the military etiquette of that day. His restive horse, anticipating the next move, attempts to dash down the line; the bridle hand of the dauntless hero being turned under, shows that he is restraining the horse, whose open mouth and curved neck indicate that the animal is feeling the bit. I have thought this explanation necessary, as there are many critics who profess not to understand the conception of the artist."

TRAFFIC IN CHINESE CHILDREN.—It is asserted that a hidden traffic has been pursued for years in China, of selling and shipping female children to the Spanish and Portuguese, as well as the English possessions. They are purchased at about \$3 each, and are therefore profitable to the dealer.

CANNEL COAL IN IOWA.—The Mount Pleasant Observer states that a fine bed of cannel coal has been discovered a few miles south of Salem. The vein is, at the opening, four feet and a-half thick. The coal is equal to Kentucky cannel coal, being set on fire by the blaze of a candle, and burning up, leaving but few ashes.

A JACK OF ALL TRADES.—Bernini, a celebrated Florentine sculptor, about the middle of the seventeenth century, erected a theatre, painted the scenes, made all the machinery and decorations, wrote an opera, composed the music, and took part in the performance.

BRAHAM.—John Braham, the distinguished English vocalist, died recently in London, at the age of eighty-two. He was well known in this country, which he visited professionally. For nearly seventy years he sang in public.

JEWELRY.—The French people say "he who wears gold chains visible to the naked eye, cameos, rings or trinkets, is an enriched boor, a juggler, a vender of quack medicines, or an Italian prince."

GERMAN THEATRICALS.—The Germans are a theatre loving people, as is evinced by the fact that there are one hundred and sixty-five established theatres in that country.

Foreign Miscellany.

Mr. Du Pre died in the Queen's Bench prison, London, on the 6th ult., after an incarceration of forty-five years for debt.

Rev. Rowland Williams has been dismissed by the Bishop of Llandaff from his office of chaplain, for publishing a work on rational godliness.

Jullien is having a musical crystal palace built for him in Surrey gardens—in which he is to give monster concerts.

A blind man in Devonshire, England, has actually been a surveyor and planner of roads; his ear guiding him as to distance as accurately as the eye to others.

Roger, "the greatest tenor in the world," has been performing his original character, "Jean of Leyden," in the *Prophet*, with Tedesco in the role of Fides, at *L'Academie* in Paris.

There are at present in Germany 165 theatres, employing about 6000 actors, dancers and vocalists, and 9000 choristers and musicians of the orchestra.

At a quarry in Holyhead, England, a few days since, sixty thousand tons of stone were loosened by a single blast. Six tons of powder were used on the occasion.

France means to obtain possession of Tangier in Morocco. It is in sight of Gibraltar, which would not be worth much to the English with Tangier in possession of the French.

Several of the diligences running in the neighborhood of Lyons, in France, are trying the experiment of using for their lights portable gas, which is placed in a cylinder beneath the driver's seat.

There are 70,000 gipsies in Wallachia; and their emancipation has been decided upon in a council by a vote of eleven voices against ten. Their proprietors will receive from the state an indemnification.

In the course of the last two or three years, the periodical press of the East has greatly increased in importance. As many as twelve journals and four reviews are now published at Constantinople.

Princess Augusta Bonaparte, daughter of Prince Charles Bonaparte was lately married to her cousin, Prince Gabrielli, at the Chapel of the Tuilleries, in Paris. The Emperor and Empress were present.

The British Government has instituted a new order of merit, styled the "Victoria cross," and is to be given only to members of the Army or Navy who distinguish themselves by individual acts of bravery in the face of an enemy.

The Musee d'Artilerie, Paris, has just added to its collection the pocket-book of Prince Menschikoff, taken at the battle of the Alma, and one of the Jacobi infernal machines, fished up in the Baltic by the French sailors.

The banking institution of London shows larger profits than our own. The London and Westminster Bank (the leading joint stock institution) has recently declared a dividend equivalent to 16 per cent. per annum, viz: 5 per cent. regular dividend and bonus of 5 per cent. for the past year.

Stockholm is to be fortified by land and sea; including the valley of Maslar.

Great energy is manifested in Russia in advancing railways.

Catharine Hayes, it is said, loses twenty-seven thousand dollars by the failure of Messrs. Saunders & Brennan, of San Francisco.

There are in Russia six thousand miles of telegraph wires, all of which are continually used for official despatches.

Lady Morgan is collecting out of her diaries and extensive correspondence, materials for a full account of her "Life and Times."

The emperor of Austria has ordered the construction of three screw steamers of war, which are to be completed in the present year.

Upwards of 10,000 fish, reared by the artificial process, which has been so successful, have been turned out into the waters of the river Dee.

A letter from Corfu states that the last crop of olives in that island has been so ravaged by the worm that two-thirds of it has been destroyed.

At the last sitting of the Imperial Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg, Lieut. Maury was elected corresponding member in the section of geography.

At a recent oratorio in London, when Jenny Lind sung the principal soprano part, the chorus and orchestra consisted of more than six hundred performers!

Piedmont has, within the last six years, constructed 700 kilometres, or nearly 150 English miles, of railways, the receipts of which in 1855 amounted to 10,297,758*fr.*

During last year, in Silesia, 811 Roman Catholics enrolled their names on the Protestant registers. A similar increase of Protestants in that province has been going on for years past.

An arrangement has, it is said, been entered into between thirty-two brokers and capitalists of Paris and London, to participate in common in great industrial and commercial undertakings.

Iron shipbuilding is making rapid progress on the Tyne and other rivers in the north of England, and promises in a few years to produce a revolution in the carrying trade of the country.

The price of tallow in Russia has risen to an astounding degree—over two dollars a pound. The Russians it will be remembered, eat tallow as Americans eat pumpkin pie or apple sauce, and use it extensively in cooking.

Herr Ander, the tenor singer so popular at Vienna, generally reported to be the first tenor in Germany, who appeared two or three seasons ago at our Royal Italian opera, died the other day at Vienna. He was buried with state and honor.

Mr. Malcolmson, of Portland, Waterford, the eminent steamship proprietor, is about to place a line of screw steamers between Liverpool and New York, touching at Queenstown on the outward and home voyages.

Pipes of gutta percha are, to a great extent, superseding the use of lead pipes for conveying water in London. Being free from poisonous deposits and the attacks of frost, they are much preferred. Pipes of vulcanized India rubber are used to some extent.

Record of the Times.

The total population of Alabama is 836,192.

The total population of Louisiana is 575,922, of which 299,626 are whites.

The railroad system of Illinois has doubled its population in five years.

Since 1852, twelve steamships have been lost at sea, and 1250 persons perished.

The governor-general of Canada says the reciprocity system works well.

The Delawares believe their guardian spirit to be a great eagle—not a golden eagle though.

The "way to make butter come" is to pay for it and have it sent by railroad.

Green peas were hardly known in 1550, though the Romans had a dish which was very much sought after, composed of boiled or fried gray peas.

According to the American Baptist Almanac for the current year, there are in the United States 6475 ordained Baptist ministers.

The Leipzig Missionary Society are building a missionary house for the training of young men, who are to labor among the heathen.

When a man leaves his place of business, he should leave the cares and annoyances of the traffic with his goods.

Miss Bremer has written a new story, and the sheets are already in the hands of Mary Howitt for translation.

It is stated in "Howell's Familiar Letters" that a ship was built in England, in 1635, 127 feet long, and 46 feet 6 inches in breadth, and was called the "Sovereign of the Seas."

The most important item of information to be found in Miss Murray's book, is the fact that chowder is a "praiseworthy preparation, enabling you to eat soup and fish at one time."

The best teas, it is said, never find their way out of China. The finest quality of black tea is the scented *Liang-sing*, and is worth in China \$2 50 per pound.

J. G. Percival, by many regarded as the first of American poets, is now State Geologist in Wisconsin, where the settlers call him "old rock smasher."

R. R. Coxe, a planter in good circumstances residing in Marshall county, Tenn., recently killed his wife in a fit of insanity, and afterwards killed himself.

The officers of the New York Juvenile Asylum have sent seventy-five children and twenty-five adults to Illinois, there to be engaged in agriculture or other useful occupations.

During the time since the Worcester Lunatic Hospital has been in operation (twenty-three years), thirty-nine of its patients were made such by *disappointed ambition*. "Ambition should be made of sterner stuff."

We read in a Liverpool paper of a man arrested for stealing gas—a novel complaint. He made a connection with the supply pipe in the street used by a former tenant, and didn't notify the gas company to set a metre.

The folks at New Orleans are about to erect a Clay monument of bronze.

The rings of the planet Saturn will be visible during all this year.

Col. Rawlinson discovered the body of Nebuchadnezzar at Babylon, by his cud.

At Peking there is a lodging-house for the poor called the "House of Hen Feathers."

The United States are manufacturing a musket that beats the Minie, at Springfield.

The State of Texas has given Col. Crockett's widow a league of land.

It is said that gambling is carried on to an enormous extent in Washington.

California will be able to export this year 150,000 barrels of flour.

A company at Limerick will soon manufacture brandy from beet root. That beats all.

The Danish government allow post-masters to confiscate all non-registered money-letters.

The late J. M. Field had his life insured at St. Louis for \$3000.

There are 221 schools, 804 teachers, and 26,170 school children in California.

All men are born soldiers because they have drums in their ears.

It is fifty years since Frederick Tudor, Esq. first despatched the brig Favorite from Boston with an entire cargo of ice for St. Pierre.

From April, 1854, to May, 1855, one hundred and eight new post-offices were established in Iowa. This fact shows how the West grows.

One thousand young cows, with calves, were recently sold at Los Angeles, California, for \$15,000.

A law has passed both houses of the Kentucky legislature which prohibits billiards, ten-pin alleys, etc.

A German writer says that the people of the United States can burst more steam boilers and chew more tobacco than any other five nations on the globe.

It is said that the Misses Fox have realized a fortune by snapping the joints of their big toes, which the gullable public mistook for spiritual rappings.

A witty doctor says that tight-lacing is a public benefit, inasmuch as it kills off all the foolish girls, and leaves the wise ones to grow to be women.

Some of our cotemporaries are discussing the question, which is the safest seat in case of railroad collision? We should choose one about one hundred miles from the railroad.

Dickens, speaking of a debtor's prison, says: "It was evident from the general tone that they had come to regard insolvency as the normal state of mankind, and the payment of debts as a disease that occasionally broke out!"

Returns from the Indian agencies in Texas show that the State contains 20,000 Camanches and Kioways, 3000 Arrickarees, 300 Wacoos, Towacanoes and Keechies, 550 Libans, 400 Mescaleros, 960 Wichitas, Apacees, Caddoes and other tribes, to numbers not estimated.

Merry Making.

What burns to keep a secret? Sealing-wax to be sure.

What word may be pronounced quicker by adding a syllable to it? Quick.

When did Absalom sleep with five in a bed? When he slept with his four-fathers.

"Sending coals to Newcastle"—The voyage of a cane (Kane) to the North pole.

Why is an island like the letter T? Because it is in the middle of wa-ter.

Why is a spendthrift's purse like a thunder-cloud? Because it is continually a light-ning.

When is a farmer very maternal? When he cradles his grain.

Nursery Truism.—Too many nurses spoil the "broth of a boy."

One of the teeth of a biting frost was recently picked up in the town of Hull.

One of our leading phrenologists has gone north, to examine the head of navigation.

Why is a kiss like creation? Because it is made of nothing, and yet it is something.

A wag says that Dr. Kane tried to get to the pole to deposit his vote, but the iceberg faction prevented him.

A little glutton of a boy said he should like to live in Scotland, because he had heard it was the land o' cakes.

Why does an agreeable person having left a party become very vapory? Because he is *mist* (missed).

There are none perfect in this world. It is said that even Wall Street Brokers have their little failings.

The story of a man who had a nose so large that he couldn't blow it without the use of gun-powder, is said to be a hoax.

When the mind is diseased, it is frequently not healing a man wants so much as fresh soul-ing. Medical cobblers please notice.

Often the scene at the playhouse, which beggars description, plays the same trick with the manager?

"Miss Brown, aint you afear'd that your boy will get drowned, goin' in swimmin' so much?" "Well, Miss Smith, I shouldn't wonder, for he's just rogue enough for that."

The man who hung himself in an axletree with a cord of wood, has been cut down with a sharp-set appetite, by the fast man who tired down a wagon wheel.

"My dear," said an affectionate spouse to her husband, "am I not your only treasure?" "O yes," was the cool reply, "and I would willingly lay you up in heaven."

The gas went out at one of the churches not long since, just as the congregation were singing the opening hymn, from which cause it was finished in *short metre*.

Upon the marriage of one of her companions, a little girl about eleven years of age, of the same school, said to her parents, "Why, don't you think Amelia is married, and she hasn't gone through fractions yet!"

Cats are said to be musical, because their interior consists of fiddle-strings.

Quack doctors are considered "drivers" of the "last stage" of disease.

A man frequently admits that he was wrong, but a woman, never—she was "only mistaken."

When is a nutmeg like a prison window? Ans.—When it is grated.

An earthquake is termed a "tall specimen of ague" in California.

"My mine to me a kingdom is," as the California gold-digger said.

Why is an ailing deer like a depressed man? Ans.—Because he is a *hart sick* (heart-sick.)

Why is the letter S a friend of the Maine Liquor Law? Ans.—Because it turns wine into swine.

Punch thinks the abolition of the corn laws the most important cereal work ever given to the public.

When is the marriage ceremony decidedly fishy? Ans.—When the bride receives her ring (her-ring.)

"Mother," said a little boy, "I'm tired of this pug nose; it's growing pugger and pugger every day."

Carrying coals from the grocery in a carpet bag, may be very genteel, but it is bad for the lining.

Sir Isaac Newton was never married. Guess he thought more of Saturn's ring than he did of Hymen's.

"Mr. Smith, be particular to have my coat well wadded." "Never mind," said Smith, "wadded or not, it will stand a charge."

One of the Irish newspapers contains an advertisement announcing as lost, a cloth cloak, belonging to a gentleman lined with blue.

The unfortunate wretch who wrote the tail of a comet, has obtained employment in copying the example of a sum in arithmetic.

An exchange paper says, "Hicks is engaged on a head of Longfellow." Is "Hicks" a barber or a sculptor?

An editor out West says: "If we have offended any man in the short but brilliant course of our career, let him send us in a new hat, and say nothing about it." Very cool.

It has been observed that frequenters of concerts who are in the habit of beating time with their feet and kicking up a dust, are presumed to be ignorant of the repeal of the "stamp act."

A distinguished literary tourist was once found in a paroxysm of tears over the supposed tomb of Washington, at Mount Vernon, but it turned out to be only the ice house!

There are two things a modest man should never undertake: to borrow money or study law. A third thing: never to "beg a brother of the earth to give him leave to toil," as the poet forcibly expresses it.

Zelim was the first of the Ottomans who shaved his beard. One of his bashaws asked him why he altered the customs of his predecessors? He answered: "Because you bashaws may not lead me by the beard as you did them."

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GRACE ARRINGTON.

BY MRS. MARY MAYNARD.

"FOR shame, sir—for shame! thus to murmur at Heaven's decrees, thus to receive its precious gifts!" And good old Dr. Davis looked the indignation he felt at his companion.

The two gentlemen were in the library of Mr. Arrington's handsome country house; the speaker standing with his hands behind him, and a very unusual flush of anger on his fine face, while Mr. Arrington sat at his table with his face buried in his folded arms, resting on his desk. The family physician had just announced the birth of a daughter; news received by the disappointed father, first with angry unbelief, and afterwards with hopeless despair.

He was a tall, stern looking man, bearing the marks of fierce passions on his countenance, with deep sunken eyes and knitted brow. Few men would have presumed to address words of reproach to him, but Dr. Davis was a privileged friend, and for the sake of the gentle young wife and mother would run far greater risks. His fearless, open manner was his greatest safeguard; and in his wildest fits of passion, Mr. Arrington would come down under the plain spoken reproaches and shocked look of the good man.

"How can I calmly listen to the crushing of my last hope, the destruction of my cherished plans?" was the father's answer to the doctor's last words. "There is nothing now to prevent my hated cousin's becoming our uncle's heir, while I, with all my debts, am to be burdened with the care of a sickly wife and two wretched

girls; curses on the fate!" And he ground his teeth in helpless rage, and again buried his face in his hands.

Finding that in his present mood, all remonstrances were useless, the doctor quietly left the room and sought the chamber of the young mother. At the door he found the eldest daughter, a child of two years, pleading to be taken to her mother.

Taking her from her nurse, he entered the room, and Mrs. Arrington, prepared for any unkindness on her husband's part, evinced no surprise at his absence, and merely shed a few quiet tears over her little girls.

She was a very young and beautiful woman, but care and sorrow had stolen the roses from her fair cheeks, and given sad looks to the once sparkling eyes. The beloved and only child of doting parents, she had seen little of care, and less of unkindness, until, won by the polished manners and fair exterior of Mr. Arrington, she had become his bride. But ere the first week of her strange new life had passed, the poor girl saw her mistake, and soon learned to tremble at the frown of him she had believed perfection, and to whose keeping she had entrusted her life's happiness.

Mr. Arrington was jealous and overbearing, proud of the beauty of his wife, yet fearful that others should see and admire her; fond of society, yet frequently sacrificing his dearest friend to his arbitrary disposition. His grandfather—old Philip Arrington—had bequeathed handsome

fortunes to his three remaining children, all that had been spared to him from a large family. At the time of their father's death, Philip and John, the two oldest, were of the respective ages of twenty and twenty-two years, while Herbert, the youngest, was scarcely five.

Philip never married; and as years passed on, and he acquired a large practice as a lawyer, he gradually improved the property left him by his father, and at the time my story commences was counted one of the richest men in B-shire. John, the second son, married as soon as he became of age; lived an useless, extravagant life; broke his wife's heart with neglect and coldness, and died, leaving one son (Mr. Arrington) to fight and struggle his way through the world.

With extravagant tastes and great worldly pride, young John Arrington found himself at twenty-one with little more to gratify them than the very moderate fortune secured to him by his mother's marriage settlements. For ten years he contrived to live on this, each year, however, sinking deeper in debt, when finding that things could not continue so much longer, he bethought himself of taking a rich wife. In this last resort to retrieve his embarrassed condition, he proved exceedingly fortunate; and the fair young girl he won with false professions and pretended devotion, brought him both wealth and beauty for her dower.

His uncle, Herbert Arrington, now about thirty-eight years of age, had been married nearly five years, and his son, at the time little Eveline was born, was four years old. To account for John Arrington's dislike of this boy, we shall have to go back a few years to the early days of the old bachelor Philip.

In his youth, Philip Arrington had passionately loved a young girl whom his father disapproved of. Determined that he should not marry her, Mr. Arrington and her father made a match between her and a young man, far inferior in every respect to Philip. For two years young Arrington shunned all female society, but at the end of that time was accidentally thrown into the company of a beautiful young lady, lovely, fascinating and accomplished, but poor. For a time his suit prospered, and even progressed so far that the wedding day was fixed, when Philip found a rival in the shape of an old friend of Miss Smith's father.

It is true he was something over fifty, wore a wig, and in complexion rather too nearly resembled an orange; but what mattered that, when he could keep a carriage, a score of servants, and wear a diamond ring worth more money than Miss Smith had ever seen in her

life? He was pleased with Miss Smith the first time he saw her, and rather wished young Arrington would not occupy so much of her attention. The next time he called, Miss Smith was alone; the lady was agreeable, the gentleman fascinated; she sung and played a sentimental song to amuse him, and he made her a formal offer of his hand and fortune. The lady hastily threw into one scale Philip, his love, his good looks, and his pretty cottage home—in the other, her saffron-faced admirer, a coach, and a splendid city mansion, with dresses and jewels innumerable. Need we say which preponderated?

The end of it was that Miss Smith learned to hate her lord and master ere she had been many months a wife; finding, to her sorrow, that even golden fetters are distressing; while Philip cursed all women as jilts and deceivers, and applied himself to his profession with redoubled ardor. He removed from the scenes of his unfortunate attachments, bought a comfortable house, secured the services of a trustworthy old lady for housekeeper, and set seriously about making money.

And he did make money, and everything he undertook brought him in money; and the more money he got the more he wanted; and at the time his nephew, John, married, he was immensely rich. Very little correspondence had been kept up between the brothers; but when Philip heard that another of the hated sex had been brought into the family, he suddenly felt a curiosity to see his brother's and nephew's wives.

His visit did not afford him much satisfaction, as, to all outward appearances, both couples were in the enjoyment of great happiness—Herbert and his wife being really attached to each other, while John had too much pride to allow his uncle to witness any unpleasantness in his house. As there was nothing to find fault with in the selection either kinsman had made, and the two families were on good terms, his malice invented a device whereby to destroy their future comfort. He announced his intention of bequeathing his vast property to the youngest male Arrington alive at his decease.

To this new whim Herbert paid but little attention; partly because his rapidly increasing fortune promised to be more than sufficient for the wants of his family, and partly because he suspected the real motive that had induced his eccentric brother to give publicity to an intention so likely to cause dissension. But on John Arrington the effect was all that his uncle could have wished in his most malicious humor.

Until the birth of Eveline, he contented himself with anticipating the blessing a son would

be, and having convinced himself that such a thing as disappointment was not to be thought of, was even kinder to his poor young wife than heretofore. But all his ill temper returned when he found that so far his young cousin was the heir; and he hated him for it, although not quite without love for his own first-born.

Herbert's family meanwhile was increased by the addition of two little girls, and a few months before the commencement of our story, by still another son. But John Arrington's hopes were once more raised to the pinnacle of expectation; and so great a hold had this one idea taken on his mind, that he could better have listened to the announcement of the loss of wife, child, and every friend he had, than be told that his wishes were again crossed. He viewed it as an actual wrong, and in that spirit reproached the Providence that had so afflicted him.

From the hour of her birth, Grace Arrington knew nothing of the blessing of a father's love. It was not until she was several weeks old that her father ever saw her, and then the meeting was accidental. Since his last disappointment, he had even withdrawn the affection he once bestowed on little Eveline; and her mother almost feared to trust her darlings from her sight, so great was her terror that her husband might, in his passion, commit some dreadful act.

Soon after the birth of his youngest child, Mr. Arrington went to London, and his wife was suffered to drag out a weary existence alone with her children and servants, the latter being creatures of the master, and having more authority in the house than their mistresses. It was while Mr. Arrington was away, and when Grace was two months old, that Herbert resolved to pay a visit to his poor niece and her neglected little ones. He was much attached to her, and felt deeply for the children forsaken by their father, and seemingly so friendless.

On arriving at their home, he had considerable difficulty in gaining admittance, so strict were Mr. Arrington's orders against all visitors in his absence. But his uncle was not a man easily repulsed when doing what he considered his duty, and he felt that he ought to take some interest in the fate of his young kinswoman and her children. He found her but the shadow of her former self, pale, sick and dispirited, her beauty faded, her once bright hopes crushed. She warmly welcomed him, and after spending several pleasant hours in conversation and inquiries, Herbert rose to leave, when she spoke of the request she had to make.

"Anything, anything that I can do for you, my dear child," was her uncle's warm answer.

"It is a serious request, but I have long thought of your coming—long waited for an opportunity to make it. I shall not long be here. Nay! don't try to deceive me; look there." And drawing up the sleeve of her loose dress, she held up an arm and hand round which there was scarcely an appearance of flesh, the long fingers looking like those of a skeleton.

She smiled faintly as Herbert, pale and sorrowful, raised the transparent hand to his lips.

"I cannot long stay here; and uncle, when I am gone, will you take my poor babes—my little fatherless girls? Your wife is kind and good, and in her my children will find a mother, in you a father. Will you promise me this, and bid me rest in peace?"

Earnestly Herbert promised to fulfil her request, to adopt her children, and in all respects bring them up as his own. There was but one reservation. "If their father will consent."

"Only too willingly. To him they are a burden and a cause of grief." And her tears fell fast as she spoke the sad words.

Herbert bade her farewell, kissed the little ones, and left the house. As he journeyed homeward, he meditated on the melancholy fate of this once beautiful and happy girl, so undeservedly brought on by the cruel conduct of her husband and the malicious contrivance of his own brother, and he felt rejoiced that he had in some measure atoned by making the requested promise. When informed of what had passed, Mrs. Herbert Arrington was equally pleased, and her warm heart was deeply touched at the affecting picture her husband drew of the scene he had witnessed.

That night, when she sat beside him in their comfortable parlor, their little ones gathered round them, and all happy and rejoicing in their love, large tears rolled down the fond mother's cheek, and she bent over her baby-boy to hide her emotion. But Herbert knew that his tender-hearted young wife was thinking of another whose lot was, O, how different from her own! whose sorrows were soothed by no husband's kindness, whose babes felt no father's caress.

He looked on his little twin girls—two little delicate blossoms, scarcely seeming for this world,—and in his heart he wondered how a father could ever become so unnatural as to cast off his helpless offspring. He looked on his wife, as she sat with her infant in her arms, in all her bloom of health and contentment; and he thought of that other, her superior in beauty, in accomplishments, in all domestic graces that charm and delight a husband; and his astonishment and pity increased. How blindly had

John Arrington sacrificed his own happiness and that of his wife; how wantonly had he crushed her young life; how shamefully betrayed her trust. On all these wrongs did Herbert ponder, and his heart was sad and troubled for another's woes; but the day was soon to come when he should have sorrows of his own to mourn over.

Six months after his visit to his nephew's wife, Herbert laid his three youngest children in the grave. The little boy went first—the pet, the baby, they all wept when he was taken from them. But soon one merry little girl was laid beside her brother; and when the dark shadows fell over the face of the other, and he knew that she also was gone, Herbert wept like a woman.

To bear this heavy affliction, the mother seemed the strongest, and when all was over, and she could no longer minister to the wants of her lost ones, no longer touch the little hands, press the soft cheek, or bend down to listen to sweet, low voices murmuring fond words, she yielded not to unavailing sorrow. Of her children she had been fond, exceedingly fond; but for her husband, words are weak to express the entire, the engrossing love, she felt for him. Even her little ones were dearer on that account; and now her own sorrow was forgotten in her anxiety to assuage his bitter grief, to pour balm into that wounded heart. Not even in the first days of their marriage had she been so kind, so thoughtful, so affectionate; and Herbert was at last roused from his sorrow, by observing the sad changes care and anxiety were making in his beloved wife.

He, in his turn, now became the comforter; and so in time they learned to think and speak calmly of their trial. Their oldest child was still spared to them, and the parents rejoiced in his bright promise for the future, and were happy, although a sigh would rise, or a tear fall, as some memento of the lost ones recalled their sorrow.

A year passed away, and Herbert was suddenly summoned to the death-bed of his niece. He instantly obeyed the call, and hastened to the house he had not entered since the day when he had contrasted the misery of its inmates with the happiness of his own. His feelings were of the most distressing character, and he was little prepared to meet his nephew, whose joyful countenance appeared so out of place. The secret was soon told—the mother was dying; but the father had his wish, and a son had at last gladdened the heart of John Arrington.

Astonished at the coolness with which Herbert listened to this latter news, he could not

refrain from inquiring if he "recollected how that affected the prospects of his son," and was only reminded of his mistake when he saw the contemptuous glance his uncle bestowed upon him, and heard his command to "lead him instantly to the bedside of his dying wife."

There were but few words passed between the uncle and niece; and in less than half an hour after his arrival, she had left sorrow, despair and anguish; and before him lay a cold pale face, whose smile reminded him of the innocents he had lost. John Arrington did not feign a grief he did not feel, nor did he offer the slightest objection to his wife's wishes in regard to the little girls. He thanked his uncle for relieving him of such a charge, gave him all the dresses, jewelry and furniture that had belonged to their mother, and promised never to interfere in anything pertaining to their future lives, giving them solely to him.

Herbert bore them home carefully and tenderly, and gave them into the loving, motherly arms held out to receive them; and both wept as they looked on these treasures, motherless, and cast out from a father's love; and both thought on the little girls that had once graced their own fireside, and welcomed these forlorn ones to replace them.

For several days Mrs. Arrington could not realize that such happiness was hers, and she would gaze for hours on the little faces so fondly turned to her own, or creep softly to their little bed, to make sure that she had them still. But when she saw that to her husband they were each day becoming dearer, that they had taken the place in his heart once occupied by their own, that he had resumed his cheerfulness, and could be merry with the gayest among their evening gathering, she blessed them in the fulness of her heart, and poured out on them the boundless treasures of a mother's love.

We must now pass over fifteen years, during which time but few changes took place in the circumstances of any of our friends, the Arrington family. Philip was more miserly, more ill natured, and hated women more cordially than ever. He was now nearly seventy-four years of age. Herbert and his wife were but little changed; affairs had prospered with them, and they looked cheerful and happy.

Their son—young Herbert—was a fine young man of two-and-twenty, the pride and joy of his parents, and the delight of his cousins. Eveline and Grace were still with their kind friends, and none could have supposed that they were other than the daughters of the house. Loving and beloved, they knew not the want of a parent's

kindness ; for in their treatment of her children, Herbert and his wife faithfully performed their promise to the mother.

John Arrington and his young son still resided at the house where his wife had died ; but they had few servants, and the establishment was reduced to the lowest scale. To indulge his darling and spoiled child, the doting father made the greatest sacrifices of his comfort and convenience, and deprived himself of luxuries made absolutely necessary by custom and habit. But John Arrington was a changed man. His whole thought and hope was centered on the possession of his brother's splendid fortune, and his whole care and devotion on the object by which it was to be obtained. On this son he lavished the fondest affection ; and the haughty and imperious man, before whom his gentle wife was wont to tremble in terror, was now the slave of a wilful, obstinate boy.

To such a pitch had young Philip's authority reached, that the few attendants they were obliged to keep always gave the preference to the son's commands, even if in opposition to their master's.

It annoyed John Arrington that his son was not known to be the heir to his uncle ; that in the eyes of others, this object of his fond hopes was no other than a common youth. He at last wrote to his uncle, reminding him of his promise, and asking him to acknowledge Philip as the inheritor of his property.

The answer was short and unsatisfactory ; the old man merely reminded him that he was not dead yet, that his will did not go into effect until that event should happen, and that there might yet be a score of young Arringtons born ere he left the world. As a characteristic finish, he begged permission to inform him that young Herbert was now a man, and in all probability would soon marry.

Since the birth of his own son, Mr. Arrington had lost that ill feeling towards his cousin that he once indulged ; but now his animosity returned with double force, and he dreaded to hear his name spoken, lest it should be accompanied with ill tidings.

It was at this unlucky time that a letter arrived from his uncle Herbert, announcing the approaching marriage of Eveline and young Herbert. The writer thought it his duty to announce the news to her father, but merely as a matter of form, not dreaming that he would object to so favorable an alliance for his daughter.

Words cannot express Mr. Arrington's feelings on perusing this letter ; but when the first emotions of rage and annoyance were over, he

wrote an answer little in accordance with their expectations. He insisted on all such ideas being immediately given up, on pain of the instant removal of his daughter ; and gave more than sufficient reason to delay the marriage in the coarse terms in which he spoke of the young man. To his daughter he wrote a fierce, angry denunciation of her wilful and presumptuous intention, threatening to instantly take her from those who, he said, were teaching her to forget her parent, and act in disobedience to his wishes.

To the young couple, these letters brought sadness and sorrow ; but Herbert tried the effect of an appeal to his feelings, and also reminded him of the promise given at the time the girls came under his charge. But remonstrances and appeals were alike vain, and Herbert and Eveline were obliged to give up all bright prospects for the present, trusting to him to make some favorable change in their affairs.

It was about this time, and only a few days after receiving his nephew's letter, that Philip Arrington, the old and tottering man, the woman hater, the miser, gave up all his lifetime resolutions, and married. In some law suit he had accidentally become acquainted with a widow lady, by the name of Brown. It happened that Mrs. Brown's evidence was of great use to the old lawyer, and he had several times called at her house. During these visits he had been struck with the beauty of Mrs. Brown's young daughter ; all his prejudices melted away, and he made her an offer of his hand. It was of course refused, and then the old man commenced a series of attacks on the widow's property that at last left her dependent on him for a home. He had calculated well on the success of his manoeuvres, and when the alternative came, that the widow should leave her home, or Maria become his wife, he was not surprised that the tender, loving girl should sacrifice herself for her mother's sake.

They were married very privately, and few even of his most intimate acquaintances were aware of the fact. Her mother was suffered to remain in her home, with a very trifling sum to maintain her ; and the old miser's establishment was the same as ever, save that a sweet, sunny face, and a graceful figure, flitted through the old dark rooms like a prisoned angel. The old housekeeper, jealous of the young wife, strove to render her lot as uncomfortable as possible ; and the poor girl was often inclined to think that better had she braved the worst, and supported her mother with her labor, than thus have doomed herself to certain misery. Of course, Philip did not inform his brother and nephew of this

change in his affairs, wishing to avoid all comments on his inconsistency, and also to give them an unpleasant surprise, should it be possible to maintain the secret until his death.

Not satisfied with the prohibition he had given to his daughter's marriage, John Arrington paid a visit to his long neglected children, and had the happiness of finding that his cousin, disappointed of obtaining Eveline's hand, was on the eve of a journey to the continent. He was astonished at the improvement a few years had made in his children, and much struck with the loveliness of Grace, who was a very little girl when he last saw her. Instead of a pale, sickly looking child, he beheld a beautiful young girl, whose slender form and happy, childlike movements filled him with admiration. He watched her attentively as she flitted through the room, now hastening to perform some kind office for her she called mother, and anon flying to the side of her adopted father to bespeak his sympathy for some destitute protegee of her own. The father's heart swelled with bitter feelings as he witnessed the marks of affection his children bestowed on others, and reflected that all this love he had flung away.

It was impossible for Eveline to disguise her sorrow at the approaching departure of young Herbert, and equally impossible for her to receive her father with even a show of fondness, while suffering from his cruel caprice. The tearful eyes and pale cheeks of the sorrowful girl more than once inclined him to revoke his unjust commands, but the thought of another ever taking the place of his darling son, quickly drove such relents from his heart.

Mr. Arrington returned home; Herbert and Eveline parted with their troth-plight unbroken, and their faith unchanged; and Grace was obliged to comfort her dear friends for the loss of their son, and cheer her sister with hopes of better days. All unconscious of the passion so fatal to Eveline's peace, she felt the deepest compassion for her misery, and viewed with sad surprise the crushing grief that at times overwhelmed her. She could understand her aunt's quiet sadness, and her uncle's reveries, and knew how to cheer the one and to dissipate the other; but her sister's passionate distress frightened her, and she mentally resolved to shun the dangers of love. She could not imagine that any stranger would ever usurp the place now occupied in her heart by her adopted parents, or that any home would ever seem so pleasant as the one where her happy young years had been spent. To her, the deceitful passion, with all its train of hopes and fears, and sentimental

longings, and mysterious sympathies, was a sealed book, and she felt little inclination to penetrate the hidden secret.

Eveline and Grace Arrington were as unlike in their dispositions as in looks, and few would have thought they were so near a relationship to each other, to judge by the difference in all their thoughts, habits and actions.

Eveline was like her father—a tall, stately figure, perfect features, and at times a proudly flashing eye, gave an idea of haughtiness rather repelling on a first acquaintance; but she possessed rare virtues, and, thanks to the careful training of her youth, her faults were few and not conspicuous. From earliest childhood she had loved her cousin, and been beloved in return; and having no inducement to flirt with others, it was for Herbert, and for him alone, that the dark eyes sent forth joyous flashes, the raven tresses were disposed in the most bewitching manner, and the most becoming robes were donned. To others, Eveline was coldly polite, or proudly indifferent; and, when displeased, could speak sharp cutting words, too bitter to be easily forgotten or forgiven. It was this peculiarity that had caused her to be more feared than loved by those on whom she did not condescend to bestow her affection; but Herbert and Grace had no cause to complain of lack of kindness; on them she bestowed an intensity of love, and they seemed to occupy her whole heart.

But far different was the disposition of the lovely Grace. Too kind and tender to inflict pain herself, she invariably sought to heal the wounds her sister caused, and rarely failed in administering a balm for injured feelings; for who could stand the bewitching eloquence of one so good, so beautiful, and so full of sympathy for all trouble? Little wonder was it then, that with her attractions, Grace Arrington was the object of numerous attentions, or that her adopted parents at times feared that another would soon rob them of their pet daughter. But Grace received the offerings to her charms with the most childish simplicity, and would gaily repeat to her mother the fine compliments bestowed on her by her *friends*, as she indiscriminately termed her acquaintances of both sexes. If jested with on the score of her lovers, she would shake back her bright curls, and with a merry light in her blue eyes, and her lips wreathed in smiles, deny the charge, again and again declaring that she knew not the meaning of the word *love*.

"Why, Grace!" her mother would exclaim, "what a little deceiver you must be!" while the father would look up from his reading with a

look of pretended reproach on his countenance.

"O, mama! I don't mean that," Grace would exclaim, putting her arms fondly round her neck; "but that love that makes people sigh and weep, and look pale." And she would glance across the room at her sister, who, lost in a reverie, was unconscious of the conversation.

But Grace was to see the day when she also should "sigh and weep, and look pale;" when she should learn the difference between love, the master passion, and that fond affection she bore to her relations.

Soon after Herbert's departure, their list of visitors had been increased by the arrival at home of a Major Bradford, a distant cousin of the Arrington family, and an old school chum of Herbert Arrington, senior. He had been on foreign service for many years, and on his return to England, hastened to renew the old friendship with his cousin.

As the major's regiment was quartered not far from his cousin's home, he soon formed the habit of spending a portion of each day in the society of the beautiful young girls who adorned it; and they, in return, were pleased with a friend who united the many agreeable and interesting qualities of their new acquaintance.

Major Bradford was handsome, rich, and fifty-one. In early life he had formed one or two attachments, but his peculiar life had prevented his ever becoming very deeply attached to any lady. As he advanced in life he gave up all thought of forming an alliance, and though many would have rejoiced in being the choice of the handsome major, he contented himself with a uniform friendliness of manner to all ladies.

On Eveline and her sister he bestowed an unusual share of attention—partly on account of their sad history, and partly because he found them superior to the generality of young ladies. He was particularly pleased with Grace, but at first the preference was not mutual—the gay girl professing herself afraid of one who had seen so much of life; so she was rather shy of him at first. But as month after month passed on, and the agreeable major still continued his visits, a great change was perceptible in the looks and manners of Grace; she no longer moved through the house with sweet songs on her lips, and appeared very sad at times. But her color brightened, and her eye sparkled, as the hour drew near when the major usually called, and when duty prevented his appearance, would sigh and look pale, and even give way to a few secret tears.

That their darling was much changed, the parents were painfully assured, and they also came to a correct conclusion in regard to the cause;

but as to whom the person was, they were at fault. They both supposed it to be a young man, who had always been one of Grace's most ardent admirers, and were satisfied with her choice.

Mrs. Arrington and Eveline were going out one morning to pay some visits, and after vainly coaxing Grace (who pleaded a headache) to accompany them, insisted on her resting in her darkened room until their return; but scarcely were they out of sight, when she rose from her couch, and proceeded to arrange her hair and dress with unusual pains. She then descended to the parlor, and seating herself at the instrument, commenced practising a beautiful and difficult piece of music, lent to her by the major.

She had succeeded in conquering the difficulties, and was playing with animation and spirit, when startled by the sound of a step she looked round, and the major was beside her. With a start and a blush she half rose from her seat, but recovering herself welcomed him, began to talk about the music, and requested him to explain some parts that still puzzled her a little. The conversation soon became animated, and she forgot her first awkwardness at having to receive him alone. The major strove to be entertaining, the more as he saw how happy his young companion was in his society; and after prolonging his stay to an unusual length, took his leave, with the conviction, that of all charming young women, Grace was the most bewitching.

That night, long after Eveline had slumbered, did Grace sit at her window and muse on the events of the day; and at the same hour the major was alone in his room, his head resting on his hand, and his eyes fixed vacantly on the fire burning cheerily in the grate. And as he gazed, a golden-haired vision seemed to rise at his side, and loving blue eyes were turned inquiringly to his own; and he again heard a sweet voice ask gentle questions, and again watched little white hands and slender fingers fly over the keys.

"What folly!" exclaimed the major, hastily rising. "Such a mere child, and at this time of life, too!" And he sought to banish his musings in slumber; but again he saw that bright vision, heard that sweet voice, and again felt the touch of those soft hands. With the morning came recollection and resolution, and he again said, "What folly!"

It was almost a year after Philip Arrington had written his nephew the letter mentioned before, when the news came that the old man was dead—news only too welcome to the expectant nephew and his son. As the brother and nephew were requested to attend the funeral ceremony, and be present at the reading of the will, they

lost no time in journeying into B—shire, and arrived in time to join the few mourners that attended the old miser to his last resting-place.

On returning to his late home, an elderly gentleman—a lawyer, and an intimate acquaintance of the deceased—produced the will and proceeded to break the seals. Ere he opened it, however, he looked round on the group of anxious faces, and with a grim smile, said “he supposed all present were familiar with the intentions of the deceased in relation to the disposal of his fortune?” Murmurs of “yes” sounded through the room, and John Arrington drew a long breath, as if oppressed with some evil foreboding. The old lawyer then proceeded to read the will, which was very brief, merely mentioning small legacies to his brother and his son; and his nephew, John Arrington and his son; and bequeathing the bulk of his fortune to the “youngest of the name of Arrington.” When it was finished, the old man carefully folded up the parchment, and interrupting the congratulations all present were showering on young Philip, who stood proudly beside his father, he gravely asked them if they would like to see the heir.

Each one looked at the other in astonishment; but John Arrington exclaimed in despairing accents, “By heavens! I knew there was some treachery!” and sank, pale and fainting, into a chair, while every eye was turned to the opening door, and beheld with wonder the entrance of a fair and delicate looking girl, bearing an infant in her arms.

The truth soon flashed on every one present. The old man had married, intending to disappoint the hopes of his relations by leaving his property to his wife; but Providence had sent him a little son, who of course became the heir. Shortly after the child's birth, death called the old man away.

To John Arrington this unexpected shock proved fatal; he barely lived to reach his home; but while speech and reason lasted, he ceased not to impress on his uncle his wishes respecting his children. After the father's death, Herbert was speedily summoned home, the prohibition to his alliance with Eveline having been removed, and with joyful haste obeyed the welcome mandate; and on his arrival preparations were made for a speedy celebration of their marriage.

The clouds were removed from the brow of the young betrothed; but as her sister grew happier, so did Grace lose her gaiety, and at length excited the serious fears of her friends by her altered looks. But since that happy day, when she had received Major Bradford alone, poor Grace had suffered all the misery of uncertainty

and disappointment, arising from the strange alteration in her friend's manner, and the unusual coolness with which he treated her. He no longer appeared to take any interest in her music, no longer offered to accompany her in her visits of charity to the neighboring cottages, and so seldom addressed her in conversation that she at last ceased to address him, and a coldness gradually grew up between them. In vain she tried to recollect some word or act of hers that might have given offence; in vain she strove to banish him from her mind; and all unused to care and anxiety, she daily grew paler.

It was now that the young man, before alluded to, solicited Mr. Arrington's permission for the honor of his daughter's hand, but at the same time acknowledged he had not received very flattering encouragement from the lady. Pleased with this opportunity of discovering her sentiments, Mr. Arrington volunteered to plead his cause with Grace, and dismissed the young gentleman with a heart full of hope. He kept his word, and used every argument to induce her to listen favorably to his suit, but without success, and she at last reproached him with wishing to get rid of her.

“My child, that is not like yourself,” was his gentle answer. “You know I only study your happiness, and I think it can be best promoted by a union with one so worthy in every respect as this young man. But I will urge you no more, and only ask if there is any hope that you may change your mind?”

“No—never! Give him no reason to think I can ever look favorably on his suit, for that is impossible.”

“Grace, my poor child, there is some mystery here; and you could not speak so decidedly were you not aware that another possessed your heart. Why will you not place confidence in my age and experience, and let me know the secret of all your sorrow?”

“I will tell all, father,” the young girl passionately exclaimed. “I do love another; but he knows it not, and my love is not returned.”

That evening Major Bradford announced his intention of soon leaving England. “He had lived so long abroad that his native land had become distasteful to him.”

Scarcely had the words escaped his lips, when Grace, who had been seated beside her father, leaned against his shoulder, and with a low moan fainted away. The heat of the room had overpowered her, they all said; but as Mr. Arrington bore her to her chamber, he knew differently, and in his own mind resolved to make an effort to save her from despair.

That night, when the major left, his friend accompanied him, and with all due regard for Grace's delicacy, made known his suspicions. Words cannot describe the delight of Major Bradford at this unlooked-for happiness, and he even feared to indulge in the hope that it was true, lest disappointment should be his lot.

"I cannot realize it yet," he said to his friend at parting, "after struggling so long with feelings that I imagined were hopeless, to hear that my own blindness hindered my happiness."

There was soon a great improvement in the health and spirits of Grace Arrington. Blessed with a return of affection, she resumed her accustomed gaiety, spreading light around her.

Major Bradford was devoted in his attentions to his young betrothed; and if at times a fear crossed his mind when he remembered the disparity of their ages, the consciousness of possessing her innocent and confiding heart banished his vague uneasiness. He gratified her by taking all possible interest in the bridal preparations, and not even young Herbert could play the lover with a better grace than did the accomplished major, whose tenderness kept a perpetual watch over the happiness of his bride.

At last there was a double wedding in Mr. Arrington's beautiful parlor, and the house was filled with gay guests; and Mrs. Arrington vainly tried to keep back her tears, as she listened to the words that gave her darling to another. And then the parting came, and Mr. Arrington took the young girl in his arms, and invoking a blessing on her head, gave her to her husband, who led her to the carriage, and in a few moments she was whirled away from the scenes of her youth.

But Major Bradford had provided a splendid home for his lovely young bride, and Grace found herself surrounded with all the luxuries that wealth can procure, and which his long residence abroad had rendered necessary to her husband's comfort.

Herbert and Eveline made their home with their parents, and the old couple lived long to enjoy the happiness of their children, and died surrounded by them and their grand-children. Philip Arrington's young widow was rewarded for her self-sacrifice by having a comfortable home to give her mother in her old age; and a few years after that painful period in her life, married a highly respectable man, and had the happiness of seeing her son grow up a very different character from his father. John Arrington's son, after the death of his father, refused to own his relations, and went to London. Here he lived a short life of dissipation, and died in solitary poverty ere he reached twenty years.

THE VEILED PICTURE.

A story is told of two artist lovers, both of whom sought the hand of a noted painter's daughter. And the question, which of the two should possess himself of the prize so earnestly coveted by both, having come finally to the father, he promised to give his child to the one that could *paint the best*. So each strove for the maiden, with the highest skill his genius could command. One painted a *picture of fruit*, and displayed it to the father's inspection in a beautiful grove, where gay birds sang sweetly among the foliage, and all nature rejoiced in the luxuriance of bountiful life. Presently the birds came down to the canvass of the young painter, and attempted to eat the fruit he had pictured there. In his surprise and joy at the young artist's skill, the father declared that no one could triumph over that.

Soon, however, the second lover came with his picture, and it was *veiled*.

"Take the veil from your painting," said the old man.

"I leave that to you," said the young artist with simplicity.

The father of the young and lovely maiden then approached the veiled picture, and attempted to uncover it. But imagine his astonishment, when, as he attempted to take off the veil, he found the *veil itself to be a picture!* We need not say who was the lucky lover; for if the artist, who deceived the birds by skill in painting fruit, manifested great powers of art, he who could so veil his canvass with the pencil as to deceive a skilful master, was surely the greatest artist.—*N. Y. Atlas.*

A MATRIMONIAL LOTTERY.

A young lady, residing in the arrondissement of Poitiers, France, has conceived the idea of putting herself up in a lottery. There are to be 300 tickets, 1000 francs each, and to the fortunate winner she will give herself and the 800,000 francs as dowry. The lady has attached some prudent conditions to the tickets. She will only sell them to persons whom she may think will suit her, and to ascertain that point, exacts a half hour's conversation with each applicant. There is no limit of age imposed, and more than one ticket may be taken by one person. The lottery will be drawn on the 25th of November next, at the Mayor's office of the town where she resides. A number of Englishmen have already become purchasers, and others are flocking in from all quarters.—*London Examiner.*

SOCIETY IN ST. PETERSBURGH.

In no place is fashion so observed as in this capital; this shows how unripe our development is; our way of dressing is foreign to us. In Europe, people merely dress; we always are in costume, and therefore we are afraid of the sleeves being too large, or the collar being too narrow. In Paris, people fear nothing but being dressed without taste; in London, they fear nothing but catching a cold; in Italy everybody goes as he likes. But was one to exhibit the lion of the Newsky promenade at St. Petersburg, those battalions all alike in their fast buttoned coats, an Englishman would believe them to be a division of policemen.—*Herzen's Siberia.*

HOPE ON.

BY M. J. LOVERING.

View not the past with sorrow,
 O, banish all regret—
 Hope whispers on the morrow,
 "We may be happy yet."
 Thank God for every blessing,
 Pray for his care in need;
 That goodly gift possessing,
 Thou wilt be blest indeed.

In every life there is a scene
 Of bitter grief to all,
 And oft doth memory's darts, I ween,
 Those fearful scenes recall.
 But though our early life was clouded
 By cares we can't forget,
 Let each bitter thought be shrouded,
 And we may be happy yet.

THE SURVEYOR.

BY GIDDINGS H. BALLOU.

THE hot summer sun beat down on the Albany road on one day in the year 1777, as a tired and dusty traveller turned his feet to Deacon Hawley's red farm-house, just beyond the western slope of the Green Mountains. Lifting the latch with the assurance of one used to the simple and hospitable country ways, he inquired of those within if he might be provided with some refreshment in the shape of a bowl of bread and milk, or any other eatable which might be at hand.

He had travelled far, he said, and finding it getting about noon, and being tired and hungry, he had made bold to stop at the first dwelling he met with.

"Certainly, friend, certainly," replied the honest deacon, who had just come in from the field with his son Nathan. "Sit down and make yourself at home. We're just about taking a smack ourselves, and if you'll step into the back room with us presently, and help clear the table, we shall be very glad of your assistance. Rather dusty travellin', hey?"

"Quite. It's worse than anything I've seen this summer," replied the stranger, as he followed his host into the adjoining room.

"Wife, sir," said the deacon, waving his hand towards a rather comely-looking dame. "Niece Emma, Mr. — ah, what may I call your name, sir?"

"I call my name Lewis," replied the stranger.

"Ah, yes, Lewis. Wife, just put on a bowl with some milk. Let me help you, sir, to some of the meat. No relation to any of the Lewises around here, are you?"

"No, sir. I came from ten miles this side of Burlington."

"Ah, long way that. Any news going on at the lakes?"

"Not much, when I left. Our people were not gaining ground much there."

"No, no. It is a hard match for our raw soldiers, against that army of Burgoyne's, all in fine discipline, with plenty of material, and no lack of king's money to back them. Nathan, Nathan, you and your old father must not sneak at home much longer, now that affairs are getting to the pinch. Well, there are our names on the list, and when they want us, our old queen's arms are ready."

Young Lewis (for the stranger could not have been more than twenty-one) nodded his head in assent to the patriotic sentiment, and applied himself to the viands, in the discussion of which he was not so much absorbed as to be insensible to the presence of the female portion of the family. He was a gallant, quick eyed young fellow, with a sunburnt cheek, and a frank, prepossessing countenance. Such an one is never wanting in sympathy with the fair sex, wheresoever its representatives be found, or however scanty be the personal attractions which they may chance to possess. But neither Dame Hawley nor her niece was deficient in this respect, making due allowance for the touch of age on the features of the elder. The niece sat opposite to Lewis at the table, and he could not, if he had chosen, have avoided turning his eyes frequently upon her. He thought that never in his life had he met a more innocent and charming countenance. Nay, he might even have impaired his appetite for the food before him, had he not, taking warning from a rising blush, made his eyes if not his mind more attentive to the play of his knife and fork. He therefore copied as closely as he might, the example of the deacon and Nathan, and had tolerably satisfied the cravings of his appetite by the time that the others were ready to draw from the table.

"Going south, friend?" inquired his host, as they rose together.

"No, sir," was the answer. "At least, no great distance. I am on surveying business, connected with the New York dispute. We Vermonters, having just declared our independence of York State, are about running the boundary line, and I am going to operate in the lower part of the State. I sent a few instruments before me, and expected to meet one of my assistants at the village back. However, he failed me, and I did not think it worth my while to wait."

"I should think the York assembly might

know by this time how the matter is likely to end," observed the deacon. "They're making trouble without any use; and at this time above all things. Why, there was Squire Briggs, who lives at Brandridge just across the line, came to me awhile ago, and wanted to get me to take a warrant as a York justice of peace. The varmint! I saw what his game was, right off. Squire, says I, I'll—wal, *I did* come nigh saying what I should be rather sorry for. But I sent him away with a flea in his ear."

Once started on the subject, the good deacon displayed considerable warmth of feeling. He dilated on charters, territorial government, and popular rights, interposing a brief essay on the history of the Hampshire grants. Lewis rendered all the attention he was able to bestow, while Emma, as she busied herself in removing the dishes, regarded her uncle with admiration as being a paragon of historic and juridical knowledge. Meanwhile the "yes sirs," and "no sirs," of Lewis, were applied a little at random, from the fact that his thoughts centered to the liquid blue eyes of the niece, rather than to the weather-stained brow of the farmer.

"Sorry you are going," said the good natured deacon, as Lewis rose to take leave. "If you are going to be about here, as you say, just drop in and see us. We don't fall in with much company here, especially now, when so many of our people are over yonder looking after Burgoyne. So come as often as you can."

And Lewis did come, once and again. His employment detained him for some two or three weeks in the neighborhood, and within that time he found frequent opportunity to visit the deacon's family, into whose favor he much ingratiated himself. From this partiality, however, we must except Nathan, who regarded Lewis with most decided coolness. The secret of his dislike lay in the fact that he possessed a most decided regard for his fair cousin, and feared, with good reason, the intrusion of the young surveyor. And his jealous watchfulness presently found sufficient to poison his own peace, and to force on his notice the growing attachment between Emma and Lewis. With the latter he had more than once endeavored to frame a quarrel, but without success, till one evening, after Lewis had left the house, young Hawley who met him on the roadside, remarked in a sneering manner, that for a peaceful surveyor he seemed to know a deal about camp matters and military evolutions; at least, if one were to judge by his conversation.

"I daresay," he continued, "that you think we raw bushwhackers will take down all you say for gospel."

"What do you mean by that?" said Lewis, flushing red at the rude tone of the speaker.

"Mean?" retorted the other, impetuously. "Why, that we have had enough of your high-bred airs. I, for one, am not going to 'whoa' and 'gee' with your counterfeit pretensions any longer. There's some foxy trick or other about you; who knows that you are not a tory spy, or something equally bad?"

Lewis, in his surprise and anger at this unexpected address, made a step forward, as if with the intention of instantly repaying the insult.

"Hands off, my lad!" exclaimed Hawley, throwing himself into an attitude of defence. "Bullying won't go down with me."

The other made no reply, but biting his lips till the blood came, turned away, followed by a low laugh from Nathan.

"I rather guess I've put his nose out of joint for awhile," said the young farmer, looking with a sullen smile on the receding figure of Lewis.

Whatever might have been the cause, the latter did not appear at the deacon's, where his absence caused repeated remark. Nathan anxiously observed the fact that Emma evidently missed the visits of the young surveyor, and had lost much of her accustomed cheerfulness in consequence. By all the arts and assiduities which he could bring, he endeavored to recommend himself in place of the absent gallant. But his efforts were all in vain. At last his patience gave way to despair.

"Why is it," he said to her one day when they were alone, "why is it that you treat me with such coldness? Why is it that you pay no regard to the affection which you know I entertain for you? Is it because you love this stranger, who came, with a smooth, and most likely a lying tongue, no one really knows from whence, or on what business? I believe that he and his stories are alike false and deceitful. Do not then despise my honest love, and cling to the remembrance of one, who is, very like, a counterfeit, and who, at any rate, seems little inclined to present himself again before those who may chance to detect his real character. Do you know that I fancy him to be a British or tory spy, or something of the sort? Doubtless he is well enough pleased to amuse himself on his travels by playing with the affections of a trustful country-girl like yourself."

Emma seized her cousin's hand, and bursting into tears, rested her head on his shoulder.

"Nathan," she said, "you wrong me, cruelly wrong me. I do not despise you, nor am I ungrateful for your kind offices. But I cannot give you the love which I acknowledge that I

entertain for another. He loves me. Do not be harsh, I pray you, in your thoughts of me, or in your surmises with regard to him. I own that there is a mystery about him. He has hinted as much to me, and in a manner which showed that he himself was opposed to the necessity of concealment. He told me, when we parted, that it would be long before we should meet again, very probably not till the close of the war. I fear that your surmises are in some part true. Yet do not be unjust. Honorable men have disguised themselves as spies ere now, and at all events I cannot believe he is a dishonorable man. Rely upon it, if even in arms against our cause, he surely entertains no ill design against us. But he knows as well as yourself, that I would never marry an enemy to my country. Do not then be unkind to me, Nathan, nor take advantage of what I have told you. I will love you as a sister would, and let that suffice, since I can go no further in my regard."

"Say no more, Emma," replied her cousin. "I see it is vain to reason with you. I will take no unfair advantage, though I wish that the day had never shone which brought his unlucky visage to our house."

The summer passed on, and the routine of the farm was scarce interrupted by the sound of the distant war. But about the middle of August, and past noonday, a horseman galloped up to the field near the roadside in which the deacon and his son were at work. The rider took off his three cornered hat, and waving it, shouted:

"Deacon, the time has come. Stark has ordered out all the militia, every one that can carry a gun. The British and Hessians are marching towards Bennington. To camp then, to camp!"

So saying he dashed off to spread the alarm which before midnight had flown a hundred miles. In less than half an hour, the deacon and Nathan were on their way towards the encampment which Stark had formed not far from Bennington village. On their arrival they were immediately assigned their places, and on the following morn were under march to meet the enemy. They fell in with advanced parties of the latter, consisting for the most part of Indian auxiliaries, and sharp skirmishes continued during the rest of the day, resulting much to the discouragement of these unstable savages. The next day a storm of rain poured down, and both armies remained inactive for the greater part. But the morrow arrived, the eventful moment when Stark, in the pithy and homely speech which has made his name immortal, nerved his rude levies to the fatal charge. The word was given, and with a single cheer the motley colored

ranks swept steadily but with accelerating speed, on the entrenchments of the enemy. The deadly cannon swept through them, but not a heart wavered. Once more, and with a wild huzza, the mountain men pouring over the breast-work, grappled with their foes. The contest was a desperate one. Farmer Hawley and his son were separated from each other at the commencement, and in the hand-to-hand struggle which ensued, the former was closely pressed, and would certainly have fallen by the bayonet of a Hessian, had not the deadly thrust been warded off by the sword of an English officer.

"Lewis!" exclaimed the deacon, as his musket fairly dropped from his hand in amazement. At this moment Nathan rushed up.

"Take that, you traitorous spy," he shouted, discharging his piece at Lewis. His bullet passed through the cap of the latter as he bore back with the troops whom he vainly sought to rally. He was seen to wave his hand with a gesture of deprecation, while an expression of pain flitted across his stained features.

"Hold, Nathan!" said the old deacon, laying his hand on his son's arm. "Whatever be his deserts, remember that to him I owe my life. Harm him not."

Nathan's eyes shone with a fierce sparkle, and shaking his clenched hand towards the retreating foe: "Let him go then," he said, "for this once. But the next time we meet, we will not part so easily. I wonder how Emma will be pleased to find that her favorite has turned out to be nothing more nor less than a British spy!"

The bravery and discipline of the enemy were excited to the utmost against the impetuous valor of the mountain militia, but in two hours from the commencement of the battle, the regulars were forced to fly. They were pursued by the Americans, who, scorning the restraint of their commanders, sped onward in hasty disorder and were thus near offering the enemy an opportunity to retrieve their misfortune, since Colonel Breyman, with a large reinforcement from Burgoyne's army, was rapidly approaching the scene of action. The fugitives gained fresh hope, and rallied to renew the fight. But at this critical moment, when victory seemed ready to desert the mountain king, the sound of life and drum approached from the eastward. The first files of Warner's long-expected New Hampshire regiment appear in the distance, hurrying to share the efforts of their fellow-patriots. They march on to anticipate the enemy. The scattered soldiery regain their ranks and hasten forward. The battle commences again with redoubled violence; but at sunset all is over. The fame of Benning-

ton is sealed afresh, and one more advantage gained towards the assurance of American freedom.

Years passed before English foot again touched the mountain soil. The larum of war ceased from the land, and the soldier laid by the destroying sword for the peaceful scythe and plough. Yet time and death remained at work. A virulent epidemic carried off the worthy deacon and his wife in the midst of a hale and well spent life. The property passed into the hands of Nathan without provision for the young niece. The deacon had intended to make a will which should ensure her a fit maintenance, but had deferred the fulfilment of his intention till he was strack down by sudden death. Emma, left destitute, took refuge in the cottage of an aged relative, and, by persevering toil, gained a scanty maintenance. She was deaf to the wishes of Nathan, to be his wife. Her steady discouragement of his advances made him gloomy and morose; and Emma, besides the griefs she had already experienced, felt an added pain in encountering his vindictive glances.

One evening on the anniversary of the Bennington battle, a stranger alighted from his horse at the door of the village inn. His dress was scrupulously plain, but there was something in his appearance that impressed the chance beholders with the sense of superior station. On entering the public room and inquiring for the host, Lewis (for it was he) was informed that the landlord was absent but would soon wait on him.

Having given his horse in charge, Lewis was shown into a private apartment. Soon steps approached, the door opened, and Nathan Hawley stood before his astonished guest. He hardly entered the room ere he recoiled, and his countenance, agitated by a hateful recognition, became overspread with a ghastly pallor; Lewis instantly sprang forward with outstretched hands to detain him.

"Stay, Nathan," he said, "and listen to me. I never harmed you knowingly. If I have crossed your path in love, or caused you suffering, know that I, too, have suffered, have endured suspense, fear and doubting. Of what is past I now say nothing. Fortune has buffeted me sorely since I was in arms against you; but at last she has looked on me with favor. I have recently become Lord March by the death of a previous heir. I have seized the first opportunity to return to a spot I have never forgotten, for the purpose of putting to proof the hopes I never ceased to entertain, whatever may be the foundation on which I have rested them. Let us not be enemies, I pray you. Suffer me to claim you as a friend, a brother."

For a moment Nathan did not answer. The veins in his forehead swelled, his lips quivered with struggling emotions.

"You have conquered me," he said, at last. "But it is through *her* that you conquer. She loves you still; but she is dying by inches. I, for one, had supposed you but trifled with her affections. Perhaps she, herself, began to fear the same. But I will say no more. Go, bid her live and be happy, even though it be at the expense of my own happiness."

"You are a noble fellow," said Lord March; "and there is many a fair one who would gladly repair your disappointment. Mark me well, Nathan, when I tell you that it will not be long before you will find a mate by whom my words will be proved true. But I must hasten to find her, in search of whom I came. Many thanks for inspiring me with the belief that I am not yet forgotten!"

We will not describe the meeting of the long separated lovers, tempered in its gladness by some saddening memories on either side. But joy is a medicine more potent than all the drugs of science, and in a few weeks, Lord March bore away to English halls a blushing New-England bride. A year later her husband received a long letter from Nathan, announcing his marriage with one of her own schoolmates, a lovely and amiable girl.

EXTRAVAGANCE OF TURKISH LADIES.

Life in the harem would be insupportable were it not for the stimulants of luxury and dress; and the extravagance of the favorites of the seraglio in particular is proverbial. A correspondent writing from Constantinople says: "These ladies have at length run up such terrible long bills, that the Sultan has just caused all the creditors to be called together, and their accounts examined. The charges of the dealers being judged too high, as is usual, both in the East and elsewhere, the merchants were obliged to consent to a deduction of ten per cent. on their accounts; and this point being satisfactorily settled, the Sultan has engaged to pay up the amount (no less than fifty-four millions of piasters), in monthly instalments, out of his private purse. But to think of a company of women, secluded from the rest of the world, and with nothing better to do than to run up bills for silks, gauzes, cashmeres, jewels, sweetmeats, and cosmetics, to the tune of fifty-four millions of piasters, equal to (\$4,320,000)!"—*New York Mirror*.

Mary Howitt, in the *Athenaeum*, states that she has received information from a Swedish gentleman, Mr. Charles E. Sodling, living in Brazil, that would lead to the supposition of there being traces of ancient Scandinavians in South America before the days of Columbus and the Spanish and Portuguese invaders.

FLOWERS.

BY MATURIN M. BALLOU.

Sweet letters of the angel tongue,
 I've loved ye long and well,
 And never have failed in your fragrance sweet
 To find some secret spell,—
 A charm that has bound me with witching power,
 For mine is the old belief,
 That midst your sweets, and midst your bloom,
 There's a soul in every leaf!

Illumined words from God's own hand,
 How fast my pulses beat,
 As each quick sense in rapture comes,
 Your varied sweets to greet
 Alone and in silence, I love you best,
 For mine is the old belief,
 That midst your sweets, and midst your bloom,
 There's a soul in every leaf!

Ye are prophets sent to this heedless world,
 The skeptic's heart to teach—
 And 'tis well to read your lore aright,
 And mark the creed ye preach.
 I never could pass ye careless by,
 For mine is the old belief,
 That midst your sweets, and midst your bloom,
 There's a soul in every leaf!

THE CRAZY ENGINEER.

FROM THE REPORT OF A PRUSSIAN CONDUCTOR.

BY HORACE B. STANIFORD.

MY train left Danzig in the morning, generally at eight o'clock, but once a week we had to wait for the arrival of the steamer from Stockholm. It was on the morning of the steamer's arrival that I came down from my hotel and found that my engineer had been so seriously injured that he could not run. One of the railway carriages had run over him and broken one of his legs. I went immediately to the engine house to obtain another engineer, for I knew there were three or four in reserve there; but I was disappointed. I inquired for Westphal, and was informed that he had gone to Steegen to see his mother. Gondolpho had been sent on to Königsberg on that road. But where was Mayne? He had leave of absence for two days, and had gone, no one knew whither.

Here was a fix. I heard the puffing of the steamer in the Neufahrwasser, and the passengers would be on hand in fifteen minutes. I ran to the guard and asked them if they knew where there was an engineer. But they did not. I then went to the firemen, and asked if any one of them felt competent to run the engine to Bromberg. Not one of them dared attempt it.

The distance was nearly one hundred miles. What was to be done?

The steamer came to her wharf, and those who were going on by rail came flocking to the station. They had eaten breakfast on board the boat, and were all ready for a fresh start. The baggage was checked and registered; the tickets bought; the different carriages pointed out to the various classes of passengers, and the passengers themselves seated. The train was in readiness in the long station house, and the engine was steaming and puffing away impatiently in the distant firing-house.

It was past nine o'clock.

"Come—why don't we start?" growled an old fat Swede, who had been watching me narrowly for the last fifteen minutes.

And upon this there was a general chorus of anxious inquiry, which soon settled into downright murmuring. At this juncture, some one touched me on the elbow. I turned and saw a stranger standing by my side. I expected he was going to remonstrate with me for my backwardness. In fact, I began to have strong temptations to pull off my uniform, for every anxious eye was fixed upon the glaring badges which marked me as the chief official of the train.

However—this stranger was a middle-aged man, tall and stout, with a face expressive of great energy and intelligence. His eye was black and brilliant—so brilliant that I could not, for the soul of me, gaze steadily into it; and his lips, which were very thin, seemed more like polished marble than like human flesh. His dress was of black throughout, and not only fitted with exact nicety, but was scrupulously clean and neat.

"You want an engineer, I understand," he said, in a low, cautious tone, at the same time gazing quietly about him, as though he wanted no one else to hear what he said.

"I do," I replied. "My train is all ready, and we have no engineer within twenty miles of here."

"Well, sir—I am going to Bromberg—I must go,—and if you can find none other I will run the engine for you."

"Ha!" I uttered, "are you an engineer?"

"I am, sir—one of the oldest in the country; and I am now on my way to Berlin to make arrangements for a great improvement I have invented in the application of steam to locomotion. My name is Martin Kroler. If you wish I will run you as far as Bromberg; and I will show you running that is running."

Was I not fortunate? I determined to accept the man's offer at once, and so I told him. He

received my answer with a nod and smile, and then proposed to go and get the engine. I went with him to the house, where we found the iron horse in charge of the fireman, and all ready for the start. Kroller got upon the platform, and I followed him. I had never seen a man betray such peculiar aptness amid the machinery than he did. He let on the steam in an instant, but yet with care and judgment, and he backed up to the baggage carriage with the most exact nicety. I had seen enough to assure me that he was thoroughly acquainted with the business, and I felt composed once more. I gave the engine up to my new man, and then hastened away to the office. The word was passed for all passengers to take their seats, and soon afterwards I waved my hand to the engineer. There was a puff—a groaning of the heavy axetrees—a trembling of the building—and the train was in motion. I leaped upon the platform of the guard carriage, and in a few moments more the station house was behind us.

In less than an hour we reached Dirschau, where we took up the passengers that had come in on the Konigsberg railway. Here I went forward and asked Kroller how he liked the engine. He replied that he liked it much.

"But," he added, with a strange sparkling of the eyes, "wait until you get my improvement, and then you shall see travelling. By the soul of the Virgin Mother, sir, I could run an engine of my construction to the moon in four-and-twenty hours!"

I smiled at what I thought his quaint enthusiasm, and then went back to my station. As soon as the Konigsberg passengers were all on board, and their baggage-crate attached, we started on again.

As soon as all matters had been attended to connected with the new accession of passengers, I went into the guard-carriage and sat down. An early train from Konigsberg had been through two hours before, so we only had one more stopping-place before reaching Bromberg, and that was at Little Oasue, where we took the western mail.

"How we go!" uttered one of the guard, some fifteen minutes after we had left Dirschau.

"The new engineer is trying the speed," I returned, not yet holding any fear.

But ere long, I began to be fearful that he was running a little too fast. The carriages began to sway to and fro, and I could hear the exclamations of fear from the passengers.

"Good heavens!" cried one of the guard, coming in at that moment, "what is that fellow doing? Look, sir, and see how we are going!"

I looked out at the window and found that we were dashing along at a speed never before travelled on that road. Posts, fences, rocks, and trees, flew by in one undistinguishable mass, and the carriage now swayed fearfully. I started to my feet, and met a passenger on the platform. He was one of our chief owners of the road, and was just on his way to Berlin. He was pale and excited.

"Sir," he gasped, "is Martin Kroller on the engine?"

"Yes," I told him.

"Holy Virgin! Didn't you know him?"

"Know him?" I repeated, somewhat puzzled.

"What do you mean? He told me his name was Kroller, and that he was an engineer. We had no one to run the engine, and—"

"You took him!" interrupted the man. "Good heavens, sir, he is as crazy as a man can be! He turned his brain over a new plan for applying steam power. I saw him at the station, but I did not then recognize him, as I was in a hurry. Just now one of the passengers told me that your engineers were all gone this morning, and that you found one who was a stranger to you. Then I knew that the man whom I had seen, was Martin Kroller! He has escaped from the hospital at Stettin. You must get him off some how."

The whole fearful truth was now open to me. The speed of the train was increasing at each moment, and I knew that a few miles more per hour would surely launch us all into destruction. I called to the guard, and then made my way forward as quickly as possible. I reached the after platform of the tender, and there stood Kroller, upon the engine-board, his hat and coat off; his long black hair floating wildly in the wind; his shirt unbuttoned at the throat; his sleeves rolled up; with a pistol in his teeth, and thus glaring upon the fireman who lay motionless upon the fuel. The furnace was stuffed till the very latch of the door was red hot, and the whole engine was quivering and swaying as though it would shiver in pieces!

"Kroller! Kroller!" I cried, at the top of my voice.

The crazy engineer started, and caught the pistol in his hand. Oh! how those great black eyes glared, and how ghastly and frightful the face looked!

"Ha! ha! ha!" he yelled, demoniacally, glaring upon me like a roused lion. "They swore I could not make it! But see! see! See my power! See my new engine! I made it! I made it!—and they were jealous of me. I made it, and when 'twas done they stole it from

me! But I've found it. For years I've been wandering in search of my great engine—and they swore it was not made! But I've found it! I knew it when I saw it this morning at Danzig—and I was determined to have it. And I've got it! Ho! ho! ho!—we're off to the moon, I say! By the Virgin Mother we'll be in the moon in four-and-twenty hours!—Down! down, villain! If you move I'll shoot you!"

This last was spoken to the poor fireman who at that moment attempted to rise; and the frightened man sank back again.

"Here's Little Oseue right ahead!" cried one of the guard.

But even as he spoke, the buildings were at hand. A sickening sensation settled upon my heart, for I supposed we were gone now. The houses flew by like lightning—I knew if the officers here had turned the switch as usual, we should be hurled into eternity in one fearful crash! I saw a flash—it was another engine—I closed my eyes—but still we thundered on. The officers had seen our speed, and knowing that we could not haul up at that distance, they had changed the switch, so that we kept on.

But there was sure death ahead if we did not stop. Only fifteen miles ahead was the town of Schwetz, on the Vistula, and at the entrance, near the bank of the river, was a short curve in the road! At the rate we were now going we should be there in a few minutes, for each minute carried us over a mile! The shrieks of the passengers now arose above the crash of the rails, and more terrific than all else, arose the demoniac yells of the mad engineer.

"Merciful Heaven!" gasped the guardman, "there's not a moment of time to lose. Schwetz is close by! If you dare not go, I'll go myself! But hold!" he added. "Let's shoot him!"

At that moment a tall, stout German student came over to the platform where we stood, and he saw that the madman had his heavy pistol aimed at us. He grasped a heavy stick of wood from the tender, and with a steadiness of nerve which I could not have commanded, he hurled it with such force and precision, that he knocked the pistol from the maniac's grasp. I saw the movement, and on the instant that the pistol fell I sprang forward, and the German followed me. I grasped the man by the arm, but—I should have been a mere infant in his mad power had I been alone. He would have hurled me from the platform, had not the student at that moment struck him upon the head with a stick of wood which he had caught as he came over the tender.

Kroller settled down like a dead man, and on the next instant, I shut off the steam, and opened the safety-valve. As the freed steam shrieked and howled in its escape, the speed of the train began to decrease, and in a few moments more, the danger was passed; and as I settled back, entirely overcome by the wild emotions that had raged within me, we began to turn the curve by the river; and before I was fairly recovered the fireman had stopped the train in the station house at Schwetz!

Martin Kroller, still insensible, was taken from the platform, and as we carried him into the guard-room, one of the guard recognized him, and told us that he had been there about two weeks before.

"He came," said the guard, "and swore that an engine, which stood near here, was his. He said it was one he had made to go to the moon in, and that it had been stolen from him. We sent for more help to arrest him, and he fled."

"Well," I replied, with a shudder, "I wish he had approached me in the same way. But he was more cautious at Danzig."

At Schwetz we found an engineer to run the engine to Bromberg; and having taken out the western mail, for the next northern train to take along, we saw that Kroller would be properly attended to, and then started on.

The rest of the trip we run in safety, though I could see that the passengers were not wholly at ease, and would not be until they were entirely clear of the railway. A heavy purse was made up by them for the German student, and he accepted it with much gratitude,—and I was glad of it, for the current of their gratitude to him may have prevented a far different current which might have been poured upon my head for having engaged a madman to run a railway train.

But this is not the end. Martin Kroller remained insensible from the effects of that blow upon the head, nearly two weeks, and when he recovered from that, he was sound in mind again. His insanity was all gone. I saw him about three weeks afterwards, but he had no recollection of me. He remembered nothing of the past year—not even his mad freak on my engine.

But I remembered it, and I remember it still; and people need never fear that I shall ever be imposed upon again by a *crazy engineer*!

In Chambers' Journal we find allusion made to a process described by Dr. Roberts, an eminent Scotch surgeon, for cauterizing the dental nerve and stopping teeth without pain, by means of a wire applied to the patient's tooth perfectly cold, and afterwards instantaneously heated to the required degree by a small electric battery.

LINES TO AN AGED FRIEND.

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 BY DORA DEAN.  
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May Heaven bless thy hoary head,
 For every silver hair
 But tells us of some blessing shed,
 Some solace lent despair.

And Heaven will bless thine open hand
 That giveth to the poor,
 That ne'er hath let a suppliant stand
 Unheeded at thy door.

May every wish that rises up,
 Within thy heart be gained;
 And brimming full be life's last cup,
 Earth's highest joys attained;

Until the time that thou must go
 To render thine account
 Of all thy stewardship below,
 How great so'er the amount.

Then may the God who blest thee here,
 Pronounce thy work "well done,"
 And bid thee enter in his joys,
 Thou good and faithful one;

Where thou mayest listen to his voice,
 And by his throne sit down,
 With every heart thou'lt made rejoice,
 A bright star in thy crown.

 THE STROLLER'S CHILD.

~~~~~  
 BY RICHARD CRANSHAW.  
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A BLEAK and desolate night in mid-winter. Around a roaring fire in one of the old-fashioned country inns existing in the villages and small market-towns that appear upon the map of England, something like an eruption upon its surface, a party of men and women were gathered, basking in the grateful warmth.

As far as outward appearance was concerned, the group was not an attractive one. The women were in but a sorry state of wardrobe, and their attenuated, jaded appearance, and the sad, careworn expression of their countenances, spoke of scanty, hardly-earned fare, and laborious, wearisome travel. The men had the air of shabby gentility, so much more painful to behold than the unmistakable marks of downright poverty; the dingy strip of shirt collar, and the total invisibility of shirt; the pantaloons strapped tightly down upon boots or shoes, the occupants of which were impatient of restraint, and made strenuous efforts for freedom; the coat of texture so sadly thin for weather such as this, and the hat so badly battered, though at the same time so carefully brushed.

They were a company of strolling players, who designed to exhibit at the place at which they were at present stopping, upon the coming morrow, and as their bills expressed it, "present to the enlightened inhabitants of the town of M—— the choicest gems of the drama; vivid illustrations of the works of the immortal bard; careful selections from the humorists of the past and present age; chaste Terpsichorean displays, and in short all the powerful resources at the command of a numerous, talented and versatile company, collected together at an expense almost overwhelming, and totally beyond the bounds of belief!"

The numerous, talented and versatile company, were at this moment occupied in various acts scarcely suggestive of their talents and abilities. Some of the women had young and helpless children gathered in the folds of their thin and faded shawls, and were hushing them into slumber. The men generally had pipes in their mouths, from which they were seldom drawn, except now and anon to apply a pewter pot to their lips, and derive refreshment therefrom. Two or three tired children, whose faces seen in their waking hours bore traces of deep thought and grave precocity, had rolled themselves up in front of the cheerful blaze, and were sunk in profound sleep. No, the group could not honestly be said to be an attractive one.

A timid, hesitating knock was heard at the door.

"Some more of you, I suppose," growled the landlord. Unlike most landlords, God be praised, his heart felt no compassion for the wayfarer whose hand was empty, and whose step was wearisome and slow.

"We are all here, I think." This was in a mild voice from a little seedy man, with a red nose and blinking eye. "Let me see," counting them over. "Heavy, light com., low com., walking gent., and terry com. man." Expressive of the gentlemen engaged for leading characters, the light comedian, low comedian, walking gentleman, or young lover generally in difficulties of a pecuniary nature, and the individual whose appearance usually signaled the point at which a "terrible combat" would be likely to ensue. "Heavy woman, juvenile lady, chambermaid, singing and dancing lady," continued he. "No, our party, Mr. Bullocke, are, I believe, all here."

Mr. Bullocke therefore advanced, and opening the door, gave admittance, first, to a furious blast of wind and rain, and next, to the tottering footsteps of a woman, with a child whose grasp was fixed hard upon her tattered dress. The

philanthropic Bullchoke saw at a glance that the case was not admissible of an argument, and at once recommended the application of the stranger to the workhouse, not over a mile distant from thence. The stranger had, on entering the door, leaned heavily up against the post at its side, and now stood with wild staring eyes regarding him fixedly.

"Come, we've nothing for you—you must go. It's cold; I want to shut the door."

No answer from the wanderer. The child clutching at her dress, and gazing fearfully at the stern countenance of the man.

"Bundle, I say! Off with you, or I must have you taken care of by those who will put you under lock and key for the night." And so speaking he took hold of the woman by the arm, and made a movement to push her forth. She fell heavily upon the floor, and lay there with her eyes still fixed, and with her limbs stiffening, and her black hair streaming wildly over her half-covered bosom.

"Drunk," said Mr. Bullchoke, with expressive brevity.

"Dead!" whispered the strollers, male and female, who had gathered around her poor body as it lay upon the sanded floor, and now stood regarding it with pity and compassionate sorrow.

"Dead!" shrieked the child, as she threw herself upon her knees beside the pallid form. "O no, no, no, not dead! Look up, mama, and tell Nelly that you are so tired with our weary walk that you cannot stand any longer. She will speak to Nelly, soon. See, her breath is returning!" They thought so, too, at first, but it was the last sigh as it was breathed before the spirit flittered to eternity. The child, with the cold hand grasped in both of her tiny ones, unheeding of the strange faces gathered around her, still looked anxiously upon the countenance of the dead, and vainly asked but for one glance of recognition. The truth came upon her at last, and she sank with a convulsive sob upon the cold bosom of her dead mother.

And these poor fellow-wayfarers, with the tears rolling down their cheeks, feelingly sympathized with the unhappy woman who had fallen down dead in their midst, and each and all resolved that the child, since it knew of no friend in the wide, wide world to whom it could look for protection, should find in them, as far as their poor means went, both friendship and relief, and a hearty share of their own scant fare, so long as they had it to be offered. So they softly drew her away from the inanimate object extended upon the floor, and while the men passed her tenderly from one to another's arms, and made

rude but gentle attempts to soothe her, the women, laying aside their own sleeping little ones, made all the necessary preparations for the last sad rites of the stranger, who slept the sleep that knows no earthly breaking.

Mr. Bullchoke, since the matter was laid upon his hands in such a way that there was no help for it, arranged the whole affair with great sagacity, and very much of a business-like manner. In the twinkling of an eye, so to speak, was the body laid away in the loft of the stable, there to await the coroner's inquest upon the morrow, for as the worthy man said, "she might have died of some infectious disease, who knows? and it's allers best to be on the safe side, you know."

"She looks as though she had died from the effects of a broken heart, more belike," said, rather indignantly, one of the women, who, it was apparent, appreciated not the various excellences of Mr. Bullchoke's character.

"A broken fiddlestick!" retorted that amiable individual. Thereupon he entered upon a philosophic dissertation upon broken hearts in general, satisfactorily proving beyond the shadow of doubt, that it was only such vagabonds as these, that prated of such chimerical and delusive articles, and that for his own part, he should like to know what was going to break his heart, for one? But none are blinder than those who will not see, and it was evident that the efforts made were entirely thrown away upon these stubborn and unconvincible listeners.

They had all gathered once more around the roaring fire, and the poor little addition to their circle was tenderly cared for, while with a delicacy not common to the world, but frequently to be met with in these children of adversity, they forbore to question, unwilling to touch the chords of misery already stretched to their utmost tension, within the little desolate one's heart. The children, now wide awake, and with the every-day gravity once more upon their old-fashioned faces, looked volumes of commiseration for her. The mothers, entirely forgetful of their own offspring, made comforting tenders of maternal care and kindness; while as to the men, they really outdid each other in their efforts for her welfare. Mr. Gribble, the "heavy ruffian," laid aside the gruff voice with which he was usually accustomed to converse, conceiving it to be professionally suggestive of his peculiar line of business, and now addressed her in tones calculated to soothe and allay her childish grief, while Mr. Sladd, the gentleman with the mild voice and uncertain eye, mentioned above, made mute offers of his bread and cheese, his pewter pot, and finally his pocket-handkerchief, in the hope

that one or the other of them might prove beneficial or serviceable to her. But the child, gathered to the bosom of the young lady who usually supported the persecuted heroine, was indifferent to all, and now sobbed herself to sleep, rocked to and fro amid profound and pitying silence on the part of these poor strolling people, and felt that with these kindly faces she had at least found a safety and a home. And now gazing upon this group assembled around the old inn fire, we take back the assertion, and pronounce truthfully and feelingly that it has now indeed become almost an attractive one.

Some seven years back, in the parlor of a neat and cheerful looking cottage a young and pretty woman is seated, engaged, partly in working upon some little article of childish apparel, and ever and anon casting expectant glances from the little cottage window, down the garden path, and as far as she can view along the street of the little quiet suburb, which then hovered on the outer edge of the great maelstrom of London, but which has, years ago since then, become swallowed up in the relentless whirl.

There was a shadow upon her face, and as she continued to gaze and sew, it grew deeper and deeper, until it amounted almost to a look of agony. The clouds of evening were fast settling upon the sky, and as they descended they seemed to throw their darkening reflection heavily and grimly upon that pensive countenance, and to add still greater weight to the burden already laying upon her heart. At length the tiny garment on which her fingers had been so busily employed but now, slowly dropped from her hands, and tremblingly did they clasp themselves together, while a tear started and rolled unchecked adown her pale young cheek. Still the expected one came not, and at last, with a heavy sigh, she buried her face within her hands, and gave free vent to the tears that were struggling for an overflow.

Darkness settled upon the surface of the heavens. A step at last was heard, and in another moment she was clasped closely to the bosom of the person who had just entered, and lay thereon like a tired child upon its mother's loving breast.

Slowly he led her to a seat, and seating himself beside her, with her hand still grasped in one of his, while his arm pressed her closely to him, in the darkness of the little room, with silence and gloom hovering around them, thus he spoke :

"Amy, arouse yourself to hear what I have to tell you. Darling, be prepared for even worse than the worst which we have anticipated. Rest thy head here safely on thy husband's breast, and

know that in him alone, henceforward, must be thine earthly hope and stay." This, in a broken, agitated voice. A pause; the silence disturbed only by the sobs that came bursting from her lips.

"My father then refuses to listen to the entreaties of his only child for forgiveness?"

"Nerve yourself, my Amy; it is something worse—more terrible than that, which you have to hear from my lips."

"Something worse? O, keep it not from me, let me hear it! You went to my father, and you told him all? That we had striven and struggled so as not to be indebted to his bounty, but that all resources having one by one totally failed, absolute necessity has driven us to implore aid from his hands. You did this?"

"I did; nay more, I did what my pride rebelled madly against, and for the sake of my helpless wife, and of my unborn babe, I went down to that hard-hearted man upon my bended knees, asked him, with tears in my eyes, for the boon I craved. And now must I reveal to you the terrible truth. Tell me, my Amy, as you rest here upon my heart in the dead silence and darkness that envelopes us round, tell me that your love is deep and unchanging as the decrees of destiny, for I dread to hear, that what I reveal may dash it from its strong hold, and lose it from its object, ay, forever!"

"O, Edward, what mean you? Something that will weaken your hold upon my love! Are you not the father of my child? Nothing can ever weaken your hold upon that love! Through life and until death have I sworn beside the altar it shall last, and trustingly and truthfully do I say so still!"

He pressed her closer to him, and went on hurriedly. "I bore all that he said to me, upbraiding me for having stolen you from him, and calling me beggar, wretch and penniless outcast. I bore all that. I listened calmly while he heaped reproaches upon my down bowed head; I returned it not, when in his madness and fury he approached and struck me—ay, Amy, *struck* me as I knelt before him! I bore even that! But when, raising his arms aloft, he ejaculated a fearful imprecation on your head, and called down a father's curse to blight you on your pathway, from this time forth, forever, endurance could go no further. I seized him in my grasp, and like a feather I hurled him to the ground, with the unholy adjuration trembling upon his lips!"

His voice as he spoke had sunk into a whisper, with the intensity of his feelings, and he slowly dropped from her side down upon his knees at her feet, and there knelt, waiting for the sounds

that might arise from her lips, to know that she could love him even now. She had told him so before, and now came again the same hallowed assurance, in the repeated words: "Are you not the father of my child?"

Then welcome sorrow, welcome misery, and poverty, and gloom, and sad forebodings—welcome all! he still possessed her love!

It was now that their trials were to begin. Many and hard had they been before, but never until now had they known what it really was to want. They had to learn what it was to suffer even for the want of bread. They had to bear the thought that their child would raise its little wasted hands and ask support for the life that they had given to it. They had to battle with that tyrant, Adversity, who crushes with relentless hand the helpless and the friendless, and smiles as he gazes on the most terrible miseries of the world.

Years rolled on. To them they were fraught with undeviating misfortune. Those who have known the ease of competence, and have step by step descended to the terrible gulf of penury, and whose former life has needed not the aid of toil to give them their foothold in the world, only these know what that man had to struggle against. Only these can find within their hearts excuses and pity for him, when, hopeless misery staring him in the face, and with the wasting forms of those he loved best in the world before him, he dared the brand of shame and crime, and to save their lives, periled his own immortal soul!

He committed forgery, was detected, and sentenced to transportation for the remainder of his life. In those days it would seem that human hearts were hardened to the utmost, for justice then knew little of the attributes of godlike mercy.

* * * * *

Far out at sea with the blue vault of heaven reflecting itself in gorgeous colors upon the bosom of the great deep, a human soul is struggling for its freedom. The rippling dash of the waves against the vessel's side is the solemn music that floats upon the soft breeze, and chants a requiem for the departed spirit's rest!

* * * * *

Amid the wrestling of the fierce north blast with the icy whirlwind that fills the wintry sky, a woman with a little child, totters towards the light that she has seen dimly gleaming through the darkness of the night, and musters up her fainting energies to reach the refuge, before her fading senses take their leave of her forever.

Nelly, the child of the wanderer, has in ten

years more grown up into a delicate, almost spiritual beauty, and as the years have passed away, she has by degrees shown promises of abilities far beyond the mediocre standard of her poor protectors. Under the united tuition of Messrs Sludd and Gribble, she has become possessed of a tolerable good education, and has so advanced in the profession, that her name, coupled with the euphonious title of the "Star of the Isle" (a poetic fancy of Mr. Sludd's), has attraction sufficient to fill the canvass tenement in which her talents are usually brought into play, to its utmost capacity.

Of the bewildering effect of her manifold charms, some idea may be formed from various instances of eccentric behaviour on the part of her admirers. The stout and elderly mayor of a provincial town, a bachelor, announced, to the utter astonishment and confusion of his friends and relatives, his solemn determination of entering upon a theatrical career; and, it is supposed, was only prevented from carrying out this wild intention, through rumors which by some means reached his ears, of procuring him a strait waistcoat, and a lodgment in the asylum for the insane.

Young men who had formerly led peaceful lives, became of bloodthirsty and revengeful natures, and cast glances of hatred upon suitors who received more apparent encouragement at the hands of the object of contention, than fell to their own share. Old men conducted themselves in a manner to draw down the displeasure of beholders, and utterly refused to be dissuaded from their insensate behaviour. They caught severe colds from serenading her bed-room windows with hoarse brass bands engaged for the purpose, and paid unheard of prices for choice bouquets to cast at the enslaver's feet.

With all this adulation, one would confidently expect that poor little Nelly's head would in course of time become completely turned; but though she smiled with her own kind blue eyes upon them one and all, they read in her smiles the utter hopelessness of their passion, and the little impression made upon that heart by their idolatry. And yet it was a very tender heart.

In passing through a certain town that little heart was destined to know a more tumultuous beating than had ever sounded before through its delicate fibres. Love had woke within it.

He was as handsome as human nature in its model could well be, and with the graces of his form, possessed the soul-speaking eye and the rich voice, which seems formed to utter the soft language of love in all the sweetness of its poetry. And for her was that voice tuned to its most

melodious music, and for her did that eye dilate and glow, as alone can it glow when it has been touched by the Promethean fire of love. But she knew not as she listened, that the story he told was one that had been oft rehearsed before, and that others had listened and believed as well as she, many and many a time ere that. She thought her love was treasured up in his heart, as she treasured his, a gem of priceless worth within her own; nor dreamed she that he but amused himself with the toy which he would carelessly cast aside when he became wearied of it. A lovely night in the soft summer of the year saw their parting; for but a short time, as he assured her, kissing away the tears that would flow from the sadness of her heart. Did he know he perjured himself when he promised that confiding girl to join her on the attainment of his minority in a few short months, and then forever take her to his heart and home, his honored and his treasured wife? Perhaps he weighed not his words, nor thought of their being registered with solemnity by the stern hand of the great recorder.

"A letter for our Nelly," Mr. Sludd handed it to her. "A very square and formal-looking letter;" Mr. Sludd said he thought so, "but then," as he added, "you know, my dear, that all the offers made to you by these old stupid are generally stiff and formal, very much as though you were a job to be contracted for, you know," and Mr. Sludd, the mild, gave utterance to a suitably mild chuckle, at what he considered quite a felicitous expression. But how the laugh died on his lips as he looked in her face.

"Nelly, dear Nelly, what is it, my poor child?"

"Read that, Sludd, read that," she had but voice to murmur, before she fell into his arms, pale as death, and hid her face upon his shoulder.

"What can it be?" He laid her upon a sofa, and then searched every pocket, in his bewilderment, for the spectacles which rested unconsciously upon his nose. At length he read that ominous letter, and saw his own loved, almost worshipped child coarsely addressed as a vagabond and a stroller, and a wrathful command that she cease her designs upon the peace of a highly respectable family, and hold no further communication with the scion of its stock. Then came a few cold lines in another hand, that with its brief sentences finished the sum of cruelty, and filled her cup of misery high above its overflowing. She knew that hand full well, and first it was difficult to take in the full meaning; but at length she could understand it but too well; and as the blow descended relentlessly and crushingly upon her, she sank helplessly down beneath it, and the

world before her was from that time forth a weary and desolate void.

Time rolled on, and more transparent grew that pale young cheek, while the soft blue eye glowed with an unnatural lustre, that made her spiritual beauty more ethereal than before. Her protectors saw that she pined away before their eyes day by day, and yet they none of them knew of the cause, save only the simple old man, who loved her as though she were his own, and in his gentle, foolish way, showed it by every means in his power. Sludd was her only confidant; poor Sludd of the red nose and blinking eye.

"Sludd, what ails our child?" Mr. Gribble put the question in his usual growling base, but there was real concern expressed in those deep notes.

"She is—she is not well," came the answer, in broken tones.

"A doctor, then," suggested the other.

"It is no ailment of the body, I fear," said Sludd, sadly; "he could not 'minister to a mind diseased.'"

Poor anxious Sludd! He had watched her when she knew not that any eye was upon her, and had seen her when she drew a little locket from her bosom, and gazing thereon with tears trembling upon her eyelids, kissed the semblance of the idol she had created in the shrine of her pure young soul. In the stillness of night, his was the dark figure that crouched down beside her door, and listened with an aching heart to the sobs that came from the lonely one within that room. His the form that paused beneath her window and watched the midnight lamp, till the dawning light of day no longer left it visible.

"She is dying, Gribble, she is dying; and I, that for her would lay my worthless existence willingly down, so she but lived to thank my memory, can but look on and know that each day draws her nearer to eternity!" And feebly he wiped the moisture from his eyes, while even the immovable Gribble coughed to clear the huskiness that was rising in his throat.

Yes, there was now no longer doubt about it—she was dying; their Nelly, their adopted one, the idol of all, was dying!

Around a little bed, placed so that the soft summer wind lifted her golden tresses from her brow, and fanned her pale cheek with its loving breath, the strollers were gathered, watching with anxious faces the fleeting moments of their Nelly, their own Nelly, who was dying. Sludd was there, with his ruddy face now white as the pallid one whose little hand was clasped within his own, which trembled as it held it. Gribble was seated at the foot of the bed, and having con-

tained his feelings as long as he could, was now hiding his rough face upon the coverlet and actually sobbing like a woman. More children with old-fashioned faces had sprung up, since the night when Nelly found a home, and these were gazing upon her, with looks of commiseration quite aged and time-worn. The women were seated, some of them upon the floor, and with their babes clasped up to their breasts, were rocking themselves to and fro in their sorrow.

The silence was suddenly disturbed by a great clattering and noise of carriage wheels and prancing horses. At any other time this unusual noise might have attracted attention, but now no one paid the slightest heed, nor made a movement towards the window. Even the children, lost in thought, were destitute of curiosity. A few moments elapsed and the door was softly opened, with the request that Mr. Sludd would go down stairs. He was gone some ten minutes, and then re-appeared, leading by the hand an elderly, pompous-looking stranger. All faces were turned in surprise towards him as he was led towards the bed by Mr. Sludd.

"There, sir, look upon her, and behold your handiwork!" Sludd said this, not in a tone of anger, for his poor heart was too full for that, and besides, here on the confines of the world of futurity was not the place for it to be shown.

"God bless me! you did not tell me of this," said the stranger, in tones of sorrow and remorse.

"No, sir, I told you not of it. Nor even now shall I add one word to the upbraidings that must echo through your own heart, as they mutely speak out from that dying young face. Take your last look upon the child whose life you have blasted, and begone!"

All was silent a moment; at length the stranger spoke.

"To say that I deeply regret having addressed her some time since, in a way that now seems unfeeling, but which then was actuated solely by the welfare of my son, would be but feebly to express all that I feel; but ere it is too late I must proceed to unfold the motive that really brought me to be a witness of this painful scene. In my capacity as legal adviser of a wealthy family, I was called upon to indite the will of a gentleman who was in the last stages of existence, hurried towards his end by the remembrance of his former cruelty to his only child who had married contrary to his wishes. He furnished me with clues to ascertain if his grandchild was in existence, and if so apprise her of his demise and the fact that she was left sole heiress to his fortune. For years I was unsuccessful, and it was not until but lately that I have been enabled to find any

traces of her. At length I have succeeded, and the grandchild of my client is now before me; the roses upon those cheeks assure me that she will yet live many and happy years to enjoy the prosperity which has fallen so unexpectedly to her lot."

There were roses upon her marble cheeks, but they were the hectic hues of excitement, not of health—the brilliant glow of the spark of life before it went out in everlasting darkness!

"And I am sole possessor of this wealth? I can do with it as seems fit and seemly to me?" she asked, with eagerness giving strength to her weak tones.

"You can," he asserted.

"Then thank Heaven that you arrived before it was too late! Here, in the presence of those whose hearts were inspired with pity and compassion for the orphan and the friendless—whose hands were stretched out to aid, when all the world seemed to have turned its face from the homeless child, do I now, with my last breath, bequeath all of this fortune to be divided equally among them, and may the blessing of the orphan and the outcast rest on them with its possession."

It was soon done, and the dying girl smiled a smile of contented peace, as she affixed the signature to the deed drawn up by the lawyer.

"Bear to him my forgiveness, and tell him from the dying, that the solemn vows he makes on earth are surely registered in heaven, and also bid him beware of how he heedlessly gives them utterance, or breaks them wantonly when they are made." She sank slowly back. The soft summer wind lifted anew the golden tresses, and bore the music of the trees upon the gentle air. She asked to be raised up. They raised her.

"Sludd, kiss me, and say farewell to me, but only for a little time, for I know that we shall meet again." If gentleness of heart and kindly good will to man have but associations with the angels, they would meet again. He approached and touched her lips reverently, as though he were venturing to approach very near to the confines of the land of seraphs. The group asked one and all to imprint the same farewell upon her cheek, and then stood in a circle around the little cot, watching for the wafting away.

"Mother! father!" the lips moved to utter, but the words died away, and the child of the stroller was no more an orphan! The summer wind lifted the golden tresses unheeded, and the music of the trees wafted to and fro, was nature's hymn chanted for the departure of a human soul.

Love may exist without jealousy, although this is rare; but jealousy may exist without love, and this is common.

PLEASANT MEMORIES.

BY WILLIAM LEIGHTON.

We walked beside the river,
That flowed, a silver tide,
But thought not of the river
The fair one by my side.

Her hand in mine was resting,
Her heart throbbed close to mine;
Her heart, where mine was kneeling,
Like pilgrim at the shrine.

Then first I broke the silence,
With whisper faint and low,
"See, love, how brightly onward
The silver stream doth flow;

Its murmur speaks of joyance,
As soft its ripple plays;
It sings in nature's language
A song to nature's praise;

The while, that stream I liken
To young affection's dream,
So bright existence dawneth,
So bright young life doth seem."

And while I spoke, she whispered
In accents soft and low,
"Dear love," she faintly murmured,
"Will 't not be always so?"

LOVE AND DUELLING.

BY MERIVALE MAYNARD.

"WHO is that beautiful girl conversing with the old gentleman in black?" inquired Lieutenant Wallace of his friend, Captain Denison, as they stood in one of the deep windows of the ball room, and passed remarks on the assembled company.

"Which one?" asked his friend, looking in an opposite direction. "Do you mean the one in white satin?"

"No, no. Look this way, Denison. There, she's turning away now to speak to Captain S—."

"O, you mean Adeline Hill, that haughty looking beauty, with the pearls in her hair. Yes, she's very lovely; but beware of her, Wallace."

"Why beware?" asked the young man, with an appearance of interest.

"Because she is as cold as ice, utterly indifferent to love, and has already broken innumerable hearts." And Captain Denison smiled as he looked on the countenance of his friend, so animated and handsome, and inwardly wondered if any one would reject his love.

"Will you introduce me, Denison?" asked Wallace.

"O, certainly; but of course I am not responsible for consequences; and if you will not take my advice, you must abide by them."

"Thank you, both for your kindness and advice. I am very impatient to become acquainted with Miss Hill."

There was an unusual flush on Adeline Hill's fair cheek, as the handsome young officer bowed before her. Perhaps it was occasioned by the half smile on Captain Denison's face, or by the almost reverential manner of the young stranger, or by some thought of her own; but whatever was the cause, there was a perceptible confusion in the manner of the usually self-possessed beauty.

Lieutenant Wallace, after asking her to dance, and finding that she had already half a dozen engagements, hastened to improve the time until her hand should be claimed, and commenced an animated conversation, in which she joined with a spirit and intelligence that completely charmed him, and finished the conquest her beauty had begun. He felt half inclined to be angry with the gentleman who came to lead her away, but was rewarded by seeing the change in her countenance—a change that did not say much for her liking for her partner. The winning charm, the sweet smile, the bright glance, were all gone; and she rose from her seat stately and reserved, the very impersonation of haughtiness.

Lieutenant Wallace, usually the gayest of the gay, was this evening the saddest man in the ball room. His brother officers, in whose honor the ball was given by the aristocracy of the good city of H—, were talking, dancing, laughing and flirting with the ladies, and he alone sat silent and companionless.

He glanced round the room in search of Denison, and soon saw him in deep conversation with the lady in "white satin," whom he had referred to when answering Wallace's question. They sat in the shadow of the heavy velvet window draperies, and screened from general observation; but Wallace could not help seeing his friend take her hand and bouquet in his own, and after selecting one of the choicest buds, press it to his lips and place it in his bosom.

Thinking that he had played the spy long enough, he rose and went towards the end of the room where Miss Hill had again joined the dancers with a new partner. He watched her as she moved gracefully to the music, her light and snowy drapery flowing round her like a cloud, her beautiful figure displayed to perfection by her dress, the heavy braids of her hair looking blacker from contact with the pearls woven in with the jetty tresses. There were murmurs of

admiration from the gentlemen, and envious looks from the ladies, while she, the observed of all, seemed unconscious that any eye was beholding her, and performed her part in the dance with all imaginable ease and indifference.

His friends jested Wallace on his unusual dullness, and many fair ladies sighed as they looked on the handsome lieutenant, apparently so indifferent to their charms. But a change came over him when Miss Hill, having fulfilled her previous engagements, honored him with her hand. They both seemed animated with the very spirit of music and motion, and both looked their best, and evidently enjoyed themselves.

Wallace was a good dancer, and with such a partner he acquitted himself to perfection. All eyes were turned on the handsome couple; and when he led her to her seat, Captain Denison whispered some complimentary words in his ear, that if he did not value, at least helped to make him feel satisfied with himself.

The hours passed swiftly away. Adeline refused to dance any more, pleading fatigue; and as she seemed inclined to converse, Wallace had the happiness of sitting by her side, listening to her, and being listened to in return. Several others joined them at times; for Adeline Hill was the acknowledged belle of the room, and could not be allowed to withdraw so easily. But Lieutenant Wallace kept his place by her side, was introduced to the lady and her husband, under whose care she had come, had the pleasure of wrapping a rich cashmere round the loveliest shoulders in the world, handed her into the carriage, and went home to dream that an angel in a gauze dress, decorated with pearls, was waltzing him up to the clouds.

There was a great change in Lieut. Charles Wallace after that eventful night of the ball. He had never joined deeply in the dissipation of the officers of the different regiments garrisoned at H—; but now he shunned the wine cup and the dice, hitherto resorted to in the absence of other employment. He had but little love for such dangerous pleasures; but in a city like H—, there was little else to employ leisure hours, and Charles Wallace had no mother nor sister to speak a warning word, no friend to advise with him, save Denison; and he was only too ready to do as others did. But now there was a motive for making a change. During his conversation with Miss Hill, she had unconsciously expressed her dislike of the manner in which so many spent valuable time, and without intending it, had showed him the danger of following the example of dissipated companions. On several occasions he had half decided on quitting

his wild young friends, especially when a scene would occur at the mess table, from the over-indulgence of his brother officers; but now he resolved—and with him to resolve, was to act.

He gradually withdrew himself from the society of the wild ones, and in spite of all persuasions—for he was a general favorite, and could not be allowed to escape without an effort to detain him—resolutely refused to drink or play.

But if he sacrificed something that was not to his taste, he gained what to him was an unspeakable privilege. Not a day passed that he did not make some excuse for seeing Adeline Hill; and from her kind reception, and the cordial greeting bestowed on him by her guardian and his wife (for, like himself, she was an orphan), he felt himself a welcome guest at their beautiful mansion.

For some time he was at a loss to understand Denison's caution; for Adeline, so far from appearing cold and heartless, was sensibility itself. But he at last discovered the secret. She was heiress to a very large property, and had unfortunately imbibed the notion that the admiration and attention so lavishly bestowed on her, was merely in honor of her wealth—an idea that had been strengthened by several very annoying circumstances.

Although very young, she had been besieged by numerous suitors, and having tried the experiment of confidentially acquainting them that in reality she was penniless; and having the mortification to see them immediately withdraw their attentions, she hastily concluded that her money, and not herself, was the object of attraction. Acting on this, she had determined to allow no one to insult her with what she was convinced were heartless professions. Hence the common impression that she was a cold coquette, winning hearts to cast them away.

As long as her acquaintances were contented with mere acquaintanceship, she was kind and sociable; but on the least hint of a wish for a nearer connection, all her smiles were gone, and she treated the unfortunate aspirant for her hand with the most chilling coldness, or as one who had offered her an insult. She liked Lieutenant Wallace from the first hour she passed in his society; and as they became better acquainted so did she find more and more to admire in the young officer. There was a candor, a fearless openness about him, that attracted one used to the fulsome adulation of weaker minds, as she had been. In their conversations, if he did not agree with her, he said so, even at the risk of wounding her self-love; and Adeline, delighted at finding some one bold enough to contradict

her, learned to respect her handsome friend, and felt an interest in him quite unusual for her.

As Lieutenant Wallace was poor, having little more than his pay, he had not the remotest intention of "making love" to Miss Hill, thinking himself highly privileged in being honored with her friendship. This very poverty made him proud, and she, finding that he did not presume on her kindness, and possibly a little piqued at his behaviour, so different from others, gave herself no trouble to maintain a distance, and treated him with a sisterly frankness, dangerous to the peace of mind of both. Her guardian, Mr. Foster, was an elderly man, averse to all trouble and annoyance; and though much attached to his beautiful young ward, would have rejoiced to see her suitably married, as in that case his responsibility would end. He soon became attached to the agreeable society of young Wallace, and rejoiced at the intimacy existing between him and Adeline, as, in his opinion, his poverty was nothing, her large fortune being amply sufficient for both. His wife, a good hearted, mild old lady, was exactly of the same mind, and frequently repeated to her husband what a good thing it would be if Miss Hill would marry that "dear young man," and share her large fortune with him.

The "dear young man" would no doubt have been grateful for their kind wishes, but it is not so certain that those wishes would have been fulfilled if they had not had wisdom enough to keep them to themselves. As it was, Charles and Adeline continued friends, and were gradually becoming something nearer.

The good citizens of H—— were unbounded in their hospitalities to the officers, and never was there known a gayer season than the one in which my story commences. Evening parties, assemblies, and private balls, varied by sleighing and skating excursions, occupied the time and thoughts of the belles of H——, and their almost equally volatile friends in scarlet and gold. In all places, and at all times, was Lieutenant Wallace to be found at the side of Adeline Hill.

At the numerous parties they attended that winter, he was always her first partner, and as early as they could, none could ever be before him. If the weather and fine roads tempted them to get up a sleighing party, in vain the gentlemen called at unreasonably early hours in order to secure Miss Hill's company. She was "sorry for their disappointment," "highly honored by their preference," but "had already promised to accompany a friend."

Among the many officers who that winter honored the belles of H—— with their particular attention was a Captain Powell. He was by no means a favorite, either among his companions or the young civilians of the city; but being a wealthy man, young and passably handsome, was much admired by the generality of the ladies. He had taken a dislike to Lieutenant Wallace at their first meeting, and after failing in his endeavors to entice him into the habits he himself loved, had commenced a series of attacks on his conduct and behaviour, exceedingly annoying to a man of Wallace's sensitive feelings.

Captain Powell had made several attempts to ingratiate himself with Miss Hill, but had met with such decided repulses that he gave it up, and consequently he was doubly enraged at witnessing her open preference of one he had stigmatized as both "poor and mean." He never let an opportunity pass without saying some cutting thing to hurt the lieutenant's feelings; but happily Charles possessed admirable self-command, and even when smarting under some biting jest or keen ridicule, would calmly answer his opponent, generally turning the laugh against him.

Powell was as much disliked by his companions as Wallace was beloved, and there was scarcely one who would not take the latter's part, so that the captain generally failed in his attempts. But one day he allowed his passion to pass all bounds, and Charles was made to suffer for his ill deeds. A number of the citizens had decided on having a sleighing party, and as it was to be the greatest affair of the season, a general invitation was given to the officers of the garrison. As the weather had not been favorable, it was not decided upon until the very day before the one appointed, consequently there was but little time.

As soon as it was known, Captain Powell hastened to Mr. Foster's and requested the pleasure of Miss Hill's company on the morrow. His entrance disturbed a very pleasant reverie she was indulging in, principally relating to a long conversation she had had with Charles Wallace a few hours previous. She was not pleased at the interruption, and still less at the intruder. She listened to his request with astonishment, and refused it with more than her usual haughtiness; for Captain Powell was the especial object of her dislike. He left her, almost smothered with suppressed passion, and vowed to have revenge both on her and Wallace.

That evening, at the mess table, he took occasion to contradict something Charles said. He, knowing Powell's disposition, forbore to take

notice of it, which only enraged him the more. He began to use insulting language, and when Charles good-naturedly laughed, and said he would not quarrel about such a trifle, actually foamed at the mouth with rage, called him a "mean, cowardly villain," and threw his glass of wine in his face.

There was something awful in the expression of young Wallace's countenance, as he calmly applied his handkerchief to his face and removed the wine stains. The buzzing conversation, the jokes and laughter that always surround a mess table, were instantly hushed, and all sat speechless and thunderstruck. Even Powell himself felt shocked as he met the glance of the other, and looked on the deathly features, the white lips quivering with emotion, and the convulsive movements of the clenched fingers.

The momentary silence was broken by loud exclamations of "shame! shame!" and as Wallace rose to leave the table a dozen friends crowded round him. When the doors closed behind them, he leaned heavily against Captain Denison and another, gasping for breath, as one does who rises from the water; and it was with difficulty they could convey him to his rooms.

There was a sad party collected that evening in Lieutenant Wallace's sitting-room, come to talk over the unpleasant events of the last few hours. Charles was now composed and ready to listen to his friend's advice. That there was but one alternative for him he had been aware from the moment he could think at all, and it was to make arrangements for a meeting with Powell that his friends had come to him. He was conscientiously opposed to duelling. He had always said and believed that it was wrong; and he well remembered, when a boy, witnessing the agony of his mother when her husband was brought home to her dead and disfigured, murdered by the hand of his dearest friend. And now should he break through all the resolutions of a lifetime, and not only fight but send a challenge? The thought was distraction.

But on the other hand his honor was at stake; he had been openly insulted by one who made no secret of his dislike, and before all his brother officers. He dared not think of Adeline; for he remembered a conversation they had once held on the subject, and her words came back to his memory with thrilling clearness, "I care not what the cause, the man that kills another in a duel is a murderer." But no alternative seemed to offer, and when his friends (who knowing his peculiar opinions on the subject, were fearful he would not fight) came, they found him busily engaged in writing letters.

Captain Denison, a fine, warm-hearted fellow, and deeply attached to Charles, could scarcely control his emotion as he listened to the plans of his friend, and promised to obey his injunctions. Duelling was forbidden among the officers; but such an open insult could not be expected to pass unnoticed, and their superiors, very considerately, took no notice of the unusual stir among the friends of both parties. Of course no one mentioned it to them, and Charles as earnestly requested that everything should go on the following day as if nothing unusual had occurred.

According to appointment, his beautiful sleigh was at Mr. Foster's door some half hour before the others arrived, and he was shown into the pleasant room where Miss Hill received her particular friends. Very lovely she looked as she rose from an elegant lounge and came forward to meet him. She wore a rich crimson cashmere, which he had one day, in a shopping excursion, assisted her to choose; in her belt was a choice flower—part of a bouquet he had bought the day previous, now standing in a vase beside her; while on the lounge lay a book he had lent her, and which she had been reading before he came.

As these evidences of her partiality for himself met his eye, he shuddered to think that this was perhaps their last meeting; and so strange was the look he bent on her, and so forcible the clasp with which he held her hand, that she uttered an exclamation of surprise and pain, and attempted to free herself from him. He recovered his self-possession instantly, apologized for his rudeness, led her to her seat, and taking his place beside her, commenced speaking about the book he had taken up. He talked cheerfully and well; but there was something strange in his manner, something forced and unnatural, and Adeline felt almost rejoiced when the sound of the bells announced the arrival of the others.

They soon started; but the excursion that had promised so much pleasure to both proved a failure. Charles was alternately sad and cheerful, and in the struggle to appear easy and careless, conducted himself so strangely that Adeline was seriously annoyed. To make matters worse, he gradually turned the conversation on duelling, hoping that some opportunity might present itself for explaining his position; but his companion, not in the best humor, spoke more harshly than ever on the subject.

On his attempting to palliate the conduct of those situated as he was, she stopped him by saying there was no excuse for any one's taking another's life in that manner, and she would discard her dearest friend for being concerned in one. He then gave up the attempt as useless,

and left her that night with the distressing conviction that it was their last meeting. He found Captain Denison and two others at his rooms when he returned, and learned that all was arranged for an early meeting on the morrow.

Captain Powell could not find an officer willing to be his second, so great was their disgust at his conduct, and he had secured the services of a young gentleman, an officer in the engineer department. Denison and he had settled everything, the former having offered his services as second to Charles.

It was quite late when they parted, Denison charging his friend to retire immediately and try to sleep off his excitement, but as soon as they withdrew, he sat down and wrote a long letter to Adeline Hill. He then threw himself on the sofa, and had not rested an hour when he was roused by the entrance of Denison and the surgeon, both looking the worse for the night's excitement and anxiety. There remained but little to do after they came. Denison promised to deliver his letter, as he wished Adeline to receive it whether he should fall or not; he also gave him some directions concerning the disposal of his effects in case of the worst.

"Powell is an excellent shot; you must fire instantly, and give him no advantage," was the advice of his friend, who felt rather surprised at Charles's strange smile in return.

The time came for them to start; Charles spoke and moved like one in a dream. Mechanically he went down and entered the carriage in waiting for them; he made no answer to the questions of his friends; and it was not until they passed Mr. Foster's residence, and he looked once more to Adeline's home, that he displayed any emotion. Then Captain Denison, who was attentively watching him, saw his eyes fill with tears, and he leaned back in the carriage, apparently overcome with his feelings.

Captain Powell and his friends made their appearance on the ground soon after the others arrived. The preliminaries were speedily arranged, and the parties took their places. Every trace of emotion had now left Charles Wallace, and he faced his adversary with a deliberate coolness that gave hope to Captain Denison, whose fears had hitherto prevailed. As he left his side he once more whispered "fire quickly," and moved to his place.

At the word, both discharged their pistols—Captain Powell at his opponent, Lieutenant Wallace in the air. For an instant all stood motionless, and then Charles staggered and fell to the ground, and almost as soon, Denison and the surgeon were beside him. A hasty examination

served to convince them that he was not fatally injured, and bearing him to the carriage, they drove off with all speed.

Captain Powell and his servant followed, and an hour after, nothing remained to show the morning's work, save a few melting footsteps in the snow. As soon as Captain Denison could leave his friend, he hastened to call on Miss Hill and acquaint her with what had happened, at the same time deliver the letter.

At the door he met Mr. Gray, Captain Powell's second, and knowing that he was intimate with the Fosters, and the friend of Powell, he feared for the success of his mission. The event proved that his fears were not groundless; for Miss Hill received him with cool politeness, refused to listen to his account of the unfortunate duel, which she said had already been described to her by Mr. Gray, and also to accept Charles's letter.

"After such an open display of his principles, Lieutenant Wallace could not expect her to any longer acknowledge him as a friend; and as he knew her opinion of duelling and duellists, it was quite unnecessary for her to read his letter." And with a haughty bow she left the room, and Denison returned to his friend.

Charles Wallace might have been spared a severe illness, brought on by his anxiety, could he have seen Adeline Hill that morning, after the departure of the messengers, prostrate on her couch, sobbing and weeping in an agony of despair. One moment starting up, resolved to forget him—the next burying her face in the pillows, and calling on his name with the fondest accents of affection. Her distress was hopeless; for in the hour that she discarded him, did Adeline discover that she loved Charles Wallace.

Charles recovered very slowly, and before he was able to attend to his duties, Adeline had left H— on a visit to some relations in Canada. The duel had been a nine days wonder among the gossips, and then forgotten; and when Charles once more joined his friends in the daily routine of garrison life, they had almost ceased to speak or think of what had caused him so much sorrow.

Captain Powell and his regiment had been sent away on a foreign station, and ere many months passed, Charles and his friends were ordered to Canada. Before leaving, he called on Mr. Foster, and in talking over the events of the past six months, had the mortification to learn that Adeline had received a false account of the duel and its cause. At first this annoyed him, but after consideration showed the folly of indulging hopes concerning one who had so de-

cidedly rejected him, and he resolved for the future to banish her from his mind. In leaving H—, he hoped also to leave all remembrance of his hopeless passion, and in the new scenes and new companions he was about to meet, forget her who had so bewitched him.

Captain Denison, still his intimate friend, used every endeavor to banish the 'gloom from his young companion's brow, and at last had the satisfaction of seeing him resume his old cheerfulness. They both looked forward to the removal with pleasure, for Denison's flirtation had wearied him, and he also longed for a change. He had once before been quartered at Fort M—, and aroused Charles's curiosity by his description of the kindness and hospitality of the people, the beauty of the scenery, and the delightful hunting.

"Dancing and making love are all very well once in a while, Charley my boy; but if you want an amusement that wont weary, take your gun and plunge into the depths of a Canadian forest—there's never ending excitement for you."

"I have serious fears that I should get tired, if I didn't get weary," was the laughing answer. "This barrack life is not apt to improve our powers of endurance."

"O, that's all nonsense! I'll introduce you to a friend of mine, who, twenty years ago, looked fit for nothing but measuring satin ribbons behind a counter, or escorting old ladies to church. He had the whitest hand, the smallest foot, and the softest voice of any man in his regiment. Of course it was before my time; but old Robinson, of the Fifth, told me he always wore white kid gloves—he said slept in them, but I did not believe that,—took an hour every day to arrange his hair, only ate meat once a week, and was altogether as great a puppy as ever scented a pocket handkerchief. Well, three years ago, when I was in Canada, I accidentally became acquainted with this same dandy, no longer a dandy, but one of the most indefatigable old hunters I ever met. I fancy it was sometime since he had seen a glove, from the looks of his hands, and I can bear witness to the strength of his muscles, as my fingers tingled for an hour after his welcoming grip. He no longer sported French boots and silk stockings, but their place was supplied by raw hide moccasins and gaiters; and I rather think his taste for animal food had improved since Robinson knew him, as he ate half cooked buffalo steaks with a decided relish. Altogether, I thought forest life had done much for him, and I was still more of that opinion after seeing his handsome wife and blooming daughter, then a

girl of fourteen. You have no idea how happy the old fellow was; and as he had no son, he was training his girl to hunt and fish, skate on the river, or drive 'Highflyer,' as the case might be. Ah, I've no doubt she's a splendid woman by this time. I quite long to see her."

And Captain Denison resumed his cigar, and his friend fell into a reverie, in which a "splendid woman" certainly had a share; but one whose accomplishments did not include hunting and fishing.

He knew that Adeline was in Canada, and perhaps there was some lingering hope that accident might throw them together, that all might be explained, that they might yet be friends. Be it as it may, it was welcome news for him when the transport arrived, and he bade adieu to H— without one regret.

The ladies were all sorry when that "dear, delightful Captain Denison" went away; but united in abusing Charles as an exceedingly proud, reserved young man, not at all agreeable, and "not so very handsome after all." Old Mr. Foster told his wife, confidentially, that he was "sorry Adeline had not returned before Charles went away; but perhaps it was all for the best." And the good lady very mildly replied, "Very likely, my dear."

Charles was even more delighted with his new home than his friend had anticipated, and soon learned to enjoy the wild sports of the forest. He became a prime favorite with old Major Edwards, and rivalled Denison in the good opinion of his wife and daughter.

The latter, a beautiful girl of seventeen, scrupled not to display her delight at the acquisition to their society, and soon made herself so agreeable to Charles, that he actually wondered at himself, having deemed it impossible ever to take pleasure in woman's society again. But Olive Edwards was a new specimen of "femininity" to him, and he became deeply interested in the young girl, who appeared equally at home in the parlor or the forest, whose life was so strange a mingling of the polished and the barbarous.

One day he would call at the major's, and find Olive quietly seated beside her mother, surrounded by all the paraphernalia of a lady's work-table, their pretty fingers busy on some delicate piece of embroidery; herself attired in the most bewitching of muslin morning dresses, just short enough to display an exquisitely shaped foot in the neatest of little slippers. Heavy, golden curls fell round her shoulders, and the whole picture was one of faultless loveliness. The next day he would be electrified to see her dash up

the steep ascent to Fort M—, putting the old major to his fastest speed to keep up with her and her spirited horse.

But if Charles admired her in her gentle beauty at home, Captain Denison worshipped her in the wild woods, when, urging Highflyer to a gallop, she would distance the best horseman among them, and laugh heartily at them when the race was done. It soon became evident that Denison and she were twin spirits, and there were no bounds to their venturesome frolics and daring freaks. Even the major at last remonstrated with them for running such risks; but something the captain told him appeared to have a soothing effect, and from that time they were permitted to follow their own inclinations.

These inclinations generally led them to a boating excursion on the lake, when the wind blew a gale; a gallop over a dangerous part of a neighboring mountain, called "The Rocky Pass;" or a furious drive along the worst piece of road in the country, with a pair of untrained "beauties," as Olive called them.

Charles had one day accompanied them to a town, some five miles distant, on business for the major. On arriving, they stopped at the hotel, and Denison volunteering to perform the errand, Charles and Olive alighted, gave their horses to the man in attendance, and entered the house.

Olive was in high spirits this day, and entered the hall laughing merrily, her plumed hat in her hand, her beautiful bright curls hanging in disorder to the waist of her green cloth riding habit, and leaning on the arm of her companion. The latter was gazing into the beautiful eyes, so full of glee, that were raised to his, when advancing footsteps caused him to look up, and he found himself face to face with Adeline Hill, escorted by a tall, handsome young man. Both started, colored violently, bowed, and passed on—Adeline and her companion to the carriage in waiting for them, Charles and the astonished Olive to the parlor.

"Is it possible that you know that beautiful Miss Hill?" was her first question after the door was closed on them. "Why did you not tell me that before?"

"I had no idea that she was in this part of the country; but are you acquainted with her?"

"No—I have never been introduced to her; she has not been here long, and is only making a visit at Colonel Gage's. She is so good and beautiful, that all who have the pleasure of her acquaintance say Arthur Gage has the prospect of being the 'blessed one among men.'"

"Is that the gentleman we just now met with her?" inquired Charles, conscious that his voice

was not quite steady, and feeling a rather unpleasant sensation at the evident meaning of her last words.

"Yes, and isn't he a splendid fellow? You ought to see him on horseback; there is not a better rider in the country." And Olive launched out into rapturous praises of her favorite amusement, all unconscious that her companion was lost in recollections of past scenes and by-gone days.

It was only a few days after this rencontre, that Charles met Arthur Gage, and predisposed as he had been to dislike him, he could not help coming to the conclusion that Olive was not far wrong when she called him a splendid fellow. To an exceedingly handsome person, he united the most fascinating manners, and Charles insensibly found himself on terms of intimacy with the man he had almost determined to hate. For some time he resisted all Arthur's invitations to return his visits, but at last came one not to be refused without absolute rudeness. Colonel Gage gave a large party, a farewell compliment to Miss Hill, and of course all the officers and neighboring gentry were invited.

Although Charles had hitherto refused to meet Adeline, he did not regret the necessity that compelled him now to do so, and looked forward to the evening with pleasure. As for Denison and Olive, they, as usual, went into extremes, and could think and speak of nothing else.

In a dull place like Fort M—, a ball is hailed by young military men as a delightful variety to the usual monotony of their lives, and the first, of course, is the most anxiously looked for. The wealth and acknowledged hospitality of Colonel Gage, joined to the beauty of his two daughters, and the manifold attractions of his fair guest, combined to make this a most interesting occasion to the young gentlemen.

The day at last arrived, and Charles almost repented that he had subjected himself to the trial of seeing Adeline, the object of another's attentions, another's promised bride. He envied Denison's gay light-heartedness, and felt almost inclined to quarrel with him for anticipating so much pleasure and ridiculing his own gloomy looks.

The day passed slowly, and owing to his feverish impatience, very unhappily; and he felt inclined to wish that some accident might happen to prevent his attending this dreaded party. But like all other days it came to an end, and according to appointment, they called to escort Olive and her mother—the major declaring that his dancing days were over, and parties were a bore. Charles thought of Denison's description of the

days when the old gentleman wore kid gloves and French boots ; smiled at the contrast he now presented, handed Mrs. Edwards into the carriage, and the party were soon on their way.

On arriving at the colonel's, Charles felt a nervous dread of meeting Adeline, but it wore off under the cordial kindness of their welcome, and owing to the large number assembled, he did not see her for some time. He found himself at last in the quadrille, with Emily Gage for a partner, and Arthur and Adeline opposite. He felt his heart beat loudly, as in a few moments her hand rested in his, and he longed to detain it in a loving clasp ; but she steadily avoided meeting his eye, and he could form no idea of her sensations. She looked very lovely, somewhat paler and thinner than when he last beheld her ; but with beauty unchanged and grace unsurpassed.

He had scarcely met Denison all the evening ; but when another dance was forming, Charles saw him lead Adeline up, and unable to resist the temptation of once more holding her hand, he obtained Olive for a partner, and once more they stood opposite.

When the dance was finished, Denison drew his partner's hand within his arm, and led her to a seat at the farthest end of the room, while, our hero, astonished and a little annoyed to see them apparently on such good terms, devoted himself to Olive, who was in the happiest state of mind. But if he was surprised at seeing Adeline and Denison on such friendly terms, he was still more so at beholding Arthur Gage paying the most devoted attention to a delicate young girl in mourning. She appeared to be on very intimate terms with the Misses Gage, and after dancing once with Miss Hill, Arthur scarcely left her side again.

She did not dance, and in answer to Charles's questions, Olive told him that she was the daughter of a French gentleman, who had lately lost his wife. Olive herself appeared puzzled at the appearance of things, but Charles shrewdly thought she was in a fair way of becoming enlightened, when he saw the cool manner in which she received Denison, after Miss Hill had again joined the dancers.

After half an hour's conversation with the old colonel, during which he had not been unmindful of what was going on around him, Charles watched his opportunity, and making his way to where Adeline stood beside her last partner, with a low bow, asked the honor of her hand in the waltz then commencing. She merely bowed an answer, and in another moment they were in the dizzy circle, gradually increasing until all the best dancers in the room were with them.

Charles, with his arm round Adeline's slender waist, her hand close clasped in his own, and her color changing beneath his gaze, felt as though he wished they might continue in that position for an indefinite length of time. But ere they had twice made the circuit of the room, he felt his partner's form tremble in his clasp ; her steps no longer kept time to the music, even under the guiding impulse of his own ; and as he reached an open door he suddenly left the whirling ring ; the rest passed on. Some other couples left at the same time, others took their places, and in the momentary confusion, Charles left the room unnoticed. He crossed the entry, pushed open the first door he came to, and led his half fainting partner to a seat.

On a little marble table stood a filter with glasses, and pouring out some of the pure cold contents, he gave it to her with a trembling hand, only surpassed by her own in its agitation. After seeing the color return to her cheek, and her whole appearance denote that she was recovering from her momentary faintness, Charles walked to the other end of the room.

Long he stood, apparently absorbed in contemplation of the portrait of Colonel Gage's great grandmother, an exceedingly plain likeness of an excessively plain woman. It was but poor evidence of his good taste, that he preferred looking at that old time worn representation of one devoid of attractions, to conversing with his companion, a youthful maiden, adorned with every charm and grace, beautiful and accomplished.

When he at last turned round, she was standing in the deep bay window, the heavy drapery drawn aside, and a flood of moonlight streaming in on the carpet, rendering superfluous the wax lights on the mantel.

With a slow, determined step, Charles crossed the room and stood by her side. She neither moved nor spoke ; but when he, determined to end all uncertainty, took her hands in his own, and bent a searching gaze on her countenance, as if to read there the emotions within, she trembled so violently that he was obliged once more to sustain her from falling.

"Adeline, will you in pity end this wretched, this horrible uncertainty ? You know not the misery you have inflicted by punishing me for doing what I could not avoid. I have tried in vain to drive you from my thoughts ; but this night's meeting has destroyed my better resolutions, and I determined not to leave without speaking to you alone."

"I am not worthy of your friendship, Lieutenant Wallace ; but if you will forgive my pride and ill temper, that has so long made us stran-

gers to each other, we may yet be friends. I never knew until to-night how deeply I had wronged you."

"Is this true, Adeline? And has Denison really explained that unfortunate affair?" and the speaker's handsome countenance was radiant with joyful hope.

"He has explained enough to show me how wrongly my silly vanity has tempted me to act, and what a brave, noble heart my folly has grieved."

"Adeline," and the speaker's voice grew husky with suppressed emotion, and he released her from the supporting arm hitherto thrown around her, "your words have made me very happy; without your friendship I must be wretched; but forgive me if I presume on your kindness to tell you that it were better for my peace that those words had never been spoken, that we had still remained as strangers, than to regain your friendship, to find my love increased tenfold, and then to see you the bride of another! I feel there is a wide difference between us; that you can choose among the highest and wealthiest in the land, while I can offer neither riches nor station. But Adeline, if you love another, even in this hour of our reconciliation, we must part."

He stopped, as if unable to speak farther on so painful a subject, and turned to the window to hide his emotion.

"Charles, listen to me one instant," and Adeline's little hand was laid on his shoulder, and her tearful eyes raised to his face. "I love no other, never have loved another, and I have long doubted the truth of love; but I believe in your sincerity, and if you can take me with all my faults and imperfections, I will strive to atone for all my unkindness."

One year from the night of the party, Charles Wallace and his lady were again the guests of Colonel Gage. It was to witness the marriage of Arthur and the young French orphan, who had for several months resided with them.

THIEVES AMONG THE MONKEYS.

In the accomplishment of bad purposes, thieves often display a degree of industry and ingenuity which, if exercised in a more worthy cause, would earn for them an honest, comfortable livelihood. The Italian organ-grinders of London have devised a new plan of theft, in which monkeys, trained for the purpose, assist. The monkey, having plenty of length of cord, is allowed to enter the windows of an unoccupied dining or drawing room, and immediately returns, bringing to his master such articles of property from there, as he is able to carry. The master receives and conceals them about his person, and makes off with his booty.—*Post*.

CURIOUS DYING SCENES.

According to Fielding, Jonathan Wild picked the pocket of the ordinary while he was exhorting him in the cart, and went out of the world with the parson's corkscrew and thumb bottle in his hand. Petronius, who was master of the ceremonies and inventor of pleasures at the court of Nero, when he saw that elegant indulgence was giving place to coarse debauchery, perceived at once that his term of favor had arrived, and it was time to die. He resolved, therefore, to anticipate the tyrant, and disrobe death of his paraphernalia of terror. Accordingly, he entered a warm bath, and opened his veins, composed verses, jested with his familiar associates, and died off by insensible degrees. Democritus, the laughing philosopher, disliking the inconveniences and infirmities of a protracted old age, made up his mind to die on a certain day; but to oblige his sister, he postponed his departure until the feasts of Ceres were over. He supported nature on a pot of honey to the appointed hour, and then expired by arrangement. Jerome Cardan, a celebrated Italian physician, starved himself gradually, and calculated with such mathematical nicety, as to hit the very day and hour foretold. When Rabelais was dying, the cardinal sent a page to inquire how he was. Rabelais joked with the envoy until he found his strength declining, and his last moments approach. He then said: "Tell his eminence the state in which you left me. I am going to inquire into a great possibility. He is in a snug nest; let him stay there as long as he can. Draw the curtain; the farce is over." When the famous Count de Grammont was reported to be in extremity, the King Louis XIV., being told of his total want of religious feeling, which shocked him not a little, sent the Marquis de Dangeau to beg of him, for the credit of the court, to die like a good Christian. He was scarcely able to speak, but turning round to his countess, who had always been remarkable for her piety, he said, with a smile: "Countess, take care, or Dangeau will flch from you the credit of my conversion."—*Winchester Democrat*.

DUMB SHOW.

Lord Seaforth, who was born deaf and dumb, was to dine one day with Lord Melville. Just before the time of the company's arrival, Lady Melville sent into the drawing-room a lady of her acquaintance, who could talk with her fingers to dumb people, that she might receive Lord Seaforth. Presently Lord Guilford entered the room; and the lady, taking him for Lord Seaforth, began to ply her fingers very nimbly. Lord Guilford did the same; and they had been carrying on a conversation in this manner for about ten minutes, when Lady Melville joined them. Her female friend immediately said: "Well, I have been talking away to this dumb man." "Dumb!" cried Lord Guilford; "bless me, I thought you were dumb." I told this story (which is perfectly true) to Matthews; and he said that he could make excellent use of it at one of his evening entertainments; but I know not if ever he did.—*Rogers's Table Talk*.

Positiveness is one of the most certain marks of a weak judgment.

THE MAIDEN'S SONG.

BY THOMAS PATTER, JR.

O, I'll have my home where the sea-birds roam,
Near the foaming, stormy sea,
Where the craggy peaks on the breastwork seek,
Nearer heaven's high throne to be;
In the spiral winds of the rocky glens
My lover shall come to me—
And I'll shield his form from the raging storm,
'Neath some branching shady tree.

When the storm is o'er on the rock-bound shore,
And the slumbering waves at rest
When the bright sun smiles on the distant isles,
Asleep on their mother's breast—
Then together we'll sit, where the gay birds flit,
Carolling their richest lays—
And we'll talk of love, like a gentle dove,
In its cooling, winning ways.

Thus we'll pass our hours in old Nature's bowers,
And hear every sighing breeze
Re-echo the moan of my chosen home,
As it rustles the leafy trees.
O, give then to me my home of the sea,
By the overhanging rocks;
There let me die to the whirlwind's sigh,
Which the shrill-toned sea-bird mocks.

THE ODALISQUE:

—OR,—

THE CARCANET OF PEARLS

BY M. V. ST. LEON.

WHAT melodious murmurs! What silvery laughter! One would certainly imagine that beyond that gilded lattice was an aviary filled with beautiful birds, whose rustling plumage and delicious twitterings fill the air with soft sounds. Perhaps it is so; let us peep through the screen into the adjoining court. On a marble pavement are heaped cushions of the richest silks, and on little stands scattered about, lie piles of luscious fruits, ruby, golden and purple. In the centre, a fountain falls in musical tinklings to its basin below. The square was enclosed by slender pillars supporting a light cornice and domelike roof; graceful trees of various foliage, planted outside, drooped their branches into the pavilion; and brilliant-feathered warblers swung in gilded hoops suspended from the boughs, while others less tame were imprisoned in cages attached to the columns, that were wreathed with jasmines.

Reclining on the divans were groups of lovely females, chatting, laughing, and idly playing on various instruments, teasing their grim guards, whose sour, black faces formed a contrast to the gay tormentors, and resembling in their rainbow

draperies, and restless activity, a bed of tulips swayed by the wind.

Conspicuous among this throng were two groups, which from the superior beauty and rich attire of the principal figures, appeared to hold a higher station than any others; the foremost one consisted of three persons—a haughty, handsome, but unintellectual looking woman, with a slender form and oval face that would have been apathetic, had not glittering, beadlike, black eyes given life to a complexion whose pale, ivory tint was preserved by careful seclusion from wind and sunshine. Decked in all the gorgeous drapery of Eastern magnificence, she lolled gracefully back on her manifold cushions, amusing herself by presenting her finger for a favorite parrot, that sat balancing on its perch, to peck at. Beside her, in rather a more upright position, reclined a plump, brilliantly fair Kathayan, whose large, sleepy eyes were shadowed by brows and lashes only equalled in their jetty hues by the silken locks that escaped from a little lace turban, festooned with filagree butterflies. She was listening to the conversation between the first mentioned lady, and a sharp, disagreeable-looking female, whose features and costume indicated her to be an Armenian. From the low tone in which they spoke, and the frequent glances covertly cast at the second group, it would appear there was some connection between its members and the subject they were discussing.

This circle, containing also three persons, was totally different from every one of its neighbors. Beneath the drooping clusters of a luxuriant grape-vine, sat a young girl of about eighteen, with no traces of Asiatic origin in shape or feature. There was a transparency in her roseate complexion, and the light of a cultivated intellect in her brilliant blue eyes; her delicately-formed mouth was expressive of an impetuous nature, and her animated countenance and graceful buoyancy of motion presented a strong contrast to the sluggish indolence of Eastern women generally.

Beside her, sipping a cup of coffee, was another young girl, Zaidee, a Persian, about the same age, whose pleasing and refined countenance was also full of life and intelligence. A middle-aged woman, evidently the nurse of the former, was fanning her mistress with an expression of affection and respect.

The lady first mentioned is the Sultana Zorayda, and the second her prime favorite Katinka. Neama, the Armenian, is a slave of the princess, and as treacherous at heart, as her manner is flattering. The young girl, Leila, although from India, bears little resemblance to

the dusky inhabitants of that country; but Alawi, the nurse, has the Hindoo features. Both have been inmates of the seraglio only four weeks, and Zaidee the Persian even less time. Short as this period has been, however, it has proved sufficient to rouse the jealousy of the Lady Zorayda, who having heard the conclusion of Neama's account, dismissed her, and in a low, agitated tone, thus addressed Katinka:

"You see how matters progress! Truly this is a fine state of things—I, who am as slender as the holy maidens of Yagrenat, as graceful as a Bayadere, and but five years ago was surnamed 'the wonder of the age' for beauty—was I not esteemed too precious a jewel for the slave bazaar, and brought at once to the sultan by my captors? Since then, I have certainly improved—and can I not sing, besides, and play the *kilar*? Are not my eyes as black as the spot on the Alrus, while those of the stranger are of a color never celebrated by our poets? Yet this rose-and-lily compound no sooner comes, than our lord and master has no eyes and ears for any one else—and all, so far as I can discover, because some learned mollah has given her the education of a musty scribe, and the girl herself dares say and do things no other woman in her senses would think to enact, and live. Adlah be praised, however! There can be but one sultana; and though the Odalisque may reign in the heart of the commander of the faithful, in the harem her will is secondary to mine."

As the Lady Zorayda paused to regain her breath, the favorite ventured to suggest:

"Then why not use your power to rid yourself of one whose presence is hateful to you?"

"Are you a fool, Katinka? Do you not know she is a novelty as yet, and that were Mahmoud to lose her now, all my influence, if he should suspect me, would avail nothing to prevent my being thrown into the Bosphorus? I am not so weary of life; but even should I escape suspicion, and such a doom, he would be inconsolable forever. No—wait awhile, and perhaps I may find some fresh beauty to lure him from her; then is my time to strike. Engrossed by another, he will not heed her fate, and when tired of her successor, the sultan will return to my feet once more. What do you think of this scheme, little one?" inquired the princess, with a self-satisfied air.

The simple Katinka replied: "Truly I am astonished at your wisdom. What a head it takes for a sultana! I am very sure I shall never be one."

"Sincerely, I do not think you ever will!" exclaimed Zorayda, with a laugh, as she patted

her companion's cheek. Then rising, and gathering her shawl together, she retired with Katinka to her own apartments, to indulge in a *chibouak* and *siesta*.

As Zorayda had said, at the age of sixteen her beauty had induced Mahmoud to make her his sultana; and possessing a mind whose native powers were much stronger than any other inmate of the harem, the proud Circassian had never found a rival until now. Two months previous to the opening of the scene just narrated, the vizier, who was slightly in disgrace with his master, had seen Leila in the slave market, and hoping to regain favor by making a magnificent present, he had bought her and humbly requested the sultan to accept the offering. Struck by the exceeding loveliness of the young girl, Mahmoud readily forgave his minister, and in the society of one so different from any he had ever seen of her sex, almost forgot the existence of Zorayda.

The afternoon sun was gilding the minarets of the City of the Sultans, and the waves of the Bosphorus, that glided by the walls of the seraglio, were dancing in the mellow light, and bearing on their surface numberless crafts, containing figures in all the various costumes of the Levant. On a divan at one of the latticed casements of the palace sat Leila, gazing forth upon the scene with a pre-occupied expression, while Alawi was plaiting the rich masses of unbound golden hair with jewels.

Scarcely was the task completed, when an officer of the royal household announced the approach of the sultan, and in another moment Mahmoud himself entered. Motioning the attendants to retire, he seated himself by the side of Leila and inquired after her health.

"The body may be well when the mind suffers," replied the young girl, in the most musical of voices; "of which do you ask?"

"Still pining for the humble state you are rescued from?" exclaimed Mahmoud, half pleadingly.

"The bird, though prisoned in a gilded cage, cannot forget its former delicious freedom," answered Leila, sadly, yet with a touch of enthusiasm at the images called up by the idea of liberty.

"Why can I not win your love, so that all desire to leave me may vanish?" exclaimed the sultan, eagerly. "Surely your heart is in the keeping of some one more fortunate than I."

"I am my own keeper," replied Leila, somewhat proudly; "but listen to a story I have to tell you, and then, perhaps, you will cease to

wonder at my indifference to the splendor with which you surround me. I am not of the same race as the childish, apathetic inmates of your harem; a quicker, nobler blood is in my veins, and a proud impatience of restraint that belongs to another nation—it is the Anglo Saxon.”

“Are you not from India?” inquired the sultan, in surprise.

“It is not my birthplace, I believe—at least, I am of English parents. Seventeen years ago, Alawi, my nurse, then in Calcutta, was engaged by a British officer, whose regiment was ordered to another part of the country, to attend upon his wife and infant daughter during the voyage. When nearly arrived at the place of destination, a terrible storm arose, and the vessel was shipwrecked. Alawi, who had been lashed to a spar, was washed on shore with me in her arms; but although several bodies were found, my father and mother were not among them.

“Alawi knew not what to do, as there were no English residents in the place to whom she could tell my birth, and she entered the service of a rajah's wife, retaining the privilege of keeping me with her. Years passed on, and I arrived at my sixteenth year, when the young prince, the rajah's only son, slightly my senior, and whose playmate I had always been, became attached to me, and declared I should be his wife. His mother did not intend that honor for the foster-child of her ayah, and hated me from that hour; while I, having long ago been told what Alawi knew of my history, was not at all desirous of the connection. I had received a superior education from a mollah or scribe in the employ of the rajah, and who had once lived in Calcutta long enough to know considerable of English people and customs, and my dearest hope was, that some day a fortunate chance would restore me to my country people, if not to my relatives. Judge, then, of my distress, on learning that I was to be sold to a slave merchant, and carried to Constantinople. But, with the faithful Alawi who insisted on sharing my fortunes, I resigned myself to the hands of fate. Our voyage was prosperous; but immediately on landing, I was conveyed to a dwelling, where I was treated with an attention to which I was little accustomed, and furnished with a host of articles of the use of which I was totally ignorant. From thence I was brought hither, where I pine for my lost freedom, and unfettered liberty of speech and action.”

“Cannot anything reconcile you to the position of the sultan's favorite? Methinks it is not so unenviable as to excite much compassion,” said Mahmoud, with slight sarcasm.

“Does my lord fancy the glittering jewels and costly garments, in which he is pleased to deck me—the splendid apartments and parade of attendants, with which he is pleased to surround me—or a place in his harem, with the privilege of listening to the meaningless chatter of its inmates, occasionally fanning him to sleep, or singing to him when he is disposed to listen, offer me the slightest temptation? Does he imagine they afford the shadow of a compensation for the power to roam free as the air, untrammelled by the commands of a master?” And the indignant Leila turned away with flushed cheeks, and the air of a princess.

Mahmoud had never been braved thus before, and admiration mingled with his impatience, as he replied:

“Bestow your love on me, and you shall be my sultana, you shall rule me; a palace shall be built for you on some beautiful spot, sufficiently secluded to permit a wide range, and singers, dancers, and even learned mollahs shall be at your command.”

“Do not suppose, O defender of the faithful, that my highest idea of enjoyment consists in continual wandering, or that singers, dancers and scribes are my chief desires in life; besides, how am I to become sultana, when the Lady Zorayda fills that position?”

“One word from you, and the Lady Zorayda fills no position at all, unless it be a sack in the Bosphorus!” exclaimed the monarch, carried away by a desire to possess an object apparently unattainable.

“Heaven forbid!” cried Leila, recoiling from her companion in horror; “I would never even look upon you again, if your soul was stained with the murder of a fellow-mortal. But if Allah should see fit to remove the sultana, I would never share a heart with others. No! If my lord would indeed make me his grateful friend, he will help me to find my relations, if I have any, and restore me to them,” said Leila, with tearful earnestness that moved Mahmoud more than he chose to acknowledge; and rising to avoid a further pleading, he summoned his attendants and retired.

Passing along by the sultana's apartments, Mahmoud heard the sound of a lute, and entering an ante-room, signified his intent to visit her. Just having finished an elaborate toilet, the lady did not need to make any delay; but not wishing to appear eager for the royal presence, after the long neglect she had experienced, full five minutes were allowed to pass before the signal for admission was given. Lifting the curtain, Mahmoud entered a magnificent apartment,

and beheld Zorayda seated in indolent repose on a divan, and beside her the favorite Katinka. Casting a languid glance upward, the haughty beauty bade her visitor welcome, and seating himself on a rich carpet at the feet of both ladies, and resting his arm on the divan, while the attendant presented a lighted chibouk, the sultan said :

"Did I not hear singing a short time since?"

"My lord says right—his humble slave was amusing herself with a new song," replied Zorayda.

Mahmoud felt the contrast between this servile emptiness and the piquant frankness of Leila's manner very forcibly, but requesting a repetition of the music, he applied himself to the beloved nargileh which Leila would not admit in her apartment. The ballad was tolerably lengthy, and before it was concluded, the empty little head of Katinka was nodding in sleep.

Quite appeased by the praise bestowed on her performance, and the consideration of a visit exclusively on her account, Zorayda grew gracious. But envy and rage filled her heart when the sultan observed that Leila was as impatient of restraint as ever, and he feared she would begin to droop.

"A wild, strange being—it is my opinion that she despises the palace, its inmates, and even the owner of it," replied the artful woman, watching the effect of her words.

The sultan recollected her fearless speeches to him, and reflected that she might not have kept her pretty irreverence for his especial benefit. Mahmoud's pride took alarm, and stroking his beard, he exclaimed :

"Inshallah ! Does the girl laugh at us ? I think so truly, since we receive no thanks for the many favors conferred upon her, and our endeavors for her happiness meet only with complaints and discontent."

"Has she indeed been bold enough to equal herself with our lord and master the sultan, and presume on favors from one whose glance alone exalts the fortunate one above all her sex ?" exclaimed Zorayda, in well counterfeited astonishment and horror.

"Such shall not long be the case," was the ominous reply.

"May the sultan live forever ! If so insignificant a being as I might hope to speak and live, I should say that a sack, or the bowstring were fitting punishment for the slave, only that it would be too much of an honor to be the subject of even such a command, from the descendant of even such a prophet."

By that sudden revulsion of feeling to which

all are liable, caused perhaps by this abject flattery, or the contrast between Zorayda's contemptible delight in mischief and her rival's generous magnanimity, and it may be, discovering in the lady's unguarded manner at the prospect of success her malignant jealousy towards Leila, Mahmoud began to doubt if the young girl was capable of gratifying her vanity at his expense ; and indignant at the thought of being led by Zorayda, he turned suddenly upon her, and exclaimed, in a voice of thunder :

"Peace, idle creature ! I ask not counsel of women. Know that to her whom you thus eagerly seek to degrade, you owe your life !" And in his anger, the sultan briefly detailed his offer of making Leila sultana, which she declined to accept at the expense of another.

Throughout the whole Zorayda sat motionless in amazement, and concluding his reproof with a severe frown, Mahmoud left the now wide awake Katinka, who was sobbing in affright, to comfort her trembling mistress, who perceived her mistake in terror, fearing lest the conversation might reach Leila, and excite her to revenge. So little could she comprehend a great soul.

The next day, Neama entered Leila's chamber, and kneeling before her, presented a richly enamelled jewel-case. Lifting the lid, she drew forth a splendid necklace of pearls, and said :

"The Lady Zorayda desires your acceptance of this trifle, and begs you will wear it for her sake. She also hopes you will permit her to visit you to-day, and commence a friendship too long delayed."

Surprised at this unexpected act, and the request that followed it, Leila replied that she would be happy to receive the sultana, thinking to obtain from her an explanation that she did not consider proper to ask of the servant.

In a few hours, therefore, Zorayda came, and further astonished Leila by saluting her on both cheeks, and kissing her hands. At last she discovered that the sultana had heard she had saved her life, and remorse and gratitude prompted this demonstration.

"Surely you attach too much importance to so slight a thing. A few words that cost me no effort to speak, and were forgotten the next moment—of what value are they ?"

Every syllable added to the humiliation of Zorayda, and Leila continued :

"Besides, our friendship needs no present to cement it. I cannot deprive you of so costly and beautiful a jewel—allow me to return it ;" and she took the casket from a stand.

"Do not add to my mortification by insult," cried Zorayda. "If you will not accept my offering, I will never see it again;" and she made a passionate gesture.

Perceiving a refusal would wound and offend, Leila thanked her companion, who added :

"Complete my happiness, and let me clasp it around your neck."

The Odalisque bent her graceful head, and the sultana clasped the rich ornament on the snowy, swanlike throat, and urging Leila to visit her, Zorayda presently departed with Neama. Calling Zaidee to admire the gift, her friend expressed much delight that kindness had subdued her enemy.

Still the sultan continued to visit Leila, and offer every inducement to attach her to himself and her present condition, pleased and surprised to find that Zorayda warmly seconded his endeavors. It was of no avail, and losing the cheerful spirit of hope that had so long sustained her, the young girl began to droop. The color deserted her cheek by degrees, and the brilliancy fled from her eyes. Zaidee, exceedingly attached to her, devoted herself to the amusement of her friend; but a loss of health soon followed this depression of mind, and the songs and stories with which the fair Persian attempted to divert her, failed to accomplish any change.

Zorayda often visited Leila, who became daily more fragile, and shed tears over her with that excess of altered feeling so characteristic of her wild race, and insisted that Neama, who was an excellent nurse, should try her skill on the lovely patient, who, although she disliked the Armenian greatly, consented to please her friend, in spite of Zaidee's and Alawi's protest to the contrary.

As her debility increased, Leila ceased to pay the same attention to dress as formerly, and Zorayda's necklace, which was the last of her jewelry to be laid aside, was finally consigned to its casket. As Neama closed the lid, she said :

"I am afraid the Lady Zorayda will be much grieved to miss this from your neck; she does not imagine you so feeble—besides, she prized this ornament above all her others."

"I will insist upon returning it, then," replied Leila, sorry to have retained it so long.

"Then my mistress would certainly think you were going to leave us immediately."

Leila was perplexed, dreading to give pain, yet unwilling to keep her friend's favorite jewel, when Zaidee suggested a scheme to remedy both troubles. This was to order another necklace precisely similar, and present it to the sultana. The plan was highly approved, and Zaidee

was about to give directions to a slave, when Neama observed that her mistress had often wished the ruby in the clasp had been an opal, and Leila requested the Persian to order the alteration.

In a week, the ornaments were brought from the jeweller's. But Leila had sunk into a state of inaction and lethargy, that prevented her receiving any pleasure from the nice execution of her command. Zorayda, on the contrary, was delighted with her present, and especially admired the Indian fire opal, that contrasted so beautifully with the milky pearls, and wondered at her friend's indifference. Zaidee, however, was seriously alarmed at this state of apathy, which appeared more discouraging to her than the previous wasting away, and exerted all her influence even to annoying Leila, in endeavors to make her take exercise and shake off this sluggishness.

About this time, the sultana also became indisposed, and instead of listening to the advice of Neama that she would remain quiet, and gain strength, she persisted in making frequent excursions into the country to a palace which Mahmoud had given her, hiding her increasing pallor and loss of health by rich dress, cosmetics, and reckless gaiety, and eagerly striving to win back the heart of the sultan.

Leila, who under the affectionate care of Zaidee was slowly recovering her former looks and spirits, saw but little of the princess, when one morning the seraglio was electrified with the news that the Lady Zorayda was dead. Scarcely believing the report, Leila hastened to the chamber of the sultana, and was admitted by Neama, whose countenance confirmed the rumor. On a couch lay the inanimate form of Zorayda, in the rich garments she had last put on, and around her neck the carcanet of jewels; but her countenance was swollen and livid, while a dark purple line under the necklace explained the cause of this bloated appearance—Zorayda had died of poison!

Zaidee, who had followed her friend, took her by the hand and led her away from the melancholy scene; but no sooner were they alone, than the Persian buried her face on Leila's shoulder, and burst into tears. Much surprised, Leila earnestly inquired the cause of this sudden and inexplicable grief, since the sultana was not so great a favorite as to occasion it. Zaidee, after a great deal of urging, confessed that when the Lady Zorayda had presented the necklace with so much apparent friendship, she had suspected a sinister design; but about the time when a duplicate was ordered from the jeweller,

she had satisfied herself that her suspicions were correct, and Neama's desire that an opal might be substituted for a ruby in the new necklace, she believed to proceed from fear lest, by a mistake, they might be changed.

But adding to Leila's instructions, the Persian had directed that an opal should be inserted in the clasp of the ornament sent as a pattern, and a ruby in the other. The ruse succeeded, and Zaidee, who had hoped that when the sultana became ill, the fatal toy would be laid aside, on account of its oppressive weight, saw with dismay that its becoming richness prevented this wish from being realized; feeling guilty of murder every day, yet fearing to reveal the secret to Leila on account of giving a shock to her feeble health, and certain that to inform Mahmoud would only hasten the sultana's doom, Zaidee was in great perplexity, when the sudden death of Zorayda, accelerated by her late anxiety and dissipation, made the poor girl so wretched that she could no longer bear the burden of silence.

Leila embraced the devoted friend to whom she owed her life, and felt the justice of the awful retribution, although she lamented it. Her chief anxiety now was, lest the sultan should urge her to fill the station that no insurmountable obstacle now prevented her accepting. But to her astonishment, on his next visit, Mahmoud, in a dejected tone, inquired if she had any memento of her parents, and she eagerly produced a small locket containing hair, and a fine cambric handkerchief with a crest and initials nearly faded out by time, which had been about her neck at the time of the shipwreck.

In a few days, Mahmoud again came, and this time announced that the articles had been sent to the British ambassador, who had recognized the crest at once, and was acquainted with the family. As Leila supposed, her parents had perished, but her uncle, who was now the head of the house, was living in England, and had often lamented that his brother's infant daughter was not spared to him, to have been loved and cherished for her father's sake. As the ambassador was about returning to his country, his wife proposed taking Leila with them, and the sultan had come to bid the young girl farewell.

"You have raised my standard of right and justice, you have elevated my mind, and taught me the delight of having a true friend," said the sultan, in a mournful tone. "In fine, you have fitted me to enjoy the society of rational beings, only to leave me now to the idle prating of the idiots by whom I am surrounded."

"Bring them to your own level," replied

Leila, with enthusiasm. "But let me tell you that there is one in your palace who will love you for yourself alone, who is beautiful, and capable of being made a companion for any one. It is Zaidee, who came after my arrival, and I do not think you have scarcely seen her; in her, you will find a friend, and I leave her to you as a trust from me. Prove yourself as worthy of the fair Persian, as she will be faithful to you."

Taking Leila by both hands, Mahmoud gazed long and sadly at her bright face, radiant with happiness at the prospect of joining her kindred, and at length, with a deep sigh, turned quickly away and left her. This farewell pained Leila, but trusting to time and Zaidee to console him, she made the necessary preparations for departure.

The last evening spent by the young girls was full of sorrow, but Leila charged her pupil not to forget the beautiful precepts of the wise mollah, which had proved so serviceable to the orphan, and promising to send tidings of her future lot, they separated. In England, Leila found a delightful home, and ere long had the satisfaction of knowing that all her wishes in regard to Mahmoud and Zaidee were fulfilled, and every day she thanked the wise Providence that had made the carcanet of pearls an instrument of working good from evil.

KING OF THE CANNIBAL ISLANDS.

This terrible potentate, who has recently been called to an account for some of his iniquities by the U. S. sloop-of-war John Adams, seems to be a ferocious fellow. It is said he has eaten of the flesh of more than three hundred human beings, and is the greatest murderer and cannibal that ever existed. His name is Tue Vita, king of Fegee. It is charged that the English missionaries have encouraged him in his outrages. When called on board the John Adams, he begged for his life, and promised for the future to respect the lives and property of Americans. It is to be hoped that a provision was made in the treaty that he should respect their bodies also. —*Boston Post*.

A NATION WITHOUT A LANGUAGE.

The Swiss, being descended from French, Italian and German refugees, have no distinctive language of their own. Four languages, Italian, German, Retien and French, are spoken by different portions of the nation, and three of them, German, French and Italian are declared by law to be the national languages. German is spoken by 70 per cent. of the people; French by 23 per cent.; Italian by 5 per cent.; and Retien by 2 per cent. Of this population, about three-fifths are Protestant, and two-fifths Catholic. —*Tribune*.

Falsehood is never so successful as when she baits her hook with truth, and no opinions so fatally mislead as those not wholly wrong.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

BY MRS. R. T. ELDERIDGE.

The summer flowers had paled, and drooped, and died,
 And autumn brought new loveliness for me;
 At times my wayward heart seemed sorely tried,
 Earth's chastened sunlight held no charms for me,
 And bitter thoughts stole o'er me when alone,
 I mused o'er joys once fondly called my own.

"Father," I cried, when none were nigh to hear,
 "Look down in mercy on thy wayward child;
 That this fair earth may once again seem dear,
 O, let me feel the sunlight of thy smile."
 A low voice whispered softly unto me—
 "Mortal, as is thy day thy strength shall be."

Then baby voices, soft and strangely low,
 Fell like sweet music on my yearning heart;
 Fond smiles that cheered my spirit long ago,
 Remembered, loved, and shrined of life a part!
 Dear memory, backward on thy golden wing,
 To my lone heart lest darling treasures bring.

And soon there came a friend to cheer my life,
 Of gentle mien—of low and feeble tread,
 For she had felt the hand of care and strife,
 And she had mourned o'er pleasures long since fled.
 With throbbing heart I hailed her to my bower,
 As children welcome spring's first fragrant flower.

I doubted not her sad and gentle smile,
 Though I had learned to doubt in years gone by;
 She seemed as artless as a little child,
 A chastened lovelight lingered in her eye;
 Pride yielded 'neath the sunshine of her smile,
 My pent up feelings gushed forth free and wild.

On rapid wings the autumn hours sped on,
 And winter came with sunbeams wan and pale;
 Love's holy light still kept my spirit warm,
 I scarcely heeded sunshine, hail, or rain;
 My friend in need was ever lingering near,
 Soothing each doubt, and calming each wild fear.

Father, if every frail and suffering child
 Would lean on thee when called life's ills to bear,
 Thou'lt ne'er withhold from them thy pitying smile,
 For thou wilt soothe each heart that's worn with care.
 Lead me, dear Shepherd, wheresoe'er I go,
 Through pastures where pure, living waters flow!

MOUSAN THE MISER.

BY DR. J. V. O. SMITH.

IN the time of Sultan Mahmoud the Second, there resided at the southern extremity of Pera, the Frank quarter of Constantinople, a little round-shouldered man named Sacton Mousan. He had a sprinkling of Armenian blood coursing through his veins, but how 't got there he was never exactly informed, nor did he care to ascertain, since he much preferred to be considered a genuine Turk, to being suspected to be a hybrid.

Although Mousan apparently smoked as much Syrian tobacco from the first call of the muezzin to morning prayers till sunset, as his neighbors, he found opportunity of gathering more from observation from sunrise to sundown, than any half dozen of his neighbors. It was a governing maxim with Mousan, that idleness brought no profit. This was a discovery made in early life, by observing that people who were continually counting their beads, and saying "Allah, Allah mac shan," without using their fingers in some regular employment, never became rich.

Sacton Mousan had no inheritance but poverty. "If that had any marketable value, then," said he, "I should have been worth as much as the Capudan Pasha. However, poverty would not buy kabobs at the cook shop, nor pay the sultan's taxes when the collector passed through the district. So Sacton Mousan determined very early in the commencement of life, to deal in realities. Gold could be seen as well as felt.

"Poverty also," exclaimed Diafar, the cobbler, who had a stall next door, in the course of their conversations on the ways of the Gionars, "can be seen and felt, too; but one inspires energy, and when seen, commands respect, while the latter gives first the blues and then the very blackness of despair."

When people are disposed to be argumentative, there are plenty of topics to expend breath upon. It was so with Diafar. He wanted to talk most of the time, or at least, he had something to say as often as he took the pipe stem from his lips. Mousan was sufficiently civil to be neighborly; still he had an inward conviction that it would not pay. "For," said he to himself, a hundred times over, "money can enter a harem, poverty can't squeeze into a caravansera."

"Money, ay, money, is power: it will move hearts or mountains; it is a magic wand in a fairy's hand; it's a panacea for trouble; it's a friend in need; it's a polyglot, speaking all languages; it's a sword to command the faithful; a lever to remove obstacles. Money could be exchanged for a pashalic; it can build a palace and stock it with houris. I will have money—yes money, money—money is power."

Thus soliloquized and thus cogitated Mousan the miser, yet he had not a para, nor a way of raising a piaster, which is five times more.

Mousan had not smoked up to his six and twentieth year with both eyes shut. No, he examined the Frangees, as they passed by the doorway where he generally sat, observing the art of the tight garments, strangling cravats and boots too small for their infidel feet. "Poor devils," he frequently whispered to himself, for

there are some sentiments it will not answer to give to the wind in Stamboul, even though uttered in the language of the Koran. "Poor devils!" and there was no one harmed in thinking of them, and sympathising in their unhappy destiny. After taking another whiff, the imitation amber mouth piece was withdrawn, and while the smoke, like the turn of a corkcrew, was twisting its way towards the zenith, he would still repeat, for the fortieth time, "poor devils," as group after group were ascending the steep avenue from Tophana, near the great fire tower. "You can get money, but no share in the Paradise of the Prophet."

Somebody may have the vulgar curiosity to know how a smoking philosopher of this calibre could have existed in the thickets of Constantinople twenty-six years, without having moved a finger to better his condition. How do a million of dogs subsist in the same great city? There is a problem for the wise ones. Nobody knows, but it is generally believed they have a poor living, as they depend principally upon charity. A man is worth more than a dog—who knows but he may have kabobs from that source? At the well Zem-zen, whoever is thirsty may quench his thirst without thanking anybody. Mousan might have gone there, had he a desire.

Not knowing how Mousan was fed or clothed, no further speculations are needed on that point. Those who choose may reflect upon that theme for themselves.

"How do those vile unbelievers obtain so much cash?" This was another in the series of undertone questions propounded and answered by the same suppressed voice. "If I inquire," said Mousan, "possibly the secret may be revealed. It costs nothing to make the experiment."

Next morning, while at his usual post between the lintels of a rickety door, squatted on the threshold, watching the ascending smoke from the pipe bowl just as he had done from the beginning, a respectable old man in plain garments of civilization, with long white locks floating over a high coat collar, and in small clothes, came along deliberately, without seeming to be startled at the beautiful housings of the Tefterdar's Arabian steed, then being led by an Albanian groom, or the huge aroba, rumbling onward towards the sweet waters of Europe, filled with Circassians from the palace of Murad Pasha, the chief of police.

This amazed Mousan. "He must be stupid, as some of the Christians are said to be in their own country, not to raise his optics even for a single look," thought Mousan.

Withdrawing the pipe from the deep furrow in the under lip where it rested steadily, and follow-

ing the old Giourar a few rods, he came up in a modest manner, saluting him in the name of the prophet. "May a hundred moons shine on your bald head," said Mousan, respectfully, salaaming as he pronounced the benediction, with an ease and grace befitting a master of ceremonies. Neither surprised nor alarmed, the old gentleman stopped, and, with a courtesy characteristic of a well bred stranger, heard what Mousan was pleased to repeat.

"May you have a hundred sons to strengthen your house," said Mousan, "and all your daughters be the delight of pashas with three tails, O, happy howadjii," again spoke Mousan, with additional salaams.

"Pardon me, for so it is written in the book of books, the wise shall forbear and teach the ignorant. Jews, the accursed race, gather gold and silver under circumstances both oppressive, and to the short-sightedness of your slave, unrighteous; but by the decrees of Allah, who can avert, the Armenian becomes a banker to the sultan, with the privilege of appearing in front of a mosque which he despises, in a scarlet fez and tarbousch. The Greeks gather pearls, amber, precious stones, and buy majasmes, the eating of which makes the fairest ladies sigh for them; but here am I, who never avenged a fly, with nothing but my wits. Tell me then, reverend gray beard, how to become rich."

"Is that all you require?" said the man in small clothes. "Procure a wife; he that hath a good one hath a great treasure," and on he walked, leaving Mousan in a brown study.

That afternoon Mousan strolled through the bazaar, hoping to discover cheap slaves on sale, fully resolved to purchase on credit, as he had no money. On the way he saw a yellow slipper, with a long turn-up toe, lying under the window of a magnificent house. The panes of glass, as customary in all cities inhabited by the faithful, were admirably secured by gilded bars.

On close inspection, a note was found forced up into the extremity of the shoe. He turned the corner, and read on satin paper, these lines:

"Whoever finds this, will find something worth having, by standing under the middle window of the third story, in the alley, at the ninth hour this night; may the prophet's cloak cover the believer who ventures on the expedition."

"Mashallah!" said Mousan, audibly; "nothing venture nothing have, say the Giourars."

Punctually at the moment he was on the ground, occasionally looking upward, because it was natural to conjecture that blessings would come down from above if they came at all. He was not long kept in suspense—slowly, a dark

body began to descend. "Should it be a mill-stone," said Mousan, "and the cord breaks, the sultan will lose a subject." In another instant it reached the pavement. With proper caution Mousan gave it a rigid scrutiny before laying a finger too near the lion's mouth, if lion it should be. To his delight, it proved to be a splendid cloak, lined with ermine. "Very well—there is nothing bad in that," thought the receiver. In another moment, down came another equally huge mass. "Another cloak, perhaps," was in his mind. It was not a cloak; no, it was something with a beating heart. Mousan untied the cord, and in doing so felt a terrible throbbing.

Again he said to himself, "If this is a man, the sooner he is disposed of, the quicker I shall be relieved of a burden."

No chronicle has explained how he ascertained that the second installment was a woman.

"Mousan," was whispered in his great ear, "I trust all to you. Conceal me in your box at Pera."

There was no alternative. If he had run, why, the patrols would have arrested him; the dogs would have howled, and the woman have been sent to the bottom of the Bosphorus, the next day, in a red bag.

Like two friends away they sped to his quarter in Pera. He had no light. However, they groped through the door, and Mousan told her to occupy the further corner, while he kept on the lookout in front. As soon as the sun was up, he was in raptures with the gazelle eyes, the blushing cheeks, the raven locks, the henna stained nails, the gorgeous dress, the diamond bracelets and the noble figure and divine gracefulness of his charge. "Lucky dog am I," he was continually repeating; "a wife free of all cost."

At the eleventh hour, the sun having darted his bright rays into the dome of the holy mosque of Achmet the Slayer, heralds were everywhere offering rewards for the sultan's daughter, the beautiful Sameri el Yatan, or the Peacock's Eye. She had been promised to a favorite of her exacting father. By suppressing a rebellion in Albania, he had immensely gratified the disposer of heads, who, to encourage others with an expectation of gaining what he would not have to give, another princess, the Peacock's Eye was designed to be the recompense of his bravery.

Sameri, through the lattice that barricaded her windows, saw a sprightly youth daily practising horsemanship, whom she looked upon till she was miserable, on those days when the young man omitted the customary exercise.

Of course she could not know who he was, or where he could be found. She was resolved to

make a bold effort to find him, on hearing the announcement made the very day on which her slaves let her down from the window, that she had been bestowed on the Albanian victor.

Women are more courageous than the rougher sex. When dangers thicken, and where their affections are concerned, men sink into utter insignificance in comparison with the fertile expedients they promptly devise.

After hearing the herald and the promised reward, she was fearful of being betrayed, having discovered by what she saw and heard, of the poverty of her protector. Her energy of character never forsook her; not a nerve refused its office.

"Mousan," she said, for he had told her all about himself, and how he wanted to be rich, "find the young horseman, which you may easily accomplish by going to the place of exercise. Bring him here, but without declaring the object, or betraying me. Be faithful, and you shall be rich."

Precisely as directed, the horseman was at the accustomed exercise. Mousan approached him in the name of the prophet. "Born of happiness—come with me that you may learn a lesson to teach to others."

Surprised as he might be with a salutation so odd from a shabby fellow like him, the young man said, "*nothing venture nothing have*," and followed. He made his horse fast to a post near the house of the dancing dervishes, and then kept close on the footsteps of Mousan to his door.

The Peacock's Eye thrilled with emotion. He was more marble-like than he had been before. He fell on his knees, a position a Mussulman never takes, except in one of the postures of prayer. "Princess!—who can you be but the princess? All Stamboul is in commotion. The guns at the arsenal are proclaiming the sultan's grief at the loss of his daughter, and messengers are threading their way round about, proclaiming that the princess has been borne away by the angels on the wings of the clouds. To me she was betrothed! You are the fair Sameri el Yatan. I am Schakmet Pasha." She swooned in his arms! Mousan stood looking on, half petrified with fear, but somewhat vexed with himself for having brought in a rival. "Matters are coming to a climax," he mumbled to himself. "This is not getting a wife after all, scot free; but what is to be done? If I drive him out, the Peacock's Eye will have no eye for me. Certainly they love one another."

While these reflections were running through his mind, Schakmet gave directions how to proceed: "Go to the palace of his majesty the sui-

tan, and ask what shall be the reward of him who restores the Peacock's Eye."

Difficulties were many and vexations before the question reached the kishlaragha; but it did, and was carried forward to the apartment of the concealed. Said the sultan through the stentorian lungs of the same black messenger: "Whoever returns the princess, shall be the Tefterdar of the royal household. His salary shall be a million piasters per month. He shall be quartered at the royal kiosk at the north of Scutari, and have a roast fowl on Friday, from the kitchen of his master."

Mousan's head swam with visions of delight. Being tremendous hungry, the idea of a roast fowl seemed to have a visible form, dancing just before his eyes, all the way back to his locked up prizes. With a royal guard, himself adorned with a blue scarf and a chain of gold dangling from his neck to the saddle knob, the procession wended onward to the palace. They arrived safely at the gate of felicity, which opened upon its brassen hinges and permitted the princess and Schakmet to enter, and then closed again as though moved by an invisible power.

Just as he had been promised, all the conditions were fully and perfectly realized. He sat on a silken divan at the entrance of the treasury department, with the high sounding distinction of Tefterdar or treasurer. With such means at his disposal, "now," said Mousan, "I will have a wife to my liking."

Besides visiting the slave market in person, servants were directed to ransack not only the public bazars, but all the private establishments of the Jew brokers, for something rare and extraordinary in the line of female beauty.

"Anybody may find an ugly woman. It would be ridiculous in me, with ample means, to purchase a homely commodity, therefore my wife shall be handsome." Word was brought that a beauty of the rarest character was to be had, unsight unseen, for the sum he received for one month's wages in the treasury. At this he cried out in dignified rage, striking an open Koran with his jewelled fist, "It is too much. I would not give that for the Princess Sameri el Yatan!"

Before the words had died in the air, a door opened in the wall, and the princess herself stood before him. "Then you would not part with a month's wages for the daughter of the sultan?" Abashed, his head fell upon his breast.

"Schakmet Pasha died in battle. His last message to me, and my royal father sanctioned it, was this: 'Be the loving wife of our deliverer, Sacton Mousan the treasurer.' I sent the message, and fixed the price to try your heart.

Money has destroyed the good intentions that were honorable to you in poverty. You will never see my face again."

While bewildered with his rash folly, a slave announced a successor to the Tefterdar, who squandered all his property, and Sacton Mousan returned to the old doorway in Pera, as poor as he left it. Those who passed by, as long as he lived, used to point him out to strangers, saying, "There sits Mousan the miser, who preferred money to a good wife, and therefore lost a great treasure."

A REVOLUTIONARY INCIDENT.

During the retreat from the city of New York, on the 16th of September, 1776, Greene, at the head of a small detachment, was riding up the middle road, towards Harlem Heights where the American army was to unite. An artillery carriage, without the gun, came rapidly along the road, when Greene ordered the driver to stop.

"Where is your piece of cannon?" said Greene, sternly.

"Please you, general, the British were so close behind me, that I thought it best to leave the gun, to save myself, the men and horses."

"Face right about?" said Greene, "or I will run you through!" drawing his sword at the same time. The man could do nothing but obey.

"Now, gentlemen," he continued, "let us recover the gun."

They rode back as fast as possible, found the cannon, a brass six-pounder, placed it on its carriage, and in the face of the British troops, then advancing, successfully escaped. This shows, in a measure, the decision of character of Greene. —*Morning Star.*

WELL SAID.

The Indian, in his native condition, is no fool, as the following anecdote related by a Washington correspondent of the Baltimore Republican attests:—We met Col. Sam Stambourg to-day in the rotunda of the capitol, and while we were looking at the carved representations over the doorways of the rotunda, the veteran Indian agent told us that in 1830, with a delegation of the Menominee Indians, he visited the capitol, and explained the nature and design of the stone groups in the rotunda, when the chief, "Grizzly Bear," turned to the eastern doorway, over which there is a representation of the landing of the Pilgrims, and said, "There, Ingen give white man corn;" and to the north, representing Penn's treaty, "There, Ingen give um land;" and to the west, where Pocahontas is seen saving the life of Captain Smith, "There, Ingen save um life;" and lastly to the south, where the hardy pioneer, Daniel Boone, is seen plunging his knife into the heart of one red man, while his foot is planted on the dead body of another, "And there, white man kill Ingen."

Look not mournfully into the past—it cannot return; wisely improve the present—it is thine; go forth to meet the shadowy future without fear, and with a manly heart.

MY HOME.

BY MRS. MARY J. KESSELMER.

I love it, I love it, my beautiful home,
Where the birds in the springtime so cheerily come,
From the wild mocking-bird to the soft cooing dove,
They sing round my home in friendship and love.
I love it, I love it for the many sweet hours
Spent at my home, mid its jessamine bowers.

I love it, I love it, the bright evergreen
That grow round my home, they're the loveliest seen—
The dark holly-bush, the bright cedar tree,
The wild brier-rose, are all dear to me.
I love it, I love it, the many sweet hours,
Spent at my home, with its birds, trees and flowers.

I love it, I love it, and long may I see
The wren build its nest in the old oak tree:
Or list to the mocking-bird warbling his lay,
Or else to the lark at the ope of the day,
Who as upward and onward his course is to fly,
Tells his sweet matin song to the Maker on high.

Yes, I love them, I love them, those scenes so dear,
And oft to my eye springs the unbidden tear,
As I think on my home and the friends I loved there,
Who used with my joys and sorrows to share;
Should I live but to see thee, ne'er again will I roam,
Until I leave thee forever, my childhood's sweet home.

THE LOVER'S LEAP.

BY MAURICE SILLINGSBY.

THERE is perhaps no part of England so rich in legends and well preserved traditions, handed down orally from generation to generation among the inhabitants, as Derbyshire. Derbyshire is justly celebrated for its picturesque scenery, the fine country-seat of the Duke of Devonshire, and its almost inexhaustible stores of limestone. For miles around, from this point, you may see the bright blaze of the numberless lime kilns, shooting up their innumerable sparks, which come dancing down again through all the long night, and through all the long year—for ages, perhaps, and so incessantly, too, that it might almost seem a positive necessity to continue on in the same way for an incalculable period of time.

There are many anecdotes in circulation among the peasantry, relating to the present duke, one of which I will take the liberty to relate as prefatory to the "Lover's Leap," it being not only characteristic of an Englishman, but also of the great duke himself, whose immense wealth, magnificent style of living, and munificent liberality, have extended his well-earned reputation across the water.

It chanced one day that a poor coal-carrier, as he was carting coal in sacks to the kilns in Cawver, discovered the mouth of one sack to have loosened suddenly, and removing it from the back of the ass, he commenced gathering up the scattered fragments, which no sooner had he accomplished, than he found it impossible to restore it to its place again. Noticing just then a large, powerful looking man walking leisurely along the road, with his hands behind him, he cried out, lustily: "This way! this way, man, and gi'e us a ha'penny's lift, will ye?"

The stranger, roused from his reverie by the call, and entirely content to humor the whim of the carrier, came briskly forward and laid hold of the other end of the sack. Being unused to this kind of exercise, his hands slipped off two or three times before he succeeded in restoring his end, the awkwardness of which the carrier took the liberty to censure roundly, all of which was taken by the stranger with perfect equanimity and good humor. After they were through, the stranger desired to know why he did not purchase a horse and cart, which would certainly be much more profitable than carrying it in sacks.

"It is as much as I can do," answered the carrier, bluntly, "to feed my two asses, much more to buy a horse and cart, which would cost me full twenty guineas."

"You should apply to the duke," responded the stranger; "he is said to be very liberal with those who are deserving."

"I say the duke," cried the other, making a cabalistic sign with his thumb against his nose, and a perpendicular elevation of his four fingers, which seemed to say: "That's a pretty good joke, now, but you don't think I'm so ignorant as to be caught in that trap?"

The stranger, who had observed him narrowly, here asked if he doubted the duke's goodness.

"No, I don't say that," said the carrier, "for I think the duke is a good fellow, if you only have a spare guinea or two."

"Why, what do you mean by that?" inquired the stranger, reddening.

"Well, it is just this much, flat," said the carrier. "If I have a guinea for the per. ar, I can see the duke; but if I haven't the guinea, I am turned away—I can't see him."

"Do you mean I am to understand this as the truth?" demanded the other, sternly.

"Why, bless your soul, man," responded the carrier, laughing, "haven't I been there myself and been refused, and don't I know a round dozen that could tell you the same story, if you would take the trouble?"

"Never mind," said the other, changing his

come to one of cheerful encouragement, "you pay the duke a visit to-morrow, and I think he will give you an audience."

The carrier shook his head dubiously.

"It's no use! I wouldn't give a rusty farthing for all my chances of seeing him!"

"But you shall see him!" cried the stranger, vehemently; "for I am stopping with the duke myself, and I will bespeak an audience for you. When you call at the porter's lodge, inquire for me—Maxwell." And with this he turned and walked vigorously away.

The next day, the carrier presented himself at the duke's palace and inquired for Maxwell. Without asking a word as to perquisites, the porter conducted him straight to the usher, who in turn led him into the grand reception-room, where the duke was sitting attired in a magnificent court dress. In a moment, the carrier recognized in the duke's features his quondam friend and co-laborer of the preceding day, and without offering a word, he fell on his knees before him in an attitude of supplication.

"Arise, my honest friend!" said the duke, coming forward. "There is no occasion for this! You have no cause to fear me."

And with this he rang a bell, which was speedily answered by a handsome page in sky-blue pants and a crimson jacket.

"Bid the porter come to me!" said the duke.

The page retired, and a moment after the porter entered.

"Now, my good friend," said the duke, turning to the carrier, "state to this man what you did to me yesterday."

The porter, who now recognized the carrier as one of those applicants whom he had turned away on a former occasion, began to look extremely crest-fallen.

"Speak up, man," said the duke; "you have nothing to fear!"

Thus assured, the carrier went on and related all, and much more than he had on the day preceding. The porter succeeded in stammering out some sort of an excuse, but was speedily frowned into silence by the duke. After he had concluded his story, the duke turned to the porter, and said: "Now, sir, your stay here depends on your making a clean breast of it."

The poor fellow broke down and acknowledged everything. He said he had only thought of the money; the consequence had never occurred to him, but he would be sure and mend in the future.

Said the duke: "The consequence is trifling to you, for you have made your office in my household that of a sinecure; but to me the re-

sult is of immense moment. Here, for years, have I not been pleased to style myself the patron of the poor, only to awaken now and discover that those alone who possessed the means to bribe my domestics, and consequently did not need it, have been the sole recipients of my bounty. I shall look to it in the future. If I did by you as I almost feel it my duty to do, I should forthwith discharge you from my service forever. I might crush you, but what benefit to me, or what benefit to the poor whom your cupidity has defrauded, would result from it? The mission of a wise man is to create instead of destroying, to support instead of pulling down; and by my forbearance in the present instance, I trust I shall not only punish for past offences, but shall encourage to better deeds in the future. You may go, now, and see that you have in readiness, against this poor man's coming, a horse and cart suitable for his business." And with this injunction, he waved the stricken culprit from his presence.

After he was gone, the duke turned to the carrier and said: "Now, my honest friend, do you longer doubt the duke's willingness to assist the deserving?"

The carrier would have embraced the man, had not the conventional shadow of a dukedom stood between them. As it was, he drew his coarse sleeve across his eyes, and dislodged some drops of moisture that had gathered there.

"You will come every year and tell me how you get on?" said the duke, as the carrier made his last awkward bow at the door of the audience-chamber.

No man in England is perhaps so idolized by the peasantry as the Duke of Devonshire. He is the patron of all harmless sports and recreations. He is the presiding genius of the May-day and harvest festivals, on which occasions the jocund feast in the open air, and many other primitive customs are revived.

Chatsworth Hall, the Duke of Devonshire's palace, is situated on a side hill, and surrounded and made up of almost everything of imaginable splendor—gardens, terraces, obeliskal sculpture, parks, conservatories, fountains with dripping naiads, and the waters sparkling and dancing among the pendant branches of the willows. There is also the royal nursery, where a great many of the sovereigns of England have each planted a tree.

The duke is now an old man, and resides most of the time here. Strangers may know when the duke is at home by the Union Jack, which is to be seen floating from one of the towers. It is said that in early life the duke was

much addicted to the "turf," being for a long time the leading feature and principal supporter of the "Chesterfield Races." But of late years he has exhibited a more serious turn; has taken much interest in church affairs, in promoting the interests of the poor, and generally in improving the condition of the peasantry around him. In 1846, the interior of the old Chesterfield church was remodelled by order of the duke, and free pews were placed in it. Chesterfield is about twelve miles from Chatsworth, and there are many legends and superstitions connected with this church. The steeple is built in a twisted, zigzag form, so that in standing in any position beneath, it looks as though it were about to topple down upon you. Near the altar is to be seen the breast bone of a cow, said to have been endowed with an inexhaustible udder, till one day a malicious old witch conceived the diabolical notion of milking it dry through a sieve, which no sooner had she accomplished, than the creature dropped down dead at her feet. The people, who looked upon the cow as an especial gift from heaven, were so indignant at the foul doings of the witch that they forthwith strung her up to the church steeple, when lo! the very steeple itself becoming curious to know upon which side they had hung so infamous a character, stooped over to look, which is one explanation of its present twisted appearance. Another is that a peasant girl came there one day of such wondrous beauty, that the steeple could not resist nodding at her, which is quite as likely to be true as the other, though certainly a high compliment to the young lady's charms.

About a mile from the village of Cawver, on the road to the duke's residence, is a colossal limestone rock, facing on the road, and rising perpendicularly to a height of ninety feet. It is known to the peasantry around by the title of "The Lover's Leap," and is the subject of a curious old legend. As the story runs, a young lord who had come up from London to attend the races at Chesterfield, discovered one day at the fair a peasant girl of such rare beauty that he instantly fell in love with her, and forthwith ordered his servant to follow her on her return, and inform him where she resided as soon as he had fully ascertained.

About midnight, the servant returned, and gave information that she was the daughter of a small farmer residing in Cawver. How to make her acquaintance, the patrician young lord was at a loss to decide; so he recalled his servant, who had a most excellent head at plotting, and laid the case before him.

"If your lordship goes there on purpose to see

her," said the fellow, scratching his head, "the girl will take affright, and then the old folks will take affright; so the next thing—whip—off they'll go and hide up somewhere, your honor, and you'll not get a sight of 'em. You must go to work sort of natural like, and everything must be done just as if it were accident."

"And what plan would you suggest?" said his lordship.

"Why, I'll tell you, your honor," answered the servant. "You must get into the farmhouse by accident, that is as though it was all unexpected to you, and any other house would do just as well. And now I will tell you how I would do it, if I was you. Now supposing I was you, and you was I—that is, my servant, your honor—you see?" said the fellow, laying the tips of his two fore-fingers together emphatically. "I mount my horse, and you being my servant, you mount likewise, and we start off on the road to Cawver. When we get in sight of the farm-house, I point it out to you—no, you point it out to me—no, that's not it—I—no, you—that's it—you are my servant—now I have it—you point it out, and I clap spurs to my horse, and away I go rearing and plunging as though I hadn't the least control over the brute, and when I arrive opposite the house, I am thrown violently to the ground and severely injured. Then you come riding up with the greatest alarm, spring from your horse and cry out lustily for help. Then, as is quite natural, all the inmates will come rushing out to assist me—no, no! you!—to assist you in helping me into the house. You know something of surgery, and when I am put safely to bed, you can dress my wounds and for a day or two shake your head ominously to all questions, as though I was in the most imminent peril—ha, ha! And then I'll begin to mend. Or, *vice versa*!"

"Capital!" said his lordship. "We will attempt your stratagem to-morrow."

Accordingly, the young lord, accompanied by his servant, sallied forth on horseback the very next morning in the direction of Cawver. When they came in sight of the house, his lordship's horse began to rear and plunge, and by the time they arrived opposite, he was thrown with much force to the ground. The servant came up, and dismounting with a great look of trepidation, hallooed loudly for help. The next moment the door opened, and out ran the farmer, his wife, and their peerless daughter, whose name, if I mistake not, proved to be Elfrida. They were all extremely sorry that such a mishap should have befallen his lordship, at which his lordship smiled faintly; and then at

the urgent solicitations of the daughter, who seemed at first sight to have conceived a violent regard for him, the farmer, with the assistance of the servant, speedily bore his lordship into the house, where he was soon after installed in a nice little room, in a nice little bed, with a nice little patchwork counterpane. For the two following days the servant, who by previous arrangement had acted in the capacity both of nurse and surgeon to his lordship, looked very grave and ominous, and though he steadily affirmed that his master was now quite comfortable, and like to get well, he did not forget to mention yet more frequently that he had had a most wonderful escape of it.

On the third day, he desired Elfrida to sit by his master while he rode over to Chesterfield to transact some business for his lordship. Accordingly, with a fluttering heart, poor Elfrida stole into the invalid's chamber, and seated herself demurely in a vacant chair. His lordship, who feigned to have just awakened from sleep, soon succeeded in engaging her in conversation, which was kept up without flagging till the servant returned from Chesterfield.

All night long the handsome form of the young lord figured wonderfully in the dreams of Elfrida. She fancied they were wandering together through flowery meads and up mountain paths, and every now and then his lordship would fall on his knees before her, and declare his love in the most ardent and persuasive language. At length they approached a little church embowered among trees—a sort of fairy-like grotto, such as the imagination alone pictures—and were met at the porch by an aged rector with an abundance of long white beard which reached quite to his girdle. When they entered the church, they found a bridal party assembled, composed of lords and ladies in rich attire, each holding a wreath of evergreen, interwoven with every description of pastoral flower, and all united in singing one of those sweet bridal hymns, still extant among the peasantry. After they were through, the rector came forward and placed the hand of Elfrida in that of his lordship. Then there was a prolonged shout which seemed to shake the roof of the old church. After the noise had subsided, the rector, in the most musical tones she had ever listened to, repeated the marriage ritual, which in a twinkling transformed the beautiful peasant into the young lord's wife. Then came a second prolonged shout, louder and more deafening than the first, which had the virtue to bring the walls of the church about their ears with a crash, when she awoke.

Day after day, Elfrida continued to sit by his lordship, till such time as the slight scratch on his elbow would permit of his hobbling about on a crutch, which his considerate servant had been thoughtful enough to procure for him. But his intentions, instead of being honorable, as might be expected of a great lord, are to be regarded as exceedingly wicked and infamous. Suffice it to say that poor Elfrida, after a little while, fell a victim to the wiles of her cunning lover. He soon tired of his prize, and his next aim was to furnish a suitable pretext for deserting her. How to do this, he hardly knew. He disliked encouraging a hope which he felt could never be realized. His heart was not yet hardly corrupt enough to suffer him to go up to London with fair promises on his tongue, while the black lie still rested on his soul. He loved Elfrida, but then he was sensible that his rich and powerful father would never give his sanction to an alliance of this description. So one day when they were seated together, he says to Elfrida:

"O, woe is me! O, cruel fate that I had not been born a peasant instead of a lord! Then there would have been no obstacle between us; no one to say unto me, 'do thou so!' I should have been more content with thee, my love, than the most fortunate king on earth with his pampered mistress, or his royal consort. I should have been far more happy, if you will believe me. Then might I have turned the glebe and scattered the grain, and gathered an abundance of everything which the simple wants of nature require. I should have been ignorant of the world; my ambition would have led to rustic sports and simple athletic exercises; my highest aspirations would have been low; and all the glitter and gewgaw, the whirl and excitement and false views of everything, as received through the medium of artificial life, would have been to me a sealed book. But now I am a slave—a slave to parental authority; from birth and education a slave to public opinion; a slave to hereditary titles, lust, and pampered pride. I cannot break the chain. It was forged by Satan for the first among my ancestors, and has descended to me unbroken. It comes down to me with my titles and hereditary honors. I love you, dearest Elfrida; but should I be so reckless as to marry one in your humble walks of life, however good or beautiful or worthy, my father would from that moment disinherit me forever. Then indeed should I be more an object of pity, in my ignorance of what even the most unlettered hind may know, than the meanest pauper that ever felt the weight and authority of a beadle's nod. No, dearest Elfrida, I can

see no way at present of fulfilling my promise to you, without rendering us both the most wretched and miserable of created beings."

When his lordship concluded his harangue, poor Elfrida answered him through her tears, as follows :

"It would be selfish in me, my lord, to ask of you so great a sacrifice. But could you be happy in the society of one who loves you, with the comforts of life without its luxuries—one who would sacrifice everything in her power to minister to your ease and convenience—such a home have we to offer you, in case your father should think proper to withdraw from you his countenance."

"I see," answered his lordship, petulantly, "for the sake of being the wife of an impoverished lord, you would attire yourself in rags and subsist on air; but would you promise all this, were I a peasant, and as humble as yourself?"

"Were you a peasant, my lord," answered Elfrida, gently, "you would never have missed what you never experienced."

"True," responded his lordship, with a sarcastic smile. "Your love for the man is of that transitory quality which measures itself in accordance with the honor which his station confers. I may be rich to-day and poor to-morrow, but whatever fortune betide, I am none the less a lord—a peer of the realm. The opulence of a name has dazzled your simple heart, Elfrida. You do not love me for myself alone—of this am I convinced!"

"O, no," cried Elfrida, weeping, "you must not, you shall not be convinced of so great a falsehood! O, my lord, I have not the language to express to you the full measure of my sincerity—my love—my devotion!"

"True love," answered his lordship, "is ever at a loss for words. You should give me more convincing proof of it."

"Alas, alas! how shall I ever be able to give you more convincing proof than I have already?" cried the poor girl, in despairing tones. "O, my lord, have pity on me, and give me some test whereby I may show you the strength of my love, and dissolve forever this terrible doubt. I care not what you bid me do, so that I can do it. Anything—anything, my lord, to break this harrowing suspense."

"Well, my brave girl," said his lordship, smiling, "I have a test for you which shall fully satisfy my doubts, and make you in every way worthy of my love and esteem."

"O, name it—name it!" cried Elfrida, throwing her white arms around the neck of her imperious lover.

"I fancy you will not be so impatient," answered his lordship, "when you come to learn the condition I am about to impose."

Elfrida gazed into her lover's face with an earnest look of inquiry.

"You see the great limestone rock yonder?" said his lordship, pointing in the direction of Chatsworth. "Now you shall ascend to the summit of that rock, Elfrida, and leap down into my arms. I will stand below you in the Cawver road, and catch you as you descend."

For a moment the poor girl was stupified with surprise.

"Will you undertake it now?" said his lordship, laughing; "or will you wait and take into consideration the risk?"

"No!" said Elfrida, with a sudden look of determination. "If you require a sacrifice to prove the strength and sincerity of a peasant girl's love, you shall have it within the hour."

"Shall I lead the way?" said his lordship, with an incredulous smile; "or will you first advise with your friends?"

"No!" answered Elfrida, proudly. "He who seeks his own destruction needs no adviser. I am ready!"

His lordship, thinking it all farce, concluded there would be no harm in carrying the joke a little further; so he caught up his hat and led the way. When they reached the foot of the ascent, they separated, his lordship passing into the Cawver road, which was of solid limestone and as white almost as chalk; while Elfrida toiled wearily up the side of the huge mountain of rock, till she arrived at the summit, which was quite level, and covered an area of several yards.

Shortly after his lordship had taken up his position in the road, he saw the maiden approach and kneel down on the very verge of the rock. Still he considered the entire transaction in the light of a farce, and thinking she would expect him to call out to her to desist ere long, he only laughed to himself and remained silent. In a few minutes, Elfrida arose from her kneeling posture, and gazing down at her lover, for a moment, with a look of unutterable affection, she retreated back till she was lost to view.

"She has acted her part pretty well," thought his lordship, "and is doubtless somewhat disappointed to think—"

Before he could conclude his reflection, the poor girl came bounding forward, her silken hair floating in the wind, and her white hands clasped firmly together. In vain his lordship called on her to desist; in vain, in his frenzy, he strove to wave her back; but useless were all his en-

deavors. The next instant, she sprang from the terrible height into the open space above him. Sick at heart, and dizzy with emotion, he sank to the ground, and closed his eyes during that one moment of awful suspense. The next moment, he felt a pair of soft arms encircling his neck, and opening his eyes with a sudden expression of surprise, he beheld Elfrida kneeling before him, radiant with the sublimity of love and beauty, and perfectly unharmed.

At first, he could hardly credit his senses. Such an exhibition of love and devotion he had never dreamed of witnessing. How she could have escaped from instant destruction, seemed to him almost a miracle; and he resolved that nothing should prevent him from doing justice to one so worthy of his regard. Accordingly, with the approbation of Elfrida's parents, they were privately married soon after this, and sometime subsequently, on the death of his father, the young lord made public his marriage with Elfrida, and removed with her to London.

The secret of her wonderful escape is no doubt owing to the fact of the air having gathered under her skirts with such force of resistance as to partially buoy her up. The peasants look upon it as a miraculous interposition, rendered for the ostensible purpose of making her a great lady. The rock rises about centre ways in what is now called "Stony Middleton;" and just at the foot of it ("The Mountain," it is sometimes called), stands a little wayside inn, in front of which, creaking on its rusty hinges, is the sign of "The Lover's Leap," painted in large gilt letters.

AN ENGLISH BLUNDER.

Some of the English bulls are quite as amusing as those of their Hibernian neighbors. As Mrs. Gibbon, a popular actress at Liverpool, was about to dress for Jane Shore, her attendant came to inform her that a woman had called to ask for two box orders as she and her daughter had walked four miles to see the play.

"Does she know me?" asked the actress.

"Not a bit," was the reply.

"Very odd. Has the woman got her faculties about her?" asked Mrs. Gibbon.

"I think she has, ma'am," said the dresser, "for I see she has something tied up in her pocket handkerchief."

That "beats Bunnagher entirely."—*Wit and Wisdom.*

DEBTS OF OUR CITIES.—The city of New York owes \$14,000,000; Philadelphia, \$10,000,000; New Orleans, \$8,000,000; Boston, \$7,000,000; Baltimore, \$5,000,000; Cincinnati, over \$2,000,000; St. Louis, over \$2,000,000; Portland, Me., over \$2,000,000; Mobile, \$1,500,000; Charleston, near \$2,000,000; and San Francisco, \$1,500,000.

TO KATE.

BY SAMUEL E. ACHESON.

O, brighter far than the dark blue sea,
Are the eyes that beam with love for me;
O, sweeter far than the wild bird's song,
Is the voice that murmurs "Love, stay not long!"
O, purer far than earth's purest snows,
Is the bosom with love that for me now glows,
And dearer than all in earth or air
Are the lips that for me now move in prayer.

O, earnest and fond are the thoughts that rise
From her pure soul to heaven's bright skies;
O, soft is the hand as the softest down
Which to mine in love's chain shall soon be bound,
And dear is the heart which to mine shall be clasped,
There to be cherished while life shall last,
And heard shall my voice be early and late,
Asking a blessing on "my own dear Kate."

A GREAT COUNTRY.

There is a prevalent impression in these diggings that the United States is a "great country," and people abroad are beginning to admit that there is some foundation for our bragging about its extent and importance. Very few persons, however—except those old fogies who muddle their heads over statistics,—are aware how great it is. The figures, however, are startling in their significance. R. S. Elliott, Esq., of St. Louis, lately lectured in our Representatives' Hall on this subject, and we propose to gather from his address some facts which will open the eyes of many of our readers.

The Northwest, including Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, and the territory of Minnesota, lying on some of the largest lakes and rivers in the world, embraces one hundred and fifty-six millions of acres—nearly twice the area of Queen Victoria's kingdom of Great Britain, and capable of being divided into thirty-one States as large as Massachusetts, with a surplus of land about large enough for another "Little Rhody."

The Central West embraces Ohio, Indiana and Illinois. Fifty-five years ago there were not fifty-five thousand people in all that region, except the original owners of the soil, who have given way to the superior races, and now there are five millions of inhabitants. The census of 1860 will give them a population nearly double that of the "Old Thirteen," when those colonies went into the war of Independence. Their actual valuation is not less than two thousand five hundred millions of dollars! More than one-fourth of all the railroads in the United States are in Ohio, Indiana and Illinois.

The city of Chicago is instanced as a prodigy of rapid growth. In 1840 she had 4600 people;

in 1855 she had nearly 85,000. St. Louis has also made a marvellous progress—marvellous to us “wise men of the East,” but not surprising to the wise men of the West. The total receipts of grain at Chicago for the past year were 30,486,593 bushels. The city of Cincinnati, in the heart of the great Ohio valley, is the centre of a system of her own. The Ohio valley—by which we mean the area drained by the tributaries of the Ohio River—is one of the most fertile on the globe. It is also rich in mineral wealth—coal and iron. A project is now in agitation to make a slackwater steamboat canal of the Ohio River its entire length (a thousand miles), and the thing will be done. Manufacturing industry has already reached an almost wonderful extent and perfection in Cincinnati, considering that she is not yet threescore and ten years old. We may therefore expect Cincinnati to grow in the future almost as greatly as in the past. Louisville, Ky., with a population of 85,000, is one of the richest cities in the Union.

The Far West includes Missouri and Kansas. Here we have a territory about fifteen times as large as the State of Massachusetts. In Missouri, according to the report of Professor Swallow, the State geologist, the great coal field of the State covers an area of 26,000 square miles (more than three times the area of Massachusetts) of inexhaustible beds of coal! South of the Missouri River, extending from the Mississippi to the western line of the State, there is a metalliferous region, covering an area of at least twenty thousand square miles, with mines of iron, lead, copper, cobalt and nickel—the most valuable of the metals,—and having also the best flint sand for glass, and the best porcelain clay, yet discovered in the United States. And this immense district of metallic resources has the advantage of a soil more than sufficient to feed all the miners that can ever be employed in it, if they swarm as thickly as the miners in Cornwall, or the Hartz Mountains! The population of Missouri in 1850 was 682,044. It is now not less than 850,000, and her valuation is \$180,000,000. Her population would have been much greater, but for the exodus to Oregon and California. The people are adventurous and enterprising, and some of their best men are now on the Pacific.

But we know not where to stop in describing the greatness and importance of the region west of the Alleghany range of mountains. The future of this region is indeed damning, and particularly interesting to us of the Atlantic seaboard, when we reflect that our prosperity is

intimately linked with the fortunes of the Great West, and that there is an inexhaustible market for our manufactures, and an inexhaustible supply of minerals and agricultural productions for our consumption.

A TRUE HERO.

The world is deaf, dumb and blind to its truest heroes, while it lavishes laurels on sham greatness. But whenever an act of heroic daring occurs, it is the duty of the press to sound its praises. Let not, therefore, the name of JOHN T. HASKINS be forgotten. He was the engineer in charge of a passenger train on the Rochester and Niagara Falls Railroad, and he saved one hundred and fifty passengers from destruction or mutilation by his nerve and presence of mind. He was running rapidly upon an embankment, when a flange of one of his wheels flew off, and his practised eye warned him that the alight divergence of the head of the locomotive foretold the immediate precipitation of the machine down the precipice. It occurred to him that if he could break the coupling of the cars, he could carry the passengers through the crisis unharmed. The idea and the execution were with him almost simultaneous. He twitched open the throttle valve to its full extent, and suddenly gave the pistons a full head of steam. The engine bounded forward frantically, snapped the couplings, and rolled down the embankment, while the train shot safely forward on the rails, and was stopped by the breaks. It is pleasant to add that the engineer, though severely wounded by the fall of the locomotive, was not fatally injured. With the dignity of true heroism he refused a present of money which the grateful passengers tendered him, saying that he had simply done his duty, and that the safety of the passengers was his sufficient reward. He is truly what the Germans call a “golden man.”

It is such deeds as his that excite our highest admiration. The pilot clinging to the wheel while his boat is in flames; the heroic girl launching the life-boat to the rescue of the wretched mariners; the angel abandoning the luxuries of rank to breathe the pestilential air of the Crimean hospitals—these are figures that live in our gallery of heroic men and women. And there are not so few of them as the world imagines. Their deeds are not recorded here, but elsewhere there is a record that embalms their deeds, and an angel voice to chant their praises in a better world.

PROVERB.—The man who speaks much does not always tell the truth.

SPRING.

BY MRS. E. T. EMERTON.

Bright, beauteous Spring! I hail thee with a greeting
 Less rapturous than in childhood's sunny days;
 Thy radiant charms, though hallowed, seem more fleeting;
 My eyes are tear-dimmed while I sing thy praise.
 Young, tender violets fill the air with fragrance,
 Sweet emblems of a modest maiden's worth,
 And bird-songs cheer me with their low, glad cadence,
 Leading my thoughts beyond this sin-stained earth.

And even the caged canary now is singing
 A gladder measure, low, and sweet, and clear;
 Young children half-blown buds and flowers are bringing,
 To tempt the captive bird. Bright Spring is here.
 Sweet, trembling warbler, could the King of kings
 Bear thee aloft toward the unshadowed skies,
 Then wouldst thou sing of joy dear freedom brings,
 Though many a captive in his bondage dies!

Bright sunbeams on the streamlet now are resting,
 Wooing the lily-buds to open their leaves;
 Within their watery home they share the blessing
 A Father's hand round every floweret weaves.
 Now lightly sailing down the crystal river,
 A pleasure-boat bears on a merry train,
 The white sails in the soft breeze gently quiver;
 O, happy childhood! all unknown to pain!

Sweet, balmy Spring! I'll strive to feel thy gladness,
 For thou wert ever dear unto my heart;
 A pitying Father gently soothes my sadness,
 And heaven seems nearer whilst my teardrops start;
 Cool saphyre kiss my brow with fond devotion,
 No traitorous sting lurks in the soothing kiss!
 My heart is bounding with a glad emotion,
 And I am yielding to a rapturous bliss.

Now dear ones from the angel-land are near me,
 Soft, dimpled hands are resting on my brow;
 Come, ye bright seraphs, every morn to cheer me,
 For Spring's young flower-buds open with beauty now;
 And I am dreaming of fair flowers in heaven,
 Made vernal by a Father's smile of love:
 I'll shrine earth's flowers till earthly ties are riven,
 Till fadeless garlands crown my brow above.

THE MERCHANT'S APPRENTICE:

—OR,—

NO SALARY THE FIRST YEAR.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

MR. BENJAMIN GOODWIN took his eldest son to the great city, for he had obtained, as he thought, an excellent place for his boy. It was a situation in the store of Mr. Andrew Phelps. Mr. Phelps was one of the heaviest merchants in the city; a dealer in cloths of all kinds, descriptions, qualities, and quantities. He had no partner, for he was one of those exact, nervous men, who want no second party in the way. It was near noon when Mr. Goodwin entered the

merchant's counting-room, leading his boy by the hand.

Gilbert Goodwin was fourteen years of age, rather small, but with energy of mind and body sufficient to make up for it. His brow was high and open; his eyes of a mild, yet deep, dark blue, and his features all made up for truth and goodness. His father was a farmer, honest and poor, who had given his son a good education, and who now wished his further education to be of a practical kind. A friend had once advised him to make a merchant of the boy—it was the village school-master,—and the advice came not as flattery, but as the result of a careful consideration of the boy's qualities. By the assistance of other friends, this opportunity had been found.

"I have brought my son, Mr. Phelps, as we had arranged, and I am sure you will find him punctual and faithful."

"Ah—master Gilbert—ahem—yes—I like his looks. Hope he will prove all you wish."

As the merchant thus spoke in a matter-of-fact sort of way, he smiled kindly upon the boy, and then turning to the parent he resumed.

"Have you found a boarding place for him yet?"

"Yes, sir, he will board with his uncle, my wife's brother, sir."

"Ah, that is fortunate. This great city is a bad place for boys without friends."

"Of course, sir," added Mr. Goodwin. "And yet I hope you will overlook his affairs a little."

"Certainly, what I can. But of course you are aware that I shall see little of him when he is out of the store."

Mr. Goodwin said "of course," and there was a silence of some moments. The parent gazed down upon the floor a little while, and finally he said:

"There has been nothing said yet, Mr. Phelps about the pay."

"Pay!" repeated the merchant.

"Yes, sir, what pay are you willing to allow my son for his services?"

"Ah," said Mr. Phelps, with a bland smile, "I see you are unacquainted with our customs. We never pay anything the first year."

"Not pay?" uttered Mr. Goodwin, somewhat surprised. "But I am to pay Gilbert's board, myself, and I thought of course you would allow him something for pocket-money."

"No, we never pay anything the first year. If you were going to send your son to an academy, or a college, you would not expect the teachers to pay him for his studying?"

"No, sir."

"Just so it is here. We look upon an ap-

prentice here as a mercantile scholar, and for the first year he can be of little real benefit to us, though he is all the while reaping valuable knowledge to himself. Why, there are at this moment fifty youngsters whose wealthy parents would be glad to get them into the birth you have secured for your boy."

"Then you pay nothing?" said the parent, rather sadly.

"Not the first year. That is our rule. We will teach him all we can, and at the end of that time we shall retain him, if he is faithful and worthy, and pay him something."

If that was the custom, of course Mr. Goodwin could make no objections, though he was much disappointed. But he had labored hard to secure the place for his son, and he would not give it up now. He had strained his slender means to the utmost in doing what he had already taken upon himself, and he could do no more.

"Never mind, my son," the parent said, when he and his child were alone. "You have clothes enough to last you through the year, and you can get along without much more. Here is one dollar—it is all that I have over and above what I must use to get home with—that will find you in spending money for some time. But mind and be honest, my boy. Come home to me when you please, come in rags and filth, if it may be, but come with your truth and honor safe and untarnished."

The boy wiped a tear from his eye as he gave the promise, and the father felt assured. It was arranged that Gilbert should have two vacations during the year, of a week each; one in the Spring, and the other at Thanksgiving, and then the parent left.

On the following morning Gilbert Goodwin entered the store to commence his duties. He gazed around upon the wilderness of cloth, and wondered where the people were who should buy all this; but he was disturbed in his reverie by a spruce young clerk, who showed him where the watering-pot and broom were, and then informed him that his first duty in the morning was, to sprinkle and sweep the floor. So at it the boy went, and when this was done he was set at work carrying bundles of cloth up stairs, where a man was piling them away.

And so Gilbert's mercantile scholarship was commenced. For awhile he was homesick, but the men at the store only laughed at him, and ere long he got rid of the feeling. A month passed away, and at the end of that time his dollar was spent. He had broken it first to purchase a pocket-knife, which he could not well do without. That took half of it. Then he had

attended a scientific lecture, for which he paid half of what was left, and the rest had dwindled away, until now he was without a penny. But he bore up for awhile. He saw that the boys in the neighboring stores had money to spend, but then he thought they had rich fathers. He knew that his father had nothing to spare. He knew that the generous parent had already burdened himself with more than he was really able to bear with comfort to himself; so he would not send to him. And yet it was unpleasant to be without money; to be in that great city, where there was so much for amusement and profit, without even a penny with which to purchase a moment of enjoyment, or a drop of extra comfort. No boy could be more faithful than was Gilbert in the store. The clerks and salesmen all loved him, and Mr. Phelps often congratulated himself upon having obtained so excellent an apprentice. He worked early and late—and he worked hard—performed more of real physical labor than any one else in the store, if we except the stout Irish porter.

Four months passed away, and then Mr. Goodwin came to the city to see his son. Gilbert possessed a keen, discriminating mind, and he knew that if he made complaint of his penury, his father would be unhappy; so he said nothing of it, but only professed to be very much pleased with his situation; and the parent shed tears of joy, when he heard the wealthy merchant praise his son.

"Is your dollar gone, Gilbert?" the father asked, before he started for home.

"Yes," said the boy, with a faint smile.

"Then I must give you another, for I suppose you need a little. Has Mr. Phelps given you anything?"

"No, sir. And I will not ask him, for I know his rule."

"That's right, my son. But take this. I wish I could make it more."

And so did Gilbert wish, but not for the world would he have said so. He too deeply appreciated all his father was doing for him to complain.

Mr. Goodwin returned home, and Gilbert once more had a little money; but it lasted not long. A dollar was a small sum for such a place. A portion of it he expended for a few small articles which he absolutely needed; then he attended a concert with his uncle's folks, and ere long his pocket was again empty. His position was now more unpleasant than before. There were a thousand simple things for which he wanted a little money. His little, bright-eyed cousins teased him for some slight tokens, and his older

cousins wondered why he didn't attend any of the concerts and lectures.

One evening, after the store was closed, Gilbert stood upon the iron steps with the key in his hand—for he was now entrusted with that important implement—when he was joined by a lad named Baker, who held the same position in the adjoining store that Gilbert did in Mr. Phelps's.

"Say, Gil, going to the concert to-night?" asked Baker.

"No—I can't."

"Can't? Why not?"

"Why, to tell you the plain truth, Jim, I haven't got the money."

"Pooh! Come along. I'll pay the scot."

"But I don't wish to run in debt, Jim, for I may never pay you."

"Pay me? Who talked about paying? If I offer to pay, that's enough. Come along. It'll be a glorious concert."

"But I must go home and get some supper."

"No, go with me and get supper."

But Gilbert could not go without letting his aunt know, so Baker walked round that way with him. Then they went to the restaurant; here Baker paid for the supper. He had several bank-notes, and poor Gilbert gazed upon them with longing looks. O, if he could only have a little money. Say one dollar a week, or one dollar in two weeks, how much happier he could feel. As soon as they had eaten supper they went to the concert room, and Gilbert was charmed with the sweet music he heard. He fancied it had a noble influence upon him, and that it awoke more generous impulses in his soul. But alas! How can a man, or a youth, be over-generous, with an empty pocket always?

From this time, James Baker was Gilbert's firm friend, as the world goes. The latter told all his secrets to Jim, and in return he heard all his friend's.

"Say, Gil, how is it you never have any money?" Baker asked, as they were together one evening in front of the store after having locked up.

"Why," returned Gilbert with some hesitation, "to tell you the plain truth, my father is too poor. He has done enough for me now—more than he can well afford. He has never asked me to work on his farm, but he has sent me to school, and now he is paying my board while I learn to be a merchant. But my father is good, if he is poor."

"Of course he is," warmly replied Baker. "That's where you find your good hearts, among the poor. But don't you make the store pay you for taking care of it?"

"No, Mr. Phelps pays nothing the first year."

"Why, are you in earnest, Gil? Haven't you ever got any money for your hard work?"

"No, not a penny. Two dollars is all the money I have had since I have been here, and those my father gave me."

"Well, you're a meral improbability, a regular anomaly. Why, I make the store pay me something. Mind you—I don't call it stealing, for it isn't. My master receives the benefit of all my work, and I am entitled to something in return. He is rich, while I am poor. My hard work turns money into his till; and shall I dig and delve and lug my life away for nothing? No. When I want a little money, I take it. Did I take enough to squander, and waste, and gamble away, as some do, I should call it stealing; but I don't. Yet I must have something. How do you suppose our masters think we live without money? They don't think so; if they do they must be natural born fools. That's all I've got to say about it."

"But how do you do it?" asked Gilbert, tremulously.

"How? Why, sometimes I help myself to a few handkerchiefs which I sell; and sometimes I take a gentle peep at the drawer."

When Gilbert Goodwin went to his bed that night, there was a demon with him. The tempter had come! For a long time there had been a shadowy, misty form hovering about him, but not until now had it taken palpable shape. He allowed himself to reason on the subject, but not yet was his mind made up. On the following day he met young Baker again, and he learned that all the apprentices on the street did the same thing.

A week passed on, and during all that time Gilbert gave the tempter a home in his bosom. He daily pondered upon the amount of physical labor he performed. He saw all the others with money, and he wondered if any one could possibly get along without that circulating commodity. Finally the evil hour came. The constant companionship of young Baker had had its influence, and the shaft had struck its mark. A bright-eyed, lovely girl had asked Gilbert to carry her to an evening's entertainment. The boy loved that girl—loved her with the whole ardor of his youthful soul—and he could not refuse her. At noon he was left alone in the store. Several people came in—mostly tailors—and bought goods, paying the cash. Gilbert did not stop to consider—the spell was upon him—and he kept back a two-dollar bill. That afternoon he suffered much. He dared not look the clerks in the face, though he was sure that some

of them did the same thing. In the evening, he accompanied his fair companion to the entertainment, and though he tried to be happy, yet he could not.

That night the boy slept, and while he slept he dreamed. His father and mother came to him all pale and sad, and told him he had disgraced them forever. "O, my boy, my own, loved boy, thou hast lost thy truth and honor forever!" So groaned the father. The sleeper started up, and for a moment he felt relieved when he found that he only dreamed; but quickly came the truth upon him—the truth of the day before, the terrible certainty of his theft—and he groaned in the agony of a bowed and contrite heart. He started up from his bed and paced the floor. It was one long hour ere he stopped, and then he had resolved upon what course he would pursue. He remembered the oft repeated words of his father: "A sin concealed is a second sin committed." It was hard for him to make up his mind to the resolution he had taken, but when once the word had passed his lips, his soul was fixed.

On the following morning he entered the store as usual, and his duties were performed silently and sadly. The clerks asked him if he was sick, but he told them no. Towards the middle of the forenoon Mr. Phelps came in, and entered his counting-room. Gilbert watched him until he was alone, and then he moved towards the place. His heart beat wildly, and his face was pale as death, but he did not hesitate. He entered the counting-room and sank into a chair.

"Gilbert, what is the matter?" uttered the merchant, kindly.

The boy collected all his energies, and in a low, painful tone he answered:

"I have come to tell you that I can remain here no longer, sir. I—I—"

"What? Going to leave me?" uttered the merchant, in surprise, as the boy hesitated. "No, no, Gilbert. If you are sick, you shall have a good physician. I can't lose you now."

"Hear me, sir," resumed the boy, somewhat emboldened by his master's kind tone, but yet speaking in great pain. "O, I must tell you all, and I trust in your generous soul for pardon. But I cannot stay here. Listen, sir, and blame me as you will, but believe me not yet lost. My father is poor, too poor to keep me here. I have learned the ways of the city, and I have longed for some of those innocent, healthy amusements which I have seen my companions enjoying. For long weeks together, I have been without a penny in my pocket, and at such times I have felt much shame in view of my extreme poverty.

My father has given me two dollars—one when he left me here, and one when he came to visit me. But what was that? Nearly all of it went for small articles which I absolutely needed. Lectures, concerts, and various other places of healthy entertainment, were visited by my companions, but I could not go. At length the fatal knowledge was mine, that others of my station had money for such things; money which they took from their employers without leave. I pondered upon it long and deeply; and in pondering I was lost. Yesterday I took—two—dollars—"

Here the poor boy burst into tears, but the merchant said not a word. In a few moments Gilbert resumed:

"You know the worst now. I took it, and a part of it I used last night—but, O, I want no more such hours of agony as I have passed since that time. Here is a dollar and a half, sir. Take it—and when I get home I will send you the rest. O, let me go, for I cannot stay where temptation haunts me. Away in the solitude of my father's farm, I shall not want the money I cannot have. You may tell me that I have had experience—but alas, that experience only tells me that while I remain here the tempter must be with me. I would not long for what I cannot possess. While I have wants and desires, the wish must be present to gratify them. Let me go, sir; but O, tell not my shame."

The boy stopped and bowed his head. The merchant gazed upon him awhile in silence, and during that time a variety of shades passed over his countenance.

"Gilbert," he said at length, in a low, kind tone, "you must not leave me. For a few moments I will forget the difference in our stations, and speak as plainly as you have spoken. I have been in the wrong, I freely confess. I should have known that temptation was thrown in your way—a temptation which should not be cast in the way of any person—much less in the way of an inexperienced youth. Since you have been so nobly frank, I will be equally so. Forgive me for the situation in which I placed you, and the past shall be forgotten. Until this moment I never thought seriously of this subject—I never before realized how direct was the temptation thus placed before the apprentices of our houses. But I see it all now. I know that to the boy who has no money, the presence of both money and costly amusement must be too fearful a temptation for ordinary youths. But you shall not leave me. From this moment I shall trust you implicitly—and I shall love you for your noble disposition and fine sense of honor. I shall not

fear to trust you henceforth, for you shall have pecuniary recompense somewhat commensurate with the labor you perform. I have often blessed the hour that brought you to my store, for I have seen in you a valuable assistant, and if I have ever held a lingering doubt of your strict integrity I shall hold it no more, for it requires more strength of moral purpose to acknowledge, unasked, a crime, than it does to refrain from committing one. Never again will I accept the labor of any person without paying him for it, and then if he is dishonest no blame can attach to me. You will not leave me, Gilbert?"

The boy gazed up into his employer's face, but for awhile tears and sobs choked his utterance. Mr. Phelps drew him to his side, and laying his hand upon the youth's head, he resumed:

"If I blame you for this momentary departure from strict honesty, the love I bear you for your noble confession vastly more than wipes it all away. Henceforth you shall have enough for your wants, and when the year is up we will make an arrangement which can but please you. What say you—will you stay?"

"If—if—I only knew that you would never abhor me for this—"

"Stop, Gilbert—I have spoken to you the truth, and you need have no fear. I will pay you three dollars a week for your own instruction and amusement, and when you want clothes or other matters of like necessity, if you will speak to me you shall have them. All of the past is forgotten, save your many virtues, and henceforth I know you only for what you shall prove."

Gilbert tried in vain to tell his gratitude, but the merchant saw it all, and with tears in his own eyes he blessed the boy, and then bade him go about his work.

The year passed away, and then another boy came to take Gilbert's place, for the latter took his station in the counting-room. But the new boy came not as boys had come before. The merchant promised to pay him so much per week, enough for all practical purposes—and then he felt that he should not be responsible for the boy's honesty.

At the age of seventeen Gilbert Goodwin took the place of one of the assistant book-keepers, and at the age of nineteen he took his place at the head of the counting-room, for to an aptness at figures and an untiring application to his duty, he added a strength of moral integrity, which made his services almost invaluable.

And now he has grown up to be a man, and the bright-eyed girl who was so intimately con-

nected with that one dark hour of his life has been his wife for several years. He is still in the house of Mr. Phelps, and occupies the position of business partner, the old merchant having given up work, and now trusting all to his youthful associate. Gilbert Goodwin has seen many young men fall, and he has often shuddered in view of the wide road of temptation which is open to so many more; and he has made it one of the rules of his life, that he will have no persons in his employ to whom he cannot afford to pay a sum sufficient to remove them from inevitable temptation.

A MODEL PRIME MINISTER.

It is related of the Duke of Newcastle, who was Secretary of State for the Southern provinces (including the American colonies), during the French and Indian war, that he was profoundly ignorant of geography. Indeed, he was a regular ignoramus. When one of his secretaries hinted the necessity of some defence for Annapolis, he replied with his evasive, liasing hum: "Annapolis, Annapolis! O yes, Annapolis must be defended; where is Annapolis?" On another occasion at the beginning of the war, he was thrown into a great fright by the story that 30,000 French had marched from Arcadia to Cape Breton. "Where did they find transports?" was asked. "Transports!" cried he, "I tell you they marched by land." "By land to the island of Cape Breton?" "What, is Cape Breton an island? Are you sure of that?" And away he posted, with an "Egad, I'll go directly and tell the king that Cape Breton is an island."—*Boston Journal*.

ANOTHER JONAH.

A clergyman in South Carolina was preaching on the disobedience of Jonah, when commanded to go and preach to the Ninevites. After expatiating on the consequences of disobedience to the divine commands, he exclaimed in a voice that passed through the congregation like an electric shock, "And are there any Jonahs here?" A negro present, whose name was Jonah, thinking himself called on, immediately arose, and turning up his white eye to the preacher, with the broadest grin and best bow, answered:

"Here be one, massa."

COULDN'T DO IT.

Blitz had a bright little fellow on the stand to assist him in his "experiments."

"Sir," said the signor, "do you think I could put the twenty-five cent piece, which the lady holds, into your coat pocket?"

"No," said the boy, confidently.

"Think not?"

"I know you couldn't," said the little fellow, with great firmness.

"Why not?"

"'Cause the pocket is all torn out!"

No government can flourish where the manners and morals of the people are corrupted.

MOONLIGHT HOURS.

We met—'twas on a summer's eve,
 When all was calm and still;
 The fair young moon her silvery light
 Shone far o'er vale and hill.
 We wandered by the murmuring stream,
 Where the rippling waters glide;
 Earth seemed too fair, too beautiful,
 For sorrow to betide.

The light-winged, rosy hours flew fast
 Along the moon-lit shore;
 Soon came the time to say farewell—
 Farewell to meet no more.
 And sadness wreathed the low-toned words
 Of parting by the main;
 Yet o'er the heart there stole a hope,
 That friends might meet again.

But all is dark and lonely now,
 Along the sandèd shore;
 No more we wander by the waves,
 As in the times of yore.
 And far away mid sunny scenes,
 I rove o'er life's blue sea;
 Yet memory turns to moonlight hours,
 And all it loved with thee.

D. D. M.

THE WONDERFUL HOUSEMAID.

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. SOULE.

"I'LL bet I know somebody that's a great deal handsomer than she," exclaimed little Nell Summers in a lively tone, as she tossed her building blocks into a basket, pell-mell, and climbed into the lap of her uncle Herbert. "Miss Kate Odell can't begin to be as beautiful as our Ellen."

"And who is 'our Ellen'?" asked Mr. Lincoln, as he toyed with the child's sunny curls; "and how came little Miss Nell to know what her mother and I were talking about? We thought you were too busy with your fairy castles to listen to us."

"And if I was busy, couldn't I hear? It takes eyes and hands to build castles, not ears—don't you know that, Mr. Uncle?"

"If I didn't, I do now;" and he roguishly pinched the small snowy ones that lay hidden behind the long ringlets. "But tell me, little niece, where and who is that beautiful creature that rivals the belle of the season in charms, according to you?"

"Why, it's Ellen, our Ellen, and she's up stairs, I suppose."

"But who's Ellen, and what does she here?"

"Why, Ellen's the maid, and she sweeps and dusts and lays the table, and waits on it, too, and does everything that maids always do, and a great deal besides, for mama never has to

think any more, and George and I don't have to cry over our lessons."

"A wonderful maid, indeed," said Uncle Herbert, in an incredulous tone; "I fancy Miss Odell wouldn't be scared if she knew who her beautiful rival was. But how came she here?"

"Why, mama hired her, as she does all her maids, and unless she gets married, we shall always have her, for I know she'll never do anything bad."

"A paragon, truly—this Ellen; pray explain, mama;" and Mr. Lincoln turned to his sister.

"I cannot," said she. "I can only corroborate what Nell has told you. Ellen is a maid who has lived with me a fortnight only, and yet in that time has won my heart completely. In person—but as you stop to tea, you will see her, and you can judge yourself if she does not rival and fairly, too, with the brilliant belle of the winter. In manners, she is a perfect lady; she has, too, exquisite taste and a tact in the management of household affairs that I never saw equalled—"

"Tell him how sweetly she sings," interrupted the little daughter. "She sings me to sleep every night, and I always feel, when I shut my eyes, as if I were going right up to heaven!"

"Bravo, Nell! A very angel of a housemaid she must be. I long to see her;" and he laughed in that peculiar tone which seems to say, "you're telling me but a humbug story."

"You'll laugh the other side of your mouth," said Nell, earnestly, "won't he, mama, when he comes to see her?"

"I shouldn't wonder," answered her mother, gaily; "indeed, if he had not as good as owned that he had lost his heart to Miss Odell, I shouldn't care to give so young and enthusiastic a man a glimpse of my pretty maid. But list, I hear her gentle tread."

The door of the sitting-room was opened, and there glided into the room, with a step light as a fairy's, a young, slender but exquisitely graceful female. The single glance which Herbert directed towards her, as she entered, filled his soul with a wondrous vision, for beauty sat enthroned upon every feature of the blushing face. The fair oval forehead, the soft dark eye with its long drooping lashes, the delicately chiselled nose, the rose-tinted cheeks, the full scarlet lips, each items of loveliness, were blended in so perfect and complete a union, that one felt, as he gazed upon the countenance, as does the florist, when he plucks a half-blown moss rose—Heaven might have made it more beauteous still, but this suffices.

There was a little embarrassment visible in

her attitude, as she found herself unexpectedly in the presence of company, but only for an instant did she yield to it. Recovering herself hastily, she said to Mrs. Summers :

"Did you decide, ma'am, to have tea an hour earlier than usual?"

It was a simple question, but the accents thrilled the young man's heart, and he thought to himself, if there be so much music in her voice when she speaks only as a servant to her mistress, how heavenly it might be in a lover's ear; and from that time he did not wonder at little Nell's remark about her songs of lullaby.

"We did, Ellen, and you may lay the cloth at once. My brother will stop with us."

Intuitively delicate, Herbert seemed all the while busy with his little niece, and did not once look towards the beautiful domestic during the moments that elapsed ere the tea was ready, yet he stole many a furtive glance at her through the golden curls of his little playmate, and when she glided from the room, he felt as though the sunshine was driven from his path.

"Isn't she more beautiful than Miss Odell, say, uncle?" whispered Nell, as the door closed on her. "Didn't I tell the truth when I said I knew somebody that was handsomer than she?"

"Indeed you did," said Mr. Lincoln, earnestly. "She is nearly perfect."

"I wish you could see her with her hair curled, uncle. Once or twice, when we were up stairs alone, she has let me take out her comb, and such long silky ringlets as I made by just twisting it over my fingers—O, I don't believe you ever saw any so beautiful in all your life! I teased her to wear it so all the time, but she shook her head and combed them up into braids again, and said curls and housemaids didn't look well together; and when I asked why not, she said I'd know when I grew older, and then two or three great tears stood in her eyes, and I do believe, uncle, she cries some nights all the time, for her eyes look so red some mornings. Aint it too bad that such a handsome girl should have to be a maid?"

"Yes, by my soul it is," said the young man, warmly. "Do tell me, sister, her story. There must be some romance in it. She has not been a menial all her life."

"What I know, I can tell in a few words, Herbert. When Bessie, my last maid, gave notice of leaving, she said she could recommend a substitute, and I, not being very well, thought I would sooner trust her than run the risk of 'going day after day to the intelligence office. She said a young girl who, with her widowed mother, lived on the same floor with some of her friends,

had applied to her for aid in obtaining a situation as maid, and she thought, from what she had seen and knew of her, she would suit me exactly. I was somewhat startled when I saw her, for though Bessie had told me how beautiful and ladylike she was, I was not prepared for the vision that met me, and, to tell the truth, in a most unbusiness and *unhousekeeperly* way, I engaged her at once, without inquiring as to her abilities or her recommendations. She won my heart at sight, and she has won my head since, for she is not only thorough in the performance of her duties, but executes them with a taste and judgment I have never seen excelled by any matron. If the day is cloudy, when you enter the parlor you will find that she has so disposed the window-hangings, that the most will be made of the sunlight; if it is sunny, she will so arrange them that a gentle twilight seems to shadow you. She is indeed a perfect artist in the arrangement of everything, studying and combining effect and comfort. I feel with you that her lot has not always been so lowly, but there is a certain respect she inspires in one, that forbids close questioning. I incline to the opinion that she and her mother have been sorely pinched for means, and that finding needlework an inadequate compensation, she has chosen to work out, as by that means, while she earns more a week, she saves her board from out their scanty income and has time to rest. But here is papa and herself with the tea."

As soon as they were fairly seated, and the cups had been passed, Mrs. Summers turned gently to the maid, as she waited beside her chair, and said, in a low tone, "we shall need nothing more at present." Quietly, but with visible pleasure, she withdrew; and as the door closed on her, Herbert exclaimed:

"Thank you, sister, for sending her away. I could not have borne to see so ladylike a creature wait upon me. It seemed clownish in me to sit for a moment while she was standing. In good sooth, if I had so fair a maid, I should be democratic enough to ask her to eat with me."

"And thus wound her self-respect. No, brother, she has chosen for some good reason her menial lot, and I can see would prefer to be so regarded. All I can do, till I can further win her confidence, is to make her duties as little galling as possible. But come, sip some of her delicious tea. It will give you inspiration to compliment Miss Odell to-night."

"Miss Odell go to—France!" said the young man, hastily. "A painted doll—good for balls and parties, but no fitter for life in the realities than Nell's waxen baby!"

"He's beginning to laugh the other side of his mouth, isn't he, mama?" exclaimed the little girl. "I knew he'd love Ellen best."

Herbert blushed, and Mrs. Summers adroitly changed the conversation. The housemaid was not alluded to again till an hour after tea had passed, when George, the eldest of the family, a bright but somewhat capricious boy of twelve, rushed into the sitting-room, exclaiming eagerly:

"Mayn't Ellen stay in to-night, mama, and go out to-morrow evening?"

"Certainly, if she chooses, my son."

"But she don't choose, and that's the trouble. I want her to stay and she says she can't, because her mother will be so anxious about her."

"But why do you wish her to stay, George? You certainly have no command of her or her time. Pray, what do you want she should do?"

"Why, I want her to show me how to do those horrible hard sums way in the back part of the arithmetic, and I want her to tell me how to conjugate that awful irregular French verb, *aller*—I wish it would *aller* into France where it belongs—and I want her to hear my Latin and—"

"Turn into a *school-ma'am*, after toiling as maid all day. No, George, no—I have been very grateful to Ellen for the assistance she has shown you in your studies, but I cannot allow her leisure hours to be so sorely invaded," interrupted his mother, while her brother held up both hands in much amazement; for, to tell the truth, since he had seen the maid, he was prepared to believe everything wonderful of her, and would not have been surprised to hear that she knew as many tongues as Burritt himself.

"Verily," said he, gaily, "this passes all—a housemaid, and hear your Latin lessons! What else does she know?"

"Everything," said George, earnestly. "She can talk French better than monsieur, and *la belle* Italian tongue—O, how sweet it is to hear her read and sing it! I tell you, Uncle Herbert, she knows the most of any woman I ever saw, and if you was a knight of olden times, you'd do battle for her beauty and rescue her from the slavery of that old despot, poverty;" and the boy's eyes flashed and he drew himself proudly up, as though he would have grown a man that moment and shown his prowess.

"Bravo, George!" exclaimed his uncle. "She needs no more valiant knight than her youthful page promises to be. Should your right arm ever be wounded in the defence of your queen of beauty, advise me of it, and I'll rush to the rescue." The words were lightly spoken, but there was a meaning deeper and more divine

involved in them than the speaker would have then cared to own even to himself.

The boy went to his lonely lessons, the front door closed on Ellen, little Nell was snug in the snowy couch whither the maid had borne her with kisses and music tones, and then Mr. and Mrs. Summers and the brother went forth to the brilliant ball-room. But with all its light, splendor and gaiety, it had no fascinations for Uncle Herbert. His thoughts were with that beautiful girl who had come so like an angel to the household of his sister, and when at an early hour he withdrew, and gaining his couch, threw himself upon it, it was only to dream of tournaments and visored knights and queens of beauty, and the loveliest of them all, and the one that ever crowned his brow with the unfading laurel, wore the same peerless face as did Ellen the housemaid. * * * * *

Mrs. Summers had rightly conjectured the reason why one so gifted had become a menial, though not for many weeks did she learn the whole story. It was briefly this: The father of Ellen, Mr. Seymour, had been a prosperous merchant in a neighboring city. Wedded to a lovely woman, wealth flowing in upon him with a heavy current, a beautiful child to sport on his hearthstone, life for some years glided by like a airy dream. All the riches of his own and his young wife's heart were lavished upon Ellen, and as she grew up lovelier in person than even her infancy had promised, so she grew beautiful in mind and soul, the idol of the family altar.

She was in her eighteenth year when the first blow struck them—the long and fearful illness of the husband and father. A mere wreck of himself, physically and mentally, he was at length pronounced convalescent, though perfect health, the physician said, could only be bartered for in a sunnier clime.

They sailed at once for Italy. A year had been passed in that beautiful land, a delicious and exhilarating one to them all, for the step of the invalid had grown steadier each moment, his eye wore its wonted brightness, his cheeks their glow, and the pride of mind sat again enthroned upon the noble brow, when, like a thunderbolt from a cloudless heaven, there fell the second blow. The mercantile house, in which he was head partner, had failed—ay, and failed in such a way that, though innocent as a babe, his name was covered with infamy. It was too much for the spirit, not yet strong. Poverty it could have borne, but disgrace shivered it entirely. He lay for some months in hopeless lunacy, never raving, but only sighing and moaning, growing each day paler and weaker. But he passed not

so away. When the last hour of life drew near, his darkened soul was light again, and he tenderly counselled the two dear ones who had hung over him so faithfully, and bade them be of good cheer, for though wealth was gone, the unspotted honor of the husband and father should be yet shown to the world. Then commending them to the All-Father, with a hand clasped by each, their sweet voices blended in holy hymns, he passed away. A grave was hollowed out for him on classic ground, and the snowy marble wreathed with affection's chaplets a few times, and then sadly the mourners turned away, a proud ship bearing them to their native land.

Where were the crowds that had flocked about them, as they left its shores? 'Alas! the widow and her child found none of them. Alone and unaided, they were left to stem the torrent of adversity. Theirs was a trite story. One and another thing they strove to do, but the obloquy that rested on the dead man's grave followed his living darlings, till poverty, in its most cruel sense, pressed heavily upon them.

"Let us go where we are unknown," said Ellen, passionately, yet mournfully, one evening, as after a futile search for employment, she returned to their humble lodgings and buried her weeping face in her mother's bosom. "They will kill me with their cold, proud looks. I'd rather beg my bread of strangers than ask honest employment of these scornful ones, who trample so flendishly upon our sacred griefs."

And they gathered up the remnant of their treasures, and silently and secretly, lest the shame should fly before them, went to a lonely home in the city, where we find them. There they readily procured needlework, and all they could do, for their fingers beautified every garment that passed through their hands. But the song of the shirt was soon the only one they had strength to sing. Night brought no rest to the weary day, and though twenty instead of the "twelve hours" of the Bible were bent in toil, they were famished and frozen.

"Mother," said Ellen one evening, as the chimes of midnight found them still at work, "this is too much for woman. I shall sew no longer."

"But what will you do, darling?" and Mrs. Seymour wept over her pale, thin face; "shall we starve?"

"Mother," there was resolution in the tone now, "mother, I shall hire out as housemaid. Do not attempt to dissuade me, my mind is determined. It is as honorable as this—I shall earn as much, if not more than now; I shall save my board; I shall have my nights for rest."

And she pleaded till she won at last a tearful consent, and entered into the service of Mrs. Summers. * * * * *

His sister's house had always been a second home to Herbert Lincoln, but now it seemed dearer than ever. Their tea-table, in particular, seemed to have a fascination for him, and at the end of a fortnight, he had sipped so many cups of Ellen's fragrant tea, that Mrs. Summers declared she should certainly present him a bill of board. And though in all that time he had not exchanged a dozen sentences with the beautiful maid, it was but too evident she was the magnet that attracted him.

Business now took him out of town, and three weeks elapsed ere he returned. As he was hastening from the depot, turning a corner, he espied, coming as it were to meet him, the fair girl of whom he had dreamed every night of his absence, and beside her, little golden-haired Nell.

"Uncle Herbert," cried the child, and embraced him passionately. O, I'm so glad you've come home. We missed you so much." Then freeing himself from his arms, she said, gracefully, "and here is dear Ellen, too, aint you glad to see her again?"

Ellen blushed, but the young man so courteously extended his hand to her, that she could not refuse it.

"I am happy to see Miss Seymour enjoying this beautiful day," said he, in low, gentle tones, as respectfully as if addressing a queen.

"And I am happy to see Mr. Lincoln looking so well," responded the lady, with a quiet dignity, and she passed along.

"But where are you going, little niece?" said Herbert to Nell, detaining her a moment behind.

"O, to see Grandmama Seymour, she is a sweet lady, too. Ellen took me there once, and it made me so happy, that mother lets me go now whenever she does," and she tripped away.

Herbert passed rapidly to the first corner, then turned and deliberately retraced his steps and followed the two, till he learned the street and the number of Ellen's home.

That night as he carefully examined his bureaux, it occurred to him his supply of linen was quite too deficient, and forthwith he purchased a goodly sized parcel of the raw material, and at an early hour the next day was knocking at the door of the dilapidated house which he had seen Ellen enter. Through vault-like halls and up rickety stair-cases, he wended his way, till he found Mrs. Seymour's room. The beautiful and saintly face of the widowed mother fascinated him as completely as had the daughter's, and with a reverential tone he opened his errand. While

she inspected the linen, and made inquiries as to the particular way he would have it made up, his eye glanced eagerly over the room. The exquisite taste of the housemaid was visible everywhere. Geraniums and roses smiled in the winter sunbeams that crept so lovingly into the narrow casement; the white muslin that draped them hung in folds graceful as snow wreaths; pencillings as rich almost as mezzo tints, hung upon the walls; the rockers were cushioned with rose-colored muslin; bits of cloth, gorgeous in hue as autumn leaves, woven into mats, relieved the bare floor of its scanty look; a guitar leaned under the tiny mirror, and a few costly books were scattered in an artist-like way hither and thither, wherever the rambling eye would wish to see pinned some beautiful thing.

"This is Tuesday," said Herbert, "can I have one by Friday?"

"O, yes, sir, and sooner, if you desire it."

"Not sooner, unless you steal hours from the night, and your weary looks seem even now to say that you have done so."

"It is the lot of the seamstress," said the lady, calmly but sadly.

The young man could not trust his voice to reply, and hastened away. In his office he gave way to his feelings: "She, the beloved and the beautiful, toiling in menial service, and that angel-like mother, sewing for her living. It shall be so no longer. Thank God for riches," and he seized his pen and inscribing these words on a slip of paper, "an honest debt due your husband," he enclosed bank-notes for five hundred dollars, and addressing the envelope to Mrs. Seymour of — Street, dropped it into the post-office.

Could he have seen the grateful tears that stole down the widow's cheeks, and heard her soul-touching prayers, as she received it that evening, he would have realized the full force of the text, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

"O, that it were Ellen's evening at home," said she. "Thank Heaven, I may now have her all to myself, again. With this sum in hand, we can be comfortable, without tasking ourselves as severely as heretofore. My beautiful child shall be no longer a menial."

Impatiently she awaited Friday evening, for then Ellen would surely be with her again. But that eve came and went, and she was left alone. A sudden and severe illness had attacked Mrs. Summers, and when Herbert entered her house on the evening of the same day he had sent the generous gift, he found it full of sorrow. The physicians only shook their heads, sadly, when

asked if there was any hope, and when the loving ones gazed on the white face of the sick one, and marked the depth and intensity of her agony, they turned away with fainting hearts. And now the full beauty of the housemaid's character was developed. Instinctively, they gave up all to her. She directed the attendants, she soothed little Nell, curbed the wild grief of George, and spoke so sweetly to the mourning husband and brother, that the spirit of faith seemed in their midst. To the sick woman, she was in very truth, a ministering angel. No hand so softly wiped her brow, so tenderly bathed the aching limbs, so gently rubbed the cramped fingers, so deftly smoothed the pillows, so strangely sweetened the healing draught, brought such cool drinks to the hot lips, and such delicious food to the starved palate. Her presence seemed to beautify the sick room. Under her loving ministrations, it assumed a beauty that was almost divine. None knew whether it might be the gate to Paradise or to a brighter life on earth, but all felt that whether the path of the pale one was heavenward or here, it was flower-crowned.

Day after day, and night after night, found the fair nurse beside her patient. Paleness gathered on her cheeks and lips, but the same sweet smile played there; lassitude quivered on her lids, but the same hopeful look beamed from the eye; the limbs trembled with weariness, yet obeyed the faintest whisper from the couch. The physicians looked in wonder that one so delicate held out so long under such heavy tasks, and whispered one to another, "under God, she is the healer."

And when the crisis came, when Mrs. Summers lay there so deathly, that only by pressing a mirror to her lips the fluttering life could be seen at all, when husband, brother, children and friends had stolen softly away, unable longer to restrain their cries, that young girl tarried still, motionless, almost breathless, silent prayers flowing upward.

O, how dear she was to them all, when again she appeared in their midst and said in her own low, sweet music-tones, "You may hope."

"Bless you, bless you, faithful one!" exclaimed Mr. Summers as he wound his arms about her. "Henceforth, you are one of the treasures of our household, the sister of my adoption. Come hither, Nellie and George, and thank her; under Heaven, you owe to her your mother's life." Little wet faces were pressed to hers and passionate kisses brought fresh roses to her cheeks. Then a manly hand, O, how its pressure thrilled her nerves, a manly hand grasped hers and a full rich voice murmured, "Our angel sent by God."

On a bright and glorious morning, in the month of roses, a splendid equipage drove from the city mansion of Mr. Summers. It held a family party, the wife and mother still pale, her convalescence sadly retarded by the fearful illness that had smitten her two idols; George and Nellie, puny, though out of all danger; the lovely Ellen, no longer maid, but cherished angel of hope and love, thin and white, too, with her winter's and spring's nursing; Mr. Summers, his fine face all aglow with chastened joy, and Herbert Lincoln, looking as though a lifetime of happiness was crowded into a moment.

It was the first long drive the physician had permitted the invalids, and they knew not where they were going, or at least none but Herbert.

Ellen had declined going at first. "I have seen my mother so little of late," said she, gently, "I think I must spend the holiday with her."

But they all said no, and promised, if she would go with them then, they would leave her with her mother on their return, and she should stay without limit of time. How lovely she looked, as consenting at length, she came to the carriage in her summer array. Herbert thought he had never gazed on so exquisite a maiden in all his life, and longed with a frenzy he had never felt before, to fold her to his heart; that shrine which had been sacred to her from the first moment of meeting.

"What a lovely home," exclaimed Ellen, as leaving the main road, they branched off into a splendid avenue, lined with graceful elms, and came in sight of a small, but elegant mansion, draped with rose-vines and embowered in rare shrubbery. "I trust it holds happy hearts."

"Yes," said Lincoln, warmly, "that it does, and we will to-day share their joy, for it is here we are to stop." Joyful exclamations burst from them all. It seemed like a beaming of light from fairy-land, that beautiful place, to those senses so long pent up in the chambers of sickness.

They were ushered into a parlor that seemed the abode of the graces, so charmingly were beauty and utility blended. A moment they waited ere the rustling of satin announced the approach of the lady, to whom they were making so unceremonious a visit.

She entered, and in a second Nellie Summers was clasping her round the neck. "Grandmama Seymour, the fairies did come to you, as you told me last week perhaps they would sometime. O, I am so glad."

Mr. and Mrs. Summers stepped forward and grasped her hand; but Herbert and George, where were they? A scream from Nellie announced them. Pale and passionless Ellen lay

in their arms. She had not seen her mother, but her eyes had caught sight of a small Greek harp in a pillared niche, her own father's gift and sold by herself when they left that proud city of scorn. Memories so many and sad had unstrung her nerves. Joy seldom kills, though. When awakening from her swoon, she met the tearful eyes of her mother, she felt assured there was some blest mystery to be told. It was all soon explained. Herbert and Mrs. Seymour had become fast friends in the past winter—he had cheered the lonely hours of Ellen's absence—he had learned her story and assured himself that foul wrong had been done her husband. Employing the best counsel in her native city, he bent all his own energies and talents to the cause, and sifted the matter to its very root, and triumphed, too. The fair name came back fairer than ever, and the wealth with it, too; the wretches who had blackened the one and stolen the other, cowardly fleeing, instead of making manly confessions.

"I have to thank Mr. Lincoln for it all," exclaimed Mrs. Seymour at the close of her recital, "and I have to pay him yet," and she glanced archly at him. "Bills should be settled even amongst friends."

Herbert hesitated a moment. Then he knelt beside her. "I have no mother," he said, sadly. "Be as one to me, and I am repaid a thousand times."

She threw back the raven locks that clustered on his noble brow, and imprinted there a calm, sweet kiss. "My son," said she, solemnly, "I adopt you into my love; Ellen, receive a brother." But Ellen was gone. They caught, however, a glimpse of white muslin in the green shrubbery, and she was followed, not by both though; Mrs. Seymour had indeed risen, but a sudden thrilling pulse in her warm heart checked her, and she resumed her seat.

Herbert hastened out and found her under the shadow of an old elm, on a bed of moss, with her lap full of rosebuds. Seating himself beside her, he whispered to her willing ear, long and passionately, his heart's adoration, and with a radiant look of joy, led her back to the house and to her mother's knee.

"As a brother, Ellen will not own me," said he, "but when I asked her if some day, not very far away, she would call me by a dearer name, she was more willing. Our hearts have long been one—bless, mother dear, O bless the union of our lives!"

Take but away the awe of religion, all that fidelity and justice, so necessary to the keeping up of human society, must perish with it.

TO ANNIE W.—A SWEET SINGER.

BY JOSEPH K. PIERCE.

The blithe lark springeth to the morning cloud,
Shrouding his dark wing in the splendid mist;
Yet droppeth to the earth clear, sweet, and loud,
His pleasant carollings o'er hearts that list.

Like as that lark with morning on his breast,
Soareth the light-plumed spirit of thy lay; *a*
And our upreaching souls are bathed and blest,
And filled with song as with the gush of day.

CURED OF A BAD HABIT.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

EBEN BOLSTER was a very funny sort of man. He was everybody's uncle, so everybody called him "Uncle Eben." He had seen sixty years of life, and his head was very gray, but few men could do more work in a day than he could, and none could do it better. One fall Uncle Eben wanted a man to help him finish his harvesting, and then go into the woods with him. Jake Sawyer presented himself, and the old man hired him. Jake was a hard-looking man, about forty years of age, and stout and strong.

"Uncle Eben," said Mr. Beals, as the two met in the store one day, "have you hired Jake Sawyer to work for you?"

"I have," replied the old man.

"Well, I gave you credit for more judgment. I thought you knew Jake better."

"I fancy I know him pretty well, or I should not have hired him. He is strong and able; and moreover, his family are suffering."

"Ay, and what makes them suffer? Didn't I hire Jake to help me in haying? and pay him good wages? and how much good did his family get, or I either? He was drunk half the time; and he'll be just so with you. I tell ye, Uncle Eben, you'd better drop him."

"Not yet," returned the old man. "Jake is a good fellow, and knows how to work, and I'm going to try him. I found his family starving."

"And how much better do you suppose they can be while he stays with them? If I had my way, Jake and his family should be sent to the work-house."

"Ah—well, neighbor Beals, you may think that would be the best way; but I am willing to give him a fairer trial. There's a deal of good in him, and perhaps somebody can find it."

"Well, Uncle Eben, mark my words: You'll find it a tougher job than you ever undertook yet, to make anything out of Jake Sawyer."

Uncle Eben smiled, and then taking up his bundles he walked away.

Now Jacob Sawyer for years had been addicted to rather a free use of spirit, but of late he had grown worse and worse. Most of the sober people would have nothing to do with him, and some shunned him as they would a demon. His wife was an excellent woman, and for nearly three years she had supported the family by her own hard labor.

"Now," said Eben, on the morning Jake commenced, "you know what is right, and what is wrong, and I am going to leave it to you to do just as you wish. I believe, Jacob, you have as much good sense as most people, and I have assured my friends that you are just the man I wanted on my place. Now let us commence, and see whether these people who have called me foolish, will not take back their words."

These were simple remarks—just such as any man might make, but they had much effect on Jake. In fact, they were spoken in such a kind tone, that they touched a very tender spot; for Jacob Sawyer had not been so addressed for a long time.

However, the work was commenced. Uncle Eben took every occasion to say a cheering word, and he found that his kindness was appreciated. Never did he intimate that Jake ever made a bad use of spirit, nor did he speak one word about the danger of his so doing. But he often took occasion to speak upon the subject of using alcoholic beverages, and he tried to point out the various evils that resulted therefrom. Five weeks passed away, and during all that time Jake did not touch a drop of spirit. A new order of things had taken place in his home. His wife was happy; his board was well provided for; his children looked better, and his own health had improved. And all this had come from Uncle Eben's peculiar way of managing the case. Had the old man gone at work to bring Jake under some stringent pledge, and expressed a long catalogue of fears relative to his danger, this would not have happened. He had simply received him as though he had been a man, and given him to understand that the fullest confidence was reposed in him.

But Jake was destined to fall. One Saturday evening he went home, and as he saw how cheerful all was about him, he felt very happy. On the next morning he went over to see Bill Longley to make some arrangements for having milk of him. Bill was a great lover of gin, and while Jake was there he took down his decanter to take a drop. He set on a tumbler for Jake. The temptation was strong. The morning was cool and frosty, and the steam of Bill's hot sling smelt like nectar. Jake had not pledged himself to drink no more, and he—he—took "a drop." It

tasted finely; and upon one who had been so long without the stimulus, it had considerable effect.

Before Jake left, Mr. Longley asked him if he wouldn't take "another drop." Jake embraced the opportunity, eagerly; and he this time took a very large drop. Before he reached home he was very much elevated, and he resolved to have some more before he had his dinner. He was now in just the state of mind not to care what he did; so he started off for the low groggery, which he knew he should find open, "by the back way." He had sense enough yet left, to go around where he should not meet the church-goers. He found the groggery open as he had expected, and there he purchased a quart of gin. He took a "drop" there, and before he reached home he stopped behind the fence and took another. The consequence was, when he reached his house his steps were very irregular, and his lips thick, and highly furred.

Poor Mrs. Sawyer! She gave one look at her husband, and then sank down with a deep, agonizing groan. At first she could hardly realize that her eyes were in order, but the truth was soon apparent, and she knew that the demon had come back again. She dared not speak—she only sat down and cried. Jake staggered up and put his arms about her neck, and assured her that he was "a-r-r-l right," an assertion which might admit of different applications. She did beg of him that he would give her the bottle which he had, and let her keep it for him until to-morrow, but he was too cunning for that, and as soon as he could get away, he went out to the shed, and having taken another "drop," he hid the bottle in the wood-pile.

Towards the latter part of the afternoon, Uncle Eben Bolster came to see Jake, and found him in the wood-shed, upon a pile of chips, spread out at full length, with the empty bottle clasped in his left hand, while in his right he held the cork. The old man spoke to Jake, but received no answer. Then he pushed and kicked him, but without any better success. After this he took the bottle and smelled the gin. His face showed much sorrow, but yet a close observer could have seen a slight twinkle of the eye which had more than a mere present meaning.

"Ah, sir," sighed the poor wife, as Uncle Eben entered the room where she sat, "you can't see Jacob now."

"No, but I found something that looked very much like him, out here in the wood-shed," returned the old man, in a common-place tone.

"Ah—then you have seen him. O, sir, isn't it dreadful! Only think of it: For the last

month and a half how good he has been. What shall I do? O! what shall I do?"

"Why you must wait till the spirit moves. This month and a half of sobriety shows us what he can do. The only trouble is, his remaining appetite. He must have gone somewhere to-day, where he has had it offered to him."

"He's been over to Bill Longley's, sir."

"Ah, that's the trouble. But never mind. Don't go to scolding him. As I said before, it's Jake's appetite that does the mischief; and that appetite wont trouble him only when he happens to have the stuff offered to him. I know he doesn't hanker after it when he is about his work, and I know, too, that he doesn't want it when he is about home, here. So keep up a good heart, and be cheerful to him in the morning. But you must tell him that I want him to be on hand early, for we must go into the woods to-morrow."

Mrs. Sawyer promised, and Uncle Eben took his way homeward. That evening, after it was dark, the old man went over to the same place where Jake had bought his gin, and purchased a gallon of the same miserable, drugged stuff, which he put up in the same jug, that he generally used for carrying water to the field in.

On the following morning Jake was on hand early, but he looked badly, and Uncle Eben knew he felt as badly as he looked. But not a word was said about the affair of the day before.

Jake was asked to eat some breakfast, but he could keep nothing down. His stomach was weak and sick, and the very sight of food was nauseating. As soon as Uncle Eben had finished his meal, he shouldered his axe and started off, carrying the old jug slung upon his axe-helve.

They reached the place, and having set the jug down, and thrown off his coat, the old man set at work. Jake worked about half an hour, and then he laid down his axe, and went to the jug. Removing the stopper and raising it to his lips, he took one swallow—lowered the jug—and after one or two heavings of the sickening stomach, the nauseating stuff came up. Poor Jake was very thirsty—his mouth was literally parched—and he longed for some sweet cold water.

"What's the matter?" asked Uncle Eben, with a twinkle in his deep gray eye.

"I—I—thought you had water in the jug," returned Jake.

"Water?" echoed the old man. "No, no, I thought I'd have something good to-day. We've tried water now for over a month, and seem' as how it made ye sick, I thought I'd try a little good gin. So don't be afraid of it."

Jake looked the old man in the face, but he

could only find a sober earnest shade there, and without a word he went back to his work. Another half hour passed, and Jake could stand it no longer. His tongue was hot and dry, his lips parched and his palate burnt with thirst.

"Aren't there no water near here?" he asked.

"None nearer than the house, Jake. But what do you want with water?"

"I'm—I'm—dyin' with thirst."

"Then try the gin. Surely you wouldn't drink such stuff as water, when you can have gin?"

Jake could not live so at any rate. Something must be taken to relieve the agonizing thirst that oppressed him. Of course he could not go to the house, for that would consume nearly all the rest of the forenoon. So he went to the jug, and took a good pull. This draught remained on his stomach, and for a while he felt better; but the feeling could not last long. Gin may serve in a measure to revive the sinking nerves and weakened muscles which have become unstrung by debauch, but it cannot quench thirst.

Another and another pull at the jug served to keep the poor fellow easy for awhile, but ere the hour of noon arrived, he was sick and faint, and his thirst was more raging than ever. Could he only have had some water—a pint of pure icy beverage—the gin might have been bearable; but as it was it made him miserable. At twelve o'clock one of the boys came with the dinner. It consisted of warm meat-hash, and some cold baked beans and warm coffee. Jake seized the coffee-pot and placed it to his lips. He swallowed a full pint of it, but he thought it tasted strange. And well it might, for the old man had mixed a goodly quantity of gin with it—or had caused his wife to do so. Uncle Eben drank a little of the coffee, and praised it highly, and then helped Jake to some of the hash. The latter did not notice that the hash was on two plates; but the old man did. One of the plates had a piece of chip on the edge, which was to signify that there was some gin mixed with the hash in that particular plate; and this, of course, was passed to Jake. He ate some of it, but it tasted strangely. In fact, it only made him sicker, and in a few moments more the hash and coffee which he had taken, came up. The poor man stretched himself out upon the cold ground, and groaned in the agony of pain and sickness. Uncle Eben saw that he could not work any more, and he advised him to go home. Jake embraced the offer eagerly, and soon started off. The old man remained in the woods a couple of hours longer, and then he started. He had gone about half the distance, when he found Jake lying by the side of the path, asleep. The poor fellow had

got thus far, but he could go no farther. Every nerve in his body was completely unstrung, and his limbs were powerless. The old man awakened him, and by dint of much labor got him upon his feet, but he could not walk. So Uncle Eben kept on, and when he reached home he sent one of the boys with the ox cart after the sick man.

Jake at length arrived, and was put to bed. He woke up about midnight, and the old thirst was upon him with a fairly frantic power. He arose and felt for the door. He found it, and got it open. Then in the dark he groped his way down stairs to the sink-room, where he knew the water-pail always stood. He found it, and the dipper was in it. He dipped up some, and with trembling hands raised it to his lips. It sent up a strange odor, but in his madness of thirst he swallowed a large quantity of it. O, what nausea! Uncle Eben had emptied the contents of the jug into the water-pail, for he knew that Jake would be at it before morning. The miserable man made a reach for the door, but it was locked, and the key was gone! In a moment more his stomach was empty. He sat down upon the threshold of the inner door, and with both hands clasped upon his diaphragm, he sought relief from his internal agony.

At length Jake got upon his feet, and made a new search for water, but without effect. "Ah! There's always cold tea left in the tea-pot." So for the cupboard he steered, and after tumbling over half a dozen articles of kitchen furniture, he reached the place. He found the tea-pot, and shook it. "Ah, yes, there's something here."

A quick, long draught followed, but—O, misery!—it's gin! Ay, the old man had thought of the tea-pot, too.

Jake found his way back to his bed, and there he lay until morning, and then he got to the well. There was no making gin of this. With a dash the old bucket struck the water, and then Jake drew it up. Cold as ice, and clear as crystal, came the grateful beverage, and with a gasp the thirsty man bent his lips to the brim. O, how nectar-like—how enrapturing that draught! Through every fibre of the system went the grateful influence. Jake drank till he was out of breath, and then he stopped.

"Ha, Jake—thirsty, eh?"

The man turned, and beheld Uncle Eben.

"Don't you want a little gin this morning, Jake?"

"Uncle Eben, don't speak that word again. A-h-h-h-h! If you don't want to make me sick, don't speak it."

"But aren't you afraid cold water'll make you sick?"

"No, sir."

"Ah. Then I'd drink it—I'd drink it, Jake. But I have some gin in the house, and any time when——"

"Stop," cried Jake, with a sickening shudder. "Don't never speak that word again, I tell ye!"

Uncle Eben said no more. That day Jake could not work, but on the next he shouldered his axe and accompanied his employer to the woods. Four weeks afterwards Uncle Eben wished to see how far his prescription would extend its influence, so he got one of his other men to offer Jake a glass of gin in the barn, but with a strict injunction that if he offered to drink it, it was to be cast upon the floor. The old man stationed himself where he could see.

"Jake,—sh! Look here. Don't you want a snifter this morning?"

"What ye got?" Jake asked, looking at the bottle his companion held out.

"Smell of it and see. It's good."

"Ugh!—a-h-h-h-h!" shuddered Jake, making up a terrible face. "Now look here, Tim, I don't want ye never to do that agin. Give me pizen and I'll thank ye; but gin—Ah-h-h-h!"

The cure was complete. Jake Sawyer never drank again.

ANOTHER LAURA BRIDGMAN.

Mr. C. D. Dillaway, of Fall River, Mass., has a daughter who is one of the wonders of the age. She is deaf, dumb and blind, her right limbs are paralyzed, she is confined to her bed, cannot be moved much without being thrown into a fit—yet she will converse fluently with the mute alphabet, writes very legibly with her left hand, reads common writing on a paper or slate, or print (if the book be not too much worn), by passing her fingers over the words. She will also distinguish the different colors of a variegated dress in the same way. She has wrought several pieces of crewel-work that would be a credit to any girl of her age, selecting and arranging all the colors by feeling and using only her hand. She plays draft and backgammon expertly. She knows when any one comes into the room by the jar of the bed (on which she constantly lies), and can in this way distinguish the different members of the family.—*Plymouth Rock.*

JOHN BULL ON WHISTLES.

As the train from Albany one day was approaching a village station near Rochester, N. Y., the engine gave one of those long, loud, shrieking whistles, in which it sometimes delights, as if in very wantonness of power. "Here we are!" exclaimed a round-faced, easy "John Bull," destined for Rochester, and supposing he had arrived, proceeded to the door of the car to disembark. Finding his mistake, he returned to his seat, exclaiming: "Well—it's really very hoed! I thought they only gave the big whistles at the large towns!"—*Rochester Democrat.*

REPLY TO "DARK SYBIL"

BY L. ODELL.

You ask me, love, to think of thee,
But O, how useless the request;
Thy memory, dearest, is to me
Of all life's joys the best.

I'll think of thee when shades of even
Steal gently o'er the dying day,
And eve lights up the fires of heaven,
As sunlight fades away.

I'll think of thee, when busy care
Like storm-clouds dims my spirit light,
Then thoughts of thee will seem like stars
Of hope beyond the night.

I'll think of thee—I'll think—I'll dream—
My hopes will ever turn to thee—
And each new thought of thee will seem
A glimpse of heaven to me.

THE STROLLING ARTIST.

BY EMMA LINLEY.

COUNT VON HOLSTEIN was dead. Sincere mourners had surrounded his deathbed, for he had been a kind master, and full well his faithful retainers realized their loss. But alas for the ties of kindred! one little helpless daughter, whom it was agony to leave in her infancy to the guardianship of a stranger, was all the strong tie that bound him to earth!

His had been a sad deathbed. He had not triumphed over earthly feeling; he had not gained a trust in the Holy One, which could leave the little one to his care. He had sent for his only other relative, a cousin whom he had not seen since they were boys, and of whose character he knew nothing. The dying man had waited impatiently, during the two days which had elapsed after he was sure his kinsman might have come in answer to his message, and few can imagine how long the sad hours of suspense had seemed to him.

"Ah, if Egbert Von Holstein will but come! if I can but have his solemn promise that he will endeavor ever to be as a faithful father to my little Therese!" he exclaimed again and again.

His impatience availed nothing. Death came, and there was none save the true, loving, but powerless Ursula, the nurse to whose care her dying mother had yielded her a few months before, to receive his last directions concerning the little one.

Two days after, Egbert Von Holstein arrived, and as the faithful vassals looked on the stern, dark-browed man, their hearts misgave them.

He must be the guardian of little Therese, and their master for years to come. Those lowly but true-hearted men had indeed lost their best friend in the late count.

Von Holstein was not wholly void of good feeling; but the world had used him roughly, and he had become very avaricious and, if his dark face did him justice, hard-hearted. Evil thoughts had been presented to him since the death of his cousin; he had been battling with the tempter and his better self had not, as yet, conquered. The vast property of the deceased count would be under his care. Must he still be poor? O, how poverty galled his proud spirit! *To be the owner of those vast estates!* There was but one little child's life between him and their possession. How wildly his blood thrilled at the thought! The tempter had fairly entered his heart; we would not allow our imaginations to follow him there, to sketch the dark plans he proposed—but would not a knowledge of the presence of such an evil prompter have been a key to the fact that there was an unusual sternness resting on his brow, as he gloomily strode into Holstein Castle?

During the weeks that followed, he stayed and dallied with the tempter! Ah, it was not well for thee, Egbert Von Holstein! Thou shouldst not have wandered over that grand old castle and those noble domains; thou shouldst not have admired those magnificent old paintings and those numerous rare articles of vertu, to have gained strength for the conflict with evil.

One day he had wandered far from the castle, when he chanced to wish for something he had left behind. He retraced his steps with more of rapidity and energy than he had manifested for weeks. He entered the castle by a postern gate, and was passing to his room, when he found the little Therese, *asleep and alone*. Did not a demon enter that room with him? What whispered to his heart so rapidly: "Now is your time. Some of the retainers saw you just before you turned towards the castle, and no mortal has seen you since. How easy to suffocate that little child! You can do it in an instant; you need leave no mark, and none know of your being in the castle?"

Ah, how rapidly the dark thoughts fly through his brain! See, the brow contracts still more! His hand moves! Can aught save her? Look! the little one smiles in her sleep. She looks a very angel in her innocence and beauty. The stern, over-bending brow softens, and muttering almost audibly, "I will never murder for wealth," the dark man passes on.

There was some good in Von Holstein's heart, and for the time it had conquered. Had he been with the child more, her raw beauty and pretty, winning ways would have taught him to love her, and she would have been safe. But he still avoided her; he could only look upon her as something between him and happiness. He no longer wished her death; it was very possible to place her where she need not interfere with his prospects, and where she might also be happy. It would take a long time to tell of the many half feasible plans that he formed; but at length one was completed.

There was an old castle belonging to the estate, standing many miles away from any human habitation. Here he resolved that she should be brought up. Long and earnestly he debated with himself as to whom he should place there, to take care of her. Strangers to him and to her, who never could tell her aught of herself, in consequence of their own ignorance, he sought for earnestly.

There was really more of kindness in the young man's heart for his sweet little relative than he would have acknowledged to himself. He shrank from taking her from the loving care of Ursula, to place her with strangers. If he could only trust to Ursula and her worthy husband Gottlieb, to keep his secret! He knew them sufficiently well to be sure that if he could induce them to *promise* the secrecy which he required, they might be trusted; and he saw nothing to prevent his compelling them to do so, since they were but vassals.

He said nothing to them on the subject till the child was lost. Days and weeks were spent in the search for her by the good servants of her late father, apparently aided by Von Holstein. At length, the search was given up as useless, though Egbert directed all to watch every band of gipsies who should hereafter make their appearance, since one had lately left there.

There was nothing to prevent his coming in possession of the vast estates he had coveted. Then, when Ursula was grieving as for an only child, he informed her of its safety, assuring her that both her own and the child's life depended upon her secrecy. She had no choice, for she was wholly in his power. The subject once broached, details were soon settled. Gottlieb, Ursula and the little one were taken to the old castle of Waldenburg, which they found a far pleasanter place than they had dared hope. Indeed, one might readily consent to pass his life, with a chosen companion, away from general society, might he be surrounded by so beautiful a scene as the artist has pictured.

The old castle stands almost on the brink of a high, rosy precipice, and there are several modern buildings joined to the old round, central tower. At the foot of the precipice winds a road, up which Gottlieb and Ursula are now leisurely walking, and gazing about them, that they may become more fully acquainted with the beauties of their unsought home. The count has just left them—preliminaries are all settled, and this is to be their home for an indefinite number of years. It is early morning, and the quiet beauty of the scene is fascinating. As they look on the peaceful lake, with its bright waters and peaceful shadows; on the wild, luxuriant shrubbery and noble trees; and on the distant but beautifully tinted mountains, while the beetling rock above hides from their view their castle home, they cannot regret the change in their prospects. The count has generously fitted up the rooms they wished, to suit their tastes, and selected a suite of rooms, which are to be re-furnished for Therese when she shall be old enough to wish them. Gottlieb has been directed to go to the nearest village, once every three months, to procure necessaries, when he may expect to hear from the count.

No other intercourse are they to have with the world, but they love each other too well to fear unhappiness here. Ursula only mourns that her precious charge must be deprived of the education and society befitting her rank; but reason tells her that for several years she can do as well for the child as the most accomplished teachers, and then, hope whispers that some way will be provided for her further advancement.

Months and years glided on; the little family in the old castle was a very happy one. Gottlieb and Ursula, in their love for each other and their darling little one, felt that they were blest beyond the common lot of mortals; and, if sometimes dark fears as to the future of their loved pet crossed their minds, they were met by a strong trust in the Father of the fatherless. Therese was a beautiful, merry-hearted child; she had never known a sorrow. She recollected no other home, and she certainly could wish for none more beautiful. On the bright days, she never tired of wandering amid the charming scenery which surrounded them, and when gloomy weather kept her in-doors, she delighted in running over the many rooms in the old round building, where she never sought in vain for something to interest her. Four times each year Gottlieb went to the village, and never failed to return with a multitude of luxurious articles from the count. Nor was the education

of the child neglected. Ursula had been more the companion than servant of Therese's mother from her early years. She had shared in her lessons to such an extent, with such a determination to learn, that she was far better educated than many who have had all the advantages of high station. How the worthy dame now rejoiced that she had improved those opportunities, for she was morbidly fearful lest her little lady should be without accomplishments.

Therese was blest in her companion; how much she loved those hours, and they were many, when she sat at the side of her good friend, conning some lesson, or learning some new stitch in embroidery, and was rewarded for her diligence by a story of her gentle mother, the Lady Alice. The count allowed Ursula to tell the little one of her mother, but the simple child knew not that she had other name than Lady Alice; and when she inquired of her father, for she read of the relation in her books, she was always met by some evasive reply.

Let us look at the count during this time. Was he happy? Alas, no! He was called rich, he was feted and flattered till he was sick of society, and there was ever the feeling that nothing was rightfully his. He tried to stifle his remorse, by sending multitudes of costly things to Therese; he was ever on the watch for something she might value. Sometimes he tried to form plans for seeming to find her, without having his guilt, in the matter of her disappearance, appear. Could he not pretend to reclaim her from some band of gipsies, and present her to the world? Alas, no! the child, bred under the eye of Ursula, could never pass for a gipsy. Meantime he, too, felt that she must be educated. He had sent her multitudes of books, without much thought as to whether she could use them; but when she was about ten years old, he sought a teacher.

Good fortune threw Margaret Percy under his notice. She was a highly accomplished orphan girl, who was obliged to seek a situation as a governess. He remained unknown to her in engaging her for the lonely situation, and she was carried there by night journeys, so that she was wholly ignorant of the part of the country to which she had been taken.

How the good Ursula rejoiced at the arrival of the gentle Miss Percy, and the nice musical instruments and multitudes of books which followed her! Now there seemed nothing for which to wish! Margaret found her new, quiet and beautiful home admirably suited to her chastened feelings. She soon learned to love her pupil, who was so wholly ignorant on some sub-

jects and so advanced beyond her years on others, with an affection quite sisterly.

One need but note those happy years; every facility for learning was at their disposal, and there were no temptations to negligence. As Therese grew older, she was puzzled to know who might be the kind friend who more than anticipated her every wish; and Margaret, as she thought of the almost princely luxury which surrounded them, shared her curiosity. The unknown hereafter was the subject of many a conversation for the romantic girls, but Ursula preserved a strict silence on the subject. She was not tempted to reveal the secret; her loved child was happier, in her vain imaginings of the noble friend who was ever blessing her, than she could have been with a knowledge of the truth. The count, too, had been so ever generous and noble in his conduct towards them, that she could but view him kindly.

Eight happy years of study glided by, and Margaret wished to return to the world. She felt that she must be almost alone there, but the longer she remained thus secluded, the more danger there was of her friends forgetting her; and she now realized that, though her strongest ties were broken when she left society, there were very many of whom she cherished recollections, and in whose memories she hoped she had retained a place.

Margaret wrote to the unknown, informing him of her wishes, and also that she could be of little more use to his protegee in her studies, as they had advanced together far beyond the point at which she stood when she came to the castle. In the ardor of her romantic feelings, she added a brief paragraph thanking him very earnestly for the very many facilities he had thrown in their path up the hill of science, and asking the blessing of Heaven upon him who had been so generously kind to two orphan girls. Therese added a postscript, expressing her own warm, grateful, enthusiastic feelings.

What a blessing to the count was that letter! It gave him new life, new happiness. He would see the two girls who expressed so much gratitude, and confess to them his whole sin. He would ask but their pity for his miserable life of remorse, and then after reinstating Therese in her rights, he would leave for some distant country. How much happier he was, after making this resolution! and with him to resolve was to do. The same day he started for Waldburg Castle.

He was received with a hearty welcome by the worthy Gottlieb and dame, who saw no traces of his former sternness in his handsome face. They

were sure he had not come for evil, and they would have hastened to call the young ladies, who were out walking, had he not requested the privilege of surprising them upon their ramble and introducing himself. He was astonished at finding a young gentleman walking with the girls. He could easily see, before they saw him, that both were slightly embarrassed; and he was almost amused by the quick coming blushes on the beautiful face of Therese.

When he advanced, giving his name and telling them that he had been directed to them by Madam Ursula, their embarrassment increased, for an instant. Margaret immediately regained her composure, and gracefully apologized for their perplexity by telling them that she had met none who could claim the title of gentleman for eight years, while her companion had gained all her ideas of them from books and conversation with her. Therese was re-assured, and the four chatted gaily as they walked to the castle. When there, and Ursula added to the count's self-introduction the fact that he had sent their books, etc., their embarrassment was renewed. They could not express their thanks satisfactorily to themselves; he begged them to cease trying, assuring them that he intended, ere long, to tell them something, which would convince them that they owed him no gratitude.

But it is quite time the young gentleman, whom we, as well as the count, met so unexpectedly, was introduced. He was a young American artist, travelling on foot in Germany, that he might sketch some of the beautiful secluded spots. He congratulated himself upon the sweet scene he had secured to himself this day, and resolved, if it were possible to represent such rare beauty on canvass, that Therese should occupy the foreground of his picture.

How excited the girls were, when they retired that night. Either arrival would have been a great event; but the coming of two such gentlemen at once was almost too much to allow them to retain their sober senses. Day after day, the four rambled among the beautiful scenes to which the girls were such competent guides, in a kind of dreamy happiness which all knew could not be permanent, and which each dreaded to interrupt by referring to the future.

At length, Ernest Holmes, the artist, felt the delicacy of his position too keenly to be longer silent. He spoke to the count of his love for Therese, assuring him that he must leave her, unless he could have his sanction to his suit. He knew their acquaintance had been brief; but to hearts amid the wilds of nature, time ought never to be reckoned in days, and he could give

sufficient testimonials of his good character and position in his own land. The count replied that they would join the ladies, as he had something to say to them before considering his proposal.

Then he nobly confessed, to them all, his whole guilt. He did not try to make his sin seem less, but begged earnestly for the forgiveness of Therese. Most willingly she accorded it, assuring him that he had advanced her best interests much further than he could have done by having her educated in the ordinary way. As for the property, there had been, and would be enough for both, and she wished him to take care of it still in his own name. Then Mr. Holmes's proposal was mentioned; but I will not lengthen my story by repeating dialogue. Therese insisted that her vast property should be equally divided between her guardian and herself, and as she was going to America, none of his friends need know of her existence. He refused her offer point blank; he had been tormented long enough by living on another's right. In this, Margaret encouraged him; they had by some means learned their mutual love, spite of an unusual diffidence in the lover. Margaret assured him that the very large salary, which she had found no opportunity to spend, would be a fortune for them in America, whither she proposed their going.

Therese, seeing that her friends would be happier thus, yielded her wishes, though she privately said to her husband that her guardian would have occasion to rejoice that he had so effectually taught her to make magnificent presents.

Von Holstein settled the property in Germany as soon as possible, and then the six, for the reader may be sure that Gottlieb and Ursula were not left behind, came to the United States. The beautiful, accomplished bride of Ernest was warmly welcomed by his friends.

They are now fairly settled in their elegant American homes, and none ever regret the fatherland, though the picture of Waldenburg Castle, with Therese in the foreground, sometimes calls tears to the eyes of Ursula, who proves a notable American housekeeper, relieving her mistress from all care.

DECAY OF THE MIND.—"The failure of the mind in old age, in my opinion," says Sir Benjamin Brook, "is often less the result of natural decay than of disuse. Ambition has ceased to operate; contentment brings indolence, indolence decay of mental power, *ennui*, and sometimes death. Men have been known to die of disease induced by intellectual vacancy."

THE GIPSEY MAID.

BY FRANK FRANKLOVE.

In the bright dawn of youth,
When the lips utter truth,
Ere the heart hath yet learned deceit,
O would that the hour
Had been fraught with the power
Of retaining me still at thy feet.

Then the wild gipsy maid
Would never have strayed,
And afar o'er the wide world roam—
Through the haunts of mankind,
Ever searching to find
A nook, where the heart feels at home.

But the Romany child
Had a heart dancing wild
To the music that called her away;
And though pleasant was the dream,
By the dashing, bright stream,
Her tent was but pitched for a day.

And when the pale youth,
With his heart full of truth,
And his brain full of thought, seeks the glade,
Does he dream of the night,
In the witching moonlight,
He first met the dark gipsy maid?

PAUL ELLIS'S FORTUNE.

BY MARY L. MEANT.

"I EXPECTED to have a new beau for you this evening, girls, but he has disappointed me," said Mrs. Rivers, as she approached the centre-table, at which were seated several young ladies, who turned with girlish curiosity to ask their hostess for further particulars—all save Miss Agatha Bird, who continued turning over the book of engravings before her, with an air of perfect indifference, yet not losing a syllable of the information Mrs. Rivers proceeded to give respecting the new beau.

"You have all seen the beautiful house lately erected on the next street below, I presume? Well, that is owned by the gentleman in question, Mr. Paul Ellis, a rich old bachelor, who, after travelling half over the world, has come to the determination of settling in our town for the remainder of his life."

"And of finding a wife among us, also, without doubt, poor old man! What a pity, since there is not the smallest chance of his success," broke in roguish little Ida Percival, glancing very demurely at her companion.

"Of course not; who ever heard of a rich old bachelor getting a wife?" resumed Mrs. Rivers. "Yet such is the unaccountable stupidity of the

race that they never seem aware of so palpable a fact; and this Mr. Ellis, though in other respects a sensible and intelligent person, is not in this a whit better than his compeers; for he has the temerity to speak of domestic happiness as a blessing which has not hitherto been his, but will, he hope, crown his latter days."

"Infatuated man! he ought to be put in a strait-jacket," exclaimed Ida, again. "Do look up from those wonderfully interesting pictures, Agatha, and favor us with your opinion of this monomaniac."

"What are you all talking about?" queried Agatha, as thus appealed to she raised her eyes from the engravings, and carelessly leaning her head on one hand, turned to Mrs. Rivers. "Really, your friend, though absent, seems to create quite a sensation. But prithes, don't talk of his seeking a wife; if the poor old soul wants a nurse or a housekeeper, why does he not employ them at once?"

"Poor old soul!" repeated Mrs. Rivers, with a merry twinkle of the eye; for she was too shrewd not to see through the well acted indifference. "Why, he is wealthy, Agatha, and young enough—I dare say not over forty at the most."

"Or say thirty-five; rich bachelors are never over thirty-five or forty," said Agatha, drily. "I'll wager, though, this Mr. What's-his-name is not a day under fifty-five or sixty."

"Why, Agatha, have you seen him, or been dreaming of him, that you are so exact as to his age?" broke in Ida, again. "O, depend upon it, girls, Aggy is going to set her cap for the rich old bachelor."

A peal of girlhood's ready laughter followed Ida's words, in the midst of which Agatha replied, tartly, "You must judge me by yourself, Miss Percival," and walked loftily away. Ida regretted the effect of her playful railery, and the conversation was changed.

Soon after the company dispersed, and Agatha Bird, with her grandmother, Mrs. Morley, started homewards, declining Mr. Rivers's escort, "as the distance was short." It was soon evident, however, that Mrs. Morley had a reason for declining, and that her hostess had been speaking to the matrons, as well as to the girls, of her tea party, respecting her new acquaintance; for on reaching the corner of the street, Mrs. Morley said:

"Let us turn down this street, Agatha. It is not going out of our way, and I wish to see the new house they are talking so much about."

"I saw it before it was quite finished, and it did not look like anything extraordinary," said

Agatha, carelessly. "That is it, standing back from the street on the other corner."

"Let us cross over," said Mrs. Morley.

They did so, and a few paces brought them to the new house, round which the moon threw its brightest beams, as if kindly desirous to aid the aged eyes in their scrutinizing survey. It was a double house, its cream-colored walls and green shutters contrasting prettily; and with the beautiful garden surrounding it, it was a cheerful, inviting place, though, as the young lady said, nothing extraordinary, or deserving of praise.

"And very likely," she added, "its owner will turn out not to be so rich after all, though they talk as if he were a millionaire."

"But he may be rich enough without being a millionaire," replied the elderly lady, as having concluded her observation, she resumed her walk. "The place is not a palace, to be sure, but it is quite handsome. I should like to see you mistress of such a house, Aggy; and if Mr. Ellis has an income corresponding with his dwelling, I think he is worth captivating."

The young lady did not say that she also thought so, but her grandmother had no doubt of her concurrence. A few days passed, and nothing was seen of Mr. Ellis.

"Where does he busy himself? One hears of him, but never sees him," said Mrs. Morley to Mrs. Rivers, who was paying her a visit, and, of course, chatting of the rich old bachelor.

"O, he has been too busy in fitting up his house to have time for visiting. But now he has it all nicely furnished, and has a housekeeper and a colored servant; as my husband told him yesterday, his establishment was perfect—there was nothing wanting. 'Yes, he answered, 'there was one thing—that now having adorned the cage, he was waiting for a bird to fly into it.'"

"Conceit is not the smallest of his possessions, I fancy," said Agatha, to whom the eyes of the visitor were turned. But no sooner had she departed, than the grandmother was startled by the sudden exclamation:

"Now, grandma, that is just the thing—Mrs. Rivers has given me an idea."

"What does the child mean?" queried the old lady, in utter bewilderment.

"Never mind till to-morrow, grandma; then you'll see, or rather hear something; trust me to succeed when I choose to try."

In furtherance of her purpose, Miss Agatha, the following afternoon, made up a little parcel of work, and took it to the seamstress, whom she occasionally employed. After giving directions about the sewing, she rose to go, at the same time, remarking:

"Your little Ann does not look well to-day, I think, Mrs. B——. Has she been sick?"

"She can scarce ever be said to be well; she is rather sickly, poor child," replied the mother.

"You confine her too much to the house, probably."

"Perhaps I do; but most of the children about here are so bad I can't bear to have her play with them. So she seldom goes out except of an errand, or when I can spare time to take her out for a walk."

"Suppose you allow her to come with me. I am going some distance, and it will do her good to be out this fine afternoon."

"O, Miss Bird, you are too kind," said the gratified mother; "I'm afraid you would find her troublesome."

"Not the least danger. She looks like a good little girl, and I love to amuse good children."

The overjoyed child was soon made ready; and taking her by the hand, and amusing her with talk suited to her infant years, the young lady led her through several of the principal streets in which she had scarcely ever been before, and she was consequently surprised and delighted with everything that met her view.

"Come in here, Ann," said Agatha, at last pausing at a confectioner's, "I am really hungry, and I dare say so are you."

They entered the store. Agatha ordering ice cream and sponge cakes, tripped up-stairs to the saloon, and took a seat beside a window which commanded a full view of Mr. Ellis's house on the opposite corner. She surveyed it leisurely, and came to the conclusion that it was really handsomer than she had imagined. As she gazed, two gentlemen came out on the portico, and after a little conversation, one took leave, while the other, evidently the master of the house, went in, leaving the hall door open. Agatha's face brightened, as if this was the chance she had been hoping for; and turning to her little companion, who was enjoying the feast, she began:

"Were you ever in this street before, Annie?"

The child replied in the negative.

"Then you will like to look at the beautiful gardens on the other side. When you have eaten your ice cream come to this window, and you can see far up and down the street."

The child gladly obeyed, and her eyes roving delightedly from one lovely spot to another, fixed themselves with a child's joyous admiration on Mr. Ellis's garden. Agatha, who had expected this, listened smilingly to her merry prattle, told her the names of many of the flowers, and stimulated her curiosity till she grew eager to have a closer view.

"Couldn't you go there, Miss Bird? They wouldn't mind you," she said, beseechingly.

"O, I should not like to do that, my little girl. I am not acquainted with the family that lives there. But you don't see the prettiest part of the garden, Ann. Come a little nearer; now look down as far as you can through the trees and bushes; now you see the beauties."

The child uttered an exclamation of rapture; for it was a multiflora, with its countless clusters of delicately tinted blossoms, that met her gaze.

"Ah, if I only had one of the pretty bunches to take home to dear mother!" she exclaimed, wistfully.

"I wish I could get you one, Ann; but it cannot be. Come, let me tie your bonnet; it is time we were going home."

The little girl reluctantly obeyed; but ere she left the room, ran back to the window to take just one more glance at the object that absorbed her thoughts.

"I never thought anything could be so pretty," she said, returning to Agatha, who was waiting at the door.

"It is very beautiful," she replied. "If you will promise to be satisfied, we will cross the street, and pass by the garden, so that you can have a better view of it."

The promise was given with a child's readiness; and Agatha, exulting in the certain success of her scheme, took her by the hand, and they were soon slowly passing in front of the garden, the child peering eagerly over the iron railing, and breaking into a little shout of delight, or holding her breath in the earnestness of her admiration. Agatha indulged her lingering pace, and was not sparing of her own expressions of pleasure in the lovely scene; for a quick glance at the mansion had caught sight of a manly form bending over a newspaper, the sudden rustle of which assured her that the child's gleeful exclamations had been overheard.

"There is the multiflora now in full view, little enthusiast," she said, at length, in her sweetest tones.

The child looked for an instant, then raised her eyes beseechingly.

"I cannot see it well for that tree. If I could only go in and take one good look."

"O, but that would be very rude, my dear," said the lady; but Ann felt the hand that held hers relax its pressure, and she ventured to continue her pleading.

"Just one little minute. I won't go far, nor touch a single thing."

"If I were sure I could trust you."

"O, indeed, indeed I won't."

"Well, for one moment only, you may go," began Agatha, affecting to yield to her entreaties; and the words had scarcely passed her lips, ere the delighted child bounded back to the gate, and hurriedly, though with cautious steps, skipped along a broad winding path till she stood before an arbor overrun with the luxuriant multiflora.

She had scarcely reached it, when a gentleman emerged from the side door of the house, and came toward her.

"Don't be afraid, my little one," he said, in a grave though kindly tone, as she turned to fly. "Did you wish to look at the flowers? You are quite welcome to go all through the garden, if you wish to."

"But the lady will be waiting for me, sir," Agatha heard the child reply, as she glided into the garden, and seemingly unconscious of another's presence, called softly to little Ann.

"Come, my child, your minute would extend to hours in this charming spot, I fear."

"But, Miss Bird, the gentleman said I might stay and—"

"The gentleman!" was repeated in a tone of surprise, but at the moment, Mr. Ellis, who had been partially concealed by a tall evergreen, came forward. The lady started, blushed (of course), and returned his very respectful bow with one of gentle dignity and reserve; then, in a ladylike way, apologized for the intrusion, pleading in extenuation the little creature's eager desire to enter. "It is so difficult to refuse a child any gratification," she added, with a winning smile.

Mr. Ellis made a courteous reply, and turning to Ann, desired her to run about as she pleased, and see all that was to be seen.

"I would rather stay looking at this," she replied, timidly, unwilling to withdraw her gaze from the splendid vine that seemed at every instant more beautiful to her longing eyes.

"Would you like to have one of those pretty clusters?" asked Mr. Ellis, kindly.

"O yes—yes, sir, I would rather have it than anything," she returned, with trembling eagerness, that made him smile somewhat sadly as he promised to give her one ere she left the garden; then bowing courteously to Agatha, begged the privilege of escorting her through the grounds. She assented, and as they slowly moved on, referred to the promise he had made her little protegee.

"The little creature will be overjoyed; for as we were sitting in the ice cream saloon opposite, she saw the multiflora, and wished she could

have one of the 'pretty bunches of flowers' to take to her mother. Poor child! in her humble home she has little to amuse or interest her."

And she gave a short sketch of her humble companion in a tone of touching softness. Mr. Ellis's fine eyes expressed his appreciation of her benevolence in bringing the sickly child out for a walk.

"It is truly an angel's work that you have done this day, lady," he said, earnestly. "Not merely in according to this little friendless one an unaccustomed pleasure—though that was in itself an act of rare kindness—but in developing her innate love of the beautiful, you have conferred a lasting, an inestimable pleasure."

Then seeing his companion avert her head, as if modestly unwilling to receive his commendation, he changed the subject to one naturally springing from the scene around, and the pair made the tour of the garden in friendly conversation. Meantime little Ann, having satisfied herself with gazing on the object of her childish admiration, was flitting through the walks, stopping at almost every bush and flower, but not venturing to touch the blooming beauties.

"Come, Annie, your mother will be uneasy about you, I fear," said Agatha, as she reached the gate in her pleasant promenade.

Ann looked timidly at Mr. Ellis, fearful that he had forgotten his promise, but was quickly reassured by being desired to choose whatever cluster she fancied; and was almost wild with delight on receiving along with it several other flowers which she named as her favorites.

"Now, Annie, you must be a good child for a year, after getting so lovely a bouquet," said Agatha, playfully. "But have you not forgotten to thank the kind gentleman?"

Mr. Ellis replied kindly to the child's grateful thanks, and presented to the lady a branch of moss roses and mignonette, which she received with her most fascinating smile, and naively told him he had chosen her favorite flowers.

"Indeed! They are mine, also." And the gentleman's eyes spoke eloquently of the pleasure which this similarity of tastes gave him.

"What splendid oleanders you have, Mr. Ellis!" she said (for he had told her his name), and with a charming mixture of girlish frankness and timidity, she murmured, "I am tempted, since you are so generous of your floral beauties, to beg a few cuttings for my grandma. She is so partial to oleanders, and those she had died in the spring."

The gentleman, as in duty bound, professed that he should feel honored by being allowed to offer anything his poor garden contained; and

the lady repeating her acknowledgment, they parted, mutually pleased with the *accidental* interview.

Miss Agatha conducted her serviceable little companion home, as she had promised, then tripped lightly homeward to rejoice her grandma with full details of her successful stratagem. The old lady's pleasure was only equalled by her surprise.

"It was a wonderfully cute plan, Aggy; you not only got acquainted with the old bachelor by its means, but you have given him the impression that you are exceedingly kind-hearted; and men of his age generally set a great value on that."

"That was one reason why I took Ann; and besides, as she is such a moping thing, and her mother is not acquainted with any of our friends, there is no danger of any tattling about it."

"And so you really like the man, my dear?" inquired the old lady, peering anxiously over her spectacles at her grand-daughter.

"Yes—that is I really like his money, his house and garden," returned Agatha, laughing. "They would reconcile me to a far worse looking person; for this Mr. Ellis is really what might be called handsome, and very gentlemanly in manners and appearance; not so very old, either—as Mrs. Rivers says, probably not over forty. I had prepared myself to see an individual very different from him, and was most agreeably disappointed."

"I am very glad to hear you say so, my dear child," and the old lady looked as satisfied as if the matter were quite settled. "Ah! I was far from foreseeing this when your poor, dear mother left you an orphan to my care. And I have felt very uneasy about you many a time; for you know, Aggy, my small annuity will cease at my death, and the little I have been able to save, would be a poor provision for you. I do hope you and this rich old bachelor will make a match. If he only knows how to follow up the acquaintance thus commenced."

"It was a lucky thought about the oleanders, was it not, grandma?" said Agatha. "There is a chance for him to follow up the acquaintance, if he desires to do so."

"But suppose he should not take advantage of it?"

"I am sure he will. But if he has not sense enough to do so, I must tax my ingenuity to devise some other plan, for I am resolved not to lose this chance—such a one does not often offer."

Could Paul Ellis only have overheard this conversation as he sat at the same hour in his

cool, elegantly furnished parlor, looking out upon the fair garden, bathed in sunset dyes, and conjuring up visions of the future as rosy and sweetly beautiful as the scene on which he gazed dreamily! The vague fancies that had been wont to float mistily before his mental vision at that calm, lonely hour, now assumed a tangible form; and in his full, deep tones he unconsciously murmured "Agatha," or "Aggy," till the name that had at first sounded harshly, became sweet and pleasant, because belonging to one who now absorbed his thoughts. He saw again, in imagination, the graceful figure in its light summer dress, gliding by his side through the garden paths, and fancied how it would be were she mistress of the home which to him seemed desolate with all its beauty.

True, she was not beautiful, but that mattered not—she was pretty and ladylike, that was sufficient for him; he had a horror of your beauties, they were apt to be vain and silly. She was past the first bloom of youth, too, that was still another recommendation; for Paul Ellis was not of that class of old bachelors who fall in raptures with sweet sixteen. Though he was not old—his real age fell far short of forty,—he felt that he was no longer a young man, and he required as a wife a woman of mature mind—not a romping or sentimental school girl.

Certainly, Miss Agatha Bird was the very one for him, exactly to his taste in every respect—more than all in the active, though unostentatious, goodness of heart, which, in his estimation, was the crowning grace of womanhood. How touching was that simple act of kindness to the little girl, whom, clean and neat as was her attire, few young ladies would make the companion of their walk. Many will give a calico frock or a loaf of bread to the child of poverty, but few think of procuring for it an hour of innocent pleasure, that will brighten its dreary lot, and animate the drooping heart, which seems heir only to penury and neglect. O, Agatha Bird was indeed a jewel! Happy the man who could win her for his own! Ah! if he could be so fortunate!—if, tormenting doubt, why should it intrude to dispel his pleasing dream?

The next day Agatha was unable to settle herself to any occupation or amusement. She would put a few stitches in her embroidery, then throw it down wearily, saunter up and down the little parlor, pick up a book and glance vacantly through its pages, then stand at the window looking out intently, and finally with a yawn or pant, return to her work-table. Mrs. Morley looked up from her knitting now and then, as if in wonder. At last she spoke:

"A person would imagine you are expecting to see Mr. Ellis this morning."

"If I do not expect him, I at least expect a messenger from him; it is strange he is so tardy in sending."

Mrs. Morley's eyes opened wider with amazement, and she exclaimed:

"You surely do not fancy that he will send an oleander, my dear?"

"I surely do. If he has any sense at all, he will know how to do that; I am quite certain he will."

There was silence for a time, then Agatha, looking back from the window, triumphantly exclaimed:

"Behold the truth of my intuitive perception of his disposition."

The grandmother peeped through the blind, and saw a boy coming up the street with a fine oleander in full bloom.

"How could he have known where to send it?" asked she, dubiously.

"O, I took care to mention your name several times during our conversation, and any one could give him your direction. See! I am right—the boy is coming up the steps. I must open the door myself; for that stupid Peggy would ask a hundred questions."

So saying, she hastened to the street door. The boy was the bearer of a note also to Mrs. Morley, which was perused while he was conveying the plant to its destined position in the garden. It was brief, but courteous in the extreme, begging Mrs. Morley to do the writer the honor of accepting the oleander; and further, requesting the privilege of being allowed to call that evening and pay his respects.

"The old bachelor believes in taking time by the forelock," said Agatha.

"So much the better, my dear," responded the well pleased grandmother; and a favorable answer was returned to the note.

That evening beheld three persons seated in Mrs. Morley's parlor in the happiest frame of mind imaginable. Conversation went on briskly between the old lady and her guest, while Miss Agatha acted the part of a modest, retiring young lady to perfection. When she did speak, her well chosen words and carefully modulated tones increased her power over the already smitten bachelor; and when he departed it needed no seer to foretell that that call would prove the harbinger of many others. It was mid-summer when the acquaintance began. As autumn waned, Agatha impatiently awaited the declaration which she was assured would soon greet her willing ear; and the old dame grew chagrined

at the unaccountable delay. As to Paul, every visit to his charmer for the last fortnight had been made with the intention of propounding the important question; but somehow his courage always failed.

At length the decisive period arrived. It was a rainy, blustering November day, and having spent the morning musing in 'his study, he set out, after dinner, to call at Mrs. Morley's. The rain was falling heavily, but that was in his favor, for there would be no interruption from visitors; and Mrs. Morley had told him that in stormy weather she generally kept her room; so he anticipated a lengthy *tele-a-tete* with Agatha, during which his fate should be decided. Full of these thoughts, he reached the house, and rapped; but no one came to give him admittance. He turned the knob, and finding the door unfastened, let himself in. In doing so, he made more noise than was necessary, in order to announce his entrance, but the heavy rain probably prevented the sound being noticed; for though the back parlor door was partly open, no one came out, and the voices of both ladies were plainly distinguishable. His own name uttered by the younger lady induced him to pause in the entry. They were speaking of him; he would learn how he stood in their estimation ere he committed himself by a proposal. Eagerly he listened for the grandmother's slow reply.

"But, Aggy dear, I sometimes think that we may be mistaken in regard to his intentions. Some men will visit a house year after year merely to pass away their time, though Mr. Ellis does not seem like such a man."

"O, old bachelors are mostly old fools, and I dare say he is no better than the rest," returned Agatha, pettishly.

Could he credit his ears? Was that indeed his gentle, modest, sweet voiced Agatha? Smiling, half bitterly, at the discovery, he stood deliberating whether his wisest course was to depart noiselessly, and send a brief note to explain the abrupt cessation of his visits, when he was startled by Agatha's next words:

"But now tell me, grandma, what better thing can we do with that girl? If she is not the daughter of our Paul Ellis, she is at any rate some connexion of his, and I would not have him know of it for the world; for he is just foolish enough to think of bringing her up as a lady if he were to know about her, and that I should never permit; I am determined she shall never live in my house."

"Very likely," thought Paul; "but what can be this mystery?" and impelled by an irresistible impulse, he moved nearer the room.

"Well, it seems very odd," responded Mrs. Morley; "though to be sure, when I think about it, I seem to remember that Mrs. Lee told me the girl's name was Margaret Ellis, or something like it, when I took her to bring up; but never calling her any other name but Peggy since, I almost forgot that she had any other."

Agatha interrupted the loquacious speaker with fretful impatience.

"I tell you, grandma, there can be no doubt about the name; for when I took her up to the garret, as she persisted that Mr. Ellis must be her father, I asked her for the book she had mentioned; and there, true enough, was written, 'From Paul Ellis to his wife Margaret;' and on the same page, in a woman's hand, was a date—I forget precisely what—as the birthday of 'Margaret, daughter of Paul and Margaret Ellis.' When she goes to sleep to-night I must look over her things, for nothing that bears that name shall she take out of the house; and as for her staying here, it is out of the question."

"Well, my dear, I suppose you must have your own way; and perhaps it is the safest course. So you may write to Mrs. T—— about her. I have no doubt she will be willing to take Peggy; for she will be handy, not only during the voyage, but after they reach California."

"Mrs. T—— leaves next week, does she not?"

"Yes; on Tuesday, she said."

"Then we must keep the young lady within doors in the interim, and once she is gone we may hope to be rid of her forever. For a greater security I shall mark her things with some other name, so that she will have no proof of her assertions regarding Paul Ellis in future."

So saying, Agatha began her note to Mrs. T——, and for a short space no sound was heard, save the rapid gliding of her pen over the paper, and the click of her grandmother's knitting needles. The unsuspected listener meanwhile leaned against the wall, composing himself, ere he should make his presence known. At the name of Margaret Ellis he had turned deadly pale, and a tremor, as of some powerful emotion, shook his frame; but at the close of the colloquy indignation mastered every other feeling, and he was sorely tempted to rush in and overwhelm the pair with well-merited invective. But he restrained himself; and it was with a calm, though still pale countenance, that he at last rapped lightly, and pushing back the door at the same time, revealed himself to the astonished and bewildered ladies. They both started nervously.

"Bless me!" ejaculated the wonder-stricken old dame, while Agatha, recovering her presence

of mind, with a polite greeting, drew an arm-chair near the blazing fire.

Declining the proffered seat, Mr. Ellis, in as composed a manner as he could assume, said:

"Ladies, I ought, perhaps, to preface with an apology the confession that I have been a listener to your conversation. There are occasions, however, when nature triumphs over principle and good breeding. As this is one, I deem myself excusable. The child,"—his voice faltered, and his forced calmness gave way, as in a husky whisper, he added, "I must see her."

Mrs. Morley sat gazing upon him, as if suddenly struck dumb. Miss Agatha, overpowered by conflicting emotions, and feeling that her hopes were at an end, covered her mortification by seeming to sink into a deadly swoon.

"I must see the child of whom you have spoken, without delay, Mrs. Morley," repeated Mr. Ellis, maintaining by a violent effort his self-command.

But as well might he expect an answer from an Egyptian mummy as from the astonished woman; and unable to restrain his impatience longer, he darted up the stairway, and untying a cord by which the garret door was fastened, beheld a child crouched upon a small bed in one corner of the gloomy room. On hearing the door open, she buried her head in her lap, so that she did not know who entered; and before speaking to her he cast his eyes around the dreary, unfurnished garret, till espying a worn, though richly bound book lying upon the bed, he took it up, and with nervous fingers turned over its leaves.

It was the volume of which Agatha had spoken; and as his eye fell upon the record, traced in a delicate female hand, he kissed the writing with almost reverential affection, while an expression of mournful tenderness overspread his countenance. Then advancing, he laid his hand gently on the girl's shoulder. She sprang up tremblingly, but on seeing him, surprise banished all other feelings.

"Do you know me, my little girl?" he asked, in a kindly tone.

"No, sir," she answered, regarding him somewhat timidly.

"Come to the window. I want to talk with you a little while."

He led her to the window, near which was a small trunk, on which he sat, and drawing her down beside him, he scanned her features minutely. For a time he was silent from painful emotion.

In truth, she was a pitiable sight. Trembling with cold, her short hair falling forward on her

tear-stained face, her eyes swollen and inflamed from long weeping, she presented a mournful picture of childhood, forlorn and distressed.

"What is your name, my child?" at length he inquired.

"Margaret Ellis, sir."

"Where is your father?"

With drooping head, she replied that she did not know.

"How long is it since you last saw him?"

"I never saw him, sir," was the reluctantly spoken answer.

"And your mother?"

The question was put in a tone that seemed to touch the child's heart, and with fast-falling tears, she replied:

"O, sir, my mother has been dead this long, long time!"

"Did you always live in this city?" was the next query.

"No, sir. I only came here with Mrs. Morley. We used to live in G——, and after my mother died, Mrs. Lee took care of me till Mrs. Morley took me to bring up."

"How long ago was that?"

"About four years I heard her say a few weeks ago."

"You go to school, I suppose?"

"O no, sir, I don't get time; for I have all the rough work about the house to do."

"And why are you up here in the cold such a day as this?"

In a frightened whisper—for she had been forbidden to mention the subject—the girl answered that in dusting the front parlor that morning, she had opened a beautiful new book, which she read was presented to Miss Agatha by Paul Ellis. She gave a cry, which Miss Agatha overheard, and on being told that Paul Ellis was her father's name, and that the gentleman who wrote that must be her father, Miss Agatha questioned her sharply, and shut her up in the garret for her impertinence. There she had since remained, cold, hungry and weeping.

A bitter, scornful smile curled Mr. Ellis's lip as he thought of the young lady's tender compassion for "the poor little creature," through whom he had made her acquaintance; but without dwelling on this, he asked the little girl if she had anything belonging to her deceased mother.

She replied that she had, and on his rising from the trunk, she took therefrom a small box, which she placed confidently in his hands. It contained a few trinkets, and a letter bearing his name, which he opened eagerly, and having read the commencement, with a burst of emotion he

drew the child to his heart, exclaiming with earnestness:

"My child! my own Margaret's child!—thank God, I have discovered you!"

She clung to him with a tightening grasp; for just then, Mrs. Morley, urged by her incensed grand-daughter, appeared, protesting against this unwarrantable conduct. But Mr. Ellis, subduing his emotion, calmly assured her that words were useless; he had found his daughter in her house and she should depart with him; but as he never intended his child should toil for her daily bread, he would remunerate the lady for her board and clothing. Then Margaret having by his desire donned her old bonnet and shawl, he took her by the hand and descended the stairs, she clinging to him fearfully till he closed the house door behind them. He conducted her into a store close by, and procuring a cab, they were soon driven to the house which Agatha Bird had hoped soon to enter as a bride. Anxious as he was to learn something of the child's history, he would not harrow up her feelings by touching on the subject, but exerted himself to enliven her during the repast which was soon made ready, after which, exhausted by the trouble and excitement of the day, she fell into a deep slumber. But sleep visited not the father that night. Memory's spell was upon him, and he sat musing on the early blighted dreams of love and happiness.

Years before, when finishing his collegiate course at Yale, he wooed and won a fair young girl, an orphan, with no near kindred, to whom his love came as the sunlight of her existence. Their marriage was private; for well he knew his father would not sanction it; but with the rashness of impetuous youth, he took the irrevocable step, trusting for after-pardon. He took board for himself and bride at a neighboring farmer's, until the conclusion of his term, when he resolved to return alone to his father's home, reveal what he had done, and obtain permission to return for his bride. To Margaret, also, this seemed the best course, and buoyed up with anticipations of a speedy reunion, they parted—parted to meet no more on earth.

The very day of Paul's arrival at home, his father accidentally discovered his secret through a brief letter penned by his son to inform his wife of his safe arrival. Mr. Ellis was dismayed for a moment, but his plan was soon formed. He was a man of iron resolution, yet of the most consummate policy; little scrupulous as to the means by which he might obtain his end. That evening as they sat together, and Paul was summoning resolution to reveal his secret marriage,

his father spoke of some business affairs in India, which required the presence of a responsible agent, and proposed that his son should be that agent, promising to make over to him the large sums involved, which would render him independent. The crafty father represented that the business would not require more than one or two years, and it was a good opportunity for making money and seeing something of the world, adding in a jocular way, that a friend of his was already thinking of bringing about a match between his daughter and Paul, but that he could never entertain the idea of a youth fresh from college marrying.

After this, Paul could not venture to reveal his marriage, but after much painful reflection, concluded to accept his father's offer. Though he grieved at the thought of leaving his loved Margaret for so long a time, yet with the buoyancy of youth, he imagined it would soon be past, and that then a life of comfort and happiness would be theirs. He wrote to his wife a long and persuasive letter, which his father took care should not reach its destination; and instead thereof she received a few hurriedly written lines, purporting to be from Paul, in which he directed her to set out immediately for G—, in a distant State, and there await his arrival. She was particularly cautioned to inform no one of her intentions on leaving, and not to write to him if he should not reach G— at the time he anticipated, as he would not be at his father's. This letter, which contained a liberal sum of money for her journey, completely deceived poor Margaret, who, intent only in following its directions, started the next day for G—. There the little Margaret was born; and then, after patiently expecting her husband till hope became a mockery, she died, leaving in her daughter's keeping a few trinkets, which she knew, if she ever chanced to meet her father, would be recognized by him as his own gifts; and a letter, in which she touchingly recounted her disappointment, her anxieties, her toils and sufferings.

The feelings of Paul when, on reaching the farm-house to have a parting interview with his wife, he heard of her sudden and unexplained departure, may be imagined. After lingering to the last possible moment in hopes of receiving some message from her, he left with the farmer's wife a letter, and a considerable sum of money, to be given to her if she returned, and with a heavy heart embarked for Calcutta. Several years elapsed ere, having brought affairs to a successful issue, he again beheld his native land. Again he sought New Haven, to renew his inquiries for his lost wife. His former hostess

produced a carefully preserved scrap of newspaper, and pointed to one in the list of deaths. "It is her name and age, poor dear!" she said, sorrowfully. The name or date of the paper could not be learned, as the fragment had been brought from New York around some purchase.

His fondest hopes forever blasted, Paul Ellis resumed his wanderings. The sudden death of his father rendered him affluent, and after journeying for years in his own and foreign lands, he finally made his permanent home in the city, in which he was destined to discover the child of his still regretted Margaret. There he was taken for an old bachelor, as he did not think it necessary to recount his unfortunate marriage, save to Agatha Bird, to whom he intended to confide it ere asking her to be his wife.

As for that young lady, her disappointment and chagrin were excessive when she found her confident expectations baffled; but she found some consolation in the money her grandmother received, according to promise, from Mr. Ellis, and in giving out that she declined receiving his addresses when she found he was a widower! Mr. Ellis only smiled on hearing this. Happy in the instruction and companionship of his newly found daughter, he no longer deemed his home lonely or desolate. As the girl grew up, blooming, happy and intelligent, he sometimes indulged himself with a retrospective view of the past, and thankfully recalled the "rainy day," on which, by his apropos visit to Mrs. Morley's, he lost a wife, who would have made his old age anything but happy, and found an affectionate, tender and amiable daughter.

A HEALTHY OCCUPATION.

Some years since a committee was appointed in Paris to investigate the influence on the public health of the stench generated by the workshops of the "Knackers." The occupation of the knackers consists in "the conversion of dead horses to useful purposes" (!). In one establishment, that of Montfaucon, no fewer than from twelve to fourteen thousand horses are disposed of annually, and as a consequence, the air in and about it is constantly charged with effluvia from animal remains in every possible state of decomposition. The committee reported in every examination made of this and similar establishments, that while the atmosphere was most "offensive and disgusting," there were no facts to show that it was unwholesome. On the contrary, it was inferred that this and other callings, which expose to animal effluvia in its utmost intensity, were conducive to health. During the prevalence of an epidemic fever, it was observed that not one case occurred among the great number of workmen in the Montfaucon establishment, and fewer in the neighborhood than in similar localities in other parts of the city.—*Foreign Correspondence of Boston Post.*

TICONDEROGA.

BY JOHN D. PRESCOTT.

"You'd better take an umbrella," suggested mine host.

"A umbrrell aint never no harm raound here," officiously interposed the hostler.

I looked round me. A glorious October sun was rising above a ridge of the mountain. The morning vapors creeping lazily up the heights, kissed his half hid disk, and dissolved into translucent air. Not a cloud specked the sky. The atmosphere was as mild, and warm as could be expected after a night's embrace of the valley mist. Everything betokened one of those beautiful balmy early-autumn days, in which, I trust, discriminating reader, you delight as much as I. By what species of local divination, mine host and his clodpated ally augured the expediency of an umbrella, I was at a loss to determine. My feelings revolted against insulting such a morning, by sight of the obnoxious article; and so, with a hasty adieu, and a scowl at Jim for his clownish insinuations against the perfectness of God's handiwork, I was driven to the quay.

Were you never on Lake Champlain at early morning, when the fresh sunbeams glancing across the dewy hills pour over one shore a golden flood, and immerse the other in the gloom of night; when the struggling mist crawling slowly upward through the dales, discloses the seasonable cowboy with his silent herd, and when the only sound that breaks the stillness, is the plashing of the water under the steamer's paddles, or the winding of the early breakfast horn, as it echoes among the solitary hills?

Then have you not yet exhausted the resources of your country's poetry. There are no finer views in American scenery, than those which this beautiful lake presents. Its sinuosities render it picturesque, its associations romantic, and its soaring hills invest it with sublimity. There is not a rood of land on either shore, which is not eloquent of revolutionary days. Over these vast undulations, the audacious Stark roved, with his corps of rangers, making impudent reconnoissances, intercepting straggling foes, and betraying a penchant for doing harm, which made that hero an especial object of solicitude to his enemies. These solitudes once echoed with the thrilling strains of bugles, as the glittering pageant which followed the unfortunate Burgoyne hurried splendidly to destruction. It was that army's burial march, and the primeval woods echoed its funeral requiem. Recollections like these come crowding upon the memory, and add

the attractiveness of historic interest to the scenes by which you glide. It requires no unusual activity of fancy to array these yet primitive hills in glittering uniforms and glancing bayonets, hear the sharp repercussion of musketry, and conceive flotillas of batteaux gliding noiselessly and mysteriously within the shadows of the impending bluffs.

I was amusing myself in some such imaginings as these, when my ear was greeted by the most enthusiastic, "Haow de dew," that ever burst from a Yankee throat. I looked up, and beheld, stretched over my shoulder, a neck of Rosinantic proportions, and a face which I had no difficulty in recognizing as the property of a "cute natyve," who had been astonishing a crowd of gaping auditors in mine host's bar-room the preceding evening.

"Pretty as a pictur, I swaow, aint it?"

I was surprised at so much appreciation of natural beauty in so uncouth a subject, but preferring to be left to my meditations, answered rather abruptly, when turning to a little Frenchman who stood near, he repeated his ejaculation.

"Yes, *tres bien*, ver mooch fine, but ven shall ve have *ze dejeuner*, ze vat you call breakfast, hey? I have ver mooch pain!"

The Yankee was evidently much disgusted at the small Frenchman's incongruous style of admiring things, and being bent on indulging his loquacity, turned to me again.

"Goin' threw the lake?"

"No!"

"P'raps you're goin' tew Berlington?"

"No!"

"To St. Albans, it's likely?"

"No!"

"Maybe yew're baound tew Ty?"

"Ty" was the talisman that instantly opened my lips to that Yankee's pertinacity. The appropriate abbreviation breathed a spirit of affection for the time-hallowed old citadel, which delighted me. I answered that I *was* going to "Ty," and, eager to obtain any information in regard to the interesting locality, inquired if he was acquainted with the spot.

"Know Ty? I may say that I riz like a sphenix, aout of its ashes. Why, stranger, if I was goin to land, I could pint aout to ye, within tew feet, the actewal spot where Ethan Allen fust landed on the York Shore."

This extraordinary accuracy of information interested me. Such minuteness I was convinced could only be the result of constant habitude with scenes so replete with historic associations, and early familiarity with local traditions. I therefore regarded my "cute" friend as an in-

valuable acquisition, and was not a little abashed when subsequent experience and reflection assured me that he had availed himself of the largest poetic license, and relied with surprising audacity upon the obscurity of antiquity, to inflict upon my credulity, a narrative utterly mythical. I subsequently learned, that to do the marvellous, was part of his profession, and was consoled upon the principle of the old saw, about "misery loving company," by the assurance that many a wiser man than I had been "done" by this miracle of cuteness.

I had long forgotten my Yankee informant, and was leaning over the railing, in unfeigned admiration of the constantly varying picture, when Tie-con-de-ro-ga, reverberated from stem to stern, through the handsome steamer. The rich, sonorous syllables, to which I am convinced, only the stentorian lungs of a Champlain steamboat captain can give full effect, made every cranny vocal. Just ahead was a little pier, extending several rods into the lake. Upon its extremity was built a small station house, and near by stood a flag-staff, around which was gathered a waiting group. The bell rings, the gangway is opened, the plank thrown, and—step quickly, my friend, the boat is not made fast—here we are on ground hallowed by the most vivid remembrances of the days that tried men's souls.

From the pier, the distance to the ruins is about half a mile. A wretched road winds off the bluff, and conducts to a point, from whence the plateau on which stand the fortifications is easily accessible. As I floundered through the highway, I reflected that if the redoubtable Allen achieved his famous conquests through mud like this, the world had given him credit for but half his laurels. Mine host's suggestion in regard to the umbrella recurred to me, and the species of induction by which he had argued its practicability were obvious. Nothing but the contumaciously "rainy season," could evidently have caused such a slough.

Instead of following the road, which bending around a slope, passes for some distance within a few feet of the rear works (the farmer drives his team within a biscuit toss of what was once a parapet, bristling with muskets, and hot with blazing ordnances), I turned to the left, and ascended the heights by a shorter but more difficult path. On one side of the narrow way rose a massive wall, in some places as smooth and firm as when last plumed by the masons, but in others sadly torn and disfigured; a circumstance which a well built stone fence, a few feet distant, very satisfactorily accounted for. The ground was strewn with rocks, which had tumbled from

their places, and blocked up the way. I finally reached the plain, and stood, perhaps on the very spot, where eighty years ago, the bewildered sentinel snapped his fusce, harmless from long disuse, at the audacious hero, who "faced the tempest, and deserved the name of king."

The field presented an incongruous scene of dilapidated cellars and crumbling walls, from the midst of which arises a tall gray ruin, whose tall outline immediately attracts the attention. It is a portion of the old barracks, whose solid masonry has yet withstood the ravages of time, and the spoliations of neighboring farmers. It is to be regretted that the regularly hewn rocks of Ticonderoga make such excellent stone fences. This unfortunate peculiarity gives them an essential value in the eyes of the husbandman, who, like everybody else in this fast age, is ready to sacrifice whatever is venerable to the single consideration of utility. In an American, regard for the deeds with which his country's history teems, should save these old walls from mutilation. I approached this yet vigorous relic with feelings of unmingled respect. It was once the officers' quarters, and the decrepit old veteran who formerly explained the ruins to visitors was in the habit of pointing out the further door on the left on the upper row, as the place where the Commandant De la Place appeared, when Colonel Allen bade him such an affectionate good morning. At that time, this entrance was reached by a flight of wooden stairs, attached to the outside of the building, all traces of which were long ago obliterated. The roof of this structure is gone, and one end has partly fallen in, but the rest is comparatively well preserved. At one extremity a tall chimney-stack stands up boldly against the sky, and constitutes a prominent feature in the scene. The windowless apertures stare dismally, and the tottering rocks in jagged relief, present a picture of decay, mournfully significant of the ravages of the inflexible destroyer. In front is the parade, now strewn with rocks, and rank with noxious weeds. There, on that memorable morning, were drawn up in two lines, one half on the right and the other on the left, eighty-three Green Mountain Boys awaiting breathlessly, the result of the vociferous summons of their leader, which was thundering around the barracks.

How many a soldier, I meditated, who has hastened here, as the morning *reveille* awoke the echoes of the primeval solitude, now sleeps beneath my feet, awaiting that last *reveille* which shall summon him to attend the "innumerable caravan," to be arrayed on the final morning, for the inspection of his Maker. Not then, soldier,

will burnished uniform and polished arms avail you, but purity of conscience, and a soul, "shining resplendent in the lustre of unsullied virtue." How often have these mouldering stones echoed to the peals of the gun at dawn, and reverberated with the martial strains, as the music beat down the line at morning parade? What tales of suffering could these crumbling vestiges of former strength reveal? To what groans of pain have they listened, as dying men brought to quarters by their comrades, filled the air with heart-breaking cries. This very spot may once have been the scene of some terrible conflict, or perhaps this ground was once stained by the blood of innocence, spilled by the arm of a remorseless savage.

I entered the officers' quarters through one of the dilapidated windows. The walls of three compartments are still standing in a greater or less degree of preservation. A few timbers are visible imbedded in the masonry, and partially charred by fire. The lower tier of windows reaches entirely to the ground, a fact which proves that a considerable amount of earth, introduced both naturally and artificially, during a long course of years, has raised the surface several feet above its original level. The limestone walls of this old building are in some places four feet in thickness, and the masonry seems solid enough to withstand the storms of years to come. Those venerable artisans were not chary of cement. Wherever the fissures are large enough to discover the internal structure, small chip-stones are revealed swimming in seas of mortar.

Extending from both ends of the officers' quarters, and at right angles to them, are the two rows of ruins which constituted the soldiers' quarters. The parade being between these buildings, was thus quadrangular in form and enclosed on all sides by the ranges of barracks. The quarters of the men are now so much impaired as scarcely to be identified. The walls are almost entirely demolished, excepting where occasionally lending each other a friendly support at the corners, they still rise grimly for several feet above the surface of the earth. The cellars piled up with rubbish and strewn with fragments of rocks, present a scene of melancholy desolation. Here and there the earth has been freshly thrown out and small excavations appear, in which credulous people have burrowed for treasures; but nothing has thus far rewarded the treasure-seekers of Ticonderoga, but discoveries of mouldering bones, misshapen bullets and corroded buttons. These, however, with a spirit intrinsically though not exclusively American, they convert into the precious metal by selling them as souvenirs.

Not far from the barracks, in the direction of the lake, is what is said to be the site of the old magazine, although it possesses no features to distinguish it from the maze of ruins around it. Into this the British once threw a shell from Mount Defiance, which looms up grandly on the right. It now presents a collection of irregular mounds, imperfectly bounded by a wall half hidden in rubbish. Roving flocks now brouse quietly on a spot which was once filled with ingredients of destruction.

It is but a short distance from the magazine to the brink of the heights upon which Ticonderoga stands. From this point the view up and down the lake is gloriously beautiful. You stand upon an elevation of perhaps one hundred and fifty feet, and embrace at a glance, one of the most surpassingly lovely pictures that our ever magnificent American scenery can present. Those warriors had certainly the smiles of an unexampled landscape to reconcile them to their obdurate trade, and to the hardships of an untrodden wilderness. On the right is Mount Defiance, most happily christened, whose symmetrical sides, clothed in the richest emerald, seem to impart a tinge to the sky against which they meet. It needed but a battery blazing from its bald top, and a fitting corps of scarlet artillerymen, to complete a picture, of which the soldier, gazing from these heights, had often been an absorbed spectator. Somewhat to the north, and nestling in verdure, is the little village of Shoreham, where Colonel Allen rendezvoused on the night before his expedition.

Beneath your feet is the calm lake, at this point but little more than a mile in width. The shore line is exceedingly tortuous, so that although one abrupt curve intercepts the glassy surface, another brings it again within the range of vision, and the landscape presents a constant succession of little pellucid lakes, with wavelets glistening in the sun, and flecked here and there by a snowy sail. This feature of the scene renders it exceedingly picturesque—the series of lakelets growing gradually smaller and smaller with the distance, until far beyond, between a vista of miniature bluffs, they are seen to melt away and mingle with the horizon. The sense of solitude is as complete, as when this region was in its wildest state. Not a sound breaks the stillness, scarcely a sign of human habitation greets the eye; and when one turns back, and gazes on the ghastly ruins, a sad, dreary sensation of loneliness insensibly creeps over the heart.

The battlements facing the lake are built upon a solid ledge rising for a hundred feet almost perpendicularly upward from the shore. In many

places, the action of the frost has loosened the cement, and the rocks have tumbled down the heights, at the foot of which they lie, in unsightly heaps. In others, however, the works still spring up for thirty or forty feet, and present a surface smoothly faced, though gray, and worn with age. One angle of the glacis is in an extraordinary state of preservation, and with its history tradition, as usual, has interwoven a legend somewhat tragical. I give it as I heard it, without vouching for its authenticity.

During one of the many periods, when the French Canadians and Indians were leagued against the English for the possession of this continent, a powerful sachem of a northern tribe introduced his daughter for protection, within the walls of Ticonderoga. She was surpassingly beautiful, the darling of the old warrior's heart, and possessing all the virtues, with none of the vices of the Indian character. She had plighted her faith to a lithe young Indian hero, who was now on an expedition to St. John's, in the northern part of the lake. Her father had sanctioned her betrothal, with his blessing, on the morning of the youth's departure. A brevet colonel of French infantry attached to the garrison, being attracted by her beauty, assailed her with a heartless tale of passion, and made proffers, which caused the cheeks of the young Indian girl to tinge with indignation and shame.

She bitterly spurned his proposals, while at the same time she kept the secret of his insolence confined within her own bosom, lest a knowledge of it should alienate the high-spirited chieftain, her father, from his allies, and estrange him from a cause in which they shared a common interest. Regardless of her scorn, and unimpaired by her heroic attitude, this garrison Lothario persisted in persecuting her with his importunities, while she continued bravely to rely upon her own resources to preserve her purity, rather than endanger the fortunes of her father, her lover and her race, by hazarding a disclosure of her peril.

One evening, as she was crossing the esplanade between the barracks and the ramparts, she was intercepted by the French officer, who seized her hand, and falling on his knees, reiterated his dishonorable passion, and pointing to an orderly servant, who was holding the heads of a couple of horses behind an angle of a bastion, declared his purpose of forcibly abducting her, if she no longer refused to accede to his wishes. As quick as thought, the Indian girl broke from his grasp, and leaped like lightning upon the parapet, where she stood like Rebecca, defying the licentious Brian Bois du Guilbert. There the similitude

ends, however, for seeing the officer springing after her the poor Indian maiden uttered a heart-piercing shriek, and took the frantic leap. Her mangled corpse was picked up the next morning by a water-guard, and brought into the fort. Big drops of anguish stood upon the brow of the old warrior as he gazed on his dead girl, but his eyes exhibited no unmanly tokens of grief. The French colonel guarded his secret well, and escaped the father's retribution.

Leaving the scene of the Indian's tragic fate, and following the line of circumvallation, a short *detour* brings you upon the rear-works. Here the business of demolition is almost complete. Nothing remains but an irregular margin of rocks, piled upon each other in broken masses. From these rough vestiges, however, one is enabled to trace the outline of the bastions and curtains with sufficient precision. Nearly all the angles are clearly enough marked for identification, and wherever the Gothicism of all practical husbandry has been unusually merciful, the boundary lines of the flanks and faces of the outworks may be distinguished. Within a few feet of the prostrate ramparts, winds the dreary high road, while beyond is presented a dismal landscape of rugged fields, rockribbed, and overgrown with gnarled and stunted shrubs.

This spot was the scene of one of the most disgraceful repulses which ever attended the British army in this country. The splendid expedition under the young Lord Howe, which sailed down Lake George against Ticonderoga, with all the pomp and magnificence of martial pageantry, so graphically described in one of Cooper's later novels, was repeatedly repulsed, and finally forced to a precipitate retreat, by a much inferior army behind these breastworks, under the Marquis de Montcalm. On that day, the life gushing from the hearts of six hundred soldiers, soaked this bleak plain in blood. The disgraceful termination of this ill-starred expedition, as the world knows, was due to the incapacity of General Abercrombie, the successor of the unfortunate Howe, who was shot in a skirmish before the battle. The Marquis de Montcalm gained much well-deserved credit for the skillfulness and bravery with which he defended the fortress against an enemy whose soldiers were veterans, and whose numbers were more than double those of the garrison.

The varied imaginings, the philosophy, and solemn reflection, which hover around this locality, when contemplated in connection with the memories of its mournful history, invest it with an interest too touching and melancholy not to excite emotions in the most careless spectator.

Between the rear defences and the barracks, is an irregular plateau of several acres in extent. This area is undulating in its character, and its scanty herbage has furnished an unsatisfactory pasturage to many a deluded sheep, since the time when its once smooth surface facilitated only the passage of gun-carriages and artillery horses. At a point about three-fourths the distance across the plain, is cut a deep trench, whose course runs nearly parallel with the outer works. In some places the walls of the talus or slope are in perfect preservation. Its rocks, imbedded as they are in solid embankments of earth, are less assailable than those above ground, and the peculiarity of its position has defended it against the despoiling hands of those, whose ancestors it once preserved from spoliation. In other places, however, more accessible, the masonry of both the scarp and counterscarp is entirely obliterated, and nothing remains to indicate its course but an irregular chasm. The part which exhibits the least mutilation and decay, is at a point where, to preserve its parallelism, the trench makes an angle, corresponding with a salient angle of the exterior defences. Here, the facing of the walls is still perfect, although the cement has crumbled from between the stones, and externally, the surfaces present a toppling and unsteady appearance. The mortar within, however, holds them with a tenacity which would preserve the structure for years if let alone.

I had nearly finished my explorations, and was enjoying the glorious view from the edge of the bluff, when I was accosted by a man, whose accent betrayed an Hibernian pedigree. He pointed to a microscopic shanty, far down at the base of the heights, and told me, that though that had been his habitation for half-a-dozen years, he knew nothing about the ruins. Shade of Mr. Jonathan Oldbuck! Six years a dweller on a spot whose every mouldering rock tells a tale, and so insensible! In an American, such extraordinary apathy would at once have subjected him to the suspicion of not being indigenous. In an exotic Irishman, it was less remarkable. He soon disclosed the object of his visit, by exhausting a capacious pocket of sundry relics, all well authenticated and duly apprised. The inventory of his small stock comprised bullets, perfectly whitened, and of a variety of forms, shot rough and mishapen from incrustations of rust, gun-flints, and Indian arrow heads. All these he told me, the earth around his dwelling yielded plentifully; and occasionally the spade struck against the decaying bones of some soldier, who had been buried where he fell. The man dilated lugubriously upon these rough mementoes, and

told their probable history, with remarkable unction. He was evidently one of those, who, "grieved for an hour perhaps;" and would doubtless rehearse the same eloquent narrative to the next visitor who encouraged him to empty his pockets.

I was indebted to the Irishman for an introduction to one of the most interesting and best preserved ruins which Ticonderoga now affords. It is the bakery. This is a subterranean room, situated within the range of barracks, which formed the side of the parade, opposite the officers' quarters, and is accessible from one of the dilapidated cellars. The aperture by which it is entered, is half-choked up with rubbish and fallen stones. It is an oblong apartment, with an arched roof, pierced on one side by a sky-light, which is now in so ruinous a state as to present merely the appearance of an irregular hole. The masonry of the arch is two or three feet in thickness, and is perfectly solid. The floor is covered with the clay and rocks, which have found access through the door and window. At the further extremity, are two dark holes, the entrances to the ovens. They are now obstructed by loose earth and rocky fragments. It is currently reported and believed, throughout the neighborhood, that there are two underground passages, connected with these ovens, one conducting under the bluff to the shore of the lake, and the other leading to a well, yet visible by the roadside. No one, however, has had the temerity to explore them. The extraordinary massiveness and solidity of this old structure, indicates that the original engineers properly appreciated the sanctity of the *cuisine*, and were unusually prodigal of genius in consecrating an inviolable temple to the divinest of arts.

As I crawled out of the narrow aperture a large raindrop struck my hand, and simultaneously my guide ejaculated, that; "sure, this wither would make a fish of him intirely!" Mine host's implied prediction was verified; the sky was overcast, and the fast falling drops were giving a darker tint to the gray rocks. I bade a hasty farewell to "Old Ty," whose grim ruins seemed to glare reproachfully, through their ghastly windows, that there had been, "a chiel among them takin' notes" of their present imbecility, and decrepitude, and floundered to the hotel.

"*Right on the Goose Question.*"—Somebody making use of this familiar quotation, the other day, a matter-of-fact gentleman present said, "I don't know what you mean by 'goose.'"

"Ah! my friend," replied the 'somebody,' "not to know a goose, argues yourself unknown."
Witty, but not very complimentary.

"MOTHER, I AM WEARY."

BY MRS. S. E. DAWES.

[A correspondent of the *Himra Republican* says that in a recent trip over the New York and Erie road, an incident occurred that touched every beholder's heart with pity. A comparatively young lady, dressed in deep mourning—her husband having recently died—was travelling southward, having in her care and keeping a young daughter of some six years. The little girl was mild-eyed as an autumnal sky, and as delicate as the hyacinth—her emaciated fingers as delicate and transparent as the pearls of Ceylon. Touchingly beautiful was the affection of her heart for the mother, whose solicitude for the daughter's comfort was unceasingly manifested. Looking ever and anon from the car window, she turned to her mother, saying: "Mother, I am weary—when shall we get home?" After a time she fell into a gentle slumber, and awaking suddenly a radiant smile overspreading her features, she exclaimed, pointing upward: "Mother, there is papa!—home at last!" and expired.]

"O mother, I am weary, I would lean upon thy breast,
For my head is aching sadly, and I long to be at rest.
And tell me, are we near? shall we see our home to-day?
For mother, I am weary, I am weary of the way."

"I would see it once again, for the skies look brighter
there,

And I fancy I could breathe more freely in its air.
'Tis the dearest spot I know, I love its cherished name,
I wonder, mother darling, if it's looking just the same?

"It is not hidden now by its summer veil of leaves,
And looking yonder, mother, do you see it through the
trees?

Our journey has been long, and I would cease to roam,
For mother, I am weary, I am weary for my home."

"Through the window by my side I've been looking all
the day,

And thinking, mother dear, how long we've been away.
And you look weary too, but rest shall be so sweet,
When once again at home the absent ones we'll meet."

"I see it, darling mother, I see your cheering smile,
And now my weary eyes, I will close them for awhile;
And fold me closer now, still closer to thy heart,
For something tells me, mother, that you and I must part."

The little maiden slept, and o'er her brow of snow
There gathered in her slumber, a bright, celestial glow,
And a radiant smile of love o'er her little features stole,
And thro' her waking eyes beamed forth her happy soul."

"O mother, he is coming, I see my dear papa!
He's wings are like the angels, his face is like a star.
He's holding out his arms, the weary hours are past,
To a fairer world I'm going, I've found my home at last!"

SMOKING AND SNUFFING.

BY MRS. M. E. ROBINSON.

WALKING and talking, riding and reading, laboring and lounging, Ichabod Wise smoked. It was puff, puff, puff, from morning till night, and from night till—bedtime. Cigars found as natural a resting place between his lips as did the tongue in his mouth. Eating and sleeping were the only occupations in which they could conveniently be dispensed with, although he argued that an hour's smoke, were he nervous or rest-

less, lulled him into a delicious slumber; and a four cent Havana proved the best dessert he could taste. Mrs. Wise needed no perfumery; the extract of smoke was most thoroughly disseminated through her entire wardrobe; collars and caps, gloves and gaiters alike heralded their coming. The peculiar odor had so impregnated every apartment, that none could long remain ignorant of the habits of the master of the house. The neat wife aired and aired, opening wide the windows and doors on every practicable occasion for the egress of the unwelcome essence, besides burning various condiments in the hope of overpowering the predominating exhalation. Alas for Mrs. Wise! she utterly failed in her laudable intention.

"Ichabod," she said, gathering up the cigars and ashes that that individual regularly deposited upon the mantel, "I wish you'd leave off smoking."

"Ah!" responded placid-faced Ichabod.

"Yes; wont you?"

"I'll see about it; perhaps it'll come right one of these days. But I don't see, Rebecca, how you can have the heart to wish to cut off such a simple and harmless gratification—such a cheap amusement."

"It is neither harmless nor cheap," was the reply.

Mr. Wise took out his cigar and smiled incredulously.

"It is a dirty habit, too," resumed Mrs. Wise, energetically. "A gentleman will not suffer his mouth to be soiled by contact with tobacco in any form; at least, that is my opinion."

"But smoking is not chewing, my dear? I wouldn't be guilty of chewing; it is a dreadful bad way for a man to get into—chewing is."

"One is as bad as the other, though perhaps the former is not quite so obnoxious to the generality of people," she rejoined.

"But my dear, smoking is fashionable, everybody smokes; and what the majority do, must be right." And the speaker strengthened his argument by an emphatic puff.

"Fashionable! And because some brainless exquisite discharges a mouthful of smoke in a lady's face, you would feel yourself warranted in doing the same thing, would you? Fie, Ichabod!"

"My dear Rebecca, you're quite off the track; I smoke in the street, as you well know," returned the quiet Ichabod; "yet I consider it decidedly out of taste to go on a public promenade with a lighted cigar in one's mouth. In fact, were I a lady, I should object to walking with a gentleman addicted to the habit."

"Yet you see no impropriety in puffing smoke into my face whenever you feel disposed!" retorted Mrs. Wise.

"There's an enormous difference between you and the public, Rebecca; you're my wife—a favored individual, with whom I am to feel no diffidence, no restraint, no formality. If I can't smoke in your presence, where can I smoke?"

"But it makes me sick and dizzy; I've assured you of that a great many times, Mr. Wise."

"It can't be possible! Why, when I'm sick, it makes me well! Strange we are constituted so differently!"

Ichabod lighted a fresh Havana. Rebecca looked resolute.

"I've a mind to learn to smoke myself," she said, after observing him a few moments. "If it is such an unalloyed gratification, I should like to participate in it. What a famous time we could have puffing away together!"

"Capital! try it, Rebecca! I shan't oppose it in the least. If there's one bad trait of character that I don't possess, it's selfishness; I enjoy myself, and I'm willing and desirous that everybody else should do the same. I smoke, and I've no objections to your smoking; or snuffing, or chewing, if you like them better. Individual sovereignty is a great thing, Mrs. Wise!"

A cloud of blue vapor so enveloped the sapient head of Ichabod that he did not see the peculiar expression of his wife's face; the fixed determination, the suddenly formed purpose. Silence prevailing, the individual with the cigar began to feel drowsy; the puffs were fainter and farther apart, and finally the fascinating roll of tobacco was taken from his mouth and laid upon the mantel. Sleep took possession of the senses of Ichabod, who was Wise by name if not by nature.

"You have not given me the money for dinner," observed Mrs. Wise, as her connubial partner was leaving the house, upon the next morning.

"I laid it on the mantel, last night. You will find it there."

Mrs. Wise looked in the place indicated and found part of a cigar and some burned fragments of a bank note. Holding them up to view, she said:

"A harmless habit is smoking, certainly!"

"Why—how in the world—"

"A cheap amusement, and cheap in its results; isn't it, husband?"

"How could that happen? I surely didn't—"

"Yes, you surely did put a lighted cigar on this bill, and here are the remains of it. A sim-

ilar thing has happened twice before. Ah! here is a V in one corner. Five dollars gone for half a cigar!"

Ichabod had no relish for a lengthened conversation on this particular theme; so he produced more money and hurried away.

His wife Rebecca mused.

"When we walk he smokes, when we talk he smokes. Everything smells of cigars, from myself down to the scrubbing-brush. It's a habit that costs me a great deal of annoyance, and him a great deal of money. It ruins his health and my carpets. It consumes a great deal of time and tobacco, and mortifies and embarrasses me not a little. Cannot something be done to show him the folly of being enslaved by a Principe or an Havana? Cannot I, a woman, possessing, perhaps, in some degree a woman's wit and shrewdness, invent some way to cure him of smoking? I'd learn to puff myself, but unfortunately I have a very vivid recollection of an experiment in the smoking line, practised in my younger days. My sensations were not pleasurable; I have no hesitation in confessing that I was decidedly miserable. I felt so little like myself, that I should be unwilling to risk losing my identity again. "Like cures like" may be a good maxim, but in this case it isn't available. Yet Ichabod must be cured."

On the following day Mr. and Mrs. Wise descended to the dining-room together. The former took from his pocket a cigar case and proceeded to get up an appetite for breakfast by the use of a portion of its contents; while the latter, producing an enormous snuff box, composedly took a generous pinch. Almost immediately a hearty sneer followed this simple action; then another, and still another, until sternutation promised to be Mrs. Wise's employment for the day.

Ichabod started at these unusual manifestations, smoked away faster than ever, and then endeavored to look much amused. But Rebecca's face reflected no merriment; she was sober, nay serious, as (the snuff having spent its force) she took her seat at table and began to pour the coffee. When the meal was concluded, the cigar and snuff were resumed. Smoking and sneezing were as earnestly carried on as though they constituted the chief employment of life. A rocking chair held Mrs. Wise, snuff box in hand, and Mr. Wise leaned his back against the wall, manifestly regarding the matter as an excellent joke. As long as the cigar did duty, so long was snuff administered to an unoffending nose; when that was laid aside, the box of goodly proportions was con-

signed to her pocket, to remain till its rival again called it forth.

"Come down to the store this morning, Rebecca, and I'll go with you to look at those paintings on exhibition," said our hero, determined to take no notice of this new freak of his wife's. "Come at ten; I have an hour then at my own disposal."

Rebecca went; she was fond of paintings; but the snuff box went, too.

When, as usual, Ichabod's mouth was equipped with a cigar, a pinch of Macaboy found its way to his helpmate's nostrils; the effect was not quite so startling as in the first application, but the pedestrians who jostled past our couple were occasionally startled by a series of sneezes, commencing piano and ending forte.

From being amused Mr. Wise began to feel somewhat annoyed. His wife was a very pretty woman and very prettily dressed; he disliked to see a huge snuff box in her gloved hand, or witness the curious, inquisitive glances of passers-by. He had purposely refrained from speaking of this new phase, in the morning, hoping it would prove of short duration. But now matters looked threatening. What did she intend to do? Why, take snuff, it was evident, and whenever and wherever it suited her fancy. He flung away his cigar and quickened his steps; Mrs. Wise concealed her box, and he breathed easier.

"I won't seem to remark this freak, and doubtless she will soon tire of it; indifference will be better than expostulation," thought the long-headed Ichabod, as they entered the exhibition room. "Women are so fractious and obstinate, at times, that one feels necessitated to let them have their own way."

Now habit so tyrannised over the forbearing husband, that he could not enjoy looking at the fine paintings hanging about him, without a cigar between his lips. He would not insist upon having it lighted, but he wanted to feel its sympathising presence—to be certain of its consoling proximity. The distance was short between his pocket and his mouth, and the desire was put into action in less time than we have been putting the thought into words. Absorbed in a beautiful landscape, for a brief space he forgot the existence of Mrs. Wise; but a hurried glance around discovered her quietly sitting on a sofa opposite, in the act of tapping the cover of the dreaded box. Already she was beginning to attract attention. He caught her eye at the moment her finger and thumb secured a small quantity of the fragrant powder, and at the same instant he unaccountably dropped his Havana; while the snuff, strange to say, was

recklessly wasted on the dirty floor. Curious coincidence! Twice or thrice his fingers wandered nervously to his pocket, but he mastered the inclination, and walked about as indifferently as though cigars had no existence.

"Plague take the woman!" he muttered. "What crotchet has she got into her head now, I wonder? I never knew she was addicted to snuff-taking. Detestable habit! worse than smoking a pipe or chewing opium! I hope she doesn't intend to keep it up, at home and abroad. If she does, I'll—I'll apply for a divorce! Snuff! But I won't appear to notice it, and I've no doubt she'll keep the dirty thing out of sight."

Mr. and Mrs. Wise left the hall, discussing the merits of the different pictures, snuff and cigars being mutually avoided. Upon going home to dinner, he found some relatives whom he had not seen for some years, and to whom Mrs. W. was a total stranger. But it seems that she had introduced herself, and—her snuff box; for as Ichabod entered, she was engaged in passing it around for the good of the company.

"Excuse me, Mrs. Wise; I never use snuff; but mother will be happy to keep you company," said a young cousin, good humoredly, declining the offered box.

The new-comer was so much confused by this (to him) extraordinary behaviour, that he failed to do himself justice in the greeting of his friends. That his wife might persevere in her new undertaking, had never occurred to him; and that she should expose her weakness (for so he viewed it) before company, was a greater wonder. The dinner, which was excellent, he could not relish; visions of accidental deposits of snuff in the gravy and pudding, interfered with his appetite, which was generally keenly appreciative of good cooking. But he kept up an animated conversation with his guests to disguise the newly fledged prejudice. About half an hour after leaving the table, the host began to feel uneasy; the trouble was, he wanted to smoke. And smoke he did, after remarking "that he hoped that cigars were not offensive to any one present." No dissenting voices being heard, Ichabod's happiness commenced; but simultaneously with the cigar-case appeared the snuff box, Mrs. Wise treating herself to the scented powder with the gusto of an old grandmother.

"Ichabod smokes and I snuff; he uses tobacco rolled and I powdered," she went on to say, with great sang froid. "I really felt quite lonesome to sit and see him enjoying himself so much, cut off as I seemed to be from any part of his gratification; so I got some genuine old

Maccaboy, and now I feel quite contented-like. To be sure, I sneezed a great deal, at first, which was a slight drawback to my happiness; but now I can take as big a pinch as anybody, and not have my head feel as though it was going to fly off. Once I used to think that smoking was a vile practice and snuff-taking a disgusting habit; but it's wonderful how completely my prejudices on these points have been overthrown, and, as I may say, thrown to the winds. Yes, it's almost miraculous how my opinions have changed! Aunt," she added, turning abruptly to an elderly lady near her, "I shouldn't wonder at all if I should soon take to cigarettes."

"I hope not, my dear," was the response.

"And why not?" queried Mrs. Wise, in seeming surprise.

"Because—don't be offended, my dear, at an old woman's opinion—because a lady's breath should never smell of smoke."

Rebecca laughed and fortified herself by another liberal pinch out of the capacious snuff box.

"That's a primitive idea, aunt. Do you not know that to smoke well is considered an elegant accomplishment, now-a-days? It's decidedly genteel!"

A pitying smile was the only reply to this enthusiastic avowment.

"Pipes are vulgar; I don't think I would patronize pipes; but I don't doubt I should look charmingly smoking a cigarette. And then Ichabod and I can take so much comfort together. Poor fellow! he's puffed away so many hours alone, that it's quite time his taste were reciprocated. Say, Ichabod, won't it be delightful?"

At this glowing picture of future felicity the visitors exchanged significant glances, and Ichabod, with flushed face and hurried manner, left the room, pleading an imperative engagement. That his wife was fast taking leave of her senses, he was tempted to believe; else why did she act so peculiarly and use such strange words? He preferred to listen to two lectures a day upon the ill effect of cigar smoking, than hear her make such a remark as her last one, or see her take such huge pinches of snuff. His wife's pretty fingers and classic nose soiled with snuff! Pah! it was too revolting to think of!

"Take care, sir—take care of my corns!" said a voice, and looking up, Mr. Wise recognized his old family physician whom he was about running over.

"Ah, pardon me, doctor! I was careless, I fear."

"Monstrously so! At the rate you were going

I might have been crushed, if I hadn't been fortunate enough to gain your attention," pursued the professional man, good naturedly, putting his capacious person in motion.

"The truth was, doctor, I was thinking," said Mr. Wise, apologetically.

"Of what?"

"My wife."

"Then you can be pardoned; for few husbands are guilty of thinking about their wives, especially after being a married man so long as you have!" was the laughing retort.

"Don't joke, doctor! I'm not in the mood; besides, I want your advice."

The small, twinkling eyes of the physician were fixed an instant on the sober visage of Ichabod; then he said:

"Well—your wife?"

"My wife, sir, I'm suspicious, is in a very bad way."

"In a bad way! Why didn't you let me know before, and get a prescription for her? Negligence, sir, negligence!" fumed Esculapius.

"Because I haven't supposed, until to-day, that she needed attention," replied Ichabod, in an humble tone.

"The symptoms, sir, the symptoms?" peremptorily.

"Water from the head, snuffing, and violent and continuous sneezing."

"Bad, very bad! Catarrh—the most aggravated kind of catarrh! I'll drop in and examine the case this very afternoon, by your leave."

"Do so, my dear doctor; but first let me remove any wrong impression my words may have given you. My wife will not confess herself sick; women are so eccentric about such matters, sometimes, you know."

"Ah, don't trouble yourself! I perfectly understand the whims of the feminine world." And thereupon Dr. Bolus complacently produced his snuff box, wrapped the cover, and snuffed with much satisfaction; which movement caused Mr. Wise to recoil in alarm. Bolus sneezed and walked on, while his young friend went puffing in an opposite direction. The latter heard several sternutatory explosions after the old doctor turned the next corner, distant about rifle range, which caused him to quicken his footsteps, and exclaim:

"Confounded bad habit for man or beast is snuffing! If I had a dog that took snuff, I believe I should kill him!"

Ichabod returned to tea at the usual hour. When he opened the parlor door his wife was in the very act of sneezing. Dr. Bolus was present, and she was taking snuff with him very

easily—with the nonchalance of a veteran who has snuffed ten pounds a year. Alarming spectacle! both physician and patient were indulging in the contents of that odious box! He fancied the former looked unusually grave, and felt not a little curious to know what his opinion might be.

"I find your lady affected with a very singular disease of the head," Dr. Bolus remarked: "I haven't met with a case just like it for several years."

"Indeed! What seems to be the difficulty?" said Ichabod, somewhat wrought upon by the doctor's serious manner.

"It is an obstruction of the estachian tubes, with an accumulation of morbid matter upon the pituitary glands, which affects the whole sensorium," quoth the doctor, with professional solemnity.

"Nothing dangerous, I presume?" added the husband.

"All derangements of the human system are dangerous, if neglected or improperly treated," remarked Bolus.

"You can set her to rights in a few days, doubtless?" continued Ichabod, who was now getting really anxious.

"The brain, my young friend, is a very difficult organ to reach," asserted the doctor, with emphasis. "A little reflection will convince you that it is not easy to apply the remedy to the diseased structure."

"You don't mean to affirm that you have no medical agent that will apply to her case?" exclaimed Ichabod, now quite nervous.

"Certainly not," replied the doctor, reaching across the centre table to dip his thumb and finger into Mrs. Wise's snuff box. "There is a remedy."

"What is it?" queried Ichabod, with evident perturbation.

"Har-chew!" went the doctor.

"Har-chew!" followed the patient.

Both used their handkerchiefs, and then Bolus said:

"Snuff," with a solemnity befitting the occasion.

"Snuff," repeated the fair patient, feelingly.

"Snuff!" added Ichabod, starting from his seat as though a highly galvanized plate of zinc had been introduced between his person and the chair.

"Snuff," continued the doctor, "is—"

"An invention of the devil!" cried Ichabod.

"Har-chew!" quoth Mrs. Wise.

"Snuff is a very cheap and convenient remedy, and acts powerfully on the olfactory nerves,

and even on the substance of the brain itself," pursued Bolus.

"I should think it might!" groaned Ichabod. And at that instant the doctor's nose went off with a terrible explosion.

"But seriously, doctor, is there no alternative? It is a most disgusting remedy?"

"On the contrary, sir, 'tis a most delightful medicament. In the course of a year, by plentiful application of Maccaboy, your wife will sneeze away all her bodily ailments—a very easy way of getting rid of trouble, I think. But I wont warrant a cure unless she will take it often. I'd advise you to purchase it by the bladder; half a dozen bladders, sir, will work wonders in her case."

"But, my dear sir," remonstrated Ichabod, "my wife's a small woman, and will by no means hold so much snuff. Why, I apprehend that she would actually sneeze her brains out in three months!"

"Supply the vacuum with snuff," suggested the doctor, quietly.

"I begin to think you have done that yourself!" retorted Ichabod.

"You are at liberty to think what you please, but Mrs. Wise must take snuff."

"You are particularly disagreeable, doctor! Reflect; think of a young and pretty woman, like Mrs. Wise, going about with a vile snuff box in her hand, filling her model nose with the loathsome powder, scattering it over her embroidery, into her daily bread, perchance, destroying the whiteness of white handkerchiefs, and sneezing to the right and left like a confirmed old doser. What is more disgusting than to see a respectable female going about with a black spot on the tip of her nose! Positively, I can't think of Rebecca's taking powdered tobacco!"

"But tobacco does you a great deal of good, husband," said Mrs. Wise, demurely.

Ichabod made no answer.

"It prevents your food from hurting you, quiets your nerves, keeps your head clear, and is such a comfort to you generally. To be sure it makes your breath bad, scents up the house and clothing, takes considerable time, burns up things occasionally, gives me the sick-headache, and costs quite a sum of money; but all this is but a trifle compared with the good smoking does, and the enjoyment it brings."

There was a momentary pause.

"Doctor, will it affect my breath any?" naively inquired Mrs. Wise.

"I'm sorry to say that it will. It will make your voice sharp, also, and impair your intellect, somewhat, if you persist in it a few years."

"Affect her breath, make her voice sharp, impair her intellect! Horrible!"

Now Mrs. Wise had a breath sweet as a rose, a voice like a silver flute, and a fine intellect; and to think that any of these should suffer was terrific to Ichabod. He tried to make some compromise with the doctor, but Bolus was inexorable. He then shifted his ground and pretended to regard it as a joke or an innocent conspiracy; but the doctor became severe and accused him of having no real regard for his wife's health; while the latter applied her handkerchief to her eyes, and seemed to be deeply injured in her feelings. In fact her visuals grew very red and inflamed, which was accounted for, afterward, by the circumstance that she got snuff into them. The unfortunate Ichabod yielded with an ill grace, and spent the evening out.

He passed through varied experiences after that eventful evening. Maccaboy pervaded the house; it seemed as diffusive as cigar-smoke, penetrating everything, leaving everywhere the impress of its odor. The large snuff box appeared alike in the kitchen, dining-room, parlor, and boudoir; it rested beside Ichabod's cigar case at night. He found the aromatic powder on his best handkerchiefs, on the combs and brushes, and on the toilet table. The sound of sternutation became terrible to his ears; he ran when he heard persons sneeze in the street. He lost confidence in his daily bread, and silyly wiped his plate with his napkin when he dined.

What could honest Ichabod do? He entered into a solemn treaty with Mrs. Wise. The articles of capitulation were exceedingly simple and to the point: He agreed to leave off smoking if she would renounce snuffing. He was to bid an everlasting adieu to Havanas, and she was to say to Maccaboy farewell for ever. The snuff box and the cigar-case were laid away together. The house was thoroughly aired, and the nauseating sphere of tobacco expurgated by various processes. The powdered weed was cast out, and the weed in rolls went with it. And it was a joyful day to Mrs. Wise when the filthy smoke fiend was exorcised and laid. There were no more choking fumes in the parlor, dining-room, and boudoir. Her wardrobe became purified, at length, of the breath of tobacco. The abominations that follow in the track of the confirmed puffer finally departed.

Mrs. Wise's diseases vanished also. Dr. Bolus shrugged his shoulders and looked sagacious whenever he met Ichabod; while the latter, after he had fairly broken from the thralldom of smoking, could laugh at the conspiracy without much effort, though it was at his own expense.

A PARIBIAN PANTOMIMIST.

Paul Legrand is the best pantomimist and clown in Paris. In a piece lately produced, called the *Brass Noir*, in which he is conspicuous, I really thought I should laugh myself to death—verdict: died of a clown at a small theatre! It is a parody on Gerard de Nerval's *Main de Gloire*, and the most ludicrous parody imaginable. Pierrot in a battle with a negro, loses one of his arms after having torn off that of his adversary, who has fled, carrying away the white arm. Pierrot, desolate, like the peri at the garden gate, goes in search of a celebrated surgeon, who adroitly adjusts the foreign arm to his mutilated shoulder. Unfortunately the black arm is the arm of a rogue, a mauvais sujet, a thief, a pickpocket, a rake, a canaille, etc., and it obstinately retains the manners of its first master; so, that possessing a will of its own entirely independent of poor Pierrot, who is a very honest fellow, it leads him into all sorts of difficulties. The black arm steals a sack of money, which the white arm honestly refuses to touch, gives blows with its fist, takes the pretty girls by the waist and chucks them under the chin, tickles Pierrot to make him laugh in a pathetic situation, and finally, in spite of the virtue and remonstrances of the rest of himself, leads him off to prison. At the end, however, all is arranged. Pierrot regains his own arm once more, marries the girl of his heart, punches the negro's head, and all terminates happily. The idea is comic, is it not? The representation is droll, beyond expression. —*Correspondent of the Post.*

AN INCH OF RAIN.

In Lient Maury's "Physical Geography of the Sea," he computes the effect of a single inch of rain falling upon the Atlantic Ocean. The Atlantic includes an area of twenty-five millions of square miles. Suppose an inch of rain to fall upon only one-fifth of this vast expanse. "It would weigh," says he, "three hundred and sixty thousand millions of tons; and the salt which, as water, it held in solution in the sea, and which, when that water was taken up as vapor, was left behind to disturb equilibrium, weighed sixteen million more tons, or nearly twice as much as all the ships in the world could carry at a cargo each. It might fall in a day; but occupy what time it might in falling, this rain is calculated to exert so much force—which is inconceivably great—in disturbing the equilibrium of the ocean. If all the water discharged by the Mississippi River during the year were taken up in one mighty measure, and cast into the ocean at one effort, it would not make a greater disturbance in the equilibrium of the sea than would the fall of rain supposed. And yet, so gentle are the operations of nature, that movements so vast are unperceived." —*Philadelphia Post.*

Discontent produces much of our discomfort, and all of our improvement. If Plato had defined man as a grumbling biped, he might have defied Diogenes and his rooster. Whoever objected to the definition would have proved its truth.

RIDING A CAMEL.

BY THE OLD 'UN.

WE see that the camels imported by the United States—*E Pluribus Unum*—have "arriv," and we hope our western Yankees will have a good time in riding them; our own private opinion in the meantime, being, that it is a good deal easier to back a Durham cow than a Bactrian camel. We recollect witnessing a first experiment several years ago at the Lion Theatre in this city. The victim was Dan Reed, a gentleman pretty well known to old play goers in this city, as one of the best stage tyrants of his day. As Gessler in William Tell, he was perfectly excruciating. In private life his temper was none of the sweetest, and we believe it was utterly impossible for Dan to "roar as gently as a sucking dove."

Well, to our story. The management of the "Lion," brought out the melodrama of Blue Beard, with the "whole resources of the unrivalled establishment," "with a reckless disregard of cost," as Mr. Crummles would have said, and in a "style to bid defiance to any other establishment in the world." The great "card" was a bridal procession, in which were introduced two live elephants, a camel, and a stud of horses. Dan Reed was cast for Abomilique, the "three-tailed bashaw," and was expected to mount the camel. Though he protested against a first class actor, in addition to the humiliation of "playing with a menagerie," being obliged to appear on the back of a "ferocious animal," as he styled the camel, still he was obliged to submit to the requirements of the management.

The first night came and a crowded house. At the close of the first act, the procession came on, and went off amidst uproarious applause. Such a big elephant was never seen on any stage. And Dan on his camel was magnificent. His blue beard shone with the brilliancy of a Cairn Gorm, and his sabre and spangles "brought down" the million. Yet, in the midst of his glories and elevated position some ten feet in the air, those who were nearest to him might have seen a shadow of uneasiness on his painted brow. He was evidently dissatisfied with the motion and doubtful of the temper of his "mount," and, sure enough, just as the procession was leaving the stage, a boy in a blue turban, as the camel was passing, animated by the spirit of mischief, kicked him viciously. The animal, though supposed to be as meek as Moses, resented the affront and kicked at the boy in turn. Up went those clumsy footpads, and off went Dan Reed,

his sabre flying out of its scabbard as he pitched upon his head. The act drop went down amidst the roars of the audience. The boy fled, and Dan Reed after him, sword in hand, swearing, like Rob Roy to "cleave him to the briskeet." But the rascal made good his escape, and Dan was forced "to nurse his rage to keep it warm."

After the performance, the tragedian, learning that the boy was ward to Andrew Jackson Allen, the costumer of the establishment, sought out that celebrated personage to lay his grievances before him. Now everybody knows that Andrew was hard of hearing and troubled with a perpetual cold in his head. On this occasion, having heard of what had transpired, he saw fit to be impenetrably deaf, and to hear nothing at all, though Dan spoke in the voice of Stentor.

"Mr. Allen," roared Dan, "I come to complain of an atrocious act on the part of your boy—one of the greatest little villains in creation."

"Glad you like the boy," replied "Dummy." "Good boy—clever—subborts his ancient mother add two sisters—picked it up id Halifax."

"He kicked my camel," yelled Dan, making a speaking-trumpet of his hand and bellowing into Allen's ear—"and made the camel kick me off—me, Daniel Reed, a *legitimate* actor—mark you, sir—led the heavy business at the Federal."

"Excellent, good-natured, abiable boy," pursued Allen. "Sends up all his eardings—I bay his board. Clever lad."

"He's a villain!" shouted Dan.

"Glad you like it."

"And if you don't flog him within an inch of his life—I'll murder him!"

"Thank you, Dad," said Allen, offering his hand. "All he wants is a liddle idstrucshad. He'll make ad agtor—he will—bound to rise. Good princibles. Much obliged for your kide offer. I'll write to his mother—mother and two sisters at Halifax—he subborts ub. Good-night, Dad."

"You be hanged!" yelled Dan. "You're as much of a booby as he is a fool. And if you have any respect for the boy's mother, you'll pay for his funeral—for as sure as the sun gilds the dome of the State House to-morrow morn, that sun shall set upon his bleeding corpse."

It is needless to say that the threat was not executed, and that the next night Dan was billeted upon the elephant, having positively refused to ride the "ferocious animal," on which and off which he had figured on the first night of Blue Beard.

A man who shows himself too well satisfied with himself, is seldom pleased with others, and they, in return, are little disposed to like him.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

CLOSE OF VOLUME THREE.

With the present number of our "Dollar Magazine" we close the third volume of the work. Probably no similar work was ever offered to the public which in a year and a half attained to so large an edition. It will be seen that we are constantly improving the Magazine, both in its contents and the beauty of its typography, using a much better quality of paper, and otherwise increasing its general excellence. We shall continue to make it all that we have promised, and more, and thus respond to the vast popularity it has reached. We have some admirable stories and articles preparing for forthcoming numbers, and send forth with this our hearty good wishes to the army of readers and subscribers who are our patrons.

UNCLE SAMUEL'S FARM.—To give, says an exchange, the English some idea of the extent of our domain, which they have recently talked so much about annihilating, at a single blow, we would state that the distance between the cities of New York and New Orleans is more than equal to that separating London from Constantinople, or Paris from St. Petersburg. By the land route between New York and Astoria, the distance is equal to that between New York and Bremen. By the water route the distance is as great as that between Canton and London.

THE WORLD'S MARINE.—It is stated that the waters of the earth are navigated by 145,000 vessels, of 12,904,687 tons; of which the United States have 5,500,000 tons, Great Britain, 5,000,000 tons, and France only 716,130 tons.

"CONCERT BY OLD BULL!" said a Yankee, reading a poster. "What'll they git up next? Our old bull Brindle can beller like sixty; but I never heard of *his* goin' round givin' concerts!"

AWARD.—Rossiter, the artist of New York, received a one thousand franc gold medal at the late Paris Exposition.

WASHINGTON IN 1773.

When Col. Washington was in New York, in 1773, it was boasted at the table of the British governor that a regiment just landed from England contained among its officers some of the finest specimens of martial elegance in his majesty's service.

"I wager your excellency a pair of gloves," said Mrs. Morris, an American lady, "that I will show you a handsomer man in the procession to-morrow than your excellency can select from your famous regiment.

"Done, madam," replied the governor.

The morrow came (June 4), and the procession, in honor of the birthday of the king, advanced through Broadway, to the braying of the trumpets and the beat of drums. As the troops defiled before the governor, he pointed out to the lady several officers, claiming her admiration for their superior persons and brilliant equipments. In the rear of the troop came a band of officers not on duty, of colonial officers, and strangers of distinction. On their appearance, the attention of the governor was attracted towards a tall and martial figure, that marched with grave and measured tread, apparently indifferent to the scene around him. The lady now archly observed, "I perceive your excellency's eyes are turned towards the right object. What say you to your wager now, sir?"

"Lost, madam," replied the gallant governor.

"When I laid my wager, I was not aware that Colonel Washington was in New York."

COOL.—At one of the California theatres a few weeks since, a quarrel took place between two fellows in the parquette, and they fired several shots at each other with revolvers. A lady who was in the boxes, was asked if she was not frightened. "O, la! no!" said she. "We are so used to having our bonnets and side curls cut with bullets that we don't mind such things." Such is the "werry last bulletin," as Mr. Weller, senior, says.

VOLUME THIRD.—We are now prepared to bind up the third volume of our "Dollar Magazine," which closes with this number, in our neat and uniform style, for *thirty seven cents*. Bound and returned in one week.

OLD STORIES.

There are some old stories that never grow stale; they are so good that we can bear their frequent repetition, and welcome them with as hearty a laugh as when we first heard them. We pity a person who cannot laugh at a good old joke—such a man would be very likely to cut a good old friend. We pity a man who can sit at a circus without any relaxation of the facial muscles, while the clown is performing the same pranks and uttering the same jests which delighted his grandfather. Mr. Hardcastle's staple story was "Old Grouse in the gun-room," and yet often as it was repeated, we are led to infer that it enjoyed a fabulous success. When he is marshalling his servants for the dignified reception of his expected guests, he says: "If I happen to say a good thing, or tell a good story, at the table, you must all burst out a laughing, as if you made a part of the company." "Then, eood!" answers Diggory, "your worship must not tell the story of 'Old Grouse in the gun-room;' I can't help laughing at that—he! he! he!—for the soul of me. We have laughed at that these twenty years. Ha! ha! ha!"

Who objects to hearing for the thousandth time the story of the Irishman riding, who, when his horse caught his hind foot in the stirrup, dismounted, saying, "If you're to get on, I'll get off; for, be Jabers! I wont ride double!" Or that other "gentleman," who sat in his saddle, immovable, under a pelting shower, because he was waiting for it to clear up. These genuine old things have a flavor of fun that ensures their perennial bloom.

What a story that is of Sheridan's going out to shoot with Mr. Coke's Irish gamekeeper, at Norfolk, and missing every shot, while his good-natured companion found a ready excuse for every failure. At the first shot, all the birds got away, when the gamekeeper exclaimed, "More power to your honor! Did you see one little fellow drop his leg as he went off? He'll never stand on his tin toes again." The second shot was no more lucky, but the consolation this time was, "Tare an' agers, there they go! But didn't your honor hear the shot rattle among them like pasc again a windey! They'll pray never to see your honor agin on this side of the country." Shot 3d, (birds all off again): "Blood an' oons! but they've caught it!" (After watching them awhile), "There's three wounded anyhow, for they had hardly stringth to fly over yonder hedge: the devil a wink of sleep they'll get this blessed night." Shot 4th, (a pheasant gets away): "Well, I never seen a poor gentleman taken like him; he'll remember your honor many a long

day for that. The spalpeen is carrying away more shot than would sit up an ironmonger at Skibbereen." Shot 5th, (a snipe gets off): "Bother! you may cry crake, my fine fellow; you may take your long bill to the other world. You'll wake to-morrow morning with a lumbago in your soft head." Poor Sheridan could stand this no longer, but gave his countryman a fee for his ingenuity, and proceeded on his beat alone.

Children like old stories, even though they don't like old toys. The repertory of the nursery is very limited, and yet no child is tired of hearing over and over again the tale of the adventurous cow that "jumped over the moon;" of the "three blind men who went to see three cripples run a race;" or that fearful narrative of the children who met with an untimely fate in consequence of "sliding on the ice all of a summer's day." We, children of a larger growth, should learn wisdom from the juveniles, and not be ever craving after literary and humorous novelty. There is nothing new under the sun; we should learn to cherish what is good, rather than crave after what is new—old friends, old jokes, old customs.

PLENTY OF COAL.—Professor Hitchcock, in a recent lecture at Chicago on "Geology," states that coal deposits on the northern half of the continent, embrace an area of 225,000 miles, and are capable of yielding 1100 cubic miles of coal. It is estimated that one cubic mile will last a thousand years for all purposes for which it is likely to be wanted; and consequently, we have a supply of fuel in the earth for the next eleven hundred thousand years. So, don't be alarmed!

A LONG BEARD.—The longest beard recorded in history, was that of John Mayo, a painter to the Emperor Charles V. Though he was a tall man, it is said his beard was so long that he could tread upon it.

THE FATHER OF WATERS.—The total length of the Mississippi and all its tributaries, is fifty-one thousand miles, which is more than twice the equatorial circumference of the earth!

EXPRESSIVE.—Landon thought that a rib of Shakspeare would have made a Milton; and the same portion of Milton all poets born ever since!

TO HOUSEKEEPERS.—Painted wood pails are more poisonous than lead pipe.

TO CURE FELONS.—Have them arrested.

MR. MANAGER BLUFF.

Our old friend, Mr. Manager Bluff, of fortunate memory, has been dead some years, and so we can afford to indulge in a reminiscence or two respecting him without scruple. We have nothing to say against him. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*. He left a competence to a remote relative in England; but he would have left a million had fortune accorded to him his full deserts. Nobody could manage an audience better than Bluff. When there was a row "in front," in consequence of the non-appearance of a favorite comedian, incapacitated from playing by inordinate devotions at the shrine of Bacchus, Bluff, and he alone, could allay the storm. He would appear before the curtain, dressed in black from head to foot. Profoundly bowing to pit, boxes and gallery, with his hat on his heart, he would say, in a tone of deep emotion:

"Ladies and gentlemen,—I deplore, as much as you resent, the absence of Mr. — to-night. Were it attributable to the usual cause, the absentee should this moment be struck from the roll of my *corps dramatique*. But should I be able to state that he was at this moment watching by the sick bed of an aged mother, whose moments in this world are numbered (white handkerchief to the eyes), I am sure—ladies and gentlemen (broken utterance)—that your expressions of blame would be changed into those of sympathy." And amidst tremendous applause and cheers, Mr. Bluff would withdraw, and the performance would go on, with a "stock" in the part of the erratic star.

Bluff got up a piece once on a time, called the "Battle of Bunker Hill." It was such a shocking mass of stuff, that the crowded audiences, attracted by the novelty, hissed heartily, and the curtain fell in a regular row. The poor "author" shuddered at the wings at the utter condemnation of his play. "You are a fool," said the oracular Bluff. "Wait." Seizing an American flag and a cutlass, and in the costume of a patriot soldier, which he had worn during the piece, he presented himself at the footlights.

"Ladies and gentlemen,—I beg to return you thanks for the kind applause which you have bestowed on the brilliant effort of genius I have had the honor of presenting to you this evening, and to announce that it will be repeated every evening of this week." Cries of "no! no!" hisses, cat-calls, yells, burst from every part of the house. "Ladies and gentlemen," continued Bluff, when there was a lull in the storm, "when I tell you that many of the dresses and properties used in this piece actually belonged to men who fought and fell at Bunker Hill—that the

dress in which I now appear before you once clothed the limbs of a hero of the Revolution, who died at the side of your immortal Warren—when I tell you that this cutlass escaped the relaxing hand of a soldier of the times that tried men's souls—that this very flag was used at the Battle of New Orleans—I know that your sympathies will be with me!" Tremendous applause followed this "gag." "Ladies and gentlemen," continued the unblushing manager, "I know you will join me in the sentiment I am about to utter: the immortal memory of George Washington!" Three times three cheers! "Ladies and gentlemen,—I thank you for your verdict. You embolden me to announce the continued representation of the 'Battle of Bunker Hill!'"

Thunders of applause shook the house, and the piece subsequently ran for forty nights. Wasn't our friend Bluff a model manager?

HIGH FALUTIN.—A western stump orator in the course of one of his speeches recently remarked—"Gentleman, if the Par-sy-fix Ocean wor an inkstand, and the hull clouded canopy of heaven and the level ground of our yearth wor a sheet of paper, I couldn't begin to write my love of country onto it."

MEMORY.—Feinagle taught a system of artificial memory—mnemotechnica. One day a friend of Feinagle's found the waiter in a coffee room, laughing heartily. On asking the cause of his mirth, the fellow replied, "I can't help it, sir; it's raining hard, and that ere memory-man has gone and forgotten his umbrella!"

DESCRIPTIVE.—Young Bob Battles was undertaking to describe to another boy the common musical instrument called the "accordion." He floundered away in his efforts, and finally said, "Jim, you know what it is—it's an educated bellows."

XTRAVAGANZA XTRAORDINARY. — Charles X., king of France, was exceedingly xccrated by his people. He was xpatriated for his xcesses, to xpate his xtravaganza was xiled, and xpired in xile.

THE "CRADLE OF LIBERTY."—In 1775 Faneuil Hall was used for theatrical purposes, by officers of the British army, for their own amusement.

BEAUTY.—Among egstern nations obesity is thought to be the prime requisite of beauty; and the plumpest lady bears away the palm.

THE SON OF NAPOLEON.

Paris has been giddy and reeling with the effects of that popular intoxication produced by the recent dynastic event which has given Louis Napoleon an heir. Another child has been born into the family of kings—born to the hope of one day ruling the most brilliant, and, as recent events have demonstrated, the most powerful state of modern Europe. Luxury and fortune rock his cradle, and he is the unconscious recipient of homage from the gifted, the high born, and the fortunate. But who shall cast his horoscope? No one on earth can predict his destiny. He may live to wear the imperial ermine and purple; he may eat the bitter bread of exile; he may fill an untimely grave. France is a country of direful vicissitudes. In Paris there is but one step between the throne and the scaffold—but one step between the plaudits and the curses of the people.

Forty-five years ago, the thunder of the same guns which have just announced from the esplanade of the Invalides the birth of an heir to the present emperor, proclaimed the advent "into this breathing world" of a son of the elder and greater Napoleon. "Never was an earthly monarch greeted with a more affecting demonstration of a nation's love and homage." The child was born to the proud title of King of Rome. What brilliant hopes gilded his future! Had any sinister voice then declared, "in three years the great Napoleon will be forced to abdicate the throne of France; in four years, after a brief return of power, he would be languishing, death-stricken, a hopeless prisoner on a barren rock in the Atlantic; the wife who had just crowned his hopes, separated from him, content with the possession of a petty Italian duchy; the heir of these bright hopes, spoiled of his kingly title, the doomed victim of an infamous conspiracy, headed by his grandfather," the prophet of evil would have been regarded as an imbecile. Yet such was the actual fate of those who stood so high upon the pinnacle of worldly greatness and happiness only forty-five years ago. It is impossible not to recall these things on the present occasion.

But there are points of difference as well as points of similitude in the two events. The marriage of Napoleon I. with Marie Louise of Austria, was a marriage of policy. To accomplish it, he repudiated his first love—the wife of his bosom—the amiable and devoted Josephine. Bitterly was he punished for the violation of his vows. Austria became his speedy enemy, and Marie Louise, who never loved him, was false to him in the hour of misfortune, and false yet

to his memory. Louis Napoleon's marriage was an affair of the heart. The *parvenu* was more self-reliant than his uncle. He scorned to acknowledge that he stood in need of strength from a royal alliance, and gave his hand and heart to a beautiful and accomplished lady, who brought him no political influence as a dowry. When the King of Rome was born, England was the powerful and deadly enemy of France, and Russia on the eve of withering her military power. Louis Napoleon's son is born when England is the humbled and subservient ally of France, and when the mighty power of Russia has succumbed to the Gallic eagle. It must be confessed that he comes upon the stage at an auspicious moment.

The event, however, is not one which we, upon this side of the Atlantic, can be expected to regard with much satisfaction. Inasmuch as it strengthens the hands of the present ruler of France, it depresses the hopes of the patriots of Europe, with whom we deeply sympathize; for Louis Napoleon is the avowed champion of order—that is to say, of despotism—in Europe. The prospects of liberty look darker to our eyes than they did at the close of the Congress of Vienna. Then there were elements of instability in the very order of things decreed by the Holy Alliance. The Bourbon lilies were replanted in an uncongenial soil, where they could not but wither. Now, the despot of France is upheld by the blinded millions of that most enigmatical of empires. Liberty is now no more in France, and its spirit is crushed out in Italy and Germany. The hopes of Poland and Hungary are once more blighted. England, constitutional England, shorn of her proud influence, is but a wheel in the complicated machinery of despotism, autocracy and spiritual tyranny; and it must be many, many years before the volcanic fires of liberty can burst the rigid iron crust that overlays them.

FOREIGN PASSENGERS.—The total number of passengers from foreign countries who have arrived in the United States, since April 30th, 1843, is given at 3,400,000.

CREDITABLE TO AMERICAN SKILL.—Engines are being built in New York for the Austrian Royal Danubian Steam Navigation Company.

JAMES'S NOVELS.—Mr. James has written fifty-nine books, nearly the whole of which are novels—and the list is not yet complete.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE SURGEONS.—The railroads have resumed their regular trips.

TABLE TALK.

We must all eat to live ; but many people live only to eat—a miserable way of passing one's existence. We remember somewhere to have seen a little treatise, published somewhere about the year 1812, in which the author asserted that passions, and even accomplishments, were dependent for their character on food. Thus, mental heaviness was said to be produced by beans, potatoes and lettuce ; brilliant imagination by the wings of quails and partridges ; volubility by eating larks, and anger by feeding on roast turkey. A diet of peacocks would produce vanity, and excessive indulgence in goose a state bordering on idiocy. But it is not worth while to follow out the fanciful speculations of this writer.

We degenerate moderns can never achieve anything in the gastronomic line to what was done by the ancients. Ancient history bristles with facts relative to the profusion of Roman tables and the voracity of Roman eaters. We read of Lucullus's three hundred dining-rooms, and the Apollo room, wherein each banquet cost the revenue of a whole province ; of six hundred ostrich heads, each prepared in a different way for a "pot-luck" dinner given by young Hellogabalus ; of twenty-two courses counted at a supper of the same emperor, who never suffered the same plate to be used before him, though it was of massive gold ; of couriers, appointed by Trajan, to bring to him, on the banks of the Euphrates, fresh oysters from Lake Lucrinus (not far from Rome) ; of Apicius, who, after discovering a number of new dishes, killed himself because he could no longer live so well on two hundred thousand dollars a year, to which his income had been reduced ; of the Emperor Antoninus, who died from eating too much cheese ; of Claudius Esopus, a Roman actor, who taught Cicero the art of declamation, and gave six hundred pounds for a bird which had learned to sing, speak and think, that he might make a fricassee of it. Darius assembled at dinner fifteen thousand guests, and sometimes spent a million dollars on a banquet. Caligula, according to Pliny, would suffer no wine on his table that was not one hundred and sixty years old. Asinius Celer gave seven thousand crowns for a barber. When the Emperor Otho dined with his brother, seven thousand sorts of birds and two thousand sorts of fishes were served up. Cleopatra, when supping with Mark Antony, was so delighted with a bird prepared in a particular way, that she left nothing but the bones ; and the Roman general was so gratified with the cook that he sent for him and made him a

present of a whole city. In modern times, Louis XV. forgave the Duke de Soubise the loss of the battle of Rosbach in consideration of an omelette, which the marshal invented.

Shall we recall some of the great eaters of ancient times ? The Emperor Claudius one morning called for his breakfast—not that he was hungry, but he thought he could pick a bone or two. Well, a hundred perches were served up with a hundred becaficas. After eating ten melons, by way of prelude, the emperor swallowed everything on the table, including thirty-three dozens of oysters—thirty-three pounds of grapes were eaten by way of helping his digestion ; and then he was ready, with a clear head and good conscience, to attend to public affairs. He had risen from the breakfast table with an appetite ! The comedian Phagon, in the presence of the Emperor Aurelian, devoured a wild boar, a hundred loaves, a sheep, two sucking pigs, and washed the whole down with an *orca* of wine—a measure, the capacity of which we cannot ascertain, but for the sake of poetical consistency, we'll call it a hog's head. We might record a good many more trencher feats, on classical authority, but we pause ; for our readers might fancy that the ancient historians were too much addicted to drawing the long bow.

PREFERABLE.—Light American plows have superseded the heavy Scotch plows in Malta. They were introduced recently by the Governor, Sir Wm. Reid, formerly of Bermuda. The Scotch plow was too heavy for the warm climate and the mules of Malta.

TONNAGE ON THE LAKES.—According to the Buffalo Commercial, the tonnage of lake steamers now on the stocks is 17,775, and of sailing vessels 31,183, all of the value of \$2,720,500. Vessels were lost last season whose tonnage amounted to 20,850.

PRESERVATIVE.—A small piece of linen, moistened with spirits of turpentine, and put into a bureau or wardrobe for a single day, two or three times a year, is a sufficient preservative against moths.

BUENOS AYRES.—This must be a pleasant place to live in. During six months the people there have had two conspiracies and three threats of invasion.

TELEGRAPHIC.—The cable of the New York and Newfoundland Telegraph Company will be laid by Mr. Canning.

CHINESE TAILS.

The tails worn by the inhabitants of the "Central Flower-Land" are a badge of servitude. On the subjugation of China by the Tartars, an edict was issued requiring the whole nation to shave the front of the head, and to plait the residue of the hair into a tail, the length and size of which is considered in China a great mark of masculine beauty—in consequence of which great quantities of false hair are worked up into the natural hair, the ends being finished off with black silk cord. Their Chinese rebels cut their hair short, and the moment they make a recruit to their ranks employ the shears upon him. They are thus sure of their fidelity; for the absence of the tail is a proof positive of rebellion. To the lower orders it is a useful ornament. A traveller relates that on one occasion he saw a Chinaman flogging his pig along with it; while, on another, the servant was dusting the table; and when their belligerent propensities are excited—which is not often,—they will twist each other's tails round their hands, pulling with all their strength, and enduring the most horrible torture, till one or the other cries "Hold, enough!" In San Francisco, when the naughty boys of that golden city get hold of a party of unfortunate Chinamen, obfuscated with opium, they tie all their tails together in a hard knot, and then throwing a bunch of fire-crackers into their midst, amuse themselves with their frantic and impotent struggles to get free. "Pretty vicious that!" as Mr. Squeers says; but boys will be boys.

MIGHT AND MAIN.—Gordon Cumming, the great lion slayer, was telling Rogers, one day, how he once came, unarmed, upon a huge lion. "Thinking to frighten him, I ran at him with all my might," said the hunter. "Whereupon," said Rogers, "he ran away with all his mane, I suppose?" "Exactly so," said Cumming. We think this story was coming it rather strong.

SAINTS FOR RUSSIAN SOLDIERS.—During the last campaign in Russia, more than 60,000 images of saints were sent from St. Petersburg for the encouragement of the Russian soldiers.

WORTH THINKING OF.—An exchange warns boys against gambling with marbles, as the first step in a downward career of vice.

PASSING AWAY.—Seventy-one revolutionary soldiers died during the past year.

VERY TRUE.—Every hour spent in studying is working for higher wages.

ÆOLIAN HARPS.

How sweet and suggestive are the notes of an æolian harp, as the wind plays over its strings! Now it murmurs low and gentle as the whispers of love; anon, wild and plaintive, it seems the complaining voice of the spirits of the storm. In the year 1785, the Abbate Gatoni constructed at Como a most singular æolian harp. He stretched fifteen iron wires, of different thicknesses, from the top of a tower, about ninety feet in height, to his dwelling house, about one hundred and fifty paces distant. This giant harp, by its mysterious sounds, while the air was calm, indicated changes in the weather. This was ascribed to electric influence. The same phenomenon occurred in a similar harp, constructed by Captain Haas, of Basle. The effect of the vibration of the wires in each of the giant harps, prior to changes of the weather, or during storms, is said to be quite indescribable. The sounds swelling or dying, or combining in the wildest harmonies, were sometimes heard for miles around.

• **SCHOOL BOY LITERATURE.**—In 1750, a gallows and whipping-post stood near Porter's tavern, at Cambridge, in Massachusetts, which gave rise to the subjoined couplet, intended to caricature the times:

"Cambridge is a famous town,
Both for wit and knowledge;
Some they whip, and some they hang,
And some they send to college."

EARTHQUAKES.—The most remarkable earthquakes of modern times are those which destroyed Lima in 1746; Lisbon in 1755, in which 20,000 persons were killed; Calabria in 1783; Caraccas in 1812; Aleppo in 1822; Guatemala in 1830; and San Salvador within the last year.

GOING UP.—Dr. Root, of St. Louis, has sold a piece of property at St. Paul, Minnesota, for \$24,875, which a few years ago cost him only \$600. "Now by St. Paul! the work goes bravely on."

HORRIBLE.—One thousand barrels and four hundred and thirty-two thousand bottles of patent medicines are manufactured annually by two establishments in Providence, R. I.

COL. BRAGG.—This gallant officer, who used to give away "grape," is now "in the sugar line," on a plantation at Lafourche.

RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.—Nearly all the newspapers in Spain—once the most bigoted country in Europe—now go in for religious liberty.

Foreign Miscellany.

Large discoveries of tin ore have been made in Australia.

The Protestants of France have nearly 1000 ministers and 1500 places of worship.

The plague has broken out in Nankin, China, and nearly one hundred thousand persons have died.

The famous porcelain manufactory at Sevres, France, is to be forthwith transformed into barracks. Such is progress.

A railroad is just completed between Alexandria and Cairo, which will vastly increase the facilities of communication with India.

Sir Hyde Parker, commander of the English naval forces in the East Indies, died at Devonport on the 21st of March.

Napoleon determines to send an extensive expedition of colonization to Madagascar. England does not oppose it.

There is some talk of a powerful force being sent into Africa to complete the entire subjugation of the native tribes.

Among rumors prevalent one is, that the emperors of Russia and Austria have respectively promised to visit Paris soon after the conclusion of peace.

The Armenians and Greeks have protested against the late toleration and reform decree of the Sultan. The Greek petition is especially directed against the articles relating to the clergy.

Among other notable arrivals announced at the Jardin des Plantes, in Paris, is that of a live alligator, six feet long, from the Mississippi River.

Accounts from Manilla state that bands of brigands were scouring the country, and spreading incendiary proclamations against the Spanish government.

An Englishman, named Hand, has patented a process for preserving animal food any length of time, without sugar or salt, exclusion from air, or any of the common modes of preservation.

A venerable missionary, Rev. Mr. Davis, who landed at Tahiti in 1801, died at his work at Papara, recently, in his eighty-eighth year. He has spent fifty-four years of missionary labor in Polynesia.

Cornelius, the German artist, has completed a picture, "The Last Judgment," the total height of which is 96 feet, and that of the principal figures 17 feet. The artist is said to have treated the subject with great skill, and has introduced 128 figures in every possible variety of grouping.

The several missions in Western Africa are said to be in a very prosperous condition at the present time. There is also a special religious awakening in Liberia. It does not appear to be confined to one denomination, but extends to all denominations of Christians.

The Sardinian troops in the Crimea, both common soldiers and officers, show a great zeal to procure and read the Bible. More than four thousand Bibles and Testaments have been distributed among them. The chaplain of the army himself called for a Bible, and said he would not oppose such a work.

New Testaments, in the Turkish language, are allowed to circulate in Turkey.

Rat skins have become scarce in Paris—and of course kid gloves are higher.

An American hotel is to be established in London, with a capital of over \$4,000,000.

In Southern Russia, 100,000 persons have died of typhus fever.

It is stated that the conscription in France for the next year will amount to 140,000 men.

The annual consumption of eggs in Paris alone is 175,000,000, of the value of 7,724,256 francs.

The revenue of England increased eight millions sterling in 1855 over 1854, and France four millions.

The Joint British, French and Sardinian Submarine Telegraph line, when completed, will be 12,000 miles long.

King Oscar, it is said, intends to lay claim before the Paris Congress, to the Aland Isles, as belonging of right to Sweden.

At a book sale in Paris a short time ago, a curious edition of Voltaire, containing not less than 12,860 illustrations, was sold for \$1115.

Ali Pacha, the Turkish Plenipotentiary, is said to express openly his sympathy with the cause of the Poles and Hungarians.

Six thousand French have embarked at Marseilles for the Crimea, probably to supply sick vacancies.

We obtain from the foreign papers the highly important and astonishing intelligence, that upon the table of the Peace Conference in Paris there were six inkstands, two for each ambassador.

The mullen, that very useful weed with a tall and elegant flower stalk, which roots itself at ease along the highways of New England, and which we strive to eradicate, is cultivated in Old England as the "American velvet plant."

The government of France, and of some other continental States, have so successfully bred fishes that their artificial propagation has ceased to be an experiment; and all the streams of Scotland and Ireland have been replenished with salmon.

Of the 606 convicts in the Ohio Penitentiary, there are—Second convictions, 58; third, 9; fourth, 3; fifth, 1. 423 are intemperate; 61 are married; 50 are blacks or mulattoes; 26 are over fifty years of age; 244 cannot read or write; and 400, or nearly 66 per cent. of the whole number, have no trades!

The London Times, in an editorial, speaks of "our allies' unwise and undignified demonstrations in favor of peace," and conceives that the British will be discontented with the terms of peace, the only results to England being her victories, and the consciousness of undiminished resources.

Captain Davison, of England, has patented the application to cannon of a telescope sight and cross-wires, or micrometer, so that by means of them and a collimator, the piece of ordnance may be brought to its proper position by day or night, after every discharge, without the necessity of observing the object aimed at, after the proper range and aim have been first obtained.

Record of the Times.

In Pennsylvania, a voluntary desertion of two years entitles a wife to obtain a divorce.

The Texas Legislature have given the widow of David Crockett a league of land.

Rogers's receipt for long life was, "temperance, the flesh brush, and don't fret."

A correspondent of the "Country Gentleman" has seen an egg with two others inside.

A public school teacher in New York recently asked for books for "an ingigent pupil."

A young lady advised to take exercise, lately jumped at an offer.

The Chinese call law losing a cow for the sake of a cat. Quite expressive idea, that!

The message of the governor of New Jersey in 1713 was three lines long. A model.

Boots used to be made of brass and iron. Remarkably nice for tender feet.

Lyell, the geologist, says it must have taken 67,000 years to form the Mississippi Delta.

Frankenstein, of Cincinnati, has made a noble statue of a kneeling child.

Property to the amount of \$2,028,900 was sunk in the Mississippi River in the year ending September 30, 1855.

The story that Louis Napoleon led a dissolute life in New York in 1837, is flatly contradicted in the *Courrier des Etats Unis*.

The mammoth safe, made for the New York Park Bank, is said to be the largest in the world. The weight is ten tons, and the cost was \$2500.

The Spaniards say, "At eighteen marry your daughter to her superior, at twenty to her equal, at thirty to anybody who will have her."

The members of churches in connection with the denomination distinctively known as "Christians," in this country, is 864; value of church property, \$864,056; number of seats, 304,630.

Rev. E. H. Nevin, of Boston, and two other gentlemen, have purchased 12,000 acres of land in Iowa, on which they purpose to colonize 100 families, mostly from New Hampshire and Maine.

The population of Pittsburg, Pa., and the seven or eight boroughs which surround it, is set down at the present time at 122,620, being an increase of fifty-five per cent. in less than six years.

The cost of publishing Lieut. Wilkes's book, which grew out of the Antarctic Exploring Expedition, has already amounted to a million and a quarter of dollars! So says Mr. Clayton in the Senate of the United States.

James G. Shute, of Woburn, Mass., whom the Boston Traveller calls an "amateur zoologist," has kept a tortoise two years and six months without food. It is an interesting experiment—to the "amateur," but how would he like to have it tried upon himself?

A lawyer recently attempted to palm himself off as Rufus Choate in a neighboring town. At the suggestion of a printer, who was present, the "writing test" was applied to him. He wrote a legible sentence, and was promptly kicked out of the company.

A man who is opposed to capital punishment lately refused to hang a gate.

It is said that thirty slaves are annually fitted out in the port of New York.

The "Sons of New Hampshire," living in Boston, propose to celebrate at home next fall.

In California, one circular saw lately sawed 7500 feet of boards in two hours.

An anonymous defrauder of the revenue lately restored \$800 to our collector.

The rose of Florida, the most beautiful of flowers, emits no fragrance.

Forty-eight clergymen of the Church of England are converted Hebrews.

An international fair is to be held at Buffalo in September next.

St. Simonton, C. G. H., is a great resort for turtles. What a place for aldermen!

A priest in Paris has been preaching against the extravagance of ladies in dress.

The Chinese are said to divide the human race into men, women and Chinese.

The Adriatic (Collins steamer) is larger than the Persia of Canard's line.

The Norwegian population of Dane county, Wisconsin, amounts to 6623 persons.

The Indian title to Manhattan Island (New York city) was bought for twenty-four dollars.

Professor Liebig has been offered five thousand dollars to come to this country and lecture.

There are eleven railroads in Wisconsin, the length of which when completed will be 695 miles; 432 miles are now finished.

Arrangements are being made to build a Female Seminary in connection with the Baptist college at Kalamazoo, Mich.

The citizens of Lowell propose placing a chime of eleven bells upon St. Anne's Church, at a cost of \$4000.

Galveston, Texas, has 6000 population; San Antonio, 7000; Houston, 6000; Brownsville, 5000.

The Delaware River is to be bridged at Milford, Hunterdon county, N. J., at a cost of ten thousand dollars. The structure is to be finished by the close of the present year.

The California Farmer expresses the opinion that hereafter coffee will be grown in that State for their own consumption, and also for exportation.

Benjamin Marshall, Esq., of Troy, New York, offers to give six acres of land for the purpose of securing the erection of a suitable building in that city for the reception and treatment of patients afflicted with infectious diseases.

A strong-minded woman in Chelsea, Mass., has her own maiden name engraved upon the street door-plate. Her husband, she says, lives with her—not herself with her husband. A distinction with a difference.

The National Bank of New York, of whom the late Albert Gallatin was the founder, and his son, James Gallatin, the president, will re-organize in July under the General Banking Law, with an enlarged capital—\$1,500,000 instead of \$750,000.

Merry Making.

Why is G like the sun? Because it is the centre of light.

What utility is there in killing hogs, if they are cured directly afterwards?

"I'll give you a poke in the eye," as the thread said to the needle.

When tired, and your patience is worn completely threadbare, then—"darn" it.

Why is the Boston almshouse like Nahant rocks? Because there is a *surge* on there.

Why is a joiner less handsome than his wife? Because he is a deal-planer.

The man who lately received a "lock of hair" is on the lookout for a key to it.

What utility is there in killing hogs, if they are cured directly afterwards?

The editor of the Young America has a ferocious poodle, which he backs to lick any plate in the neighborhood.

"Have you read my *last* speech?" said a prosy M. C. to a friend. "I hope so," was the satisfactory reply.

A sign in Ann Street, Boston, reads, "*Lodgers taken in.*" We guess there is no deception about that "shingle."

A young lady being asked by a boring politician which party she was in favor of, replied that she preferred a wedding party.

It is a bad sign when a preacher tries to drive his logic by thumping the desk violently with his clenched hand. His arguments are *so-fist-ical*.

A New York mathematician says, if the chalk mines of England should ever become exhausted, the price of Orange county milk would advance to twenty cents a quart.

An editor in Arkansas was lately shot in an affray. Luckily, the ball came against a bundle of unpaid accounts in his pocket. Gunpowder could not get through that!

What is the sovereign difference between Russia and Austria? Why, in Russia the emperor is pope, and in Austria the pope is emperor, as verified by the concordat.

Gentleman from the interior, totally unacquainted with the daguerrean art: "Look a' here, mister, couldn't ye just throw in a pair of moustaches? I'm going to raise some in the fall."

A manager was recently solicited to make his seats more comfortable. "People sleep half the time now during a performance; it wont do to make them more easy, or they would sleep all the time."

A learned young lady one evening, lately, astonished the company by asking for the loan of a "diminutive, argenteous, truncated cone, convex on its summit, and semiperforated with symmetrical indentations!" She wanted a thimble.

The Chinese people make out pretty long pedigrees. In a history of the Celestial Empire, we find this passage: "About this time the world was created." An engraving is introduced to illustrate the fact, representing a mandarin in the clouds, looking on through a spy-glass.

Why are kind mothers like novel writers? Because they indulge in *fancy*.

What is that which if you take the whole away, there will be some left? Wholesome.

"There is more parade than potatoes," as the Irishman said of the dinner table at a fashionable hotel.

Why does a shoemaker, when he has filled an order for you, earn a title? Because he's Major (made you) boots.

We once heard of a dog who had a whistle which grew on the end of his tail. He always called himself when wanted.

An eminent artist is about getting up a "panorama of a law suit." It opens in the year 1, and closes with doomsday.

A rather credulous individual, on being told that he should not believe more than half he heard, asked, "Which half shall I credit?"

Never purchase friends by gifts, for if you cease to give they will cease to love. Some call them "small potato friends."

"Mr. Smith, the hogs are getting into your cornfield?" "Never mind, Billy, I'm sleepy; corn wont hurt 'em."

A Western paper advertises thus: "*Run Away*—A hired man named John; his nose turned up five feet eight inches high, and had on a pair of corduroy pants much worn."

A woman is a great deal like a piece of ivory—the more you are ruined, the closer she clings to you. A wife's love don't begin to show itself till the sheriff is after you.

The French government gives every soldier who has lost a limb an artificial arm or leg of the best construction. This is truly giving *arms* to a "deserving object."

A pragmatical young fellow, sitting at a table over against the learned John Scott, asked him what difference there was between Scott and sot. *Just the breadth of the table*, answered the other.

Paddy said that the best friend he had in the world when he came over to Liverpool, was an "Irish thirteen," (a shilling). Poor Paddy was about right.

A fellow in Albany is going to have his life insured, so that when he dies he can have something to live on, and not be dependent on the cold charities of the world, as he once was.

An old lady in Vermont was asked by a young clergyman to what denomination she belonged? "I don't know," said she, "and don't care anything about yer 'nominations; for my part, I hold on to the good old meetin' house."

In Tristram Shandy, the enthusiastic Corporal Trim, in giving his account of the beautiful Beguine, who attended him during a fever, and relating the dreams which disturbed his slumbers, says: "I was all night long cutting the world in two, giving her half."

During a trial that occurred in the police court the other day, a constable testifying with regard to a lady, said—"I know nothing of her but what I hear the neighbors say; and, in my opinion, what women say of one another is not worthy of belief." His opinion! Where are the strong-minded and the cowhides?

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WHOLE No. 19.

A LEGEND OF THE SPAW INN.

BY MAURICE SILINGSBY.

It was rather late one pleasant Saturday afternoon, as I took up my journey from Manchester, England, in the direction of the large manufacturing town of Ashton-under-line, which is romantically situated on the ascending bank of the river Tame.

It was near sundown when I arrived, and I made up my mind I would pass the Sabbath there; so I alighted at the sign of the "Odd Whim," formerly the residence of a wealthy gentleman, who had once held a high position in church affairs, under the especial auspices of Roe, or "Old Roe," as he was called, the Israelite Prophet. This is one of four residences, surrounded by beautiful grounds, and located in the outskirts of the town, at the four points of the compass, each owned and occupied at one time, I was informed, by the more prominent dignitaries of said church.

It was a favorite prediction of old Roe's which led to the purchase of these lands. It seems that he had prophesied to his followers that the town of Ashton under line would one day become converted to the faith, and it was the intention of the faithful, at such time as the prophecy should be fulfilled, to construct a mighty wall which should effectually exclude them from the world, and these four points were to be the only entrances to the city of the faithful. But the iniquity of the prophet becoming evident shortly after this, it had the salutary effect to explode the much cherished scheme. Three of these famous estates have since fallen into the

hands of some cotton lords of the neighborhood, while the other, as I have said, was converted into a fashionable inn, the name of which I have already recorded.

The next day I had the curiosity to visit the church, owned and still devoted to religious purposes by the remarkable sect which properly boasts the honor of its erection. It stands on Fleet Street, and was built during the first part of the present century. It was constructed after no particular model, and as you approach it from the main street of the town, you are half inclined to look upon it as some sort of prison. This idea is speedily dissipated, however, by the inscription which glares at you above the entrance—"Israelites' Sanctuary,"—with the date of its erection, etc. The gallery is open to visitors on Sabbath afternoons only, when such as choose are free to enter within its sombre vestibule, where they are speedily accosted by the sexton, who conducts them up a weary, winding staircase to a seat in the gallery.

On first entering, you are struck with the unusual air of splendor which pervades everything coming within the scope of your eye. The interior of the church is constructed somewhat after the plan of our amphitheatres, with circular pews of solid mahogany, in the centre of which rises a large and costly organ, of octagonal shape, with a high pointed roof. The organist, and, in fact, all the male portion of the choir, are graced with long beards, which descend quite to their waists. The female singers are

attired in short-waisted white dresses, with old style Quaker bonnets and green veils, which are thrown back while singing, exposing to view many a sweet, bright face. I left the church at the conclusion of the service, highly impressed with the novel scenes I had witnessed.

Leaving Ashton-under-line on the following morning, I took the road through Mosely into Yorkshire. As I advanced, the scenery about me grew wilder and more irregular every moment. After riding a couple of leagues or so, I entered upon a desolate heath, called Booth-deen, which extends for several miles along the road on either hand. The road all through this region is covered with pulverized limestone, which contrasts oddly enough with the gloomy aspect of the heath. On either hand, at short intervals, are to be seen high granite posts, which were planted on purpose, no doubt, to guide travellers during severe snow storms, or in the darkness of night. To ride through such a spot, even in broad daylight, will create in the breast of the traveller a feeling of homesickness. To add to my general discomfiture, before I could distance this gloomy region of country (I should shudder to cross it unarmed after night-fall), it began to drizzle, and then to rain steadily, and by the time I had reached the nearest house—which proved to be an inn—I might easily have wrung from my clothes a gallon of water.

The Spaw Inn, as the sign swinging in front betokened, was standing alone, within a pistol-shot of the heath, and surrounded by a few acres of beautiful green upland—such as might not have been expected in such close proximity with this sterile locality. A little beyond, with a shady lane leading to it from the main road, is still to be seen the ruins of an old gibbet; and between that and the inn is the famous Spaw Spring—famous among the peasantry for miles around for certain curative properties, which it is believed to possess, and from which the inn properly derives its name.

On entering the inn, I found several persons assembled, who, like myself, had been driven thither by the rain. The landlord was a large, rosy-cheeked man, with comfort and good cheer palpably written in his face. To judge from his appearance, he could not have fallen much short of twenty stone weight. Each new arrival—for there were several who presented their dripping persons after me—seemed to give our host additional satisfaction; for, to judge from the merry twinkle of his eye, as well as to the hearty welcome which he gave to each of us on entering, he could not have been otherwise than pleased

that the rain had favored him with so goodly a company.

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody good!" he would say, rubbing his hands gleefully.

There was one sturdy fellow present, named Jake Hasp, whom, with the exception of myself, everybody seemed to know, and who seemed to know everybody. He was just then preparing to launch out into a story, which might be supposed to be of no little interest, to judge from the half dozen eager faces that surrounded him.

"I tell you what, boys," said he, "the Padfoot would frighten the stoutest hearted man in England, with his great saucer-like eyes. I saw one, and I wouldn't wish to see the like again."

"Pshaw!" said the landlord, interrupting him, "who do you suppose will believe that story? The Padfoot is too big a dose for modern Englishmen to swallow. I tell you there's no such thing, Jake."

"Well, then, I tell you there is," answered Jake, stoutly; "for I've seen it, and what I've seen with my eyes—you see I've eyes, don't ye?—I believe, I do."

"Yes; but you might have been drinking pretty freely, as you do sometimes, and then you might have imagined anything."

"No, no; it's no such thing, now. I saw it as plain as I see you."

"Well, never mind; tell how it was," said one of his auditors. "I'm ready to listen to it; I be!"

"Well, it's not much of a story," answered Jake. "It's not equal to Suirs' yarn about the old gibbet up yonder" (Suir was the landlord), "but such as it is, I've half a mind to tell it. Like enough it's better than no story at all on a rainy day."

"Yes; and like enough Suirs will tell his, then," added another of the company. "Suirs' version of the 'legend' is said to be tip top, and if the rain continues we'll have it out of him somehow."

"That we will," persisted a second; "so out with it. Blaze away, Jake!"

"Well, I'd been down at Manchester for a couple of days, and was just coming home, d'ye see," pursued Jake. "Perhaps I might have dranked pretty freely while I was there—I don't say I didn't; but I was as sober as a beadle for the full of an hour before reaching home. I'd often listened to stories of the Padfoot, but I'd never seen one at that time, and what was more, I had no great faith to believe in them either. Well, there's a lonesome bog about a mile from my house, through which I had to pass, and in

the centre of the bog—as near as I can guess—there's an old log bridge which crosses the stream; and I'd been over it a thousand times, day and night, and at all seasons, but had never thought of seeing the Padfoot, nor nothing like it. Well, it hadn't been dark very long when I came in sight of it, and what should I see but a black object standing by the roadside, just at one corner, as you would pass on to the bridge. I didn't take much account of this circumstance, and so I kept trudging along; but when I came within a few feet of the object, where I could see it plain, it just wheeled round, facing me, and then I knew from the descriptions given by those who had seen it, that the thing before me was none other than the Padfoot. It had a monster head, with great flaming eyes, and the body was less in stature than a dwarf's. I was near sinking to the earth with fright; for every time I attempted to move a peg, the terrible eyes would roll round on me, till I felt the very blood in my heart freezing. How I managed to get past that dreadful bridge, I don't know; but when I did get by, if I didn't—if I didn't run, then it's no matter!"

A variety of opinions were now offered, but in the main, the story was credited, and as the rain still continued to pour down freely, there was soon after an urgent call for the landlord's story.

Our host had never thought proper to dignify his narrative with a title, although, for the last half century, it had served him as a staple article of entertainment. And on similar occasions with the present, the "Legend of the Spaw Inn" had no doubt beguiled the wearisome moments of many a gloomy inn-bound traveller, who, like myself, had been called upon to linger for a day within the sterile borders of Boothdeen Heath. The legend, with the kind permission of the reader, and the usual license granted to story-tellers, shall be told after my own fashion, for convenience sake, discarding the old style method of putting words in the mouth of a second person.

Further back than even the memory of the "oldest inhabitant" dates, there resided in the ancient and opulent city of Manchester an old gentleman, who possessed from inheritance considerable landed property in Yorkshire. His name was Matthew Sheil. He had an only son, with whom he was associated at this time in business; and although he, as well as others, persisted in advising to the contrary, the senior Sheil, though now on the verge of threescore-and-ten, was yet in the habit, as he had been for

forty years before, of riding into Yorkshire, solitary and alone, once a year, to look after his rent-roll. The business on those important annual occasions usually occupied him about four days in its transaction. Being of a grasping, miserly disposition, he had preferred not only the danger, but the trouble of the thing, rather than spare the stipend which a local agent, however trifling the charge, would require to accomplish the same important end.

During the last few years of his life, the son had constantly upbraided him with the folly of the thing, telling him that he would be robbed, and possibly murdered, if he went on in the same way, and advising him to place the business either in his hands or in those of some respectable agent, who would do equally as well. But no reason or objection that could be urged, was of sufficient importance to prevent him from pursuing the same course which he had marked out for himself so many years before, and from which, whether in rain or shine, he had never once deviated.

"It wuid be suir foully tu throw away as mouch as that, when I caun do it joust as well, I've doun it these forty year an' muir, and never was molested yet!"

Such was the old gentleman's parting salute on the occasion of his last visit into Yorkshire. On this occasion the son felt more than his usual disquietude, and after fretting away the first two days of his father's absence, he grew so uneasy on the third that he determined to take the road in the direction of Yorkshire, and meet him on his return. The old gentleman, during these yearly visits, had made his head-quarters at the Spaw Inn, riding all day among his tenantry, and returning thither at night. On the morning of the fourth day he invariably started on his return, so that the son knew that on the evening of the third, if nothing should have happened to him, he would be most likely to meet him there. Accordingly he hurried on and arrived at the inn in safety, just at nightfall. On entering, he discovered two men, seated on a bench, with a loaf of bread and a pot of beer between them. They were rather hard looking specimens of that turbulent class of people which infest large manufacturing towns, creating discontent among the multitude of operatives, otherwise miserable enough, which swarm those noisy, greasy and begrimmed localities.

The first care of young Sheil was to make inquiries of the landlord respecting his father, and then to see that his horse was properly cared for; for he had ridden pretty sharply during the last five miles, not having much relished the idea of

walking his horse through the gloomy region of Boothdeen.

"He left the inn this morning rather earlier than usual," answered the landlord, "saying that he had much business yet to transact; but he thought he should get through in season to reach here by sunset, or a little after. He will be here very shortly now, I think. I have always thought it strange, however, that the old gentleman will still persist in riding round the country in this fashion, and at his time of life, too. Why, it is really dangerous now; I should hardly think of such a thing myself, as stout as I am. But he don't seem to mind it—not a bit! And yet I suppose a great many, besides his tenants, know what he is about?"

"Yes; but it is useless to reason with him," answered the son, "for he will do it. There is no doubt but he will continue the same practice as long as he lives, or at least as long as he is able to get about. It was my anxiety on this account that induced me to visit Yorkshire to-day. I expect nothing but that he will be made away with on some of these occasions."

"Does he usually collect a very large amount during these visits?" inquired the landlord, carelessly.

"Yes; too much for an old man like him to carry, who is totally unable to defend himself. He usually returns with about a thousand pounds."

The two men seated on the bench here exchanged glances.

"Well, he is very foolish to do it, that's all I can say for him," responded the landlord, with an ominous shake of the head. "I suppose he will return through Boothdeen Heath as safe as he will on any other part of the road from Halifax, however. I have never heard of anything happening on the moor."

Here the two men arose, and after settling for their loaf and pot of beer, quietly withdrew from the inn.

After they were gone, the son remarked that he felt such a sensation of uneasiness that he should wait but half an hour longer before he again took the road. It had grown quite dark since his arrival, and the darkness had tended more than ever to increase his anxiety. The moon had not yet risen, and the landlord advised him by all means to wait till after it had, before venturing into the heath.

For some minutes succeeding the last remark, young Sheil continued to pace up and down the room in a restless, abstracted manner. Some three quarters of an hour might have possibly elapsed since the departure of the two men, and

the heralds of the moon had just rolled their first wave of light into the hungry gulf of darkness, when the silence without became broken by the sound of a horse's hoofs coming swiftly along the heath.

"That is the old gentleman!" exclaimed the landlord, throwing open the door, and peering out into the darkness. "I should know the peculiar sound of the horse's hoofs among a regiment of troopers. I never knew him to ride so before, though! I think he must have been alarmed at something. Why, he is driving at a fearful rate!"

The dull clatter of the horse's hoofs now grew louder and more distinct every moment. So intense was the anxiety of young Sheil that he was forced to lean against the door for support. In his present distempered state of mind, every additional sound seemed more than ever the premonition of evil. Nearer and nearer it approached, louder and louder rose the ringing, clattering hoof-notes, as though the very silence had suspended breath to add intensity to dread. In a moment after, the outline of a horse was visible. It approached; it entered the gate—it was riderless!

Without a word, the landlord ran into the kitchen, rallying the groom and post-boy, who had retired thither to gossip with the cook, and procuring lanterns, they all started, in great alarm, towards the heath. Young Sheil, in his anxiety, did not wait for the rest, but springing into the saddle, turned his horse's head, and spurred madly down the hill, and along the Halifax road. For about five minutes he continued to ride with unabated fury, when suddenly the horse stopped, elevated his head, snuffed the air two or three times, and then snorted vigorously. Young Sheil stretched forward over the saddle-bow, and gazed along the road. Not a dozen paces in advance of him lay a dark figure, outstretched and motionless, by the roadside. He sprang from the horse, while a sudden pang of dread shot through his heart, and feebly seizing the bridle rein, he moved forward with trembling steps. On reaching the object, it proved to be the body of a man, and on closer examination, the son could no longer doubt that he now beheld the dead body of his father! At first, he conjectured that the horse might have taken fright at something, so as to have thrown the old gentleman, who, at his time of life, might have been easily killed by the fall. But this idea was speedily dissipated on the arrival of the rest with the lanterns; for they found the skull of the old man fractured, and beside him lay the club which had probably been used in accomplishing the

bloody work. A little distance off lay the old gentleman's pistol, which, for some reason, had not been discharged.

From appearances, there seemed to have been something of a struggle, as there was blood to be seen for several yards around the spot where he now lay. His pockets had been rifled of everything in the shape of money, and the murderers had so far made good their retreat. Suspicion naturally fastened itself on the two men who had overheard the conversation between the younger Sheil and the landlord, and during the next two or three days, Boothdeen Heath, and the adjacent country, were pretty thoroughly ransacked by police runners from Halifax, Huddersfield, and other large places; but all efforts to discover the perpetrators of the foul deed proved utterly abortive in every instance, and after a short time the excitement gradually wore away, and nothing further was heard or said of the murder.

Fifteen years passed away, and the circumstances connected with the Boothdeen tragedy were well nigh forgotten. The son had succeeded to the estates in Yorkshire, and like his father had kept on the practice of visiting his tenantry once a year. This was not done, however, from any penurious motive. Nothing of that kind had ever influenced the actions of the younger Sheil; but he felt an unconquerable desire to fathom the mystery, and there was a feeling that told him he could never expect to do it by remaining in Manchester. To him, there was a melancholy interest associated with the Spaw Inn, and as often as he visited Yorkshire he was sure to remain there over night, when, betwixt him and the host, the old topic of the murder was sure to be revived, and not unfrequently discussed and speculated upon till a late hour of the night.

On the occasion to which we refer, he had just returned from Halifax, as far as the Spaw Inn, where he had previously arranged to stop over night. The landlord was standing at the door when he drove up, and he remarked to him before they entered the inn, that he had been thinking it over, and it was now just fifteen years ago to-day since his father was murdered on the heath. While they were conversing, they observed a man approaching the inn in the opposite direction. He was dressed in a threadbare suit of black; was very pale, and seemingly much exhausted. There was a jaded, careworn expression about the face, and a restless, anxious look about the eye, which would be taken in at a glance by the most casual observer. He might have been fifty years of age, though the

cadaverous aspect of his features, and the general emaciation of the body, might have led any one to pronounce him much older. He approached the landlord, and desired to know if he could be accommodated with a room by himself, as it was his present intention to stop at the inn for a few days.

The landlord readily conceded to the requirements of the stranger, whom he immediately conducted to a room adjoining his own sleeping apartment. During the time thus occupied, young Sheil had been standing in a maze of bewilderment. He had seen that face before. He had seen it somewhere under peculiar and trying circumstances—but where? It was sometime before he could obtain the real clue to his thoughts, but when it came, a blaze of startling intelligence shot out from every feature of his face, which was speedily followed by an unearthly pallor, and a sharp, nervous compression of the lips. When he entered the inn, the landlord expressed his surprise at the sudden change in his appearance, and desired to know if he was unwell.

"No, I am not," responded Sheil; "but I have an odd request to make, which, if it is a possible thing, you must comply with. It is nothing less than that you appoint my sleeping room next to this stranger's. I allude to the one who has just arrived."

"It is rather of an odd fancy," replied the host, curiously; "but if my bedroom will answer your purpose—it is the only room adjoining the stranger's—it shall be placed at your disposal."

"Thank you; it will do very well," answered Sheil; "but you need not mention it—what I have said—to any one. I have particular reasons for being cautious."

The stranger, who had retired to his room on first entering, did not again make his appearance below stairs, but on the plea of fatigue or indisposition, had ordered supper to be served in his own room, thereby frustrating Sheil in his intended scrutiny, which he had thought to enjoy at table without interruption—or, at least, without awakening any suspicions of what was then passing in his mind.

The time which necessarily intervened between this and going to-bed, was spent by young Sheil in fidgetty silence. If he spoke at all, it was only in reply to some direct question propounded by the landlord, and when, at an early hour, he was shown up to the landlord's room, he felt no inclination to court slumber. He lay on the outside of the bed, and listened intently to catch the faintest sound or movement from

the stranger's room; but everything was silent in that quarter. For two hours there were occasional sounds of life coming from below stairs, and then all was silent. The next hour seemed almost an age in duration. Never, during the whole experience of his life, could he recall anything half so protracted and painful.

At length there was a movement in the stranger's room. He arose; he could hear him when he stepped from the bed to the floor. With suspended breath and teeth hard set, young Sheil continued to listen. In a few moments the occupant moved cautiously to the door and softly raised the latch. He heard him creep along the passage, stealthily descend the stairs, open the street door and pass out. So silently was this accomplished that no one but a listener could have detected it.

The instant the door was closed, Sheil sprang to the window, which overlooked the yard and out-houses. It was a bright moonlight night, and everything about the premises was clearly discernible from where he stood. In a moment the stranger passed round the corner and came fully out in the moonlight. Here, for an instant, he paused, and looked anxiously around and up at the windows. Sheil drew back into the shadow of the room, but still continued to watch his movements narrowly. After satisfying himself that no one was astrid about the inn, the stranger passed off into one of the out-buildings, and presently re-appeared, carrying in his hand a spade, which he swung over his shoulder, and then passed off with cautious steps in the direction of the heath, on the Halifax road.

The precise moment for action had now arrived, and with a palpitating heart, young Sheil crept down stairs, and drew his boots on in the open air. He then started off in hot pursuit of his object, keeping as much as possible within the shadow of the dwarf trees and bushes which grew by the roadside. Occasionally the stranger would pause and look about him anxiously, as though he more than half suspected some one was dogging him; and then, as if re-assured, he would move stealthily on again. In this way they continued on for nearly a mile. During this time, however, they had not followed the Halifax road, but had struck off to the left and entered on a more elevated part of the heath. At length the stranger paused, and Sheil, who was not twenty rods behind him, sank down in the shelter of a clump of bushes, where he could safely sit and observe the other's movements. At first he began by making a careful examination of the ground, stirring the leaves all about, and peering down at the same time like one who

is in anxious search to discover some coveted object.

"This can't be the spot, though I could have almost sworn it was," said the stranger, speaking aloud for the first time, and advancing directly towards the bush where Sheil was sitting. "Ha! ha! here it is—here are the very stones! I should have known it if I had had my eyes open!" And the next moment he kicked over the stones, and struck his spade into the ground. He then nervously threw up a few shovels' full of earth, after which he stooped and picked up something, held it up in the moonlight (it was a small bag), and shook it. Sheil knew by the dull, clinking sound which followed the motion, that the bag contained specie of some description; and satisfied upon this point, he hastily but cautiously beat a retreat to the inn, where he arrived some moments before the other.

He watched him on his return, and saw him replace the spade in the shed. He saw him when he came out from the shed; he saw him pass round the corner; heard him ascend the stairs cautiously, and enter the room, undress, and get into bed. Then all was silent. After listening for some time, and becoming satisfied that the stranger had fallen asleep, he descended softly, and groping his way to the room which the landlord occupied, requested him to get up immediately.

In a few minutes the host appeared, rubbing his eyes, and wondering very much if his guest was in his right senses.

"Hush!" said Sheil, interrupting him, just on the point of speaking; "as I am a living man, I have this night discovered my father's murderer!"

The landlord was so astonished at this unexpected declaration that he came near dropping the candle which he held.

"Who?—who?" he managed to stammer out.

"The stranger!—the stranger!" responded Sheil, who was scarcely less excited than the host. "I can't stop to tell you how, for I must be in Halifax as quick as it is possible for a horse to take me there. But there must be no noise made. Let the post-boy be called quickly; but don't for your life mention a word of my suspicions to any one. Everything must depend on secrecy and despatch; for if there was the least movement made to excite his suspicion, the bird would be flown ere my return."

With these injunctions, the landlord roused the post-boy, and in ten minutes after, Sheil was on the road to Halifax.

On reaching Halifax, his first care was to procure a warrant for the stranger's arrest; and then in company with two of the police, started

back with all haste to the inn. The sun had but just arisen when they drove into the yard, and the stranger was just coming down stairs. He colored slightly on perceiving them, but in a moment after the habitual pallor returned—the same haggard, emaciated look—the same restless expression of the night before.

On a signal from Sheil, one of the officers approached to arrest him; but no sooner did the stranger perceive his intention, than he drew a pistol which he had hitherto concealed, and discharged it full at him. The ball grazed the officer's shoulder, but did no further damage to any one, and in a moment after, the stranger was effectually secured and handcuffed. He was then conveyed to Halifax, where he underwent an examination before a magistrate, who committed him for trial at the next assizes. During the time which elapsed between the examination and trial, Stephen Brock (such was the stranger's name) continued doggedly indifferent to all permission on the part of others in reference to the confession of his crime. He had held no conference with Sheil, and therefore did not know the nature of the testimony which he would bear against him, but congratulated himself, up to the moment of his trial, with the presumption that no evidence could be brought against him sufficient to warrant his conviction. The testimony of the landlord and groom—the post-boy had died shortly after the murder—tended in no way to excite his alarm; but when Sheil was called, and stated in a clear and unshaken voice that he recognised in the prisoner on the night of his last arrival at the Spaw Inn, one of those very persons whom he had seen there on the night of his father's murder, and on whom, at that time, the suspicion of the crime had so naturally fastened itself, the prisoner began to exhibit some symptoms of alarm. When he went on still further, and stated what had subsequently transpired, how he had watched his movements, and had afterwards followed him into the heath, etc., the guilt and terror of the prisoner became so manifest as to satisfy every one who might have hitherto entertained doubts of his guilt, of his participation in the crime. Suffice it to say, that the jury, after a very brief deliberation, returned a verdict of guilty, and the prisoner was sentenced to be gibbeted on the very spot where he had buried the money.

When the murderer, Stephen Brock, became satisfied that there was no longer any hope for him, his whole demeanor changed, and he made the following free confession of his crime:

"I was born in Leeds, where I continued to reside up to the time of my father's death, which

occurred when I was not yet sixteen years of age. From Leeds I removed with my ather and a younger sister to Manchester, where we began life in the mill. I remained there long enough to see my sister consigned to the grave, a victim to the wear and tear of such a life—its maddening, whirling, incessant clatter, bringing death into a thousand families, that a few insignificant cotton lords might be suffered to roll in affluence, lording it over, or crushing out the great mass of life which lay shrinking or grovelling at their feet. From that hour I became eloquent on the subject of reform. If I was wronged, or if I saw another wronged, I rebuked them openly for the wrong. If they struck me, I returned the blow with interest. I was reported as a dangerous, turbulent and rebellious person. I became an outcast, and in company with others similarly situated to myself, I led anything but a praiseworthy life.

"I then started on foot, in company with a friend, for the purpose of procuring work in some of the smaller towns. We arrived at the Spaw Inn just at nightfall, where we had thought of stopping till the next day; but the conversation which we there heard, between the landlord and the old man's son, decided us in our wicked courses. We left the inn, pretending we were obliged to get on to Halifax; but no sooner had we entered on the heath than we made the rash resolve to waylay and rob the old gentleman. We did not thirst for his blood—we only desired to get possession of his money.

"Scarcely had we arranged our plan, when we heard the old man approaching. I advanced ahead of my companion and accosted him in regard to the distance to Halifax. He answered 'seven miles,' but did not think proper to draw rein. I then seized the horse by the bridle, and my companion advanced with a club. No sooner did the old man perceive our intention than he drew a pistol, which I succeeded in knocking from his hand before he could discharge it. We then dragged him from his horse, and gave him to understand that his only chance of escape depended on his yielding up his money; but his love for the base metal predominated over everything like fear for his personal safety, and so he positively refused to submit to our demands. We felt that time was precious, and knew that it would not answer to parley much longer with a person so miserly as to sell his life rather than endure the agony of a separation from the smallest fraction of his possessions. We then endeavored to rifle his pockets of their contents, but the old man fought us desperately, shouting 'murder! murder!' with all his strength. My

companion strove to choke him into silence, but in the attempt got his fingers somehow between the old man's teeth. The next instant, before I could interfere, my friend caught up his club and dealt the old man a crushing blow over the head. He straightened back with a groan, but gave us no further trouble. We soon succeeded in getting possession of a bag of gold, which he carried secreted about his person, and dragging him to the roadside, we left him there, and then struck off into the heath. After wandering about for some time, we ran afoul of a den where some wild animal had burrowed, but which was now deserted; and gathering together some bushes, we crept in and covered up the opening. Here we continued cooped up for four days, at the expiration of which time hunger drove us from our hiding-place.

"On quitting our retreat, we made an equal division of the spoils, and agreed to separate, each taking a different route. We had in all about four hundred guineas each when we parted. My companion I have never seen since. I do not know where he went, or whether he is now alive. He was naturally well disposed, but withal hasty and impetuous, and easily rendered desperate by injustice. I think from my previous knowledge of his character that he has long since repented of his crime, and therefore his name shall be kept a secret.

"After separating from my friend, I journeyed on for several miles, when the idea occurred to me, if I should be suspected, and so large an amount of money be found about me, that the circumstance of itself might lead to my conviction. I therefore determined to go instantly back and bury a portion of my ill-gotten store near the spot where the crime had been committed. It seems now as though some higher power than human understanding directed me back to that fatal spot, that in revisiting it in after years it might lead to my final detection. I reserved only a hundred guineas for present uses, and buried the rest on my return to the heath. I then made the best of my way to Liverpool, where I secured a steerage passage on board a packet just on the eve of sailing, and bound to New York.

"In New York I was robbed during a fit of intoxication of every farthing I possessed. Various were the obstacles and disappointments which I encountered in the New World. Nothing which I undertook seemed to prosper. I became at first disheartened, gradually my health became impaired, and for fourteen years I led a most miserable and precarious existence. One year ago I made up my mind to return to Eng-

land, dig up my buried treasure, and retire to some obscure village or hamlet, and spend the remainder of my days in peace and quiet. But Justice in this has forestalled my intentions, and I am now sentenced to expiate my crime on the gibbet."

A few weeks after rendering the foregoing confession, Stephen Breck was conveyed from the jail to the gibbet, which had previously been erected in that part of Boothdeen where the tragedy had been enacted—was confined therein, with a loaf of bread and a small tank of water just in front of him, but so placed that he could not reach it; and there for many days the physical agony of the poor wretch was protracted, till death, the result of starvation, ensued. It is generally believed by those who are familiar with the legend, that Stephen Breck was fourteen days in the gibbet before yielding up his life. Then the vultures and birds of prey came and pecked away the mouldy loaf and the putrid flesh of the murderer, till nothing but a skeleton remained encased in the iron folds of the gibbet. Years passed, and the bones gradually crumbled into dust, and the four winds of heaven swept them away to mingle with their mother earth.

Thus ended the landlord's "Legend of the Spaw Inn." I visited the spot the next day, but so many years have since elapsed, that but little of the old gibbet now remains.

BUSY BY STEAM.

One of the busiest places in the world is a rail road station about starting time. Some come early, and some are always late; but whether prompt or tardy, every one has something to do. To purchase a paper, to get a cup of coffee, to have a trunk labelled—or, greater work than all, to get a ticket—are duties that require time; and all these little things have to be done when only a few minutes of sand are left in the hour glass. Here are fat old ladies and pale-faced men; single women and singular men; persons with families and people without, young and old, sad and happy, the sensible and the dreamers are all present, and have a journey before them. Some open windows and some shut them; carpet bags are hung up, bundles are upon the seats, and newspapers are unfolded, and everything is being prepared. A great many last words said; messages rattle on both sides, hands are shaken, kisses are exchanged and away we go.—*Railroad Journal*.

STEEL TOOLS.—In making tools, the artist is directed by the color of the steel while heating. The different colors direct, in tempering, to a standard. When steel is too hard, it will not do for tools intended to have a fine edge, because it will soon become notched, and if too soft it will too easily bend. Purple is the color for gravers, or tools used to work in the metals. Blue is the color for springs and instruments for cutting soft substances, such as leather, etc.—*Scientific Am.*

SONG TO INEZ.

BY FRANK FORESTER.

The winds of heaven are free!
They brook no mean control;
Fearlessly bounds my heart to thee,
As a steed to reach the goal.

The skies are bright and pure—
I dream of heaven and thee;
Gazing in their pearly depths,
Thy angel form I see.

The flowers of earth are fair—
The breezes toy among;
Gently as float the sephyras there,
Ye breezes bear my song.

The birds sing gladsome songs,
The echoes catch the stream;
Will Inez listen unto mine,
And echo back again?

The grave is dark and deep!
The heavens are high above;
When the weary heart lies down to sleep,
Will Inez weep in love?

AN OLD BACHELOR'S WOOING.

BY T. BURLINGAME ROSS.

"HUMPH!" said Mr. Thomas Spencer to himself, as he pulled a gray hair from his left whisker, "humph! I believe I am getting to be an old bachelor! Forty-one last birthday! and there's my nephew Tom been in college two years, and got engaged to Emma Marsden, whose mother, I believe, was in love with me once, and I should not wonder if I was just a little bit taken with her. Positively, I am getting along in life some. Now it seems but two or three years since I went to brother Harry's wedding, but it must be at least twenty, for Tom is in college and Jenny has a beau. (Whew! three gray hairs over the left temple!) Now it was silly in Harry to marry so young, before he got anything ahead, though he has done pretty well, considering he has had the drawback of a wife and family all along, yet he has not half so much money as I now (that stuff I got of Barton does not help my hair a bit, and there is a bald place coming). Well, it is rather lonesome being a bachelor when all one's friends are married, or dead, or something of the sort. I believe I must go and get married, too. Pity that the girls now-a-days are so homely; not half so pretty as they were fifteen or twenty years ago.

"Let me see, whom shall I take? There is Mary Barstow—her father is rich, and she is an only child. She is not handsome enough though—I am pretty good looking, myself, and I must

have beauty in a wife—her foot is decidedly too large, and her hands have rather a bony look about the knuckles—no, Mary won't do.

"There is Susan Ray, young and pretty, but not rich; I suppose she would grow crazy almost, with joy at the thoughts of marrying me; but I ought to make money when I marry.

"Old Gray is rich and has daughters—let me see—Fanny—O, she is too old—near forty, I guess, thirty-five at the least, and she has got some temper too; and Bella, and Ada, the second wife's children are both engaged.

"I guess (plague take that gray hair, the fifteenth I have pulled out!) I guess I shall go and call on Susan Ray; 'twon't do to be too pointed though in my attentions at first; I may want to back out—pity they are so abominably poor. I shall have to support the whole family, I suppose."

Mr. Thomas Spencer, having pulled out all the gray hairs he could find in his head and whiskers, carefully shaved his upper lip, parted his hair with mathematical exactness, put on an embroidered shirt, a faultless vest, elegant coat, and white kid gloves, drenched his handkerchief in patchouli, and started for Mr Ray's domicile.

Susan Ray and Jenny Spencer sat at the window, deep in confidential converse, as Mr. Thomas Spencer came down the street and approached the house, for Susan and Jenny were inseparable friends and schoolmates.

"There's your uncle, Jenny!" exclaimed Susan, "how nice and elegant he looks! Which is the oldest, he, or your father?"

"Father, I believe," was Jenny's answer.

"Don't you pity poor old bachelors? I do; nothing to care for, and nobody to care for them," said Susan.

"O, Uncle Thomas doesn't need any pity, Sue," replied Jenny, "he is perfectly satisfied with himself, and thinks father was very foolish to get married; he cares about furniture and dress, and then he has got a tame parrot and a pair of rabbits to care for him. But as I was saying, Henry Jones told me it was a fact about Charley Harcourt and Ada Gray, that they were engaged, and would be married in spite of her father's opposition and—"

"Jenny, I declare your uncle has just rung! Do you suppose he has come for you?"

"I hope not; I won't go down unless he asks for me."

Susan went down in great amazement, when told that Mr. Thomas Spencer had asked for her, and when he invited her to accompany him upon a grand sleighing excursion the next day, she asked if Jenny was going.

"I suppose so," was his reply.

"Then I shall be very happy to go!" said Susan.

Mr. Spencer took his leave, rather puzzled to know what Jenny's going had to do with his escorting Susan.

Susan, too, was still more puzzled, when she found, on returning to Jenny, that she was going with Henry Jones, and not with her uncle, and the idea of riding with Mr. Spencer alone seemed too formidable to be entertained for a moment. Still worse did she feel about it, when about an hour later, William Clark, a young man whom she liked very much, called to invite her to accompany him with the same party.

"Too bad, Jenny! too bad, isn't it? Here I've been and promised to go with your old bachelor uncle, and can't go with William!" and forthwith poor Susan began to cry.

"Sue, you will make yourself sick," said Jenny, "crying so."

"Good! so I will, Jenny, and you tell Henry just how it was, and Henry will tell William, and so I will stay at home, and it will all turn out right."

So Miss Susan, whom Mr. Thomas Spencer supposed to be wild with joy at the thoughts of receiving a little attention from so wealthy and distinguished an individual as himself, was actually crying herself sick at the thoughts of being obliged, on his account, to decline the pleasure of a drive with a homely, red-headed youth, with a genial heart and busy brain, it is true, but not more than ten dollars cash in his pocket.

When Jenny went home that evening, she carefully placed upon her uncle's table a note, the purport of which was, that indisposition would prevent Susan's having the pleasure of riding with him the next day.

"'Indisposition,' hey!" almost shouted our bachelor friend, "what the ——" we will leave the rest of his exclamations a blank, as they were hardly suited for "ears polite." Suffice it to say, that the next morning saw him on the way to invite Mary Barstow to ride with him. He was there rebuffed by the news that she was engaged.

"Engaged, is she?" muttered our hero to himself. "Well, so I heard a good while ago, but didn't believe it; one is *indisposed*, and 'tother *engaged*—pursuit of a lady under difficulties—now I vow I will get some girl to go with me on this sleigh ride, and I will get married, too, to somebody. Mary and Susan will both cry their eyes out, when they find that one of them might have been the happy and fortunate bride; they think I am not in earnest, only flirting a little, I sup-

pose; my day for that is over—too many gray hairs coming, haven't time—hope those silly girls have not spied them yet, I pick them all out every morning.

"I have it, I'll go down and talk with old Gray; he hates Harcourt like sin, ever since he—well, I won't call no names—got the better of Harcourt's father in that land trade; he'll let Ada go with me, I know, rather than with Charley. After all, Ada is prettier than Susan, and her father is richer than Mary's. She looks a little as Emma Marsden's mother used to, too."

Mr. Gray sat in his counting-room calculating his gains. Mr. Gray was looking very cross indeed, because his daughter Ada was invited to the great sleigh ride by Charley Harcourt, and he did not want her to go with him, although the only protest he could allege for refusing his consent was, that he did not like him. Mr. Gray, however, was always very affable and polite to Mr. Spencer, and welcomed him with great cordiality as he entered the counting-room "on private business."

Gray sent his clerk out of ear-shot, and then told Mr. Spencer that he was just thinking of calling on him to propose their going into partnership.

"Yes, Mr. Gray," said Mr. Spencer, "but we will talk about that some other time. I have come this morning to confer about going into partnership with one of your daughters; I think it is about time for me to get married."

"Yes, Spencer, my boy, so it is," returned the old gentleman, "and my Fanny will be just the wife for you; just the right age, steady, and a capital house-keeper; she more than saves her board and clothes by her good management. To be sure she is a little prim, sort of old maidish, but she'll get over that, and will make a first rate wife. Spencer, my boy, I congratulate you, I congratulate Fanny, I congratulate myself!"

"But, my dear sir," faltered Mr. Spencer, "it was not Fanny that I had in my mind. She is a fine girl, I own, but Ada was the one I meant."

"Ada! O, well, that don't alter the case much, only she won't be half so good a wife for you. She is romantic and sentimental. She'd rather read romances than stuff sausages, and eat bread than make it; and then, I don't believe she'd have you, she is bewitched by that young Harcourt, and I can't compel her to marry against her will, you know."

"O, I will manage that," replied Spencer, "she won't refuse me when she finds I am in earnest. I guess I shan't suffer by comparison with Harcourt, any day. Let her go with me to this sleigh-ride, and I'll fix it up. Stay, a bright

idea has just occurred to me. You know our destination is to the town of —, just on the State line, and one mile only, from the place where we stop, across the line, is the village of —, famous for clandestine marriages; give me your consent in writing, and I will engage to bring her home as Mrs. Spencer, this very evening."

"Well, if you can do it with her free consent, you have mine and welcome. Here, I'll write it, 'I, Otis Gray, of —, in the State of —, do freely and cheerfully consent to the marriage of my daughter with Thomas Spencer, Esq.' Will that do?"

"Yes, only you have not put in the name."

"Name? O, no matter for that. I consent you shall marry any of them, as soon as you please, you take your choice, or whichever you can get."

Mr. Gray went home at noon in a much happier frame of mind than he had left it in the morning, and informed Ada that Mr. Spencer would call for her at three o'clock, to take her upon that sleigh-ride she was so anxious for.

Mr. Spencer went from Mr. Gray's counting-room to his brother's house, and confided his whole plan to Mrs. Mary Spencer, requesting her to board himself and wife for a few days, until he could make some permanent arrangements, not noticing Jenny, who was watering her flowers at the other end of the room. So engaged was he in making a dazzling toilet, that he did not observe, as he might, from his chamber windows, that Henry Jones was speedily called in, as he was passing the house, *accidentally*, of course, nor did he see him go out and join Harcourt in the street, nor that Harcourt soon called at Mr. Gray's, nor that Jenny ran over there in great haste and soon came back, radiant with the conscious look of possessing some charming secret. Henry Jones was likewise despatched to search out William Clark, who had been very much out of sorts, ever since Susan's refusal to drive with him, and the consequence of his interview with him was that Susan had another invitation from Clark, which she accepted, Jenny very properly deciding that if her uncle was going to woo and marry another young lady during the ride, he would not notice Susan's sudden recovery from her *indisposition*.

Three o'clock came; a file of single sleighs passed rapidly through the principal streets of —, on their way to —, for a supper and a dance. Mr. Thomas Spencer and Ada Gray preceded, Henry Jones with Jenny Spencer, Charles Harcourt with Fanny Gray, who, for the first time in a dozen years, condescended to join

in any such "frivolous amusement," as she termed such things; William Clark and Susan Ray, Harvey Lunt and Mary Barstow, and so on until twenty-eight sleighs, each containing two of the young folks, had passed the boundaries of —, and were on their way to the scene of festivity.

"Miss Gray," said Mr. Spencer, as they rode merrily along, "I have come to the conclusion that it is about time for me to get married; what do you think about it?"

"Really, Mr. Spencer I never thought of it before, but now you mention it, it seems very reasonable and proper."

"Spoken like a girl of sense, as you are; no foolish diffidence. Your father has given his consent to my marrying you, will you have me?"

"What are you worth, Mr. Spencer?"

"Well, that is a sensible question, too. Your father told me you was romantic and not practical, but I don't know about that. What am I worth? why about fifty thousand dollars."

"Is that all you are worth, Mr. Spencer?"

"Bless us! What's the girl thinking of? Is not that enough?"

"To tell the truth, Mr. Spencer, I always expected to marry a man worth a great deal more than that; but I will consider, and give you an answer before we go home; I will marry you unless I have an opportunity to marry somebody worth more, at least, some one who can make me believe he is worth more."

"You wont see anybody to-day worth more than I am, I guess, for I could buy up, soul and body, every young man in this party."

Ada's eyes flashed, and she seemed upon the point of retorting; she however checked herself, and the rest of the ride was achieved in total silence. The sleighing party arrived at their destination in good time, partook of an excellent supper, and after one dance, in which Ada was Harcourt's partner, Mr. Spencer came to Ada for her decision.

"Let me see my father's written consent, first," said she.

He handed her the paper which she read and returned to him, saying:

"I have no objections to make to it."

"Then if you have no objections, slip on your hood and cloak, and meet me at the front door, where I will have the sleigh waiting. We will ride over the line and get married right off, and come back before they miss us."

"But we ought to have witnesses to our marriage, ought we not, or will the justice's certificate be enough?"

"What a head for business! Yes, ask Fanny

and—well, Harcourt come with her; ask Harcourt and Fanny to come with us for witnesses, or stop—you ask Fanny; I will ask him."

Ten minutes afterwards, and two sleighs, each containing a lady and a gentleman, rapidly traversed the road which crossed the State line, and stopped at the tavern door about a mile from the house they had left.

Spencer and Harcourt assisted the ladies into the house, and Harcourt went in search of the justice, taking with him Mr. Gray's certificate of his consent to the marriage, at Mr. Spencer's suggestion, lest any objection should be raised by that functionary.

The worthy 'squire was soon on the spot, and married Mr. Thomas Spencer to Miss Gray, before the ladies had removed their hoods and veils; Mr. Harcourt and the remaining Miss Gray signed the certificate as witnesses, and then, much to Mr. Spencer's surprise, Mr. Harcourt requested the justice to perform the same service for himself and his lady. He did so, and Mr. and Mrs. Spencer signed the certificate as witnesses for Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt.

When the two couple returned to the hall, they perceived they had scarcely been missed by their gay companions, so they joined them in the dance, which was kept up with spirit until quite a late hour, but Mr. Spencer was much annoyed by Ada's dancing frequently with Harcourt, and pleading fatigue as an excuse for always refusing him; and he was not particularly pleased with being obliged to pay so much attention to Fanny, as etiquette required, under the existing circumstances.

The dance at last broke up, the sleighs came to the door, the bills were paid; the gentlemen helped their partners into the sleighs, and they soon reached their homes.

"Sister Mary, let me introduce you to my wife," said Mr. Thomas Spencer, as he ushered a lady, closely hooded and veiled, into Mrs. Mary Spencer's parlor. He left her there for his sister to make her feel at home, while he went to carry his horse to the stable. When he returned, he found his brother, sister-in-law, and niece chatting merrily with a lady, unhooded and unveiled, and with the face of—*Fanny!*

"Fanny," said he, "I am glad to see you here, but where is Ada?"

"Ada? with her husband, I suppose," replied Fanny; "how should I know?"

"Where is Mrs. Thomas Spencer, madam?" vociferated the recent Benedick.

"Here, my dear," replied Fanny, courtesying, at the same time handing him the certificate of the marriage of Mr. Thomas Spencer to Miss

Fanny Gray, with the names of Charles Harcourt and Ada Gray as witnesses.

While this interesting scene was transpiring at Mr. Spencer's, Mr. Harcourt had driven to Mr. Gray's. Mr. Gray was impatiently awaiting the return of his daughters, in order to learn Mr. Spencer's success in his wooing. He was not surprised when Harcourt appeared at the door, for he supposed Fanny was his companion.

"Has Spencer married my daughter, Harcourt?" was his eager inquiry.

"Yes, and I have married your other daughter; will you receive us, or will you disown us? I can give her a comfortable home, even if you discard us entirely!"

"What the —"

Blank was the good man's state of mind, at this announcement, and blank had better remain the space we might otherwise occupy with his exclamations.

"Come, father, forgive us, and let me come in," said Ada's silvery voice from the sleigh. "Spencer concluded to take Fanny, after all, and now we are married, it can't be helped, you know, here is our certificate, witnessed by Spencer and Fanny."

"Well, children, come in," at length gasped the old man. "Perhaps it is best as it is, after all; any way, we'll make the best of it. Come in!"

Mr. Thomas Spencer neither fainted nor died on account of his slight mistake. He made a most exemplary husband, a pattern of conjugal meekness, and Fanny was renowned far and near as a wonderful housewife; but there are fewer brown hairs on his crown and cheeks than there were white ones in the days of his wooing (perhaps it would be more critically correct to say *day*), and he is observed not to express his former contempt for early marriages.

A LUCKY BARBER.

Richard Arkwright, passed the earlier part of his life in the humble occupation of a barber—but he was fond of reading, and what proved of more value to him, he had early acquired habits of reflection. He conceived the idea of spinning cotton by means of machinery, and notwithstanding he was miserably poor and friendless, notwithstanding he was everywhere ridiculed as a visionary projector, who deserved a cell in a mad-house, by the force of energy and application he succeeded in carrying his design (which has proved so beneficial to the human race) into effect—and afterwards revelled in all the luxuries of wealth, and was knighted by his sovereign.—*Portfolio.*

TO MARY T.

BY WALTER DRUMMOND.

A little, laughing gipsy,
 With an eye of brightest blue;
 With locks of golden, curling hair,
 And cheeks of rosy hue.
 Ah, methinks when thou art older,
 Hearts will break for love of thee;
 Would that I, thy heart then winning,
 All its wealth be kept for me!

Lightly o'er the bright green sward,
 Tripping on with graceful tread,
 With a spray of pure white roses
 Wreathed around thy youthful head.
 Life is bright—the present charmeth
 All the thoughts of thy young heart;
 Would that I, all gathering shadows,
 From thy life might keep apart!

Gaily comes thy silvery laughter,
 Ringing clearly through the air;
 Mirthful tones and gleeful warbling,
 All unknown are grief and care.
 O, that thus forever singing,
 With a heart all-pure and wild,
 I might ever thus be near thee,
 Thou, thyself, be e'er a child!

THE PEARL DIVERS.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

ABOUT northwest from Putlam, and distant only a few miles, upon the west coast of Ceylon, was the residence of Sir John Lakin. He had come out from England many years before the time at which we open our story, and engaged in the pearl fishery. He was quite wealthy then, and in this he had an advantage over many of those who were engaged in the same business. He could command the services of the best divers, and he could buy up pearls of those who needed the money. And though he had now amassed a fortune, yet he was still in the business. Money was his god, and he worshipped it most devoutly. The baronet's wife was dead, and the only member of his family who was of his own blood was his daughter, an only child. Her name was Bella.

Bella Lakin was nineteen years of age, and was as handsome as her father was avaricious. She did not possess that classic beauty which serves sculptors as ideals of goddesses—but it was a beauty peculiarly her own. It was a beauty of goodness—a beauty that could not have had any life without a warm, noble heart to enliven and soften it. She was short in stature, round and full in frame, with ruddy cheeks

and sparkling blue eyes. When she spoke she seemed ready to laugh, for a warm smile was always playing about her lips, and winking in her eyes when her soul was at ease. In short, she had one of those faces which would tempt a kiss from the lips of an anchorite.

One calm, moonlight night, when the fresh sea-breeze drove away the heat that had been so burdensome all the day, and the air was filled with the perfume of oriental spices, Bella walked in her father's garden. But she was not alone. By her side walked a youth who had known her long. His name was Allan Wilton. He was an Englishman, born in Calcutta, of poor parents, his father having been a lieutenant in the army. Allan came to Ceylon when only fourteen years of age, and had been engaged as a common pearl diver ever since—being now four-and-twenty. From his father he had inherited a noble soul, a quickness of intelligence, and a fine sense of honor. He loved knowledge, and with Bella's assistance he had had as many books as he wished to read and study. He had been with the baronet now six years, and during that time he had brought up more pearls for his employer than any other two men, if we except one native who had been dead now over a year. He was a noble looking youth, carrying national pride in his soul, and modesty and goodness in his soul and face both.

"Bella," he said, as they reached the extremity of the garden and sat down beneath a talipot tree, "I hardly think I shall spend another season in Ceylon."

"What?" uttered the maiden, gazing up into her companion's face as the smile faded away from her own. "Not live in Ceylon? You do not mean to leave us?"

"Yes—I must go."

"No, no, Allan—you do not mean so. You will not leave us."

"I fear I must, Bella."

"But wherefore? O, if you go, what shall I do?"

"You will find plenty to do."

"Ay—to sit and cry because I am so lonesome. You will not go, Allan—you will not. Tell me you will not go."

"Ah, Bella, you know not what you say. I must not stay."

"But why not?"

"Why—the reason should be plain," replied the youth, with some hesitation. "But I can speak as plainly as you wish. I surely will not hide anything from you, though I would rather you should gain the knowledge from your own understanding."

"But Allan, how can I? What is it? Tell me—tell me all."

Allan Wilton gazed some moments into the fair girl's face, and then he said, with some tremulousness in his tone:

"Pardon me, then, for the speech I now make. You know how long I have known you. You know I came here a poor boy, when you were a laughing, joyous girl—"

"And am I not the same now?"

"You may be in that single respect; but, alas! no longer a mate for me. O, I must speak plainly now! Bella, these years I have passed near you have been happy ones, for amid all my toil the light of your smiles has cheered me on. But I am a boy no longer, nor even a youth, as we use the term distinct from manhood. I am a man now, and you have grown a woman. Even now I shall never efface thine image from my heart, nor would I if I could. But if I remain longer, I shall only become more firmly bound by those ties which must break the heart in rending. O, Bella—good, noble girl—you must see it now. It would be wicked for me to stay. Plainly, now, I tell thee—it can do no harm—I love thee too well to stay longer. Now you have the truth."

The fair girl withdrew her hand from the youth's loosened grasp, and bowed her head. She remained thus some moments. Finally she looked up, and the moonbeams were reflected from the pearly tears that had collected in her eyes, and now stood trembling upon the lashes.

"Allan," she said, in a low, agitated tone, "I do understand you, and if I have never before thought of this as you now present it, it is because I have been so happy in your company that I have not looked much to the future. For joy, I have only looked to your coming, from hour to hour, and from day to day. But do not leave me now—O, do not! I should die if you were gone!"

With these words, spoken at the close in quick, spasmodic tones, she placed her hand upon Allan's arm, and pillowed her head upon his bosom.

"But," said Allan, trying to be calm, "why should I stay, when it could only end in misery to us both? O, you should know that to live thus, we should be unhappy unless we could be united forever—and that cannot be."

"Why may it not be?" murmured the maiden, without looking up.

"How, Bella? Would you consent?"

"O, with all my heart, and all my soul!" And as the fair girl thus spoke, she clung more closely to the noble youth.

For a moment Allan forgot all else but the words he had just heard; but he would not deceive himself.

"Alas," he uttered, "I could almost wish I had never known the thing you have told me, for thy father will never consent to this—never!"

"He may—he may," cried Bella, earnestly. "He loves me, and I do not think he would see me miserable. He has money enough, and—"

"Hold, Bella. I can have as much money as we should ever want. I possess a secret that is worth more than I should dare to estimate. I know of a new pearl bank which no man save myself has yet seen. But your father is too proud to mate his child with a pearl diver."

Yet Bella was hopeful. She made Allan promise that he would not go away till he could know all, and she even intimated that rather than live without him she would follow him.

"Are you crazy, my child?" Sir John Lakin cried, as his daughter confessed her love for the poor pearl diver. "Marry you with such as he? Preposterous! Why, I should as soon think of seeing you wedded to one of my native slaves!"

"But Allan is good, father, and he is worthy of the hand of any woman in the country. He loves me, and I love him."

"Nonsense, Bella. I have a husband all ready for you! One who can provide for you."

"Perhaps you mean Condor Sudham," the girl said.

"Ay—I do mean him."

"And do you mean to tell me that I must be the wife of that man?" asked Bella, speaking more with rank astonishment than with fear.

"It is all settled, my child."

Bella gazed into her father's face in speechless surprise; and no wonder. This Condor Sudham was a scion of an old Dutch family that once had a title. He was born on the island, and was now over forty years of age. He was a member of the Legislative Council, and a merchant, and was one of the most wealthy men of the country. He was a short, dumpy, coarse, dark featured man, well enough as a member of government, but never made for an affectionate friend. He was married already to his money, and wife and children would only find a secondary place in his heart.

And such was the man the baronet would have his child marry. Sudham had seen Bella often, and he thought she would make a fine addition to his estate. He would take a pride in showing her, and having her preside at his table. But the maiden herself had different opinions upon the subject.

"If I thought you were in earnest, father, I should know exactly what to say."

"Ah, and what would it be, my child?"

"I never can be that man's wife."

"Very well. You will have a father's authority to contend with, then. Be assured you shall marry with him, for so I have promised."

But the baronet found himself with more work on his hands than he had counted on. Bella grew sad and melancholy, and ere long the truth burst upon him that his child was beginning to lose all her love for him. She looked upon him as the tyrant who would crush her, and she smiled no more in his presence. He could not help noticing this, and he wished to overcome it; but yet he thought not of granting to his child the holy boon she asked. He looked upon the poor pearl diver as the only obstacle to his plans. He had no faculty of looking down into the heart. He knew of only two powers of nature—two moral and social executives; one was power of station, and the other power of money. One day he and Sudham sat in council.

"Upon my soul," said the Dutch scion, "I must have her for my wife, for I have made all my plans with an eye to that event."

"And so she shall be," the baronet returned. "She is crazy now with this pearl diver."

"Why not send him off?"

"Because I fear Bella would go with him."

"But shut her up."

"Yes—I know. But then she would moan and grieve herself away."

"Then look," cried Sudham, energetically, for a very happy thought had struck him. "Why not get him to dive for the great pearl which is sunken close by the Bangale Rocks?"

"But would he do it?" returned the baronet, catching at the idea.

"Make him do it," suggested the merchant. "Promise him the hand of Bella if he succeeds."

"And suppose he does succeed?"

"He cannot. Among these rocks there is a current running so swift and furious that no mortal man can withstand it. Over twenty of the best native divers have lost their lives in pursuit of that pearl. I have seen logs of wood sunk near those rocks, with something attached to them to sink them, and in a few moments the surface of the water would be covered with splinters. I tell you if he dives there he comes not up alive."

"Very well," returned Lakin, after some thought; "if you say so, so be it."

"I do say so, and let it be done as soon as you please."

And so it was settled.

This pearl, after which Allan was to be requested to dive, was one which had been taken some years before on a bank not far from the rocks. Three divers were out, and all three of them were under water together, when an oyster of extraordinary size was seen. It was brought up and opened, and within was found a pearl as large as a robin's egg. As the boat was nearing the shore, a dispute arose among the divers as to who should receive pay for the pearl. From words they passed to blows, and in the struggle the oyster was lost overboard. It sank near the rocks, and as the oyster was dead, it could not have moved away by any volition of its own.

"No, no, no!" cried Bella, after Allan had informed her of the ordeal her father had given him to pass. "You shall not do this. O, all who have tried it have died!"

"But it must be so," returned the youth, calmly and firmly. "Your father has given me his solemn word, in presence of the councillor, Sudham, that if I bring him up the pearl I shall have your hand. If I die, then so let it be; but I feel that I shall not. Last night I had the most pleasant and promising dreams, and I have not a single fear in the prospect. Think: If I succeed—thou art mine forevermore. O, we will not look beyond this! And listen: I think I hold a secret which none of the divers have fairly considered. They have always taken the time of the whole ebb of the tide, thinking that the water would be more still then; but I am sure that the most quiet time at the bottom is after the tide has begun to come in. At the ebb, there is surely a mighty current whirling around those rocks, induced by some subterranean channel; but when the tide has turned, and been half an hour on the flood, I think the water is more calm below, though it surges so furiously at the surface. But do not dissuade me. I know the undertaking is perilous; but what is my love for thee, if I would not risk my life to gain it?"

A vast crowd were collected about the shore opposite the Bangale Rocks. The story of the strange trial which was to come off had become known among the people, and they had assembled to witness it. The chief magistrate was there, and other magistrates of that section. Bella was there with her father, and she was pale and trembling.

The hour had come—the moment of the clear ebb—but the pearl diver was not yet present. Nearly half an hour passed away, and the people began to imagine that he would not come. But

just as the murmur was becoming general, a boat appeared, coming around a distant point, in which were three men. One of them was Allan Wilton. He stood in the bows of the boat, and his bearing was firm and sure. He was dressed in a close-fitting garb of oiled silk, with a simple skirt of silk about his loins which reached half way to his knees.

At length the boat stopped, and there was a hushed stillness upon the shore. The water was in wild commotion, and the surges lashed madly among the rocks.

"O, he shall not dive!" gasped Bella, clasping her hands in agony. But her father bade her be still.

Four stout oarsmen rowed the boat to the spot where the youth wished to stop, and there they held it. He did not reach the place where the water hissed and boiled, but stopped at some distance from it. A few moments the light bark trembled close by the mighty caldron, and then the youth stood upon the bows. He cast one glance upon the fair form that now leaned upon the baronet for support, and then he closed his hands above his head, and prepared to dive. There was a low murmur upon the shore, like the rumbling of a distant storm, and every eye was eagerly fixed upon that noble form. In a moment more, the diver left the bow of the boat, his body vibrated an instant in the air, and on the next the troubled waters had closed over it.

Bella Lakin stood with hands firmly clasped, her eyes fixed with a wild, vacant stare upon the spot where the youth had gone down, while every muscle and nerve in her frame seemed fixed as marble.

The minutes passed—one—two—three—four—five—and there was a quiver in Bella's frame, and her hands worked nervously upon her bosom. The color now left her lips, and a more deathly hue overspread her countenance.

But look! There comes a shadow upon the surface of the water—the element breaks, and a human form arises. It is the pearl diver! He shakes his head smartly, and then strikes quickly out, with one hand firmly closed. But he goes not towards the boat. He turns his head to the shore, and his strokes are long and stout.

Bella started eagerly forward, and then sank back again. Her lips moved, and an earnest prayer of thanksgiving went up to God!

The pearl diver landed, and walked proudly up to where the baronet stood.

"Sir John," he said, "your long-sought prize is gained, and so is mine. Here is the pearl!"

He extended his hand as he spoke, and in it

was one shell of the huge oyster. A filmy, muscular substance still adhered to the shell, and in the midst of it was the massive pearl!

"It is not the one!" uttered Condor Sudham.

"No—it cannot be!" responded the baronet.

"Let me see!" shouted an old diver, working his way through the crowd. "I am the one who first found it, and I know it well, for I not only opened the shell and thus killed the oyster, but I measured the pearl. Ha! 'tis the one—the very one! and here is where I notched the shell in opening it. Gentlemen, this is the pearl!"

"Sir John," now spoke the chief magistrate, who had stood close by the baronet, "you cannot retract. By my soul, he must be a wretch indeed who could snatch reward from such devoted love and matchless daring."

"Ay, ay!" shouted a hundred tongues.

"It must be the pearl," the baronet uttered. He looked up as he spoke, and found that his child was already clasped within her lover's embrace, and that upon his bosom she was weeping in frantic joy. He dared say no more.

Condor Sudham cast one look of intense chagrin on the happy couple, and then turned away.

Within a week, Allan Wilton held Bella to his bosom, and she was his for life; and within the next week he gained permission to fish for pearls during one year in any place which was not yet let out. He engaged his divers, and went out to the place of which he had once spoken to Bella, and there he went at work. People wondered at the vast supply of pearls he gained, and great effort was made to buy him off. But he maintained his exclusive right for the season, and at the expiration of that time, he stood second only to Sir John in wealth among all the men of the country. But this was only secondary in his life-cup. That one prize, which he gained, when he went down amid the mad waters of the Bangale, was the brightest jewel in his crown of life—the "pearl of great price!"

ILL LUCK.

A little bad luck is beneficial now and then. If Patrick Henry had not failed in the grocery business, it is not at all probable that he would ever have been heard of as an orator. He might have become celebrated, but it would not have been from his eloquence, but the great wealth he acquired by a speculation in bar soap and axe-handles. Roger Sherman became a signer of the Declaration of Independence for no other reason than that he could not make a living at shoemaking. He cut his bristles and tasked his "all" on the "rights of man." The consequence was the same individual who found it "bootless" to make shoes, in a few years became a living power in our Revolution.—*Child's Magazine.*

MEMORIES OF THE HEART.

BY WINNY WOODBINE.

I sit in the deepening twilight,
While the stars twinkle faint in the sky,
And sadly repeat thy name over,
When I think that none others are nigh.
Then memory with magical power,
Brings back to my weary-worn heart,
Those eyes when so strangely we met,
So happily met—but to part.

Dost remember the clasp of the hands,
That spoke in a language so sweet;
And the glances that thrilled our hearts through,
When our eyes in confusion would meet?
And the low-breathed tones of thy voice—
As it whispered sweet words in mine ear—
'Tis brought by bright memory all,
Till again its soft music I hear.

'Tis many long days since we parted,
And blossoms have faded and died;
Now Spring, with her birds and her flowers,
Is roaming again the hill-side.

When the Summer, in all its bright beauty,
And its soft, dreamy hours, shall come—
We will meet 'neath the blue-beaming skies,
And ne'er again far shalt thou roam.

LAYING IN THE WINTER'S COAL.

BY EMMA CARRA.

MR. GRIMMOND was a coal dealer, and had been so long engaged in that business, that from his profits he had built him a fine house and furnished it not only with useful furniture, but with luxurious adornments. And he had bought more land, too, near where the sea washed up, heavily freighted with ships bearing for him the ebony minerals that his surplus money had purchased. And then callous hands eased the noble vessels from their burdens, and stored away the shining treasures in the spacious yard till winter should come. Those who, like himself had plenty of money, came early and bore away what seemed to the poor man a mighty bulk, and he wondered, as he heard the grating of the shovel, how his rich neighbor could consume so much in one season. And then he went on his way musing and resolving that now while coal was cheap, he would reserve enough from his wages the next month to purchase one ton, and the next month he would purchase another, and so on until when the price of coal began to increase, he would have plenty in his cellar to last him until the warm sun would heat his little parlor sufficiently, and his family would need no fire except to cook their plain meals. At the end of the month, when his employer handed him his thirty-six dollars, in payment for his

month's services, George Manton told him his intention and Mr. Eldredge encouraged him to do so, saying:

"If poor people could only realize what an advantage it would be to purchase coal in summer, and their summer goods in winter, availing themselves of the seasons when they are selling cheap, they certainly would, I think, make greater efforts to do so."

And then Mr. Manton left the shop, and as he passed the coal yard on his way home, he thought he would just step in and tell Mr. Grimmond that he would engage three tons of coal at the present price, and one ton might be delivered at his house the last Saturday in every month until he received the complement.

"That is right, Mr. Manton," said Mr. Grimmond. "I like to hear a mechanic talk that way—it shows that he intends to get along in the world and be somebody;" and then he waited a moment as if expecting that his customer would say something more, but as he did not, he added: "I suppose you pay before the coal is taken out of the yard?"

"Certainly, Mr. Grimmond. I never ask any man to trust me, nor ever will while I have health to provide for my family." And the noble-hearted mechanic colored, while the expression of his face told, though mutely, that the inner man was fair, though the covering might be coarse and his purse light.

Mr. Grimmond read the thoughts depicted, and fearing he might lose a customer, said blandly:

"Of course, Mr. Manton, I know you will pay me. Everybody says you are an honest man; and besides, haven't you bought all the coal you have used for four or five years of me? and you don't owe me a cent now. So when you get ready to lay in your winter's coal, just come to me and I will do better by you than any other man in the city."

Mr. Manton tried to forget the remark about paying and think only of the latter fine speech, and then after promising he would call at the appointed time, left the yard and took his way homeward.

It was a neat little cottage standing in a shady street that Mr. Manton with his wife and three children occupied one half of, and now as he stepped within the threshold and saw all look so neat and orderly—the children with clean faces and happy voices welcoming him, the table spread with wholesome and tempting viands for his comfort, he felt that his hard earned money was judiciously spent; then crowding all three of his little juveniles into his lap, he began to

sing, with a contented air, "home, sweet home," until his Julia made her appearance from another room and finished the arrangements for tea.

"I am going to get in my winter's coal this summer, while it is cheap," said Mr. Manton to his wife, as they seated themselves at the table.

"Are you, dear?"

"Yes I am, for I do hate to be always running after coal in the winter, getting a half or a quarter of a ton at a time, and besides, it costs almost twice as much."

"So it does, husband, and I am glad that you have concluded to do so. But how much do you intend to get?"

"Well, three tons certain, perhaps more. And so, Julia, you will try to economise all you can, wont you?"

And then as his wife answered "yes," with a smile that seemed to feel what she said, he commenced sipping his well-steeped tea and chatting about the new house he and his fellow-workmen were building, and then described the nice little cottage he would like to build for himself one of these days, as soon as he was able. Then the wife, with mock gravity, described how she would like to furnish it; and finally, the children, who had listened very patiently to their parents, archly added that they supposed after the new house was built, and all those nice things in it, that they should have as fine clothes as Mr. Stewart's children and Mr. Eaton's.

Mr. Manton glanced across the table at his wife, and then remarked, pleasantly:

"How easy it would be to rise in the world, if success depended on imagination alone."

And nothing more was said or thought about the coal, until the supper was ended, the daily paper read, and the children all soundly sleeping. And then as Mr. and Mrs. Manton sat by the open window chatting, with the wick of the shaded lamp picked low, the husband tossed his well filled purse into his wife's lap, observing:

"Now, Julia, let us see how prudent we can be, and save up something so we shan't be so troubled to get along next winter as we were last; and in the mean time, I will be looking out for a better chance."

"I will," said the wife, as she pressed her finger on the clasp and took out the notes; and then added: "It is so pleasant, let us take a walk up to Mr. Bond's and pay our rent to-night. You know it is due to-morrow, and he will be here in good season in the morning, if we don't carry it to him to-night."

"I am willing, my dear," said the husband; and then he drew together the blinds, and picked up the wick of the lamp that he might smooth

his hair a little and arrange his dress, preparatory to the walk. Mrs. Manton placed in the bureau all the money except ten dollars that were reserved for the landlord, and then went and leaned over the little trundle-bed to make sure that the children were really asleep, so that they might not miss her.

"I will be ready in a moment, George," she said, as she stepped to the foot of the front stairs and warned Mrs. Crane that she would be out for a short time, asking her if she would be so kind as to speak to the children if they awoke.

The accommodating neighbor answered "yes," and the mechanic and his wife proceeded towards the home of the wealthy Mr. Bond. It was a refreshing evening, and Mr. Manton and his wife enjoyed the cool breeze as it went gently past, for they had both been busily toiling during the day, which had been sultry in the extreme. Together they watched the moon, as it seemed to dance behind a silvery cloud, and then lazily creep forward like a tired ball-room belle. They spoke of their long walks together ere children clustered around them and shared the profits of their toil; but they did not regret that they owned those household jewels, for it was sweet to labor for those they loved. And thus with pleasant words and thoughts they went on until they ascended the granite steps that led to the hall door of their landlord. A gentle ring, and they were ushered into a small back sitting-room to await the pleasure of the moneyed man, as he entertained more favored guests.

Half an hour passed, and then Mr. Bond came in and with marked coldness which seemed to say, "you cannot expect familiarity from me," received the money nearly due and then informed them that he let the house altogether too cheap, and that he should have to raise another dollar in the month. When Mr. and Mrs. Manton humbly expostulated with him, saying the present rent was a large sum to extract from thirty-six dollars a month, he answered with an independent air that folks must not aspire to live in any better house than they could afford to pay for. Mr. and Mrs. Manton were therefore left to decide being turned from the little cottage, or wrenching another dollar from their limited number. The walk from the brick mansion was not so pleasant as the walk to it, but Julia tried to appear as though she thought but little of the additional expense, it was so trifling. And when her husband suggested that the amount added would at the end of the year pay for two of the tons of coal he intended to buy, she answered pleasantly:

"Well, I will do all my own washing for a year to come, and that will more than save it."

"O no, Julia, that will never do," answered the husband; "for a few visits from the doctor would exceed the twelve dollars a year."

But his objections did not alter the wife's determination to do her washing, though she said no more about it, and soon both retired to forget in sleep that the morrow would dawn but to increase their cares.

When morning came, and Mr. Manton had returned to his labor and the children were gone to school, Mrs. Manton turned the key of the kitchen door and then went to the bureau and took out the remainder of the money that her husband had given her the previous evening, that she might deliberately form her plans for spending it to the best advantage.

"Twenty-six dollars left," she repeated, musingly, and then added: "The flour barrel is empty—I wish I could buy a barrel of flour. But I must not, for that would leave me only fourteen dollars to meet every other expense for a month, and George must have meat once a day, at least, and other things nourishing, for he has to work very hard; so I will buy flour by the bag until we get the coal. A quarter bag will be three dollars, then I shall have twenty-three left; but O dear! we need butter and sugar and molasses, for I have to buy things in such small quantities that it seems as if I am out almost every day. And then there are the two girls—they must each have a pair of new shoes and their bonnets from the milliners, or they will have to stay from Sabbath school on Sunday. And I ought to get me some kind of a cape, for my shawl is too shabby to wear and it is too warm now. And poor George ought to have a thin hat; I know that heavy hat he wears is more than half the cause of the headaches he complains of." And the perplexed Mrs. Manton gave a deep sigh, as the actual wants of the family crowded so thick upon her, and she looked at the small sum in her lap to meet them. That little roll of bills was the magic power that was to supply all their necessities for thirty days—fuel, food, lights, clothing, etc.

Mrs. Manton mused long, and the longer she sat, the more desponding became her features, for she could see no door to escape. At length, she looked at the little time-piece on the mantel and she saw that the morning was far advanced; so she arose and replaced the money, for the present, and resumed her necessary and seldom changing round of duties that always brought comfort to her family, and made her industrious husband feel that the fruits of his labor were

spent advantageously. Sunday came, and the children were furnished with the desired articles that they might attend the Sabbath school, but Mrs. Manton looked at the faded shawl and stayed within. And her husband bore her company, for his coat was a little threadbare, and his hat of last year's fashion. But when the evening came, and the sun had retired as if to avoid a conflagration of the earth, the husband and wife, after the children were sleeping, went out and enjoyed a pleasant walk, and then attended the short evening conference at the church.

And so the month passed away. Mrs. Manton made no complaint of her limited income, for she knew it was the best her husband could do for the present, and she tried to make the star of hope illumine the future. Mr. Manton asked no questions; he knew that he had given his wife all that he had, and she had made him comfortable. But he did not know how carefully the best was always kept for him, nor why the children were coaxed to wait till father was done before they made a meal of the fragments.

The month passed away, and Mr. Manton once more returned with his month's wages, and handed to his wife all except six dollars—the payment for a ton of coal. The bin was empty, and Mrs. Manton tried to feel pleased that they were going to have so much at once, but then when the rent was paid, she would have but nineteen dollars to support a family of five again for thirty days. Every one of the family needed shoes; the children must have some, or they would have to take their best ones for every day, and they were thin and of so cheap a make that they would not last any length of time for common wear. Her husband had had his boots patched and the ribs sewed, until the sums had nearly reached the cost of a new pair. When he alluded to his worn boots, she hadn't the courage to tell him how ill they could afford three or four dollars to purchase him a pair; so he was supplied with the necessary articles, and the children wore their best, and Mrs. Manton wore rubbers when she went out to the grocery or market.

But with all Mrs. Manton's studied economy, the remaining sixteen dollars would not make them all comfortable during the month, and she knew that if she got in debt, it would be almost impossible to pay; so when the two pounds of steak were cooked for dinner, Mr. Manton ate heartily, and then the children partook of the remainder, while a cup of tea and a slice of bread was all that went to nourish the wife who was so overburdened with care and poverty. The husband noticed his wife's increasing pale

ness, but he did not realize the cause, for he generally ate his meals hurriedly at noon, nor did he know how hard she worked during his absence. Mrs. Manton thought she would try to obtain a cheaper house, but when she went out to look, she found that *cheap* tenements were generally situated in those neighborhoods where she would not be willing that her children should see the examples set. And so the summer wore away, and there was no more coal bought, for there had been a doctor's bill to pay, and the insatiate speculator had drained the poor man's purse to the last farthing that he might still add to his ill got thousands. He cared not how—it mattered not if his path were wet by the widow's tears; gold, gold, was still his cry—for he had set himself up a god.

The winds of winter began to moan and shriek, and the children crushed the crisp snow beneath their feet on their way to school. The mechanic and his family had now to leave their cottage home, for the landlord had told them to leave immediately, or settle up the two months' arrears. In vain was the plea of Mr. Manton that his wife and infant boy had exhausted all, save what had gone for food, in being restored to health, and now he only asked for time. "Move out, or pay immediately," was still the answer, "for there are plenty who would be glad to hire the rooms and pay in advance." The pale wife and feeble boy were therefore removed to three rooms in a narrow alley, for the husband was penniless now, and all others wanted pay in advance. But the doctor had said that those he loved would soon be well again, and Mr. Manton began to hope, and when their little home was arranged, he thought he might work steadily now.

But his trials were not over yet, for when he went back to the shop, he learned from his employer that the severity of the weather was such that he had concluded to suspend work and close his shop for a few weeks. The young mechanic turned away, and crept into an obscure corner of the yard and wept like a child. Tears gave temporary relief to a heart that seemed full almost to bursting; so after he had sat and pondered long, he once more sought the street. But he did not turn his steps in the direction of his home, for how could he go there, where so much was needed, and tell them that his workshop was closed! So up and down the streets he travelled in search of work, calling at the various shops, and gladly would he now have worked even for half of what he saw some others no more capable receiving; but he scorned, although in want, to injure those who labored.

At the close of the day, he returned once more to their home. He had expected to find his Julia on their faded lounge in the corner, with her head pressing the pillow. But in this he was happily disappointed, for she felt much better to-day, and was neatly dressed. With the aid of little Jenny and the twenty-five cents he had left her in the morning, she had got a comfortable supper on the table and a bright fire glowing in the stove. And now when she heard his footstep on the stairs, she met him at the door, while the children gathered around and the convalescent little Charley put up his lips for a kiss, saying: "All well now, papa;" and then looking towards the table, added, "got a good supper, too."

Mr. Manton pressed his wife to his bosom, and gave a kiss all round to the children, and then fairly danced for joy, while a good-natured under-tenant put her head in at the door, and laughingly inquired if they were moving out, that occasioned the noise.

"O, no," said the husband to their favorite neighbor; "but I expected to find my wife and Charley sick, and no fire nor supper, but instead of that I found—look here;" and he pointed to his tidy-looking Julia and the supper on the table.

For the next hour, Mr. Manton forgot but that his purse was full, or that he had no place engaged in which to labor on the morrow. But the next day came, and the last hodful of coal was turned on the fire.

"Where shall I get more?" said the husband, despondingly; for he had now told his wife of the closing of the shop.

"O, don't fret, George," said his wife, coaxingly. "Winter won't last forever, and we are as well off as some of our neighbors. There will be some way provided, for God will take care of those who make an effort to help themselves." And then she added: "Go ask Mr. Grimmond to trust us for a ton of coal. I don't believe he will refuse you, for you have always bought of him and paid him punctually."

"I know I have, dear, and if I *didn't* need a favor, I should never be afraid to ask one from Mr. Grimmond. But he is a hard-hearted man, Julia, and has but little pity for the poor." And he sat a few moments thoughtfully looking into his wife's face till she urged him again, and then he consented, feeling that it was his only alternative. If he had credit he must get in debt; so he took his hat and went out.

Mr. Grimmond was sitting in his counting-room when Mr. Manton opened the door. Everything within bespoke ease and plenty. A good

fire was burning in the stove, an unbroken bunch of superior cigars lay on the table, and when the young mechanic entered, the coal-dealer just glanced up from his newspaper, gave a nod and resumed his reading. George uninvited passed on towards the stove, wishing that he had not come in, and nothing but a mental vision of home prevented him from leaving immediately. At length Mr. Grimmond laid down his paper, and with a consequential air inquired the business of his visitor.

Mr. Manton in a few words stated that he should be out of work for a few weeks, that his wife and youngest child had been sick for a long time, and his means were all exhausted, so that he wished to get a ton of coal and he would pay him the first thing when he commenced work again.

"The same old story," said the dealer, lighting a cigar. "Why, Mr. Manton, I might give away every ton of coal I have got in my yard if I would only take promises for pay."

"I never asked you to trust me before," said Mr. Manton, trying to swallow the choking sensation in his throat, and still thinking of the helpless ones at home.

"Nor needn't have asked me now, if you hadn't lied so to me last summer."

"Lied!" repeated Mr. Manton, abstractedly, as if his memory were trying to recall the past.

"Yes, *lied*. Didn't you promise to buy a ton of coal every month until your winter's store was harvested? And you bought one ton and that was the last of it."

"But O, Mr. Grimmond, if you knew how hard I tried to save from my wages that amount and could not, you would not blame me. I think now the privations that my family have endured, while my earnings went to enrich my landlord and—" You he would have added, but in spite of insult, he still wished, for his family's sake, to get trusted; so he continued: "Speculators have done a great deal towards producing the illness of my wife and child."

"The same old story," said the coal-dealer, taking up his paper and pretending to be busy with its columns: "I can't trust you. A man that will lie once, will again. Poor folks ought to look out for these things in the summer;" and he leaned back in his chair and went on with his reading.

The blood arose to the temples of the young mechanic, but the mild words of his patient wife rang in his ear—"there will be some way provided," and in silence he turned and went out. As he came once more into the broad street, he involuntarily cast his eye across the river to the

strong stone building with its grated windows, and he murmured inaudibly: "What wonder that so many at night are tossing so uneasily there on their hard narrow beds, when wealth is so unequally divided!" And then there came strange thoughts through his brain—thoughts to which he would not have dared to give utterance—of deeds that have often brought the wherewith to prolong a life made more wretched by the prolonging.

Mr. Manton did not go directly home. How could he? for he could be the bearer of nothing that was pleasant; and he thought, too, that his wife, if he were not there, would borrow coal of a neighbor, and so he went about to look for work again. But being as unsuccessful as on the preceding day, he turned homeward when it began to grow dark. He went quietly up the worn stairs that led to his apartment, and stood fearing to open the door, lest he might find the inmates in a worse state than he had left them. The fire might be out, and he had left nothing at home to buy food; so he listened to see if he could learn anything of their condition, but his heart sank within him as he heard no sound. Presently the silence was broken by a cry from Charley, and then Jenny said in a loud voice:

"Now we can make a noise, mother, for Charley is awake."

And then they began an infantile concert, the mother joining and seemingly the happiest of the number. "What a happy disposition," thought Manton, "to sing in the midst of such poverty!" And then he opened the door a little way and peeped in. Mr. Manton thought of witchcraft and all the incredibles that he had ever read of, as the scene presented itself to his view. Their little parlor kitchen was as warm as a July sun could have made it, his wife and children were all dressed clean, with smiling faces, and on the table was spread a supper of warm biscuit, cakes, etc. Mr. Manton threw the door open wider, and advanced like one bewildered.

"That was beautiful coal that Mr. Grimmond sent," said Julia. "Didn't I tell you he would trust you? and he has, not only with one ton, but I know there are two. And see what beautiful biscuit that flour makes—but where did you get money to buy so many things? A barrel of flour, besides butter and sugar and tea. And what made you send me that twenty-five dollars? Why didn't you come and bring it and tell me who lent it to you?"

Mr. Manton stood perfectly still in the centre of the room, looking first at one and then at another of the happy group.

"Julia," he at length said, "what do you mean? Are you crazy, or am I dreaming?"

"Neither," said the wife, taking from her pocket a purse and drawing out twenty-five dollars in bills. "There," said she, "didn't you send that home?"

"No, Julia, I know nothing about it."

And then the wife told him that a few hours after he went away, there was brought to the door for them two tons of coal, and as night approached, she got a man to put it into the cellar. And soon after the coal was brought, Mr. Bligh had brought them a barrel of flour, a firkin of butter, and other groceries; and when she questioned him about it, he only smiled and said all was paid for. And a boy had brought her a letter containing twenty-five dollars.

Mr. Manton took the note which his wife thought he had written and sent to her because he could not return immediately, and he read: "Please accept the amount enclosed, and, as I know you will, lay it out to the best advantage." No name was signed, and Mr. Manton again seized his hat and went out to make inquiries of Mr. Bligh and Mr. Grimmond; but he learned nothing there, for the former only smiled and told him if he lacked again to call on him, and the latter was surly, saying he knew nothing about it. But there was no more suffering in Mr. Manton's family that winter. When the snow began to disappear, Mr. Manton told his old employer that he could not afford to work any longer for previous prices, as it was his intention to make a greater effort than ever before to make his income larger.

"Well," said Mr. Eldredge, "I am getting tired of so much care, and I should like to get a good active partner. I will furnish capital—how would you like the chance?"

Need we say it was eagerly accepted by the other, whose joy knew no bounds at this sudden favor of fortune. Mr. Manton seemed to possess the entire confidence of his partner, who supplied him liberally with money, while he with untiring energy contracted and built, hired and paid from the profits of his accurate calculations a small army of men. Mr. Grimmond daily passed through Greenborough Street on his way from his residence to his counting-room, and felt quite chagrined to observe one day a large wagon of coal unloading before a pleasant house, with the name of Manton on the door plate. He felt that one of his own wagons might have been standing there, had he conducted kindly towards the young mechanic, and he hastened on lest any of the bystanders should perceive his changing color.

One day, Mr. Eldredge and his partner were alone in the shop, when the former inquired of the latter:

"George, did you not have a pretty hard time, last winter?"

"God forbid that I should ever see another such," he answered.

"And did not some one assist you?"

"There did. And I have tried a great many times to find out who it was, but cannot."

Mr. Eldredge took a slip of paper from his pocket-book, and handed it to the other. It was a receipted bill for two tons of coal. And then he handed another bill for flour and other groceries. Mr. Manton stood for a moment so overcome, that he could make no remark; then recovering, he exclaimed:

"O, sir, was it you that did all that? I can never thank you enough, nor repay such extreme kindness, though I should live twice the appointed time of man. But how came you to know of my necessities?"

"I was in the little entry that led to Mr. Grimmond's office, while you and he were talking. I heard your voice and then I heard his insulting answers; so I stepped behind some lumber till you were gone, and then I went in and gave him a piece of my mind. After that, I went down and bought the coal of Mr. Fenneck, for I knew you were an honest man. But I thought I would say nothing about it, for you know I am an odd sort of a man and have a way of my own, generally."

Mr. Manton proved a valuable partner to Mr. Eldredge, and in a few years lived in a house of which he himself was landlord.

TEN THOUSAND BLESSINGS.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette states that a clergyman in Pittsburgh, Pa., lately married a lady with whom he received the substantial dowry of ten thousand dollars, and a fair prospect for more. Shortly afterward, while occupying the pulpit, he gave out a hymn, read the first four verses, and was proceeding to read the fifth, commencing:

"Forever let my grateful heart,"

when he hesitated, balked, and exclaimed, "Ahem! The choir will omit the fifth verse," and sat down. The congregation, attracted by his apparent confusion, read the verse for themselves, and smiled almost audibly as they read

"Forever let my grateful heart
His boundless grace adore,
Which gives ten thousand blessings now,
And bids me hope for more."

The words of a language are like the pieces of a child's dissected picture; and eloquence, and poetry, and philosophy are the pictures made by putting them together; but somehow, it is hard to fit the words into their proper places.

SHE NEVER WILL SAY THAT SHE DON'T!

BY JAMES LYNDENBERG.

She never has said that she loved me,
 Yet I often have thought I did spy
 Some sweet little dewy emotion
 Beam on me from out her blue eye:
 But still, if I ask her to love me,
 She coquettely says, "Well—I won't!"
 And yet if I beg her "Be serious,"
 She never will say that she don't!

I have thought, too, in some foolish moments,
 When my brain and my heart were both one,
 That her smile was the least bit the sweeter,
 When on me like a sunbeam it shone;
 And I've caught her, at least once, I'm certain,
 Gaze on me more steadfast than wont,
 And yet she won't promise to love me—
 But, never will say that she don't.

'Tis a pickle I'm in, now that's certain—
 Do I love her? O ask if the flower
 Which turns to the sunbeam of morning,
 Loves warmth in that beautiful hour!
 And I pray, as my life-hope is drinking
 Its future from love's dewy font,
 That my Mary, whenever she answers,
 She never will say that she don't!

MISS LINSCOMBE'S APPRENTICES.

BY MARY L. SUMNER.

"Don't fail me, Miss Linscombe," said a loud, imperious voice, as the speaker turned towards the door of Miss Linscombe, the fashionable dress-maker at Salisbury. "Don't fail me; if you do, I will never bring a dress to this establishment again."

"Depend on me, Miss Campbell. Nothing shall prevent you from having it."

"There is a great deal depending on the success of this dress," said a young lady who accompanied Miss Campbell; "for which you will be held personally responsible."

Miss Linscombe laughed a little, weak laugh, as if she wanted to appear to understand the young lady's meaning, but could not.

She reiterated her promise and the visitors departed. Miss Linscombe's plausible and polite manner departed, too, for her next words were harsh and severe.

"Miss Butler," she called out to a young woman who was just tying on her bonnet to go to her dinner, "be back without fail, in twenty-five minutes. That is all the time I can spare you to-day. Immediately on your return you will put on these flounces; and I beg you will spend no idle time. Miss Campbell's dress must be sent home at half-past five o'clock, precisely. Any delay on your part, I shall highly resent."

The girl made no answer, but sighed heavily. She had already staid at the workroom nearly the whole of two nights, and it had taxed her feeble frame too much. She was languid, weak, dispirited.

She went home to her miserable boarding-house, sat down to an unwholesome, half-cooked meal, and hastened back to her task. Other charges were given her respecting Miss Campbell's dress, but they fell upon deaf ears, for on her way back she had seen Harry Seaton, and he had asked her to go to the theatre with him that evening. It had changed the whole current of her life at once; that life, which, in the morning had seemed so utterly without sunshine. Miss Linscombe's dull, dreary room, with its hangings of red, blue and green dress-patterns, suspended on lines stretched across from window to window; the shabby court which it overlooked, and the bits of cloth and linings, which lay scattered round, making it look like Rag Fair; all looked duller and drearier, and shabbier when she returned, than it ever had done before. There was another scene, into which her imagination was fast entering. Already, she saw the lights, the fine dresses, and the beautiful scenery, and nodded her head to imaginary music.

"Not that way, Miss Butler!" screamed out Miss Linscombe, with a very red face, and a look which seemed expressly invented by nature, for a head mantua-maker; "stitch it after this fashion," and Miss Butler unpicked her work, and began again with as little success as before. Miss Linscombe grew angry. She retaliated upon the girl, all the harsh and unlady-like things which Miss Campbell had said to her, while trying on the rich dress that morning; the memory of which rankled in her heart. Strange, that such things do not teach softness and charity to others!

Miss Linscombe's sharp voice did not affect Jane Butler as it usually did. She was away in an ideal world of her own, of which Harry Seaton was the figure in the fore ground, and the stage people in the back. She was listlessly picking at the garment, when one of her companions touched her arm.

"Jane," said she, "mind what you are doing, or you will be ruined. Miss Linscombe's eye is upon you."

The girl started, and thanked her with a look, while she drew her work nearer, and tried to put more interest into her manner. She could do so as long as Miss Carter kept talking, but when she ceased, Jane went back to her mimic world.

Miss Linscombe went out, and Miss Carter offered to help her, but Jane would not permit a

friend to get into disgrace for her sake, so she hurried her frounces on, in a way highly discreditable to her usual neat work. Everything seemed to conspire against the dress being finished. Needles broke, silk twisted and knotted, and the bias edge of the frounce drew, and was tortured back again into something like regularity; and before all was straight again, four o'clock struck! An hour and a half to finish what was scarcely begun, and the thought of Miss Linscombe's face when she should come in, and find it unfinished! Jane grew nervous, in spite of the stage floor that was before her eyes. Five! and Miss Linscombe came in, with a face pale with rage, when she saw the small progress Jane had made.

"Hand it over to Miss Carter," she said, "and do you take these skirts and finish them for the Misses Stearns."

Three skirts! Jane knew that the three would occupy her until nine or ten o'clock, and so did her employer, who had determined to punish her. Miss Carter took the work, and her more experienced hands performed it, but not until six. She, too, received a rebuff, which Jane wept over, although she had not done so for her own.

Harry had promised to call for her at seven. It was nearly that, and she had not yet dressed. She was desperate. "Miss Linscombe," she said, "cannot I be excused for this one evening? I promise to do better in future, if you will kindly let me off now. It is so very, very important for me to be at home now," looking at the clock which pointed to nearly seven. Miss Carter joined in the request, offering to stay and work for her; and so did a large, indolent-looking girl, whose work Jane had one day finished for her.

No, Miss Linscombe was obdurate, although the girls all showed themselves indignant at her refusal. But fortune sometimes favors us when we least expect it, and so it now did Jane. Across the wide entry which ran between the rooms, there was a door exactly opposite Miss Linscombe's apartment, from which often issued the dulcet tones of a flute. Sometimes the door was open, and at such times, Miss Linscombe, with an air of offended delicacy, would charge her young ladies not to look across. They sometimes wondered why she herself lingered so long in the hall, after they had heard her well-known footstep on the stairs; but up to this time, none of them had seen the flute-player except Miss Carter. What was their surprise, as well as Miss Linscombe's, to see him enter, flute in hand, and addressing himself to the "principal," request to give her and the other ladies a little music.

Jane's tearful eyes at this moment caught the glance of her employer, and she looked so beau-

tiful through her tears, and Miss Carter so sympathizing, that she said in her blandest tones, "Young ladies, Miss Carter and Miss Butler have leave to go now," and turned to the gentleman once more, begging him to be seated, and expressing her delight in the music which they had already heard and admired. Miss Linscombe absolutely forgot that Miss Campbell's dress was not yet carried away, until Miss Carter offered to take it home.

"True," said she, with one of her little laughs, "it was engaged at half-past five; but really, she knew that it was impossible, and so did I."

Jane's cheek crimsoned with anger, for she well knew that she could easily have performed the work, had she not been so hurried and excited. She thought it would have been more honest in Miss Linscombe, to say so at once. That lady seemed now as eager to get rid of her two work-women, as she had been to detain them; but that was before Mr. Walker's entrance. On his part, he looked disappointed, when Maria Carter turned to leave the room; but he could not retreat from his own offer, to play for Miss Linscombe.

As the girls emerged from the close, hot room, where, with less than a half hour's respite, they had remained since seven in the morning, both gave a long sigh of relief. They parted, and Jane fairly ran home, which she reached at the same moment in which Harry rung the bell.

"One moment, Harry," she began, and then thinking of Miss Linscombe's premises, which she had just been condemning, "no, fifteen minutes, and I will be ready."

She came down at the appointed moment, and Harry, who thought her pretty before, was startled at her beauty now.

Her soft, silky hair was drawn up in a large knot at the back of the head, and disposed in large bands at the sides; showing the truly elegant form of her head. A single scarlet geranium was fastened in her braids. Her dress was simple, but beautifully made; and her gloves, fan and handkerchief were all of a kind denoting taste in the wearer, yet indicative of simplicity, and even of economy in the materials.

She was gratified by Harry's evident admiration; and her happiness was untouched by any thought of her afternoon's vexation. Miss Linscombe and her room faded into nothing, as she entered the brilliant scene; nor did she think of them again, until she looked up and met the curious, prying eyes of Miss Campbell, and heard her loud and disagreeable voice, evidently talking of her and Harry. The lady's companion, an inferior-looking man, whom she kept calling

"Cousin James," lifted his lorgnette in the direction to which she pointed, and after a long stare, he whispered long and loud, in words, where Jane distinctly heard her own name, in connection with "my dress-maker's girl."

Miss Campbell wore the new dress. She was dressed, therefore, magnificently; and the jewels which she displayed were rich and costly. Her hair was profusely decorated, and she sported a fan, bouquet-holder and handkerchief, that would have purchased a small house. She annoyed Jane so much by her close observation of her, that she begged Harry to move a little, where she could hide herself from her view. In vain; that great, unwinking eye found her out, wherever she moved; and Harry told her not to mind it. How could she help it, when she knew that she would acquaint Miss Linscombe, the following day, with the story of one of her girls presuming to go to the theatre? Jane had heard those things talked of too often in the workroom, not to dread it for herself. She could not give herself up to the play, as she wished. Moreover, Miss Campbell seemed to know that she spoiled her pleasure, and to rejoice in so doing.

It was all too true. Miss Campbell had marked her prey, and she was determined to hunt it to the death. She had known Harry Seaton from his childhood—nay, she had spurned his offered love, because she aspired to a richer suitor, who, in turn, spurned hers. Then she tried to lure Harry back again; but he would not be so lured; and from that hour, she had declared war against whoever she might be, that should win his heart.

That she should live to give place to a dress-maker's apprentice! She hadn't dreamed of this; and the very dress which Jane had been so unhappy about, was the one in which Miss Campbell was intending to re-capture her lost lover. She happened to know that he was to be at the theatre this evening, by means of the young lady who had accompanied her to Miss Linscombe's, and whose brother, James Hartley, was the "Cousin James," who attended on her and his sister thither.

Miss Hartley was one of those hangers-on so well described by the name of toady, to Miss Campbell, whom she praised and flattered in a way that any honest person would have scorned. But Cornelia Campbell was bred in the atmosphere of flattery, and she thrived and grew by what she was fed on.

She had, long ago, repented of her folly in giving up Harry Seaton. Her beauty had entangled his boyish heart, and her evident love for him had, for awhile, riveted the chain; but his eyes

were soon opened, and he saw her as she truly was—a vain, weak, unprincipled woman, who would sacrifice hearts for a mere show; and in whose word he had not one spark of faith, since she had perjured herself to him for the hope of a new love.

Thence Harry resolved never to become enchained again by one of her set. He would seek a wife among the virtuous and industrious classes. He met Jane Butler, a few days afterwards, as she was carrying home a dress to his sister, was captivated at once, by the sweetness of her face, and the modest dignity of her manner; and, with the perfect approbation of his sister, who despised Cornelia Campbell's duplicity towards her favorite brother, he offered, and was accepted. The few weeks that remained of Jane's engagement with Miss Linscombe, she chose to fulfil; and to save the annoyance of having it talked of in the workroom, it was agreed to keep it private, until she should leave it.

Could Cornelia Campbell have known this, she would have been furious. Her worst suspicions did not point to an engagement; and Jane, who divined her scornful manner, guessed but too well that to-morrow, the affair would be discussed before Miss Linscombe and the others. She shrank painfully from such an exposure of her affairs; and Harry's eloquence was long exerted before he could calm her fears. He suggested that his sister should spend several hours at Miss Linscombe's room the next day, in order to shield Jane from what she so much dreaded; offered to face the arch enemy, as he called Miss Campbell, and stand guard over Jane himself.

They needed not to plan; for before breakfast the next morning, Jane received the following note from Miss Linscombe:

"MISS BUTLER:—I am informed by a friend, whom I can perfectly trust, that you were at the theatre, last evening, with a gentleman of so much higher position in society than yourself, that there can be but one construction put on the affair. I need not say, after this, that it will not be pleasant for us to meet again. I shall not expect you at my rooms, either to-day, or at any other time. F. LINSCOMBE."

"There," said Miss Linscombe, "I trust that matter is settled."

"To my satisfaction it is," said Miss Campbell, who had watched the operation. "She will not be bold enough to cross our paths again, I think. By the way, how is your Mr. Walker, who plays the flute so well?"

Miss Linscombe blushed and fidgeted. Cornelia Campbell was not, surely, going to interfere with Mr. Walker. She took a look

around her room to see if the door were shut, and catching a glance at the vacant chair, which was usually occupied by Maria Carter, she suddenly asked where she was. The large, indolent girl whom we noticed before, answered, without the least perceptible change of countenance, "She is gone to be married, ma'am."

"Married! heavens, to whom?"

"To our neighbor, Mr. Walker."

Miss Linscombe's face would have made a study for a painter, at that moment. She had really thought that Mr. Walker was partial to herself; and her astonishment and indignation were inexpressible. Jane had been prevailed on to pass the night with Harry's sister, and had left word at her boarding-house, that she should do so; therefore Miss Linscombe's note had been sent directly to her, by her landlady. She was somewhat frightened when she read it, but Harry and his sister soon comforted her, by offering to settle the matter with Miss Linscombe and all the rest of the world. That evening Miss Linscombe's young ladies received cards from "Mr. and Mrs. Harry Season," with Jane Butler's name in the corner. A few hours previous, they had received similar ones from "Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Walker."

A VEGETARIAN.

An English gentleman dining in Paris, at the *table d'hôte*, [public table at the hotel,] wishing for some potatoes to eat with his meat, as he had been accustomed to do at home, called to the servant, "*Garçon, des pommes de terre, s'il vous plaît*," (waiter, some potatoes, if you please.) The dish of potatoes was accordingly brought to him, and taken away when he had helped himself. The same request was repeated to the servant as each successive course of meats was served, until the waiter, having become familiar with the order, brought the potatoes without further request; and thinking that if the gentleman wished potatoes with one dish he would like them with all, continued to bring them to him through the whole dinner, dessert and all, much to the gentleman's annoyance, and the amusement of all who saw it.—*Galignani*.

HEAVY AND WINDY.

A blacksmith who fancied himself sick, would often tease a neighboring physician to give him relief. The physician knew that he was perfectly well; but being unwilling to offend him, told him that he must be careful of his diet and not eat anything heavy or windy. The blacksmith went off satisfied—but on evolving in his own mind what kind of food was heavy or windy, returned to the doctor, who having lost temper with his patient, said: "Don't you know what things are heavy and windy?"

"No," said the blacksmith.

"Your anvil is heavy and your bellows are windy; don't eat of these, and you will do well."
—*Eccentric Anecdotes*.

THE TIE.

BY E. P. JAYCOCK.

O, God alone could forge the link
That binds my soul to thee;
Else I could break the magic tie,
And once again be free.
I strive—O how I strive to break
This fetter on my soul;
As well might I the tempest hush,
The boiling sea control.

What agony around the thought
That this must ever be,
Till death with cold and icy hand
Shall come to set me free!
Long years have passed since hope's bright ray
Fled from my youthful breast;
And sad has been my young heart since,
With longings for its rest.

There is a rest for weary souls,
A haven that is calm;
Where over all the wounds of life
Shall flow a healing balm!
And I must bear with patience here,
Though ties should bide or break;
And loose not all the hope of life
For any human sake.

A RECORD OF DARK DEEDS.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

ANY one who has passed through Bedford on foot, cannot have failed to notice an old building which stands close to the bank of the Ouse, on the south side. It was erected during the reign of Elizabeth, and having been constructed of heavy timber, it has withstood the crumbling touches of time marvellously well. It has two quaint, old gables upon the street, which hang far over the walk, seeming ready at any moment to come tumbling down upon the heads of the pedestrians; and then projecting above the narrow court, which is to the east of the building, are two more gables, exactly corresponding with those in front. There was once an entrance upon the street, but that was closed up during the reign of the second James, since which, the only legitimate means of ingress and egress has been through the wide door-way which opens upon the court beneath the further gable.

Early in the spring of 1764, two women came to hire the house. They were sisters, and gave their names as Roxana and Nancy Rhodope. The former was fifty years of age, and the latter two years older. They were tall, dark-looking beings, with large, bony frames, but with little flesh; and altogether they had an evil, sinister look, which was not calculated to inspire the be-

holder with any great amount of confidence in their virtue or humanity. However, nothing evil was known of them, and the owner of the house rented it to them for about a tenth part of the sum asked for such a tenement in any other part of the city. They professed to have some little money of their own, meaning to take in washing and sewing as soon as they could obtain it. Several months passed away, but the sisters were never seen to take home any work. They were seldom seen out by daylight, save when they had occasion to buy provisions. At length a third member was added to their household. This was a boy, deaf and dumb, whom they told their landlord they had taken out of charity alone. He was not over sixteen years of age, and perhaps not so old. His body was thin and bent; his legs very crooked; his head large and thick, and his arms so long that when standing erect his fingers' ends reached some inches below his knees. They called his name Jasper Lucan. Besides his peculiar form, there was another thing which drew attention to him; and that was, his movements, or, rather, motions. He moved about like a thing made up of springs. Never walking like other people, but jerking along with a frog-like motion at times, and at others leaping like a cat.

Strange stories began to be circulated about the two sisters. People who lived near, sometimes heard strange noises in the old house at night, and the boatmen upon the river, who could look upon the back windows of the upper story, said that there were often lights in the place all night long. At length these stories became so numerous, and the various surmises so alarming, that the good people in the neighborhood began to fear the old sisters. Governesses and fractious mamas threatened their refractory children that they should be sent to the "Old Sisters;" and the school-boy who would frighten his companion, had only to say: "There come the Rhodopes!" One morning a new cause of alarm turned up. It appeared that about midnight, preceding, the boy, Jasper Lucan, came out from the house and went down to the river, where he threw something into the stream. To do this he stepped upon a stone, and it was his fortune to slip off. The water was deep where he fell in, and had it not been for a boatman who was close by, he would have been drowned; but this boatman pulled him out and set him on shore, and finding that he could get no reply to any of his questions, he brought his lantern to see what was the matter. Having got his light, he found that the boy he had saved was Jasper Lucan, and that his clothes were covered with blood.

The boatman examined him carefully, but he found that he was not wounded in any way. His trousers, which were of coarse duck, were all besmeared with blood, and so were his shirt and hat. But the boy was not detained, for no answers could be gained from him, and then the man had his boat to attend to. Before noon, this piece of news spread over the town, and stories about the old sisters went up in the market accordingly.

Near the old house of the four gables, in a small hut upon the river's bank, lived a poor blind woman named Morris. She had one child, a son, named Luke, about fifteen years old, who managed, by picking up odd jobs, to support himself and his mother. One day Luke Morris was seen going into the house of the old sisters; he remained something over an hour, and then came out. When he reached his own dwelling he found seven persons there, waiting for his return. Immediately upon his entering they surrounded him and began to ask questions concerning his visit to the old house of the hags; but he would give no satisfactory answers. He only smiled when they asked him if the house wasn't all covered with blood; and when they asked him if he had heard any dismal groans, he told them, "Yes, a thousand of them."

"But, Luke—dear boy," urged his blind mother, "you mustn't go to the dreadful place. They'll kill you and cut you up."

"Yes, Luke," added an old woman who lived near, "you will be murdered and cut all up, just as sure as the world! Don't you go a nigh 'em. They only git ye in there so as to have ye jest when they want ye."

Luke informed the sympathizing friends, that one of the women—Roxana—had made a proposition to him to that very end, offering to support his mother through life, if he would allow them to cut him up to make meat pies of.

The hearers received this in good faith, and their horror was not to be expressed in words, though some of them attempted it. Had they been informed that the old sisters ate three roasted aldermen for breakfast, they would have believed it. However, the visitors departed at length, and then Luke told his mother the sisters had hired him to work for them occasionally.

"But what kind of work?" the old lady asked.

"I am to help Jasper Lucan catch fish in the river, and there may be other things to do."

The mother was far from being satisfied, but after much argument she gave her consent that the boy might help the old sisters, on the condition that he would never allow himself to be killed and cut up.

The new story of Roxana's trying to kill Luke Morris so that she might cut him up for meat pies, spread rapidly, and a score of people waited upon the owner of the old house, and begged him to turn the two old beldams out of doors. But he informed them that he could not do it, as he had given them an unconditional lease, and bound himself not to trouble them so long as they would be responsible for the safety of the house.

But matters at length came to a crisis. Winter had come, and the boatmen could ply their skiffs no longer, for the river was frozen over. One day the startling announcement was made that Luke Morris was missing! He had not been seen for four days. People crowded in upon his mother, whom they found weeping and moaning frantically. This was on Friday. She told them that her son had been gone since Tuesday evening; that he said he was going to work for the two sisters, and that she must not be alarmed until she saw him, for he might be gone some time. The mother was sure that by "some time," her son only meant some hours; and after a deal of talking, it was finally decided that the boy actually said "some hours."

But—horror of horrors!—on the very next day, some men found a mangled body in the ice close by the old house where the beldams lived. The prize was carefully taken out from its cold bed and carried directly to the office of the police, and there its appearance could be clearly made out; and hence it proved to be, not a human body, but the heart, lungs, liver, stomach, and intestines of such. Of course, the body itself had been chopped up for "*meat pies*!" A physician was sent for, and he decided that the remains were those of a person somewhere between the ages of fourteen and twenty. This settled the matter at once. A writ was applied for to the recorder, and he issued one immediately, and placed it in the hands of a proper officer to be served.

The two sisters manifested the utmost astonishment when they were arrested, but they betrayed no fear. When they were led forth into the street, a thousand people were collected to see them, and a cold, fearful shudder ran through the crowd, as the dark, forbidding, withered features of the beldams were visible. The boy Jasper was found in the house, and he also was arrested. The officers found it necessary to procure a carriage before they could make their way with the prisoners through the excited crowd.

In the meantime three officers remained to search the house. They went through the chambers first, but found nothing there, save some few

articles of ordinary furniture. From there they entered the attics, but with the same result. Next they went into the lower rooms, and these they examined very carefully, entering every closet, and opening every cupboard. But they found nothing out of the way here. They then procured lanterns and went down into the cellar.

They had searched around here for some time, when they came to a trap-door, which they raised. As they lifted it, such a powerful stench came up that they were forced to let it down immediately. But they soon raised it again, this time protecting their nostrils. The place was deep and dark, and though they held down their lanterns at arm's length, yet nothing could be seen. Finally one proposed getting a string, and thus lowering one of the lanterns clear down. A line was procured, and a lantern lowered into the vault, and the officers were enabled to see a dark, corrupted mass of flesh and bones!

They closed the vault as they had found it, and were about to return, when one of them discovered a narrow passage away in one corner, which they had not before noticed. Towards this they made their way, and having followed it a distance of some twenty feet, they came to a square vault or room, near the centre of which, upon the damp stone, they saw a dark spot, as though a thick puddle of some dark liquid had coagulated there. Instinctively one of the men turned his gaze upwards, and he saw a small crevice in the plank ceiling through which the stuff had dropped. They knew that there must be a place overhead which they had not visited, and as soon as they could calculate upon the bearings and distances, they went back to the first floor. Here they followed up the course which was necessary to lead to the point over the vault, until they were brought up by a partition; but they knew they were right, and that there must be a room beyond. At length they passed around to where they remembered having found a closet with nothing in it, and upon examining the back of this closet, they found a secret door which they were obliged to burst open, not being able to find any legitimate means of opening it.

Mercy! What a sight met their eyes. The room to which they had thus gained entrance was about ten feet square, with a raised bench on one side, and the floor, walls, and bench all covered with blood! Sticking into the top of the bench, was a knife, all bloody, and also upon the floor they found a club covered with the same fearful witness of crime. It was truly a terrible moment for the officers. They gazed first upon the blood marks everywhere about them, and then upon

each other. They were pale and tremulous, and without giving utterance to any intelligible sound they turned from the place. They breathed more freely when they had reached the outer air, and having securely looked up the house they started for the recorder's office, where they found the other officers awaiting their coming.

In a few words they gave an account of what they had found, only taking care to make it as terror-striking as possible. Thereupon the two sisters were asked if they had any explanation to make.

"About what?" asked Roxana, with perfect coolness.

"About these fearful witnesses that are brought against you," answered the recorder.

"Of what am I, or rather, are we, accused?"

"Why, of wilfully and wickedly murdering Luke Morris."

"And are we to be tried for that crime at the present time?"

"No, not tried; but we are here to commit you for trial."

"Then at present we have nothing to say. When our time of trial comes on, we may speak. But now, my lord, I simply know that we could say nothing which would remove the prejudice from your mind, and myself and sister shall be more safe in prison than in the power of an ignorant and infuriated mob."

The two sisters were fully committed and led away, while the boy, Jasper Lucan, was retained. It was soon found that he could not speak, nor give any intelligible sign to them. The recorder then wrote a question upon a piece of paper, but the boy could not read it; and after trying in vain for some time to get a grain of information out of him, they gave it up and sent him off to be locked up, there to remain until the trial should come on at the next assizes.

In the meantime hundreds of the citizens flocked to the old house of the four gables, where they were admitted by the officers, and upon beholding the bloody room, and the vault of putrefaction, they gave utterance to the most dreadful curses upon the heads of the wicked murderesses. At one time it was feared that the prison would be broken open by the infuriated people, and the two sisters taken therefrom and torn in pieces. It was now not only very freely talked, but very generally believed, that the dark sisters of Bedford had long followed the practice of killing all whom they could entice to their den, and many a youth and man was called to mind, who had mysteriously disappeared. To be sure, these cases were mostly confined to the river hands; a class of people who had for years been in the

habit of sailing away without giving any sort of notice of such intent to those who were left behind, and remaining away for a long while without asking any one's leave. Yet many such were missed, and it was easily concluded that the dark sisters had chopped them up.

The time of trial came within a few days after the sisters were imprisoned, and they were the second on the docket. They were brought into court guarded by fifty men, which force was necessary to keep off the mob, as the threat had been made that they should never reach the courthouse alive. The indictment was read, and the prisoners plead not guilty. Then the evidence was called for. First came the man who had cut the heart, liver, lungs, and etc. from the ice. The counsel for the defendants wished to know if the man could swear that those were not the intestines of a hog. Of course the witness could. He *knew* they were those of a human being.

However, he was allowed to proceed, and when he had got through, the old women who were in the blind widow's house when Luke told what the sisters had said to him, were severally called up. They testified that the boy came in very much frightened,—"*e'n a'most scared to death,*" one of them swore—and told them that the sisters had promised him to take care of his mother while she lived if he would allow them to cut him up to put in meat-pies! This evidence produced a marked sensation in court, and the sheriff had to watch the prisoners closely, as there was an evident intent among the lookers-on to seize them, even in that sacred place.

But finally the evidence was all in. A butcher who lived not far from the house of the four gables, very reluctantly testified that he had thrown the inwards of a hog out upon the ice, and that a dog dragged it off down the river. Another man swore—he was obliged to do it—that he saw the dog drag the hog's inwards down to a point back of the old house, but there the animal broke through a thin place in the ice, and scrambled out, leaving his prize behind him, fast among the broken pieces of ice. But this was nothing. Everybody knew that the sisters had murdered a great many men and boys, and they deserved punishment accordingly.

So the judge charged the jury, and they retired to make up their verdict. They were gone from the court-room just four and a half minutes, and when they returned, the scowl of malignant satisfaction which rested upon their features told that they had agreed upon the death! But ere they could give their verdict, a very extraordinary circumstance transpired to throw a different coloring upon the whole matter. A sudden

movement was made at the door, and on the next moment, Luke Morris hurried down the aisle and confronted the judge.

At first the people seemed to think that this was only a ghost that had thus made its appearance, for it had just been proved that the real Luke Morris had been murdered and chopped up into minute particles. But the delusion could not last long. When the youth rushed forward and confronted his mother, and then turned to the judge, the truth was apparent. The counsel for the prisoners arose and asked for a staying of proceedings; but the judge was determined to question the youth first, and that, too, without much regard for legal rule.

"You are Luke Morris, are you not?" he asked of the boy.

"Yes, my lord," replied Luke.

"And you have been some in the house of these two women who are now in the prisoner's box?"

"Yes, my lord."

"And you were in there on the day that you were first missed by your friends?"

"Yes, sir."

"And now tell us where you have been."

The boy looked around upon the prisoners, and they made a motion for him to proceed.

"I have been to London, my lord."

"To London? And what did you go there for?"

Again the boy gazed round upon the women, and this time Roxana spoke.

"Tell the truth, Luke, and hide nothing," said she.

"Now speak, sirrah, and look not at those women again. What did you go to London for?"

"I went to carry a lot of fur tippets, and fur gloves, and fur capes; and some other things made of fur."

"Ah!—And for whom did you carry these things?"

"For Dapsley and Bottom, on the Islington Road."

"But I mean, who sent you with them?"

"The two old women back of me, my lord."

"And where did they get them?"

"They makes 'em, my lord."

"Make them—of what?"

"Of skins."

"What kind of skins?"

"My lord," here spoke the counsel for the defendants, "why not let the boy—or rather, cause him to—tell the whole story of what he has seen there, and what he has done? and also have him understand that he will suffer severely if he conceals or falsifies anything?"

So the judge ordered the boy to speak. The poor fellow scratched his head awhile, and then he commenced.

"Well, my lord, these women, the old sisters, as they is called, ax'd me as I would come an' work for 'em. I told 'em as I couldn't, 'cause I didn't know what they wanted me to do. Then they told as if I'd promise not to tell they'd tell me all about it. I promised, and they told me as they wanted me to catch cats for 'em to use, an' if I would do it, they'd pay me fourpence for every white cat an' every black one, an' thr'pence ha'-penny for others. Jasper couldn't catch so many as they wanted. So I agreed to work for 'em. I knowed of lots of cats that didn't belong to nobody, an' I pitched into 'em. Sometimes me an' Jasper'd get ten in one night. Then we'd take them into the house, to a little room clean away in the back part, through a little closet, an' there Jasper'd kill 'em, and then I helped him skin 'em. Then the old women took the skins an' kind o' tanned 'em by the oven, an' then made 'em up into all sorts of things."

"Where did you use to throw the bodies of these cats?" asked one of the counsel.

"Why, we used to throw 'em into an old well in the cellar, where the water of the river came up an' washed 'em away; but all at once we found that the place had got choked up so that the bodies couldn't wash away, an' they made such a smell that we throwed 'em into the river, after that."

Upon this there was a very curious sensation in court. The case was looked into; a few officers sent again to the house; the witnesses examined again; and finally the decision was arrived at that there had been no murder done. The man who said 'twas a hog's inwards found upon the ice was believed; and, furthermore, Luke said he told the women at his mother's house that dreadful story about being chopped up for meat-pie, just to stop them from questioning him, never dreaming that they would take it in earnest.

And so the two sisters were cleared; but they chose to leave the town, for their business was ruined there, people being sure to keep their cats in doors while the dark twain remained; and some who had very fine white cats even went so far as to tie the feline rovers up until they were assured that Roxana and Nancy Rhodope had left Bedford.

There are three modes of bearing the ills of life; by indifference, which is the most common; by philosophy, which is the most ostentatious; and by religion, which is the most effectual.

THE BACHELOR'S SACRIFICE.

BY FRANK PARKLOVE.

They call me "old bachelor!" whisper I'm gray,
 And hid! it is time I should marry!
 High time I had given all my hunters away—
 My fishing-rods, dogs, and my guns—for they say
 One can never fish, hunt, or go sporting a day,
 The moment one's wedded a fairy.

They call me "old bach," but still think me "some,"
 And say, "'tis a pity he's lonely;"
 They forget I'm a bankrupt—are willing to come
 To my old Gothic cot—if—I'll give up my gun,
 My fishing rods, dogs, and my hunters, and come
 And pay my devours to them only!

They call me "old bachelor!" tempting me on
 To the 'alter with sweet syren phrases;
 But I give one more glance at my dogs and my gun,
 And I think of "Old Hunter," I think of the "fun,"
 The "fire on-the-wing," and the "trophies" I've won
 On the western and southern prairies;

And my poor dogs look up in my eyes with a glance
 Thrilling with human emotion:
 I wake with a start from a strange, fitful trance,
 And I think "O where, Frank, on the widened expanse
 Of America's wilds, or la belle jolly France,
 Can you ever command such devotion?"

Now they all crowd around me, each kissing my hands,
 Fondling me loving as ever.
 O, dogs! I can give up goods, houses and lands—
 Even fetter this body with Hymen's stern bands—
 But you! dear companions in far distant lands,
 Your chains I never can sever!

Yes, chained to me, dogs, by the chains of love—
 Chained to the grave we go!
 What? give up my dogs! for a white kid glove?
 A ring—and a kiss—and a glance of love?
 No! who loves the master the dogs must love—
 We'll together bide death's tally-ho!

THE LAST OF THE LEATHER BREECHES.

BY THE OLD 'UN.

OLD HARMANUS SCHOENHOVER was, some twenty years and odd ago, the "oldest inhabitant" of the village—for it was a village, then—of Brooklyn, N. Y.; a genuine old Knickerbocker, faithful to the traditions of the times, and looking down with sovereign contempt on all modern innovations and improvements. He lived in an old wooden house, the gable end of which projected far into Fulton Street, and the dooryard of which was always ornamented, in summer time, with those choicest of acclimated exotics, particolored tulips from Harlaem, and sun-flowers from—heaven knows where. Harmanus was generally known as the "Last of

the Leather Breeches," from the style of garment that encased his nether limbs. He also wore a broad-skirted, cinnamon-colored coat of homespun manufacture and make, decorated with huge blue glass buttons, a very long waistcoat of black cloth, a white neckcloth, and a huge three-cornered hat trimmed with tarnished gold lace, in the loop of which, when he went abroad, he invariably wore a little clay pipe, with the stem tipped with red sealing-wax. We must not forget his square-toed shoes, large enough for the wear of a gouty alderman, with their huge plated buckles. The rising generation did not regard his attire with that veneration which it inspired in a few relics of the old school, who had not, however, courage enough to imitate his example and resist the modern abominations of dress. They would often laugh in the very face of the sturdy old Knickerbocker,

"His old three-cornered hat,
 And his breeches and all that,
 Were so queer."

But the old gentleman was queer in other ways than matters of dress. His notions on the currency were queer. He had no faith in banks or in Wall Street speculations. He would sometimes discount short paper with undoubted endorsers, and he owned some real estate; but the bulk of his property consisted in sundry fat little kegs solidly filled with gold and silver, which he kept in his little sitting-room up stairs, fronting the street. Then he was queer in other things; he had queer ways of helping poor people anonymously, and absurd notions that charity should begin at home and only expand outwardly in proportion as every necessity within its immediate sphere had been relieved. So that putting all these things together, the good man passed for being a little cracked—and heads with nothing at all in them were gravely shaken, like empty poor-boxes, when his name was mentioned.

The old fellow viewed with annoyance and disgust the changes that took place in his native village. He only smiled when the stages from Patchogue and Babylon and Islip disgorged at Carmann their loads of antiquated figures that looked as if they might have stepped down from the canvases of a Flemish gallery of the 17th century. He didn't recognize as fellow-creatures men and women attired in the modern Parisian mode.

At length, the wise men of Brooklyn pronounced Schoenhoever's house a nuisance. It was shabby, it was tumble-down, it destroyed the alignment of the street. It must come down. The corporation offered him a handsome price

for it. He rejected it with disdain. He was told that he must abandon his mansion—the homestead of his fathers—will ye nill ye. He dared them to violate the sanctity of his castle. He was notified to vacate—he scorned the summons. The whole town became interested.

The old man was a non-resistant, like old Father Lamson. He shut himself up with his money-bags and doggedly awaited the result. Workmen were sent to pull down the house. The whole vicinity was thronged with curious spectators as at a ship-launch. Merrily rang the axes and hammers and saws, and the “yo-heave-ho!” of sturdy fellows pulling and hauling at cables. At last the end of the house was torn away—challenging the legal fiction that a man’s house is his castle—and there sat old Harmanus in his elbow-chair, with his cocked hat on his head, and his immortal leather breeches on his sturdy legs, sublime in his martyrdom, and smoking tranquilly his old clay pipe. His family had been removed to another of his houses. He was invited to join them. But he declined, with a majestic wave of the hand and a graceful emission of tobacco smoke. Then he was lifted carefully, arm-chair and all, carried down the staircase, and deposited on the opposite sidewalk. His goods and chattels were sent to his wife—but even when his money-bags departed he refused to accompany them, but sat, all through that day, a silent spectator of the utter demolition of his venerable house. At night, he rejoined his family.

The removal of this old landmark marked the merging of one era into another, and had the significance of an historical event. The corporation paid the old man a large sum; but he did not long survive the destruction of his house. His son lives in a marble palace, with gas and water all over the house, and drives a pair of blood horses, but few beyond the family remember, in the heady current of life, the “Last of the Leather Breeches” of New York.

PATENT MEDICINES.

The following certificate of the efficacy of patent pills is taken from the Philadelphia Mercury. “I, John Lubberlie, was supposed to be in the last stage of consumption in ’49, suffering at the same time under a severe attack of rheumatism, liver complaint, dropsy, gravel, and cholera morbus. Simultaneously, also, I took the yellow fever and small pox. The latter, assuming a chronic form, completely destroyed my lungs, liver, spinal marrow, nervous system, and the entire contents of my cranium. I got so low that I did not know my brother-in-law when he came to borrow some money. For three months I swallowed nothing but twenty packages of Kunkelhausen’s Pill, which effected an immediate cure in two weeks. Sworn and subscribed, etc.

A REVOLUTIONARY INCIDENT.

A large party of Virginia riflemen, who had recently arrived in camp, were strolling about Cambridge, and viewing the collegiate buildings, now turned into barracks. Their half-Indian equipments, and fringed and ruffled hunting garbs, provoked the merriment of some troops from Marblehead, chiefly fishermen and sailors, who thought nothing equal to the round jackets and trowsers. A bantering ensued between them. There was snow upon the ground and snowballs began to fly when jokes were wanting. The parties waxed warm with the contest. They closed and came to blows; both sides were reinforced, and in a little while at least a thousand were at fist-cuffs, and there was a tumult in the camp worthy of the days of Homer. ‘At this juncture,’ writes our informant, ‘Washington made his appearance, whether by accident or design I never knew. I saw none of his aids with him; his black servant was just behind him mounted. He threw the bridle of his own horse into his servant’s hands, sprang from his seat, rushed into the thickest of the melee, seized two tall, brawny riflemen by the throat, keeping them at arm’s length, talking to and shaking them.’

As they were from his own province, he may have felt peculiarly responsible for their good conduct; they were engaged too, in one of those sectional brawls which were his especial abhorrence; his reprimand must, therefore, have been a vehement one. He was commanding in his serene moments, but irresistible in his bursts of indignation. On the present occasion, we are told, his appearance and strong-handed rebuke put an instant end to the tumult. The combatants dispersed in all directions, and in less than three minutes none remained on the ground but the two he had collared.—*Irving’s Washington.*

A CURIOUS DISCOVERY.

In the town of Leicester, England, says a foreign exchange, the house is still shown where Richard III. passed the night before the battle of Bosworth; and there is a story of him still preserved in the corporation records, which illustrates the caution and darkness of that prince’s character. It was the custom to carry, among the baggage of his camp, a cumbersome wooden bed, which he pretended was the only bed he could sleep in. Here he contrived a receptacle for his treasure, which lay concealed under a weight of timber. After the fatal day in which Richard fell, the Earl of Richmond entered Leicester with his victorious troops; the friends of Richard were pillaged, but the bed was neglected by every plunderer as useless lumber. The owner of the house afterward discovered the hoard, and became suddenly rich without any visible cause. He bought lands, and at length arrived at the dignity of being mayor of Leicester. Many years afterward, his widow, who had been left in great affluence, was murdered for her wealth by her own servant-maid, who had been privy to the affair; and at the trial of this woman and her accomplices the whole transaction came to light.

Sincerity is an opening of the heart. We find it in very few people; and that which we generally see is nothing but a subtle dissimulation to attract the confidence of others.

THE LIFE—THE TRUTH—THE WAY.

BY ELANOR D'ARNOFF.

Thou! who unseen didst guide my youth,
In pleasant paths of wholesome truth—
And when I turned away
Rebellious—to the world—to find
Food for a discontented mind—
And e'en forgot to pray—

Preserver! thou who ne'er forsook
Me in my wandering ways—nor took
Just vengeance on me then—
O hear the prayer I raise to thee!
And even now forget not me—
O guide me forth again.

Forgive my base ingratitude,
O thou most mighty—thou most good—
Bear with me once again.
A wicked, fearful child of clay,
I at thy feet most humbly lay
The talent thou hast given.

All unimproved, debased it lies,
Too wretched for thy sinless eyes—
I with a broken heart
Come—for I've nowhere else to go—
Earth's brightest visions end in woe—
E'en pleasure hath a smart.

At the 'leventh hour I come to thee—
O Father, cast me not away—
Sick—heavy—faint—I come;
Through all my life thou'st watched o'er me;
But blind, I knew not that 'twas thee—
O Saviour, take me home!

THE THREE PICTURES.

BY AGNES BOND.

"BEAUTIFUL! charming! so expressive and lifelike!" were the words which came from a group of people surrounding two newly-hung pictures in the exhibition-room at B——. "How much it resembles some face that I know," said one. "Yes, that sweet smile seems so familiar, and yet I cannot recall it," said another. "And I wonder who is the artist, and whether they are portraits," said an elderly gentleman as turning to the catalogue, he read: "61 and 62, Fancy Sketches, by Claude Huntington." Only one of the party, a lady, was silent; but eagerly she gazed upon the pictures, as though unmindful of those about her.

The paintings were small, but most exquisitely touched and finished. The first represented a little girl of some seven or eight summers, with bare feet wading a small stream, but midway she had paused as if from fear. What a vision of childish beauty she was, as she stood

there! the sunny smile on her sweet young face, the blue eyes just filling with tears, while golden curls fell on her neck in careless grace. About her neck and twined among her curls, were wreaths of blue violets, her frock was looped up with bouquets of them, while from one arm hung her straw cottage hat filled with the same delicate blossoms. She was looking up so entreatingly to the fine face of a boy, a few years older, standing opposite, while the rosy lips seemed to say "come help me." The boy, too, had an interesting face; one could read upon it of great and conscious powers, of deep devoted love for the beautiful and true, as he reached forth his hands to the timid child. A summer sun was shining down upon them, making each water drop in the little stream gleam and glisten like silver, and the robins sung in the old oak-tree that bent its branches protectingly above them.

The other was a companion to it. The same laughing streamlet wound its way along, the old trees rose as proudly as before, while on a mossy bank beneath them reclined a young girl and a youth. The maiden had the same smile that danced about the child's face. The liquid eyes beamed now with the light of love, and in the whole expression there was such a look of purity and goodness as an angel might have worn. The curls that clustered round the open brow were encircled with a wreath of violets, and as she bent her eyes beneath the eager look of the youth, she had scattered them about her on the bank. The youth, too, had the noble features of the boy—the tender, loving expression, the open, confiding look, which showed him at once affectionate and brave. The maiden seemed to listen so trustingly and confidingly, and the youth gazed on her so fondly, as he poured into her ear the dreams and aspirations of his heart, that one could see that the future seemed fresh and fair before them. Life was just opening, in beauty and light, the pages of its wondrous book to those young hearts.

Such were the pictures. The lady who gazed on them so intently was past the first dawn of youth, delicately formed, and moving with such an air of unconscious grace, yet regally as a queen might move, that one passing would irresistibly pause to watch her movements. Still, it was the face that most of all would have attracted one; there was such a winning sweetness about it, at times almost amounting to sadness, the large eyes betokened such a capacity of feeling and suffering, while the smile that played around the lips seemed like a ray of sunshine lighting up the other features, and giving the

whole expression such a pure, forgiving look, as to make it a face to be remembered a life-time.

Tears stood in the lady's eyes, and a bright glow on her cheeks showed that the pictures had awakened some sleeping memory, when one of the party, a lady, said gaily :

"Why, Florence, you haven't said a word about the paintings, and you are usually so enthusiastic and discerning!"

"Fie-upon you. Your friend Florence," rejoined the lady's father, "has perhaps been so accustomed to the superior merits of the old world artists, that she cannot bring down her mind to anything so simple as these. But I've been thinking these pictures must be by the young artist who has just returned, after a long residence in Europe. He is said to be a young man of talent and genius—assuredly so, if these are a specimen."

"O yes, papa, it's the same gentleman to whom old Madame Huntington willed her immense property, on condition that he should take the family name. How curious the girls will all be to see him. I remember, now, they said he was an artist."

So they chatted gaily as they passed along, but Florence was as one in a dream. She was again a child, crowned with violets, fording the stream and reaching forth her arms to one who seemed then powerful to save. She was sitting on that bank beside the dear one who was to cherish and protect. The neglect, and trials, and fears, which years had brought, were swept away by the sight of those pictures, for she knew they were no fancy sketches, but portrayed real scenes in her life. She knew, too, who the artist must have been—the lover of her youth, between whom and herself coldness and unexplained differences had sprung up, and for years they had no knowledge of each other. As they opened the door to go out, she went mechanically, and two gentlemen passed in. One bowed to the party, the other gazed upon Florence like one spell bound. They were the artist, Claude Huntington, and his friend, Fred Grey, but Florence saw them not; she was breathing the soft fragrance of violets, and heard a voice calling her, "Violet, Violet!"

As they descended to the street, she declined all invitations to dine with her friends, saying she must be alone then.

"How strangely Florence appears to-day!" said the gay Clara Seymour; "not even a word of praise called forth by her favorite pictures. I can't account for her abstractedness!"

"Your friend is probably capricious, as you women all are," rejoined her father.

"O, papa, you're out there, for Florence is entirely free from all caprice. I think she must be anxious about her appearance to-morrow night; but then I know she will not fail, dear girl! She has had some deep sorrow, I am certain, though she bears everything so bravely! If I were only in her place, such a magnificent singer, so caressed and admired with her face and figure, how I should triumph over all you common minds!" said Clara, laughingly.

"Most fortunate for us, you are lacking in all these things!" said a companion.

Claude Huntington and his friend Frederick Grey entered the gallery.

"O, what a lucky fellow you are!" exclaimed Fred; "genius will certainly find its reward. See what a group of connoisseurs are gathered about your pictures! I must rush up to them and tell them the artist is present, and would be grateful for their patronage. How fortunate I persuaded you to send them in. By the way, you said there was a history connected with them, and you would tell it some day. Some love experience, eh?"

"You are just the same light-hearted fellow, Fred, as ever. How often I've wished for some of your buoyancy of spirits! But tell me, I beseech you, who was that lady we passed on coming in? That face haunts me like one I knew and loved years ago, and yet it cannot be!"

"Now don't go into raptures with that face, though to be sure it's no wonder that you, with your passionate love for the beautiful, should admire and worship such glorious beauty as hers. The lady is Mademoiselle Florence, as she is called, the great prima donna whom half the men in town are raving about. But it's utterly useless to make love to her, for she treats all her admirers in the same way, with politeness and respect—a poor return, they think, for their mad worship. Not much is known of her previous history. She has been for some time in Europe studying music under the best masters. She is said to have a handsome fortune, and is quite alone in the world, having no near relatives. The Seymours, who see her more than any one else, say that their acquaintance is just renewed, they first having met her while in Europe, some years since. But to-morrow night you will have an opportunity to see her radiant beauty in its true light. She is to make her last appearance in a new opera which is said to be admirably calculated to bring out her wonderful powers of voice and manner. You'll accompany me, wont you? It will be a fine chance for you to see the elite, and also to be seen by anxious

mothers and designing maidens as the unmarried heir of a hundred thousand."

So the gentleman rattled on, unmindful of the continued silence of his companion, or the deep look of anxious sadness that had crossed his face.

It was a gala night. Crowds of people were thronging the street leading to the opera-house. Lines of carriages drew up before the door, depositing the beauty and fashion of the city. Stately dames, gay matrons and lovely girls in their first season, cold, cautious business men, men of the world, the dashing representatives of Young America, were all there to do homage to the talent and beauty of one who was to stand before them for the last time. How brilliantly shone that fair assemblage beneath the glaring gaslight! How the jewels flashed and sparkled, flowers filled the air with their odorous incense, while lace and satin velvet and blonde were folded over sad and joyous hearts!

Claude Huntington and his friend were there. The latter seemed as gaily talkative as before, but the artist had such a look of anxiety on his face, that one could see that he was hoping for the unravelling of some mystery or secret trouble.

Shortly the curtain rose, and the prima donna stood before them, more radiantly beautiful than ever she had seemed before, like the realization of some poet's dream, or a statue endowed with life, rather than a living woman. She bowed that queenly head, and for a moment cast her eyes almost timidly about her, while loud and ringing applause greeted her. Then from those parted lips came forth such sweet tones, as to hush to quietness all sound besides. All listened in breathless admiration to that silvery voice, rising at times in such thrilling tones, then falling in winning, trembling cadences, lifting, it seemed, the one who uttered them and those who listened, above themselves and the present. It was wonderful, the hushed adoration with which all listened! None thought now of the jewels that flashed on her neck, arms and brow, or the delicate satin that rose and fell at every gush of that birdlike voice, or the spirit-like beauty of face and form; but, as if it were a voice from another sphere, they sat entranced. More wonderful was the revelation of such wondrous and enchanting power, such a rare gift is the melody of a woman's voice!

She ended. What bursts of applause! what shouts of admiration! Bouquets, wreaths, diamonds, gems, were showered upon the stage—the unsolicited tribute of all ranks to genius and beauty.

Claude Huntington had seen her; he had drank in every tone of her voice, which seemed like a dream of his youth, when his friend came to his speech, and said:

"Didn't I tell you she was divine?"

"Such a voice! such an air!" he replied. "I knew it must be Violet; no other face could affect me like that."

"Ah, then you know her?" said Fred; "how provoking you shouldn't have told me!"

But he was silenced, for again the singer stood before them, in answer to repeated calls. She was radiant before—she was lovely now; the jewels had disappeared, but in their place were violets, blue violets, a wreath of them about her head, the sleeves and skirt of her dress looped up with them, and a bunch of them in one hand.

As she bowed again, and her lips parted with a smile, the applause was louder than before. Her face was pale and almost colorless, but as she cast her eyes over that vast assembly, they rested for a moment on the face of Claude. A crimson glow overspread her face, her heart beat convulsively, the violets dropped from her hand, and she retired.

Again they applauded. Then there was the usual hurrying and crowding, and soon the gay opera-house was deserted and silent. None save the artist had noticed the resemblance between the child and maiden of the pictures and the prima donna, as she stood before them crowned with violets; he knew now they were the same. None save the prima donna had noticed the artist's pale, troubled face; she knew it was the lover of her youth.

In a lovely Italian home live the artist Claude Huntington, and Florence his beloved wife. Surrounded by the genial influences of that fair land, its golden sunshine and balmy air, his home adorned with the rare creations of others, and himself known and admired now as a great master, blessed in his domestic relations beyond all he had hoped, he is happy—they both are happy. Theirs is the old story of youthful love and promised devotion, and subsequent estrangement, through the jealous interference of supposed friends. The youth gained fame and honor, and the maiden's rare and noble gifts brought her fawning flattery and adulation. Still, to both came the old love promises and early memories. Neither fame nor wealth could satisfy the heart's desire, but after their probation, love brought them again to each other, and crowned them anew.

On the walls of the room in the artist's home

hang the two pictures we have mentioned, with a third beside them. This represents a woman in the fullness of her charms, ere time has in the least touched her wondrous loveliness. Beauty glows on her full rounded cheek, the soft symmetry of the limbs seems faultless, there is a loving smile on the lips, and the hair falls in soft rippling waves, while over all the unspeakable glow of happiness is spread, the wife's and mother's love shining beyond mere beauty of face or form. A cherub babe is on her knee, and proudly and lovingly she gazes in the manly face beside her. Some violets, those old and much-loved flowers, are twined about her head, and the little one clasps them in its hands and seems shouting for joy.

Not long ago some old friends came to visit them, no other than Frederick Gray and the gay Clara Seymour, now his wife. When Claude brought them to this room, and showed them these home pictures on the wall, they well remembered them, and Clara clapping her hands, said gaily :

"I see it all now. I know whose sweet smile that was that puzzled us so much in the exhibition-room, and why Florence was so distraught, when papa said she was capricious. I know, now, why she came out crowned with violets at her farewell concert. How strange that with all my discernment, I never discovered all this!"

THE GERMAN FOR PLATE.

"Good gracious, Anna, what is the German for plate," "Teller," I replied, leaning over the stairs. "Tell her what?" returned my aunt, not supposing that she had heard aright. "Teller," I answered back at the top of my voice. "How can I tell her, unless you tell me what to tell her?" she retorted in a tone that betokened she was gradually becoming heated, and, indeed, the weather was sultry. "Can't you hear me tell you to tell her, teller?" "That's just what I want to do; but how can I tell her unless I know what to tell her?" I was laughing so heartily that I could only shout out, "Tell her, teller." But fearing that my aunt might become exasperated, I ran down stairs, and for her edification uttered the magic word. Of course, the desired plate was produced, to her great amazement; but she good-naturedly joined in my un-repressed merriment.—*Autobiography of an Actress.*

A KISS.

The following answer was made to a young lady who had sent her lover a kiss—in a letter.

Thanks to my little absent friend—
A kiss you in your letter send,
But, ah! the thrilling charm is lost
In kisses that arrive by post;
That fruit can only tasteful be
When gathered, melting, from the tree!

THRILLING INCIDENT.

A young man named Hund, was sent, some four years ago, in mid-winter, by his master on an errand about twenty miles, to carry provisions to a village in the upper country. The village people asked him for charity to take three orphan children on his sledge a few miles on his way to Bergen and leave them at a house on the road, when they could be brought to Bergen. He took the little things, and saw that the two elder were wrapped up from the cold. The third he took within his arms and on his knee, as he drove, clasping it warm against his breast—so those say that saw them set off, and it is confirmed by one who met the sledge on the road, and heard the children prattling to Hund, and Hund laughing merrily at their little talk. Before they got half-way, however, a pack of hungry wolves burst out upon them from a hollow in the thicket to the right of the wood. The beasts followed close to the back of the sledge. Closer and closer the wolves pressed. Hund saw one about to spring at his throat. It was impossible for the horse to go faster than he did, for he went like the wind—so did the wolves. Hund, in his desperation, snatched up one of the children behind him, and threw it over the back of the sledge. This stopped the pack a little. On galloped the horse, but the wolves were soon crowded around again with the blood freezing to their muzzles. It was easier to throw over the second child than the first, and Hund did it. But on came again the infuriated beasts, gaunt with hunger, and raging like fiends for their prey. It was harder to give up the third—the dumb infant that nestled in his breast—but Hund was in mortal terror. He threw away the infant and saved himself. Away over the snow flew the sledge, the village was reached, and Hund just escaped after all the sacrifice he had made. But he was unsettled and wild, and his talk for some time, night or day, was of wolves—so fearful had been the effect upon his imagination.—*Miss Martineau's Norway and the Norwegians.*

PRACTICAL COUNSEL.

Amos Lawrence, of Boston, in his Diary and Correspondence, gives the following characteristic counsels: "At the commencement of your journey the difference between going just right or a little wrong, will be the difference between finding yourself in good quarters or the miserable bog or slough at the end of it. Do not cheat yourself by doing what you suspect may be wrong. You are as much accountable to your conscience as you would be to me to use diligence in taking care of a bag of money which I might send by you. Good principles, good temper and good manners will carry a man through the world much better than he can get along with the absence of either. The most important is good principles. Temptation, if successfully resisted, strengthens the character; but it should always be avoided. The moral taste, like the natural, is vitiated by abuse. He whose life ends at thirty may have done much, while he who has reached the age of one hundred may have done little."

He that knows himself, knows others; and he that is ignorant of himself, could not write a very profound lecture on other men's heads.

A TIME TO WEEP.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

By sadness of countenance the heart is made better. —
Ecc. 7: 8.

'Tis well to weep when troubles come
And draw the darkened veil
Of sadness o'er the countenance,
When weary griefs assail.
Laughter is sweet, and joy is good,
But woe its turn must take—
'Tis tenfold bliss at God's decree,
To suffer for His sake.

He hovers nearer when we groan
In anguish deep and wild,
He sheds a halo o'er us, then,
As if an angel smiled.
We know that 'neath his sheltering wing
For us there's ample room,
Where we can cast all care away,
And banish from us gloom.

It is but right to weep with hope,
But never with despair;
The love of God is over us
And round us everywhere!
And he'll sustain the son of faith
Beneath his mighty arm,
Until his feet shall press the shore
Of heaven's eternal calm.

LOVE IN A LAWYER'S OFFICE.

BY M. M. MELBOURNE.

It was a clear, cold winter's day in New York; a day when the biting wind enters the ill-built homes of the children of poverty; when her sons and daughters shiver in their tattered garments, and vainly strive to procure warmth from their glimmering fires; when the cold and hunger pains drive the wretched to despair; when life's necessities are beyond their scanty means; on such a day, and at such a time, our story commences.

In a miserable attic of a dilapidated old house in one of the poorest and most degraded streets of the great city, might have been seen a picture of misery calculated to touch the most callous heart; a picture, alas! all too common in great cities, but none the less worthy of commiseration on that account. One small window, partly shaded by an old faded curtain, lighted the apartment, and discovered the abject poverty of the inmates. The walls had once been covered with paper, that now hung in fragments, weather stained and torn. The ceiling, smoked and discolored, was scarcely high enough to admit the entrance of a man of medium height, while the

uneven floor trembled and shook at the lightest footstep. A bed of the humblest description occupied one side of this uninviting tenement, with coverings far from suitable to the inclement season, and the wants of the miserable invalid who reposed on it. A chair and a small table, a wooden chest, some common tea cups on a shelf, a few chips blazing in the little stove, and a few more on the hearth beside it; a little little sauce-pan, half filled with gruel, and a row of medicine phials on the low mantel shelf, completed the articles in the room.

Leaning over the stove, in busy preparation of the contents of the tin sauce-pan, was a young and sickly-looking girl, whose faded and worn out dress corresponded with the equipments of the room. But when, at the sound of a weak voice from the bed, she raised her head, you might have seen a face of unsurpassed beauty, hunger-pinched and careworn as it evidently was; for if the complexion was pale and sickly, the features were perfectly and beautifully formed, the large dark eyes were positively startling in their brilliancy, the snowy forehead was banded with heavy black braids, and the poor, thin hand that added fresh fuel to the fire was of far too delicate appearance for her menial employment. And when in answer to the call, she bent over the couch, there was a look of love unspeakable in her splendid eyes, and reverential fondness in the kiss she pressed on the brow of the invalid.

"You are better, dear mother," she whispered, as a smile played for an instant round the pale lips of the sick woman, and a faint color tinged her cheek. "You have slept for several hours, and that last medicine has done you good."

"I feel better, my darling; but the room is cold. Is there nothing you could add to my bed covering?" And she shivered violently.

The happy light faded from the young girl's eyes, and she hastened to the box that contained her scanty wardrobe, and selected from the few garments a half worn out shawl, spread it carefully over the bed, adding an old tattered dress and cape. The mother lay with closed eyes, and beheld not the tears that streamed down the pale cheeks of her daughter, as she quietly performed her little labors of love; and no sob was permitted to disturb the stillness of the room. After inducing the invalid to take some nourishment, the daughter sat and watched her until once more the transparent lids closed in heavy slumber; and then stealing gently from the room, she crossed a short passage, and opened another door.

Here dwelt an Irish family in the greatest

poverty; but with characteristic sympathy for others' distress, always ready and willing to assist the poor, pale girl, so devoted to her dying mother.

"Can Mary sit with mama for an hour, Mrs. Brady?"

"Sure she can, Miss Julie; and how may herself be by this time?" asked Mrs. Brady, wiping her hands from a tub of soap suds, and coming towards her visitor; and before an answer could be given, she went on: "And are you going to look for more work, poor child? God help ye! it's the hard lot ye have in the world." And poor widow Brady, in her sympathy for another's wo, forgot her own trials, her dead husband, her five children and her poverty.

Half an hour afterwards, Julie (for by that name we will call her for the present) was walking hastily toward a street, where the day before she had seen on some shabby looking buildings numberless little signs, bearing various names, mostly ending "Attorney at Law." To these she now directed her steps; for Julia had relinquished the hope of procuring those employments usually sought after by young women, and in despair had come to these abodes of "wisdom and justice" to solicit employment as a copyist.

It were painful to enumerate the disappointments, the annoyances, the *inults*, endured by the poor girl in course of an hour's search. From one, her request met an angry refusal, accompanied with a look of astonishment that sent the bitter tears rushing to her eyes; from another, words that brought the proud blood to cheek and brow, and caused her to turn and leave the room with a haughty step and a fiercely throbbing heart. For an instant, she thought of quitting the building and returning home, but the recollection of her mother, without food and peniless and now when there was hope that she might recover, gave her fresh energy; and she crossed a long gallery, and gave a gentle tap at an opposite door.

Instead of the usual "come in," there was a quick footstep, the door was thrown open, and a gentle voice asked her to enter; and when she raised her eyes, instead of the accustomed coldly inquisitive glance that met her own, she beheld a handsome pair of eyes, beaming with kindness, and fixed on hers, with but ill concealed admiration.

The owner of these beautiful eyes was a very young man, and so polite that Julia, in her innocence, and judging from her previous treatment, doubted if he could be a lawyer, and in acquainting him with her business candidly told

him so. Interested in her, and not a little struck with her beauty, the young man gradually, and without any appearance of rude curiosity, drew from her the outlines of her history. Deeply affected at her description of her mother's illness and poverty, he hastened to furnish her with the desired employment, and would fain have offered to remunerate her then for what she was to do, had not a certain something in her manner deterred him from acting on his benevolent purpose.

Julie left the warm and comfortably furnished office with a light heart, that not even the cold wind sweeping through the galleries could chill; and holding her thin cape closely round her, she hurried homeward with such sensations as only those can experience who have suffered the same poverty, the same disappointments, and the same heart sinkings. She knelt beside her mother's bed, and whispered the good news that she had found work.

"Plenty of writing, dear mama; and he will pay me so well you shall not want for food and clothing long." And the sweet, flushed face was buried in the pillow, and an earnest, grateful prayer ascended to Heaven, more truthful, more sincere, than many offered up in gorgeous chambers, and by the occupants of downy couches.

Long into the dark, cold hours of that night did Julie bend over the little rickety table, and write with blue and stiffening fingers, long after her little fuel was consumed and her lamp had burned dim; and when it was finished, and carefully rolled up and laid away, she softly took her place beside her sleeping parent, and in happy dreams forgot her troubles for a few hours.

The employer wished to have the writing early, and with weak and trembling steps, she once more entered the dingy block, passed the long flight of stairs, and stood in the presence of her handsome friend. But this time he was not alone; another young man, apparently some three and twenty years of age, sat in one of the lawyer's comfortable arm-chairs, luxuriously enjoying the morning paper. While the young lawyer was giving Julie her instructions, and she with burning cheeks and trembling hand strove to hold the parchment steadily, the stranger was attentively examining her over the top of his paper. After highly commending what she had done, her kind employer renewed the supply, and then accompanied her to the entrance of the building; and bidding her good morning, slipped a package into her hand, containing a far larger remuneration than she had dared to expect.

There was joy in the miserable little attic that night, and on many succeeding nights; and the mother's health gradually returned, and little comforts gathered about them, and Julie no longer felt ashamed of her appearance in the street; for she was warmly and neatly clad. She frequently met the young stranger at Mr. Franklin's office, and at last imagined he bore a resemblance to some familiar face, but whom she could not recollect; and so few words passed between her and the lawyer, that she never dreamed of inquiring his name, nor did Mr. Franklin ever ask her own.

We must now introduce the reader to this young stranger, his home and his friends. In the first place, his name was Albert Sutherland. He was a classmate and intimate friend of Edward Franklin's, with talents to have enabled him to rise to the highest honors in the land, with riches sufficient to render unnecessary all exertions for a livelihood. His devotion to an only sister, bequeathed to his care by their dying parents, united to a naturally good disposition, and the example and advice of his friend Franklin, had preserved young Sutherland from those temptations generally so fatal to the happiness of young, idle men of property. He had other relatives, but not in America; and having no one to share his love for his sister Claudine, he bestowed on her the deepest affection—a mingling of admiration, anxiety and devotion, far surpassing the cool, indifferent feeling usually denominated brotherly love.

Since his parents' death they had still resided in the handsome house bequeathed to his sister, and it had always been his study to surround her with agreeable acquaintances, to fill her home with luxuries, and to fulfil in every respect the sacred promise made at his mother's death-bed. And Claudine Sutherland was worthy of her brother's love, and well rewarded the sacrifices he made for her conveniences, by welcoming his friends with the warmest kindness, rendering his home a very paradise of comfort, and returning his love with interest.

It was the evening of the day on which Albert had first met Julie, and he had accompanied Edward Franklin to a political meeting that detained them till a late hour. The friends parted at Sutherland's door, and Albert, after divesting himself of his cap and cloak, sprang up stairs to his sister's room, where he knew he should find her, as she never retired while he was absent. As he opened the door, a warm and comfortable sensation struck him, and he took his seat beside her with that peculiarly happy feeling one experiences after a long walk on a cold night when

suddenly entering a warm, well lighted room. A very pleasant chamber was this favorite retreat of Miss Sutherland's, with its soft, flowery carpet, warm velvet hangings, through which not even a stray breath of cold air dared penetrate; its elegant rosewood furniture, its well filled book-case, costly vases, mirrors and pictures. A very inviting and pleasant room, and occupied by a very lovely and agreeable girl—at least, so Albert thought, when she laid aside her book, made room for him beside her on her own pet lounge, warmed his chilled hands in her own soft palms, and then gently passed her arm round his neck and kissed his cheek.

"You are very good to give me so warm a welcome, after compelling you to sit alone all this long evening, dearest." And he passed his arm lovingly round her waist, and looked into her bright eyes.

"I should be very selfish to deprive you of all enjoyment, Albert; even now I sometimes fear that you pine for scenes and amusements that your constant attendance on myself prevents your enjoying."

"Not so, sister mine. I am quite contented; nay, perfectly happy; and there is only one man in the world I really envy, and that is Edward Franklin."

"And why should you envy him?" asked the sister, with evident astonishment. "Is not your lot a happier one in every respect than his?"

"My lot, as you call it, is; but not my disposition. If you only knew, as I do, what pleasure he takes in doing good, how nobly he spends his very modest income, you would join me in praising him. Only this morning, he gave me the history of a poor girl, who came to him to procure writing, and he had barely finished when she entered."

"Who is she? What is her name?" questioned his sister, with apparent interest.

"That he does not know; but her mother is a widow, poor and in ill health, and entirely dependent on this child's care."

"What is she like? Do satisfy my feminine curiosity?"

"She is beautiful!—perfectly angelic, if angels have magnificent black eyes and hair, and blush like rosebuds. I wish you could have seen Ned's look when he told me her history, as far as he knew it; I really believe he had tears in his eyes."

"I wish you knew her name, or residence; something might then be done to assist her."

"O, she's not that kind of person at all; quite an independent, high-spirited girl, and one who has evidently seen better days."

"Well, if Mr. Franklin needs assistance in his charitable works, you can tell him you know one very willing to help." And the bright eyes looked brighter than ever as she spoke.

"And now I have another piece of news for you, Claudine: cousin Frank intends paying us a visit in a few weeks; he leaves Jamaica about the middle of next month."

"O, what good news, Albert! I knew he is coming to assist us to find Aunt Durell. Is it not so?"

"That is his intention; and, now you remind me of it, that young protege of Franklin's is the counterpart of Aunt Adela's portrait."

Lifting the light, he walked up to a large oil painting, and after attentively surveying it for a few minutes, turned to his sister, saying:

"It is her image! Claudine, would it not be strange if that girl should yet prove to be our cousin?"

"O, Albert, hush! What sufferings they must have endured, should it prove so! But it is impossible. You know they told us she went to New Orleans."

Some further conversation they held on the same subject, and then both concluded that the likeness was a mere accident. Albert kissed his sister, wished her good night, and left the room, and soon all was silent in their elegant and happy home.

We must now leave our friends in New York, and take a voyage over the waters.

It was Christmas eve, at the island of Jamaica, and on every side were seen preparations for the coming festival. The houses, decorated with oranges, presented to a stranger's eye a most extraordinary appearance, and filled Europeans with wonder at the endless profusion of beautiful fruit. Every door, every window, was festooned with the ripe oranges, and the people, both black and white, were in busy preparation for the morrow.

It is not our intention to give a description of the "Orange Festival," annually celebrated at these islands; for to those who have witnessed it, the account would be nothing new; and to those who have not, our words would give but a faint idea of the uproarious mirth, the general joy, the feasting, the dancing and the revelry that attend the "Gathering Celebration."

In one house there was little joy and less revelry. The master, Mr. Sutherland, wandered through his rooms, restless and discontented, finding fault with his servants, grumbling at the weather, and upbraiding his grandson for joining in the universal merriment.

Mr. Sutherland was suffering the pangs of an

accusing conscience, and his ill tempered efforts to make others as uncomfortable as himself, produced their usual effect, and merely added to his own unhappiness. Thirty years before, his beautiful home had been the abode of peace and contentment, the happy dwelling-place of his wife and five as lovely children as ever blessed a parent's arms; and now he stood alone in the world—wife, children, all were gone, with the exception of one grandchild with him, and the orphans in New York. He was an Englishman by birth. Five-and-forty years before, he had come to Jamaica to transact business for a London firm; had fallen in love with the beautiful daughter of a rich Creole, married, and by various means became rich also. His wife had presented him with three sons and two daughters, and while the youngest was yet an infant, had died, and left him a lonely, disappointed man.

His two eldest children, Charles and Julia, married early in life; the one to the daughter of a New York merchant, and the other to the son of a neighboring planter. Charles accompanied his wife to her home, united with her father in business, and died when still a young man, leaving Albert and Claudine in independent circumstances. Julie Rae and her husband lived together for a few years, and then she returned a widow to her father's house, bringing one little son with her. Albert and Francis, the two next, both died in youth, and one daughter alone remained to comfort and bless her father's saddened life. This child had always been the father's pet; the youngest, the darling; on whom he centered all his future hopes; and this one was doomed to destroy all the bright air castles he delighted to build.

Mr. Sutherland had long cherished an intense hatred towards a French family of the name of Durell, and, as is usual in such cases; repeated aggravations on both sides had wrought a deadly enmity between the heads of each family. Mr. Durell had more than once drawn his sword on Mr. Sutherland, when defenceless; and the latter had openly avowed his intention of shooting the Frenchman whenever an opportunity offered.

But a few years passed without any fatal result from their hatred, and they at last found themselves surrounded with children, and too far advanced in years to indulge in feats of arms; but the dislike was increased instead of lessened, and age merely strengthened their animosity. What therefore was Mr. Sutherland's dismay on learning that his beloved Adela, the darling of his heart, had fled from her home, and was united to the son of his enemy! Vain would it be to attempt to describe his ungovernable rage,

the horrible curses he bestowed on the hitherto cherished girl, and her young husband, or the threats of punishment for those who should dare to mention her name in his presence.

His whole nature changed, and from an agreeable, kind friend, and loving parent, he became peevish and sullen, passionate and tyrannical; and so unhappy did he make his widowed child, that, worn out with grief and ill treatment, she fell into a decline, and died some few months previous to the commencement of our tale. The old man liked her son; but the poor lad had from infancy endured care and sorrow, and he grew up to manhood prematurely sad and thoughtful, always grateful for his grandfather's kindness, and patient under his unjust abuses.

He had loved his Aunt Adela, and her sad fate had been the great grief of his life; but situated as he was, in absolute dependence on his relative for support, he was powerless to assist her, and could only weep over her distressing appeal to her father for help (written some ten years after her marriage, and on the death of her husband), and pray that he might one day be able to rescue her from poverty.

Six years had now elapsed, and no tidings of the disowned one were received, either by young Rae, in Jamaica, or his equally anxious cousins in New York. Frequent letters passed between them; and those of Francis were filled with inquiries, directions and entreaties to his relations to continue the search, and generally ended with the hope that he might one day come himself to join in it.

Albert and Claudine were almost in despair at the thought of ever finding their lost relative, and as all advertisements were unheeded and unanswered, at times fancied she must be dead. However, the news of their cousin's expected visit somewhat revived their hopes, and Albert made arrangements to accompany him to New Orleans, whence they had learned Madame Durell had gone soon after the death of her husband. Frank wrote to have all ready for an instant start on his arrival; and as he was now independent of his grandfather (an uncle having left him some property), he avowed his intention of spending both life and fortune in the search.

When Frank Rae first beheld his cousin Claudine, he was struck with her beauty, so different from that of the belles of his own island, and never wearied of admiring her beautiful blue eyes, bright curls and fair complexion. He almost regretted that he had hastened Albert's preparations, so that nothing delayed their departure, and sighed as he held the little hand of

his cousin, and heard her sweet words of encouragement and hope.

"Good-by, darling," exclaimed Albert; "take good care of yourself; write punctually." And he added, in a whisper, "Be kind to Ned; he has promised to take my place in my absence, and you know my wishes."

They were gone. Claudine returned to the room lately echoing to the sound of their cheerful voices. It looked dull and lonely, and the tears rushed to her eyes as she collected several articles they had left scattered around. There were the maps they had been consulting, the pens, books and papers they had last been using, and she fell into a fit of musing very unusual for her.

"How different he is to what I had imagined, with such a world of sorrow in those beautiful eyes. Poor Frank! his has been a sad life; but I hope his cares will soon be at an end." And Miss Sutherland inwardly resolved to alleviate them as far as lay in her power.

Dangerous musings for you, Miss Claudine, who have so long cherished an ideal lover in your heart, whose chief attraction was his melancholy, which you, with your gaiety, was to dissipate!

We have too long neglected our young friend Julie and her mother; but we return to them, to find their circumstances much improved, their lives rendered happy, and all through the kindness of Edward Franklin. Charmed with Julie's innocence, her beauty and her filial love, the young lawyer had interested himself to procure her employment from those better able to reward her than he was; and at the time we return to them, they were very comfortably lodged in a quiet street, and the invalid mother surrounded with all that her situation required. She still looks pale and wan, still moves with trembling steps, and suffers pain; but the light of hope is in her eye, and cheerfulness sounds in her voice.

And Julie is changed—wonderfully changed. You would scarcely recognize the poor, pale, half clad girl of a few months previous, in the beautiful young woman who at times is seen entering the old dingy block on the street. And Edward Franklin wonders at the change; but still more at his own nervous anxiety on those days when he expects her to come with her beautifully written copies of atrociously scrawled originals. He would give freely all that the last "case" brought him to know the name of his fair employee; but Julie, for some reason best known to herself, evades all indirect allusions to her secret, and Edward is too much of a gentleman to make the inquiry in plain terms. But a

new light shone in Julie's dark eyes, and strange emotions cause her heart to throb with mingled pain and pleasure, when her mother speaks in grateful terms of him who had rescued them from misery and wretchedness.

Poor girl! She knew not that it was love that caused her hand to tremble and her cheek to flush when his name was spoken; that made the few moments passed in his presence anxiously looked for rays of happiness; that filled her heart with joy at his praises; that illumined the old dingy building where they met, until it became in her eyes more beautiful than a fairy palace. She knew not that he longed to hear her light footstep, to look on her lovely countenance, to listen to the sound of her sweet toned voice, and meet the glances of those earnest eyes. She knew not that he multiplied directions, and gave unnecessary instruction, for the sole purpose of detaining her by his side one instant longer; that when she disappeared, all looked cold and gloomy. But she knew that he was kind and good; that a noble soul shone through the depths of those dark blue eyes, and intellect was stamped on the fair brow. She held him in her heart as some shrined saint, sacred and alone, to be worshipped at a distance and in humble silence.

"You look disappointed, my child," said her mother, as she one day returned from her walk to the office. "Is anything amiss?"

"Nothing, dear mother. I feel somewhat sadder to-day than usual, and then the walk seemed longer. You see I have even more than my usual number of pages." And she held up the roll of parchment.

But Julia did not say that Edward Franklin had been called away before she arrived there, and her disappointment at not seeing him had made the way seem long and her countenance sad.

"I am afraid I do not explain it distinctly enough," said Mr. Franklin's gentlemanly client. "You see the case stands thus," and he proceeded to demonstrate for the third time the flagrant infringement of his patented "useful invention" by Smith, Brown & Co.

"Ah—yes—I see it all," exclaimed the young lawyer, starting out of a reverie. "But I should like to take these papers to my office, and examine them at my leisure." And huddling them all together, he hastened away before the astonished gentleman could find words to arrest his retreat.

"I don't believe he half understands it now," he peevishly exclaimed. "But these lawyers are always in a hurry."

"Has any one called in my absence?" asked Edward Franklin, with assumed indifference.

"Only your copyist," answered his friend. "I gave her the papers you directed me to."

"Only my copyist!" thought Edward; "how provoking!—and she will not come again for a week. And a letter from Sutherland, too! 'Unsuccessful search—hope I visit Claudine often—soon coming home—dying to meet that black-eyed angel again.' Why, he has parted with the little wisdom he used to have." And Edward felt inclined to give way to a regular fit of ill humor.

But the dreaded week came to an end, and once more he was blessed with a sight of the beautiful girl who had so seriously interfered with the past seven days repose; but this day she bore away with her, all unconsciously, the words that decided their fate.

It was a long, kind letter, and Julie, after perusing it, sat for an hour in silent thought, while the tears were slowly stealing down her cheek and falling on the paper in her hand. But she knew her duty, and entering the room where her mother sat, placed the letter in her hands, and waited to hear her decision.

"God bless you, my darling!" were the mother's first words. "I shall now die happy, since a protector is found for my child."

"But, mama, Mr. Franklin has requested permission to visit you; your secret must then be known."

"It is proper it should be, Julie. You have my permission to write immediately, and state your name and residence. As to his other questions, I leave them to your own heart to decide."

That evening, at an early hour, Edward obeyed the gentle hint conveyed in the answer to his request.

With a beating heart, he ascended the several flights of stairs that led him to the "object sought," and was soon in the presence of the young girl. It was a small, plainly furnished room that he entered, where all around denoted the humble means of the occupants; but all was neat and nicely arranged, and, truth to tell, he forgot all minor matters in his great joy at the fulfilment of his long cherished wish.

Julia received him with a look of blushing consciousness that increased her beauty, and gave renewed strength to his hopes. After conversing about her mother for some minutes—whose indisposition had compelled her to retire—Edward crossed the room and seated himself beside his companion.

"I have not yet thanked you for the kind permission granted to my request, Miss Durell;

and before I do so, I must inquire if another question, asked at the same time, will receive an equally favorable answer?"

Julie covered her face with her hands; and Edward, pitying her confusion, again spoke:

"Perhaps I have been too hasty in thus making known my sentiments; but time can add nothing to my love; and though I can offer you neither riches nor honors as my wife, a comfortable home and the devotion of a lifetime shall be yours." And encouraged by her silent emotion, he drew her gently towards him, and listened to the low, murmured words of gratitude and joy that gushed from her full heart.

After the first thrilling emotions had passed, Edward told her all his hopes and prospects, and repeated what he had before said, that her home would be a humble one. But what mattered that to one whose daily bread depended on her own exertions, whose whole life had been one scene of poverty, and who was now in the first enjoyment of "young love's dream?" She would have shared a dungeon with him, so that he but loved her. Long they conversed; and Julie each moment realized more fully the blessed certainty that her cares were at an end; that the strong arm, caressingly thrown around her, would shield her from life's troubles; that the warm heart beating at her side was hers, and hers only.

Julie had often contrasted the happy young lives of other children with her own prematurely careworn girlhood, and marvelled at the difference; but in the few first hours of her great joy, she experienced an excess of rapture more than sufficient to atone for long years of misery. Hers was a mind capable of appreciating the depth and strength of his unselfish love, and all the best emotions of her heart were called into action by her humble opinion of her own merits and entire conviction of his goodness. * *

"O, I am too happy, mama; my heart is too full of joy!" And she buried her face in her mother's bosom, and wept like a child.

"Such emotions do not last long, my child. You are very young, and have seen but little joy, and this great happiness overpowers you. But never forget that such joys are not to last forever." And the invalid sighed over her own shattered hopes, her gay girlhood; her marriage, with its few short years of bliss; and the long, sad months of her widowhood.

But the widow's trials were nearly ended, and her last days were to be spent in peace and contentment, surrounded with fond, loving hearts.

"I congratulate you with all my heart, Ed-

ward," warmly exclaimed Albert Sutherland, as they sat in the former's office, and talked over the events of the past few weeks.

"Thank you; I wish you had been as successful; but tell me more of the circumstances."

"Why, it all amounts to nothing. She left New Orleans three years ago, and her husband's relations appear quite indifferent as to her fate. They either could not, or would not, give us any information, but we have every reason to think that she must be in poverty, as her little property was gone ere she left there. It is all the more distressing, as her father is dead, and has left all he possessed to her and her children."

"I should not give up the search. You may find her where you least expect."

"We do not intend to. But now, Ned, when am I to be introduced to the fair Julie? And, by the way, you have not yet told me her other name. I presume she has one."

"O, there's no doubt about that," said Edward, laughing. "And here it is, in her own hand-writing."

"Julie Durell! For Heaven's sake, Edward, what have you been thinking of? Why, it is Aunt Adela's daughter!"

The young man caught up his hat and rushed out of the office, leaving his friend utterly bewildered at his impetuosity.

"Aunt Adela, dear Aunt Adela! don't you know me?" exclaimed Frank Rae, flinging his arms around her attenuated form, and pressing kiss after kiss on her pale lips, while his bosom heaved with emotion, and the tears rolled down his cheek.

"O, how I have longed for this hour!" he continued. "And now it comes when least expected. And my fair cousin, too," addressing Julie, who sat beside Albert, blushing, and about half ashamed of the cousinly liberty he had taken with her sweet lips; "how much joy has this day brought me!"

The widow and her child were immediately removed to Albert's home, and arrangements made for them to dwell with him and Claudine. Frank purposed, also, taking up his abode with them; and the family affairs in Jamaica were all settled by a trusty friend.

Madame Durell, by her father's will, received a handsome income during her life, but Julie was heiress to his splendid fortune, with the trifling reserve of a small legacy to each of her three cousins. "It is best for young men to work for their living," so read the old man's will; "and as my grandchild, Claudine Sutherland, is provided for, I leave all I possess to my

long lost daughter, Adela, and her heirs, which she will receive with my blessing."

In the confusion and joy of making all these new family arrangements, Edward Franklin had been forgotten; at least by all but Julie, and to her his silence and absence were exceedingly painful. She longed to tell him all her joy, to set his heart at rest about the humble home he had so grieved about, to let him know he must no longer spend his bright days in a dingy office—in fact, to have him share her happiness.

What then was her distress when days passed on and still he came not; one, two weeks, and no word from him who occupied her every thought. She was in despair. Was he away? Had he forgotten her? Was he ill? At that thought she summoned courage to acquaint Albert with her uneasiness, and he, vexed with himself for neglecting his friend, hastened to learn the cause of his strange absence.

He found him in his office, hard at work with his pen, surrounded with books and papers, and looking pale and careworn. The usual friendly greeting passed, and then Albert delicately introduced the subject uppermost in his mind, while Edward listened, with his face averted, so that his companion could not judge of his emotions. At last, turning suddenly, he said:

"It is useless to speak of this, Albert. I have struggled hard to overcome my feelings; but, thank Heaven, the worst is past, and I can now look my fate calmly in the face. Your cousin and I have met for the last time."

"This will need some explanation, Edward," was Sutherland's half angry answer; for at that moment he thought of Julie's tearful eyes and quivering lips, as she told him her fears for the other's safety. "My cousin's happiness must not be sacrificed to an idle whim. If you have any good reason for your conduct, I must know it."

"Albert, you should know me too well to suppose that I would trifle with any woman's happiness—least of all, one like Miss Durell. But it would be unmanly in me to compel the fulfilment of a promise, made when our relative positions were very different; when she felt lively emotions of gratitude towards me, and when I even then blushed at my inability to place her in her proper sphere. The case is very different now. Beautiful and rich, she can choose a husband among the honored of our land, can grace the circle nature evidently designed her for; and shall I place a barrier in her path—a hindrance to her happiness? Never! Heaven knows I owe her too well." And overcome with his emo-

tions, he buried his face in his hands, and turned away.

In an instant his friend was by his side.

"You will forgive my suspicion, Ned? I ought not to have judged you. But for Julie's sake, let her hear your determination from your own lips. See her once again; explain your reasons, and convince her, if you can, that you are right."

He had promised to come, Albert told her, and in feverish expectation, she passed the hours until his arrival; but now the time-piece on the parlor mantel showed the time approaching, and her anxiety increased as each footstep sounded on her ear. Very beautiful she looked, her dark eyes flashing with suppressed emotion, her fair cheek flushed with crimson, and her beautiful lips quivering with her momentary disappointment. Very lovely in the rich and elegant dress that displayed her graceful figure to perfection, and surrounded with the costly decorations that adorned the room. Her new life had given fresh charms to her beauty, and she revelled in the enjoyment of those appliances of wealth, of which her childhood had been deprived, but which, nevertheless, were her proper surroundings. But hark! he has come!

Springing from her seat, she met Edward with outstretched arms and a passionate exclamation of joy; while he, forgetful of the resolves of cooler moments, clasped her closely to his breast, and pressed warm kisses on her lip, cheek and brow.

"Why, O why, did you not come to share all my happiness?" she murmured, as, after leading her to a sofa, he seated himself beside her, and drew her fondly to him. "Why leave me all these long days to weary myself with watching for your appearance, and to weep over my disappointments?" And the tears rose to her eyes at the thought of all she had suffered. "And now you have come, you do not look happy, and you are thin and pale. Tell me, Edward, what has distressed you?"

"You have judged rightly, dearest; that I am sorrowful, and selfish, as it may seem, it is your good fortune that has made me so. We can no longer be to each other as we have been; no longer meet as we have done; and I must no longer hold you to an engagement that prevents your fulfilling the bright destiny there is in store for you. You are very young, Julie; scarcely more than a child, both in years and knowledge of the world; and were I to take advantage of your inexperience and gratitude, and make you my wife, the day would come when you would despise me for my presumption. I do not doubt

that you love me now; but when sometime hence you are surrounded by men whose devotion is flattering to those they love; when you know and estimate rightly the advantages you possess, you will smile at your girlish passion for the poor lawyer, and in time entirely forget him."

"Never!" and the beautiful form before him, drawn to its fullest height, and quivering with emotion, looked anything but "childlike." The rosy color fled from her lip and cheek, and a look of terror was in her eyes, as if fearful of some calamity her utmost efforts could not avert. "Never! never shall you leave me and sacrifice our happiness to your ridiculous notions of honor, your wicked ideas of woman's vanity. No! sooner would I fling away the glittering trash that has betrayed your love, than consent to break the solemn pledge that bound my soul to yours."

"Julie, pray be calm," exclaimed her companion; for she looked and spoke like one bereft of sense.

"Not till you promise to speak no more of parting; to be kind and good as you were in those happy days when you loved me, when all was joy and peace, and no worldly thoughts came to disturb us. And this then is to be the end of all my bright hopes, my anxious thoughts and trembling fears; and you cast my love away as a thing of little value, a childish feeling, that will pass with the object from my mind! O, Edward! why did you save me from my misery to plunge me into worse?" and strength and passion gave way, and she sank weeping on the sofa.

"Julie dearest, look at me—speak to me; be angry if you will, but do not weep. You little know the agony it cost me to speak such sorrow, full words; but I recall them now, and nothing but your own will shall ever part us."

The tear stained face was buried in his bosom, the quivering form held in a close embrace, and in the rapture of that sweet reconciliation, both were repaid for the past agony.

"Albert tells me that Julie is to be married next month," said Frank Rae, as he sat beside Claudine's work-table one fine morning, and watched the operations of her embroidery needle.

"Yes, she told me the news several days ago." And Miss Sutherland's voice was calm, but the color deepened on her cheek, and the hand quivered that drew out a tangled thread.

"Edward Franklin appears to be a fine young man," he continued, while he watched with interest her increasing confusion; "and if all Al-

bert says in his praises is true, he well deserves Julie's love."

"I believe Albert does not exaggerate his merit. He loved Julie when she was poor and friendless; and when she became rich, most nobly offered to free her from her engagement, fearing that her gratitude for his past kindness might influence her choice. I am glad she refused—such love ought to be rewarded."

"Ought all true love to be rewarded, cousin Claudine?"

"Yes, when it is true."

"Then I claim some return for all I have bestowed on my cousin Claudine." And Frank drew his chair a little closer to the work-table, and laid his hand on the little fingers so nervously attempting to perform their duty. "You cannot have been blind, dear one, to the fact that your society has become each day more precious to me; that while with you I lose that sadness early grief had made habitual; in fact, that with you rests my future happiness or misery. I have fancied that your efforts to dissipate my sadness were sometimes made to repay my partiality; but if they proceeded solely from your natural kindness, without reference to my affection, hesitate not to say so; I deserve the punishment for my vanity."

There was little need of words; for in that blushing, downcast countenance, and heaving bosom, he read a favorable answer to his wishes.

"My own, my own!" he whispered, as he folded her in his arms. "Your precious love will banish all sad remembrances. Heaven grant that I may never cause a sorrowful pang to your gay, young heart."

It was the wedding day; a bright, sunny afternoon as ever cheered a young bride's heart. In a few hours the solemn words were to be spoken that would link their fates forever with those beloved ones on whom they had bestowed their wealth of young affection; and the two fair girls sat together in their room and interchanged fond thoughts, and bright hopes of future happiness.

Very different they appeared, as they sat side by side in that beautiful chamber, where so many of Claudine's happy girl days had been passed—very different, but O, how beautiful! Julie, with her calm, still look of perfect content, and the love-light burning in the depths of her large dark eyes, looked like an eastern princess as she reclined on the velvet cushions of her lounge, and arranged sweet buds and glossy leaves to adorn her cousin's bright curls. And Claudine, with her blue eyes sinking beneath

Julie's earnest gaze, and the bright crimson mounting to her forehead, held in her hand a tiny note, the bearer of sweet love words from her fond young betrothed. In all parts of the chamber are seen preparations for the bridal, from the heavy travelling trunks that stand open and half packed, to the rich white dresses, the delicate gloves, and tiny slippers. * *

"The wedding is over, the guests are all gone," and the newly married couples are about bidding adieu to home and friends, to wander for a few months 'neath the "sunny skies of Italy." There are mingled smiles and tears, and fond charges, and loving promises, ere they depart, and Albert assures them he will "take the best possible care of Aunt Adela," and shakes hands with the two bridegrooms, and kisses the two brides, and they drive off, while he hurries back to console the weeping mother, parted for the first time from her darling child, to cheer her wish, hopes of the happy future in store for her, when a few short months shall have passed, and her child shall have returned to her side.

HANDEL AND HANGING.

A wretched man—a private soldier—having to be hanged the other day in the Crimea for an uncommonly atrocious and cowardly murder, a band, as we are informed, preceded the prisoner to the place of execution, playing "the *Dead March*!" No doubt this was the *Dead March in Sawl*, that sublime composition of Handel's; so grand, so solemn, so funereal, yet so triumphal. This is just the glorious measure whereunto you would bear a hero in honor to his grave; but is it precisely the tune to which you would lead a criminal to the gallows? Those who selected it for that purpose would probably, with a similar taste in music and appreciation of Handel, drum a rogue out of the regiment to "*See, the Conquering Hero Comes!*"—*Punch*.

CHILDREN'S TEACHING.

In passing up the street the other day, we met two little girls of some seven or eight summers, who, unmindful of what was going on, seemed as happy as two larks, and looked as beautiful as they seemed happy. Stopping at one of our candy shops, one of them made a purchase of candy—a large, nice-looking stick—and breaking it, gave her companion half, saying as she did it, "Here, Mary, you may have the largest half, as you are the smallest." Dear, artless child! what a lesson of usefulness was contained in thy simple words! God bless you, and enable you through life to manifest the same gentle and sweet spirit! "Here, Mary, you may have the largest half, as you are the smallest." What teachers children sometimes are!—*Fall River Monitor*.

We are only interested in others in proportion to the interest we take in ourselves, and look for in consequence from them.

THE MELODY OF SPRING.

BY H. WARD.

Am.—"The Boney Boat."

In lordly halls of splendid pride,
Let favored minstrels sing;
Give me, in full and flowing tide,
The melody of Spring.

The morning songs of playful birds,
That roam on buoyant wing,
Bring music sweeter far than words—
Blithe melody of Spring!

They cheer the ploughman in his toil,
Ay, happier than a king;
He blesses, while he turns the soil,
The melody of Spring.

The sick at heart, who feel the pain
Of disappointment's sting,
Revives with joy, to hear again
The melody of Spring.

O'er all the hills and vales around,
The woodland echoes ring;
We hear in every dulcet sound,
The melody of Spring.

It brings to mind the sunny hours
Of life's young blossoming;
While nature wakes, with charming powers,
The melody of Spring!

OUR OPPOSITE NEIGHBORS.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

FOR three or four weeks, my maid Felice and myself have been watching the movements of the family who have recently taken the handsome brick house opposite. We saw the arrival, the moving of the furniture, and all the appointments and appendages. They were unexceptionable. When I say that the house is in Roulstone Street, a quarter of the city which is indisputably genteel, being the very centre of wealth, fashion and refinement, the reader will be satisfied that there is nothing further to say.

For myself, I have only to say that I am a single lady of a handsome property, and of considerable personal attractions, although of an age which I do not choose to have stated in the census reports. As I am not writing a history of myself, I feel justified in holding back some particulars which my neighbors sometimes inquire into rather too curiously. Felice is often asked what rouge, hair-dyes, and other toilet appendages, I most patronize; and it is but a few days since Mrs. Flimsy, my next door neighbor, above, inquired if I wore a wig. Thanks to Bogle's exquisite skill, she will never find out. Impertinent curiosity!

Well, as I said, our curiosity has been very much excited by the strange demonstrations at the opposite house. I am dying to get acquainted with them; but I am mortified to see that they close the blinds, or drop the curtains, whenever Felice and I take our accustomed seat at the front parlor windows, which, being a little higher than theirs, would give us a delightful opportunity of reconnoitering.

For some time, we could not ascertain the name; but at length, a beautiful silver plate was placed on the door, and Felice, pretending to be frightened at a dog, as she was passing the house, ran up the steps, and found it was St. Leon. The handsome gentleman who goes away every morning is of course Mr. St. Leon. He is very graceful and dignified. Mrs. St. Leon, too, is very beautiful; and there is a young lady there with long curls, whom we take to be her sister; and there is a very lovely child, who comes toddling to the door every time the father goes out, and kisses her little fat hand to him as he goes down the steps. As we cannot ascertain the younger lady's name, Felice and I have concluded to call her Fannie for the present. There has been a very young gentleman walking up and down Roulstone Street, every day since the removal. He comes up on our side, and down on the St. Leon side, looking melancholy and interesting. We fancy him to be a lover of Fannie's. This impression is strengthened by seeing her dart suddenly to the window one day after he had passed, and strain her eyes in the direction in which he vanished.

Within a short time, we have seen a carriage driven to the door, almost immediately on the departure of Mr. St. Leon, and an aged gentleman, closely wrapped up, has been assisted up the long steps. The driver then goes off, but punctually comes back before Mr. St. Leon's hour for returning. Mrs. St. Leon always comes to the door, and her face bears marks of excessive weeping. Felice with her usual aptitude, has given this old gentleman the name of Summer; and to the pale youth, who walks so languishingly, she has given the name of Spring.

For a long time we were unable to connect Mr. Summer with the family; but finally concluded that he must be Mrs. St. Leon's father, and that the match not suiting him, he only comes at such times as he knows her husband is absent. I wonder if we have really hit upon the right interpretation. Without the assistance of Felice, I should never have found out the whole of this little romance; but Felice is a very jewel of servants; and I reward every one of her discoveries with some present which excites her

gratitude so much, that she generally taxes her ingenuity in a very remarkable manner for the rest of the week.

Monday Feb. 22.—Mr. St. Leon has just gone from dinner. Mrs. St. Leon is looking anxiously from the window. Fannie and the child accompanied Mr. St. Leon to the door, where, Felice thinks, he pressed her hand rather warmly for a wife's sister to permit. Certainly he is fond of her. I wonder that Mrs. St. Leon allows Fannie to go to the door so often with him. A carriage stops. Her father has arrived, but looks very sad and feeble. I should not wonder, if, after all, his poor daughter has made a bad choice of her husband. He is probably a sad rogue. Why does her father permit Fannie to stay with her?

Tuesday.—Yesterday I gave Felice my brown satin. To-day she made a discovery. Mr. Spring, as she calls the pale young man, rung at the door opposite, and was admitted by the servant. Felice is certain that Mrs. St. Leon was in the parlor when he went in; and that she rose and threw her arms about his neck and kissed him. Really, I think our opposite neighbors are no better than they should be. I shall certainly never call there; and yet it would be a satisfaction to find out what kind of a family they are. Felice was in the post-office to-day when the servant carried in a letter to go by mail. She pretended to be looking at an advertisement over the letter-box; but in reality she was reading the address. It was written in a very fine hand and directed to St. Leon Kinniard, London. Who can that be?

Evening.—The curtains are up in the opposite parlor. Fannie sits there with Mrs. St. Leon's baby on her lap. Mr. St. Leon is just going up the steps. Good Heavens! He is in the parlor, and positively kissing Fannie! I blush while I write it. Poor Mrs. St. Leon! I pity her, and yet she did so wrong to marry without her father's consent! But she has had her retribution.

Sunday.—I intended going to church to-day, but I am so intensely occupied with my opposite neighbors, that I must stay at home. Besides I have a cold, and if Rev. Mr. Spriggins calls here to-morrow, of course I shall give one of these reasons.

They are going to ride to church! Here comes Mr. St. Leon. He is waiting on Fannie into the carriage first. Mrs. St. Leon sits on the front seat and the servant girl beside her! Felice says that is probably to keep her in her place; as family secrets might be told out of the house if they were not kind to her. Felice shall get acquainted with that girl.

Monday.—I am about tired of conjecturing what that family can mean by their strange and extraordinary conduct. Nothing but the most reckless disregard of the proprieties of life can account for it in the least. This morning a lady closely veiled entered the house, and we saw her go into the parlor, where she fell into Mr. St. Leon's arms. His wife going in at that moment, she deceitfully turned to her in the same way, but evidently with less cordiality. What can one think of them?

Wednesday.—I find, by Felice, who has been over to call on the servant, that we have gone all wrong in our conjectures. The very pretty little romance which Felice and I have been three weeks weaving, has turned into a very ordinary, every day affair.

Felice thinks that the girl put on a great deal of mock dignity, when she told her how she had mistaken the character of the family. It seems that "Fannie," is after all, the true Mrs. St. Leon, and the child is hers, too! The lady whom we called Mrs. St. Leon is sister to the husband, not to the wife; and the old gentleman is Mr. St. Leon's father, instead of hers. "Mr. Spring," as Felice calls, is a brother to the ladies, and he is extremely dissipated. The husband will not receive him at his house, but Mrs. St. Leon disobeys his express commands in this respect, and often sees her brother. In this she is advised and upheld by her husband's father, who believes that he will finally be reformed by kindness. The old gentleman's afternoon visits are with special reference to "Mr. Spring." Finally the lady who entered the house on Monday, was Mr. St. Leon's own sister.

So ends our romance, and I am so angry at finding everything so natural, that I have refused to give Felice the mulberry cloak which she has been teasing me for so long. Heigh ho! I will never undertake to guess histories through the windows again. My "occupation's gone!"

A KISS FOR A BLOW.

A visitor once went into a school in Boston, where he saw a boy and a girl on one seat who were brother and sister. In a moment of thoughtless passion, the little boy struck his sister. The little girl was provoked, and raised her hand to return the blow. Her face showed that rage was working within, and her clenched fist was aimed at her brother, when her teacher caught her eye. "Stop, my dear," said he, "you had better kiss your brother than strike him." The look and the word reached her heart. Her hand dropped. She threw her arms around his neck and kissed him. The boy was moved. He could have stood against the blow, but he could not withstand a sister's kiss.—*H. W. Wright.*

WASHINGTON'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

Mr. Everett's beautiful and truthful description of the personal appearance of Washington, reminds us of a remark made by an officer of the Revolution—the late John Marston, of Massachusetts, who had the good fortune to be a spectator in the House of Lords, in the year 1783, when the Prince of Wales (the late George the Fourth) came of age. The hall was crowded with the most distinguished noblemen and gentlemen of the kingdom—with great generals, admirals and civilians—with all that England contained that day of eminence, dignity and rank, assembled to behold the heir apparent of the British crown take his seat for the first time as one of the hereditary legislators of the realm. Mr. Marston scanned the brilliant assemblage with a critical eye, and was deeply impressed with the lofty bearing of many of the noble personages who composed it; but, said he in describing the scene to his friends, "I looked around in vain for a Washington! There was not a man in the House of Lords that day, who in personal appearance, dignity of manners, and majesty of deportment, could be compared with General Washington."—*Evening Gazette.*

NICELY SOLD.

A Liverpool paper, under the head of "Strange Stupidity," tells how a goeling of a gentleman was recently served in one of the banks of that city. He had entered the institution with the intention of depositing £400, one half of which sum was in gold, and the other half in notes. The latter he placed on the counter beside him, and commenced counting the gold, when a bystander touched him on the shoulder and called his attention to the beautiful decorations of the ceiling, and their remarkable effect. The gentleman looked up, in obedience to this kindly suggestion, and having fully admired the artistic effect, looked down again. His feelings underwent a very disagreeable change when he discovered that his notes and his polite friend had both disappeared, nor had the admirer of ornamental architecture or decoration heard a word of either at last dates.

INSURANCE QUIBBLE.

The agent of the Transatlantic Telegraph Company has just returned from England with a flea in his ear. It seems the lost cable was insured in England; but when application was made for the payment of insurance, the company declined on the ground that the cable was exactly where the parties wanted it—at the bottom of the ocean!

These British insurers must have taken a hint from the story of the negro sailor cook, who approached the captain one morning with an anxious face, and said: "Massa, be anything lost when you knows where 'tis?" "No, you fool," said the captain. "Berry glad to hear it," said Cuffy, "cos our new copper tea kettle just fall overboard. But 'tain't lost, massa, cos we know where 'tis."—*N. Y. Mirror.*

Right and duty are like two palm trees, which bear fruit only when growing side by side.

HOUSE-CLEANING SONG.

BY BERTHA BUEDOCK.

House-cleaning Jubilee is come!
Is n't the weather glorious?
Now turn the house up every room,
Raise a mass uproarious.
Dust, and brush, and scrub, and clean;
Let the neighbors know we mean
All the household shall be seen—
Make a noise victorious!

Just after Lent we do begin
(Providence permitting)
To dust, and scrub, and paint, and clean,
Make things fit to live in.
Dust, and brush, and scrub, and clean,
Cellar to the garret beam;
(Hope the neighbors know we mean
T' hold a hubbub glorious!)

From garret roof to cellar floor,
Spiders shan't be spinning,
Nor cobwebs hang behind the door—
Make a new beginning.
Dust, and brush, and scrub, and clean;
(All except the brain, we mean—
There alone are cobwebs seen—
Dusting that's inglorious!)

EMILY BALL'S COUNTRY SCHOOL.

BY MARY L. MEANY.

MRS. BALL and her eldest daughter sat together in the deepening twilight of an April evening, at times conversing earnestly, then relapsing into silent and apparently painful thought; for a shade of gloom rested on the young girl's countenance, and the mother often turned anxious glances from her thoughtful companion to her other darling, a bright little girl of nine years, who was seated on a low chair by her side.

Theirs was the history of thousands in our broad land. Surrounded with comforts during the lifetime of the husband and father, at his death they found themselves destitute save for the house in which they lived and its furniture. During the year that had since elapsed, unceasing had been their efforts to obtain a livelihood. Mrs. Ball was fortunate in obtaining the plain sewing of three or four families, and this, together with the school which Emily determined to open, they calculated would amply suffice for the support of their little family of three. But Emily's plan proved a total failure. She was too young and inexperienced to succeed in her undertaking in a city abounding with public and private schools; and after a patient trial of six months, finding it vain to hope for any consid-

erable accession to her pupils, who consisted only of a few little boys and girls of the neighborhood, she closed her school, and engaged to make various ornamental articles for a fancy store.

It was a toilsome and unremunerative occupation, and Mrs. Ball soon perceived the effect of such close application on her delicate Emily. She had lost three children by consumption; her husband had also fallen a victim to that dreaded scourge. No wonder her fears were ever on the alert for the two loved ones remaining to her; and seeing her patient Emily growing thinner and paler from unaccustomed confinement, she resolved on some other course ere it should prove too late. On this evening, therefore, as on several preceding ones, they were discussing the subject. The most feasible plan Mrs. Ball at first thought would be to sell their pretty little dwelling and remove to a location where they could open a small store. But after mature consideration, they agreed that it was too hazardous to embark their all in a business of which neither had any knowledge. Besides, the part of the town in which they resided being yet new and but partially built up, they could not hope to obtain any considerable sum for their dwelling. Mrs. Ball had been warned of this by several friends, who suggested that it would be better to rent her house and find lodgings in the neighborhood for a time, till property should increase in value.

"I wonder what rent we could get for it?" said Emily, as her mother repeated the advice she had received.

"Mr. Jones told me to-day that if I decide on renting it out, he will take it at ten dollars per month, which is more than any house of its size in the square rents for; but then this is so prettily finished."

"And what did you tell him?" queried the daughter, anxiously.

"That I would be glad to have his family here if I conclude on letting it. We could easily hire two or three rooms in the neighborhood for half the rent he offers, or even less. And five or six dollars a month would be a snug little addition to our income; but there will be many inconveniences." And Mrs. Ball ceased abruptly, with a heavy sigh. There was silence for some moments. At length Emily said, hesitatingly:

"I have been thinking, mother, that if you had no objection to go into the country, we could perhaps get a little cottage for a low rent, and it would be much more comfortable than living in rooms."

"So it would, my dear, but there are objec-

tions to this plan also. In the first place, how would it be about my work? I could not give that up. Then Anna would have to leave school and—"

"O, sister could teach me at home, mother," interrupted little Anna, her eyes sparkling at the thought of the country.

"Yes, darling," replied her sister. "And now that I have mentioned it, dear mother, let me assure you I have been pondering on this plan for several days, and arranging it very nicely in my mind."

"Building castles, or rather cottages in the air," and Mrs. Ball smiled somewhat sadly.

"Nay, but on a very solid foundation," replied Emily, with a return of her former gaiety. "If you approve of my plan, suppose you ask Farmer Blake, next time he comes, if there is any place in his neighborhood we could rent—you know he has spoken of a village not far from his farm. Then perhaps I could get a school that would bring in something; or I could make up things for the stores, which Anna or I could bring in in the stage, or perhaps he would allow Anna to come sometimes in his wagon."

"That would answer very well for my sewing," said the mother; "but as for your work for the stores, I am determined you shall not undertake it again. If you could get a small school—but we will not make any calculations till we can speak to Mr. Blake."

Very impatiently did the little family await the arrival of the farmer, who served them with butter every Friday, and when he came, Emily hurriedly acquainted him with her project, and asked his opinion. Farmer Blake, whose pleasant, good-humored face and manner betokened a kind and genial disposition, listened attentively to the young girl, whose changed appearance, since her father's death, had often excited his compassion.

"Well, I don't know how it would be," he began; "but we must talk it over a little. George," to the boy in his wagon, "you know the few other customers remaining to be served; suppose you go to them and then drive round again, and I'll be ready to go."

George nodded, and with a word to the two large, well fed horses, was on his way, while the farmer followed Emily into the house. After exchanging a friendly greeting with Mrs. Ball, he turned at once to Emily, and said:

"As to a school, I hardly think there would be a chance of success. They have one in the village that is but poorly supported, and as for our immediate neighborhood, there are children

enough who never saw the inside of a school-house, but their fathers are too miserly or too careless to attend to that. I wish we could raise a school, for my little ones cannot go regularly to the village, but I am afraid it would be no use to try."

Emily's countenance fell, and she could not trust her voice to speak. The farmer saw how deep was her disappointment, and racked his brain to devise some plan to further her desires.

"I don't know but you might get a few scholars," he said, after musing silently some minutes, "if you would take produce or anything of that kind in lieu of cash."

"It would be just the same to us," replied Mrs. Ball.

"Strange how unwilling some persons are to pay for anything," continued the farmer. "But let us make a calculation—have you a scrap of paper handy?"

Emily handed him a sheet of paper, and taking out his pencil, he inquired "what will be your terms, Miss Emily?" with so comical an expression that, despite her anxiety, she smiled as she answered, "whatever were customary in the country."

"Well, in the village school the charge is one dollar and a half a quarter for the little ones, two for the next class, and three for the largest. Will that suit you, Emily?"

She bowed assent.

"Then I have two for each class, that will be three and four and six—thirteen dollars—cash, of course, for I have no fancy for trading. Then my nearest neighbor, Lewis, his five children will be ten dollars, and he will pay cash, I am pretty sure, or he would supply you with wood for a part of it. There is Thompson, the next, if you'll take butter—and theirs is as good as ours—they will probably send their children; and there's a Mrs. Lee, I do think she would send her niece, if you'd 'take it out,' as they say, in milk and cream. Yes, I'll talk it over with some half dozen of them, and see if we can't manage it. My wife would be delighted."

"But a house—how are we to obtain that?" asked Mrs. Ball.

"O, for a house, I have one that will just suit you. I had it built for a girl my wife brought up, but her husband made up his mind to go farther off, so it has been vacant this year or more. 'Tis a snug frame cottage with four rooms, and well fitted up with closets and such conveniences, for my wife took an interest in it.

"What will be the rent?" inquired Mrs. Ball, after she and her daughter had expressed their pleasure at this prospect.

"O, for the matter of rent, it isn't worth any," said the good-natured farmer, his ruddy cheeks assuming a deeper hue; "but I suppose you would not like to have it without rent, so I will say two dollars per month."

"Two dollars per month?" echoed Emily. "O, Mr. Blake, that is almost the same as no rent at all."

"You will think it quite enough when you see the place, for it is small and rough compared to what you're used to. But still it is comfortable, and a coat of whitewash will make it look like new. Then there is a strip of ground surrounding it that you can garden in, Emily, and a lot in the rear that will grow enough vegetables nearly for the whole summer."

The return of the wagon here interrupted the farmer, and he departed, promising to learn more about the prospect for a school by the succeeding Friday. The longed-for day came at length, though little Anna was confident it never would, and the farmer's pleasant face betokened good news.

"Well, friends, it's all settled, and you can move as soon as you like."

"O, how can we ever thank you?" began Mrs. Ball.

"Thank me for what I would like to know? I guess I'm the one obliged, in having a school opened that my young ones can go to. My wife is overjoyed; and most of the neighbors will send, as they won't have to pay cash. When can we expect you?"

"We can settle our affairs here in a few days," said Mrs. Ball. "One of our neighbors will take the horse, and probably will buy most of the furniture that we will not take with us."

"Then suppose I send my big team early next Friday to take out the things you will want; and I can take you all out in the wagon, for the stage will not go within a mile of your cottage."

Mrs. Ball thankfully embraced this proposal, and he took leave. Thankful as the little family were for the prospect opening to them, little Anna was the only heart that retained its buoyancy during that busy week. Every article was endeared to the widowed mother as associated with the loved and lost; and the affectionate Emily participated in her feelings. The furniture they deemed suitable for the cottage having been selected, the remainder was disposed of at fair prices among the neighbors.

Early on Friday the "big team" drove to the door, and after the allotted articles had been carefully stowed into it, there was time left for a few parting calls on particular friends, ere the

arrival of the wagon, in which they were soon comfortably seated and on their way to the country. They arrived at the farm-house before sunset, and having taken supper, the strangers went to inspect their new residence, accompanied by nearly all the farmer's family. It was pleasantly situated a little back from the road leading to the village, and its snowy walls and palings (for Mr. Blake had had the whole newly whitewashed) presented a pleasing contrast to the verdant fields around, and to the woods in the background now decked in spring's lively green. A few peach, pear and apple trees opened their dainty blossoms to the breeze, which they filled with fragrance; and a grape-vine was already putting forth its tender leaves around the arbor that shaded the back porch and pump-house. Little Anna tried the pump, and finding that it worked easily, brought to each of the party a draught of the clear, cold water, which was pronounced delicious.

"What a luxury that will be during the warm season, mother?" said Emily, who was delighted with everything.

They now entered the cottage, which they found as neat and comfortable as they had been led to anticipate. Here their household goods were safely stowed, Mr. Blake having run over on the arrival of the team to see that all went right. It was decided that the Balls should remain at the farm-house for some days, during which they might arrange their little household, and with the help of Mr. Blake's sister sow the seeds and plant the flowers, which were easily procurable, in the garden. What a pleasant task was this for Emily, with a cheerful companion as Miss Jones proved, and with Anna almost wild with childish glee, to assist in her work!

All was soon ready for the family to remove from the kind farmer's to the cottage, which looked so pretty and homelike, that even Mrs. Ball ceased to think regretfully of the home they had been obliged to abandon. The school was soon found to flourish beyond what they could have expected.

Emily was unremitting in her efforts to do good among those with whom her lot seemed now cast. At first, her task was by no means an easy one. Some of her pupils were froward and refractory, some dull and indolent; and the parents, with the exception of the Blakes and Lewises, seemed to expect her to perform miracles in their regard. By degrees, however, she succeeded in winning the respect and affection of her young charges; and then her duties were comparatively light. Her piano was an efficient

agent in her plans. The promise of a few tunes would keep up the flagging attention of the dull, and still the rude and boisterous. Flowers, too, the natural playthings of children, what sweet ministers to those young spirits did Emily make them! Rambling in the dim old woods in search of wild-flowers, how easy to lead the opening heart to the love and worship of Him whose sweet creations seem designed to reveal him to us in a gentle, familiar light, while the grand and sublime in nature teach us to bow down awe-stricken before his mighty power! Yet there were some who regarded all this as a mere waste of time, unwilling or unable to perceive that those young hearts and minds were gathering lore superior to that of books, to which they applied with fresh vigor after their pleasant recreations. Others judged more wisely; and their encouragement enabled Emily to persevere in her course, until finally the change apparent in many of the children, and their rapid progress in learning, satisfied even the fault-finders.

One day Joe Wiggins, a boy of thirteen, whose continual toil and jaded appearance often excited Emily's pity, came with a load of wood from Farmer Lewis. It chanced that Emily was playing on the piano, as usual before dismissing her school, and attracted by the unwonted sounds, he stepped quietly to the open window of the little parlor. She observed and bade him enter. After playing a few airs, she dismissed the children, and perceiving that Joe was gazing intently on a crayon-drawing, asked if he was fond of such things. Without turning his head, and apparently speaking to himself rather than replying to her, he muttered:

"Yes, I dream of such pictures, and I try to make them for myself; but it's no use trying."

"Have you ever learned drawing?"

Starting at the question as if now only aware of her presence, with a strange smile and a short "no ma'am," he was hastening away; but Emily insisted that he should rest while eating a piece of pie she brought to him. Her gentle and friendly manner seemed to impress him, for after a moment's thought he offered a sort of excuse for his short answer, adding that he never learned anything except a little reading, writing and ciphering from a schoolmaster who once boarded with his parents. When Emily offered to instruct him in drawing, his face brightened, but in an instant was clouded again as he replied, sadly:

"You are very kind, miss, and I should like to learn, but I have no time."

"Could you not spare an hour in the evening?" said Emily.

He shook his head slowly, and murmuring a word of thanks, sprang into the wood-cart and was soon lost to sight. Emily was still gazing after him, when Sarah Jones came over from the farm-house, and from her she obtained some particulars about the boy who had excited her compassionate interest. He was the oldest child of a man known for miles around as "Singing Wiggins." A farmer well to do in the world, his whole aim seemed to be to render his own existence, and still more that of his family, as irksome and wretched as that of the vilest slave. From morn till eve, whether in his fields watchful that none of his hands lost a moment, or in the market constantly on the lookout to obtain the highest price for his produce, he gave himself no rest. His wife, with only the assistance her oldest daughter, a child of eleven, could give, had the manifold duties of farm-house and dairy to attend to. Joe, between his work at home and the occasional services for which the neighbors would hire him, was constantly employed. Even the two youngest children were made "useful" in feeding the chickens, bringing in wood, etc. Still, their father was afraid they would grow up lazy and good-for-nothing! When Emily had first opened her school, Mr. Blake had tried to prevail on his avaricious neighbor to send his children, but he scouted the idea. In fact, his hatred to "book larnin'" amounted to a mania. He made it his boast that all the knowledge he had was to count up money, and that his children should have no more. Joe, as we have seen, succeeded in acquiring the rudiments of knowledge through a schoolmaster, who, on leaving, further gratified the studiously inclined boy by a present of a set of school-books, from which, however, he could gain but little, as it was only occasionally that he could steal a few minutes, even at night, to devote to them.

It was not an encouraging prospect truly, but Emily resolved to make an effort in behalf of the boy. Accordingly, the next afternoon she went with Sarah Jones to call on Mrs. Wiggins. Taking a cross path through the woods, they soon reached the farm. Emily had pictured it to herself as a forlorn, dungeon-like place; but the house was in tolerable repair, and though there was no flower-garden (Mr. Wiggins was too great an utilitarian for that), a smooth grass-plot, in the centre of which stood a blooming rose-bush, gave a pretty aspect to the place. Emily was rather surprised that they were allowed; but was told by Sarah that the "groom" was for bleaching, and the rose-tree, which Joe had brought from the woods, was suffered to re-

main at the solicitations of Agnes, the youngest child, to whom the father sometimes yielded.

Mrs. Wiggins, a pale, worn woman, received her visitors hospitably, and invited them to stay for supper, which would soon be ready, adding as an inducement to Emily that if she mentioned it, perhaps "father" would consent to send the two youngest children to school, which was her earnest desire. When Emily spoke of Joseph, the mother sighed and said she had a great deal of trouble about him; he was naturally one of the best hearted children, but his father crossed him so much that he was growing sulky and stubborn—at least to his father, for he was always ready to do anything for her.

While they were speaking, the farmer came in. He was surprised to see Emily, whom he instantly recognised as the "schoolma'am" he had once met at Mr. Blake's, and whom he rather liked, as, to use his own words, she was "a clever young woman, with none of your stuck-up airs." He therefore said he was glad to see her, and wrung her hand so heartily in proof of his pleasure, that her small fingers ached for an hour after. Emily, however, was willing to bear the pain, as the warmth of his welcome encouraged her to speak of the children during the repast, at which none of them were present. But argument and persuasion were of no avail. He was "set agin learnin'; poor country folks had no use of it—it only put them above themselves, and made them good for nothin'. None of his folks had schoolin', and he reckoned his young 'uns were no better than 'em—so there was an end on't."

Emily, despite this plain hint, ventured to speak of Joe, but was interrupted with:

"Look'e here, don't you talk of that ere boy, for it makes me mad, and I don't want to say nothin' to hurt you, ma'am, or miss, I s'pose would be more like the thing—"

"O, call me Emily," interrupted our heroine, eager to ingratiate herself on account of the children. "I dislike formality among friends."

"Well, now, that's what I like," said the farmer, so evidently gratified that Sarah was fearful her companion's fingers would undergo another pressure; but the distance between them fortunately prevented it. "But as I was sayin', Emily—that's a pretty name, too—about that boy of mine, see what learnin' has done for him. Why, mother knows it herself, though she's always takin' his part, and wantin' him to get more—I see him gettin' it, though. You never see sich a changed critter since that plagy school-master put it in his head to want schoolin'. He's grum and ugly as he can be, just 'cause he wants

to go to school, or be mopin' over books to lose his time. I'll have no sich foolin'—but it does make me mad to see him so cross-grained, and I can't beat it out of him, neither."

Here Sarah Jones, whose risible emotions had been several times excited, burst into a fit of laughter. The farmer looked at her in amazement.

"I wonder if a bad temper was ever cured by beating!" she said to him; "and the idea of calling such names to poor Joe, the kindest, most obliging boy in the whole neighborhood!"

"O yes, you all think him mighty fine, and that was what pooty nigh spoilt him first, and the plagy books finished it."

Emily hinted that a little indulgence might be beneficial to the lad, especially as knowledge was all he wanted; and when the father replied that he had other things for him to do, she suggested that the evenings might be pleasantly and usefully spent in his own way.

"O yes, yes, I know all about that. Set moping over books half the night, and then lay abed till dinner-time. That wont do for me, certainly."

Emily was obliged to yield the point. For a month more, she heard nothing of "Stingy Wiggins" or his family.

One afternoon, having extended her ramble with her pupils further than usual, she was hurrying alone through the woods, when loud cries from Wiggins's house arrested her attention. She stopped hesitatingly, but recognising the voice of Mr. Wiggins, she discarded all scruples and hastened in. It was a painful scene on which she entered. Little Agnes was lying upon the bed with her mother hanging wildly over her, her father, pale and haggard, standing in speechless distress, Joe kneeling beside his mother weeping convulsively, and the two others standing apart pale and tearful. On perceiving Emily, Joe sprang up hopefully, and quickly informed her of what had happened.

The little girl had been sick for some days, and that afternoon was left in her father's charge, with strict cautions not to give him anything, as he was entirely ignorant of medicines. In the interim, however, the child had a violent spell of coughing, and anxious to give her some relief, the father seized a bottle of laudanum, supposing it to be cough drops, and gave a half spoonful. Just as she swallowed it, Joe entered, and perceiving the open bottle and the spoon, cried out in alarm. His cries brought in his mother, who, on learning of the mistake, could only cry and caress the child who was already sinking into the fatal stupor. Emily's arrival was providential. With quick presence of mind, she gave the sim-

ple remedies at hand, and are she left the house she knew that danger was past.

The father's gratitude to the preserver of his favorite child was deep and lasting. Emily, by the mother's desire, took advantage of it to press him again to give his children some little education, and unwilling to refuse her, he yielded. He became reconciled to Joe, too, and gave him permission to attend Emily's school all the fall and winter, if he chose, for he could do without his help!

Joe and the two little girls, Becky and Agnes, were sent to school; and their progress was satisfactory to the delighted mother, and equally so, it was suspected, to the father, though when spoken to on the subject he always said they might be better employed. Jane, the eldest daughter, cared nothing for school. "She was her daddy's own gal," as he said. But when, to the increased astonishment of the neighborhood, Emily's representation induced him to allow his wife to hire a girl for help in domestic matters, Mrs. Wiggins took care that Jane should enjoy equal advantages.

"Hullo, what nonsense are you up to now?" was Mr. Wiggins's salutation to Emily, as he saw her in the garden one fine afternoon in the succeeding summer, and at her smiling invitation, went in to "take a look at all her fine doings." Emily was arranging a bouquet of her choicest flowers to send to Mrs. Wiggins by Joe, who was yet in the school-room practising his favorite pursuit, drawing. The farmer smiled, as he watched her alight, snowy fingers moving so dexterously among the fragile blossoms.

"There's lots of sich things over at our place now. Joe and Beck and Ag were busy all the spring through layin' out a garden. Every youngster about the neighborhood is going stark mad about flowers and all sich—so, of course, mine must go the same way. So they got around me, and I see their heart was set on it, 'tic'larly Joe's, and he's such a changed boy now, that I don't want to plague him. I say, what did you do with him? He's jest like he was long ago, when he was a little gaffer, only better I do think. I never thought I'd have sich comfort with him, as since you've had him in hands."

Just then Joe came out of the schoolroom, and she would have changed the subject, but the farmer went on:

"Here, Joe, maybe you'll tell me what Miss Emily want. I do want to know what she's done with you to make you sich a different boy; you never get into the mumps now-a-days."

Emily felt painfully embarrassed for the shy,

sensitive boy, whose crimson cheek showed his boyish mortification at being thus spoken to in her presence; but she felt that her daily inculcated lessons were not wholly unavailing, when at the last words tears rose to the lad's eyes, and pressing his lips to his father's rough, brown hand, he murmured:

"Dear father, I hope I shall never displease or grieve you again."

The father was taken by surprise. He had partly withdrawn his hand, but with a better impulse he passed his arm around his son and kissed the broad, thoughtful brow; then drawing his hand across his misty eyes, and clearing his throat, he turned to exchange a friendly greeting with Mrs. Ball, who came to invite him into the house.

"I should like to know what's come over the boy, that's a fact," the farmer said to his wife that night, as he was telling of his call at the teacher's.

Mrs. Wiggins laughed—laughter, merry jests, and above all, time to enjoy them, were no strangers to the old farm-house now—as she replied:

"Some of our neighbors would like to know what has come over you, too."

"So they would, and it's more'n I can tell, 'less it be some of that cussin' little gal's doin's. But I tell you what, mother, we won't do as well this year as we used to. Let's see."

And the farmer began to make calculations of what he should probably lose, with a comic gravity, unlike the sordid, grumbling calculations of other times. His wife listened placidly. When he had finished, she said:

"You have calculated our losses—now begin and count up our gains."

"No, I cannot do that," he replied slowly and with feeling. "It is easy to reckon our losses—a few dollars 'll cover them; but our gains—who could begin to reckon them?"

Who, indeed? And who could estimate the influence for good exerted, in more than this family, by the young teacher? Who foresees all the fruits, for time and eternity, of the seed sown and nurtured in many a young heart within that little schoolroom? There were none to regret, but many to bless the day that first saw the little cottage become the abode of the "folks from town," who, as the time glided tranquilly by, enjoyed in the faithful fulfillment of duty a peaceful serenity of mind and pure heart-happiness, which many of the great and courted of high places might envy.

There are few people who are more often in the wrong than those who cannot endure to be so.

THE SONG OF THE MARINER.

BY MARY F. BARBER.

O, the sea, the sea hath a charm for me,
 As I list to its changeless roar,
 And I'd rather sail to the sound of the gale
 Than wander the green earth o'er,
 And oft as I gaze into other days,
 I pray that my lot may be
 In the future cast as hath been my past,
 On the breast of the heaving sea.

For 'tis joy to ride on the billowy tide,
 And watch the bounding spray,
 As the tinted clouds that the sky enshroud,
 Herald the rising day.
 And with rapture I gaze on the sun's first rays,
 Gliding the sparkling wave,
 As with azure and gold of beauty untold,
 Old ocean's brow they lave.

And at setting sun, when the day is done,
 To watch in the far-off west,
 The amber and blue form a glorious hue,
 Like halo that falls o'er the blast;
 And dream as I gaze, of those olden days,
 Of joy and lightsome mirth,
 Ere far away I was lured to stray,
 From my childhood's happy hearth.

And often I hear when the tempest's near,
 The voice of the angry waves,
 As with wailing scream it points to the bourn,
 Where the miller will find a grave;
 Yet I never fear when its voice I hear,
 For 'tis sweeter far to me,
 To sink to rest on the ocean's breast,
 Than be laid 'neath the greenwood tree.

I could calmly sleep in the mighty deep,
 Where the waters my brow would lave,
 Where the clouds might weep, and the stars would keep
 Their vigils o'er my grave;
 Where a seaweed pall would o'er me fall,
 And droop on my bed of gold;
 Where mermaids fair would wreath in my hair
 Gems of unearthly mould.

THE ENCHANTED CAMEL.

BY DR. J. V. C. SMITH.

THOSE who have travelled in oriental countries are familiar with the fact that love for the marvellous is a characteristic of the people. It is interwoven with their thoughts, waking or sleeping; and their traditional stories, like their modern imaginings, abound with extraordinary exhibitions of exuberant fancy.

So recently as at the commencement of the year 1851, the writer passed through a desolate section of the desert of Arabia, between Egypt and Syria, with a friend who cheerfully shared with him the privations and vexations which belong to all expeditions on camels.

Usually, the caravan got under way about daylight in the morning, and came to a halt at four o'clock in the afternoon. From that hour, till dark, the animals were fed, the sheik baked a doura cake, and we cooked or rather ate a kind of meal that was christened a dinner.

Through the day, the customary rate of speed could not have exceeded twenty-five miles, at the farthest. By timing the gait of the camels, the halter of one being tied to the crupper of the other, we rarely accomplished three miles in an hour. It is a tedious mode of travelling, but it is not probable that any other method will supersede it, for crossing the great deserts of Africa, in hundreds of years to come. There is not inland commerce enough to warrant railroads or canals in those arid regions; and if either were constructed, the drifting of impassable sand would ultimately destroy any known device of man that might be suggested. The camel, therefore, fitted by its peculiar anatomical structure for the very localities where they are so very serviceable, can never be dispensed with while nomadic life continues.

After replenishing our stomachs, and the sheik and his slave had lighted their pipes, we filled ours also, and gathering round the apology for a fire, made and replenished every few minutes with bits of sticks, dry grass, and such rubbish as could be picked up on the sand through the day, as a group we were really quite happy.

While the volumes of white tobacco smoke ascended from the bowls, and in small clouds rolled away in the air, the camels, lying down and grinding their dry beans, seemed to participate in the enjoyment. A question arose respecting the intelligence of those awkward beasts. Certainly they have a small brain, with a huge body. With that organ a few sizes larger, it is presumed it would be difficult to manage them. As it is, means are beautifully adapted to ends. They were designed to occupy precisely the place in which they are found. Without them, the Bedouin Arab could not exist, as he now does.

But it would take up too much time to discuss the beautiful law of nature, which has provided for the physical well being of every grade and kind of organized being, from man to a monad, and hence we shall proceed at once to our story.

To a conversation in regard to the instincts of the camel, and its intelligence, and a query as to whether they profited by their experience, the sheik seemed to listen with profound attention. Of course he could not understand English, but we could speak enough of the Arabic to give him the gist of the subject.

Story-telling is a distinct branch of business in the East, recognised as an elevated profession, because it implies a tenacious memory, a familiar acquaintance with the elements of humanity, the virtues and vices of society, and, lastly, they are supposed to cultivate a purity of language, by taking the place of authors in other countries. Shomah Hassan—or, as he was called by his friends, Sheikh Shoghah Hassan—had been a great traveller, and knew the bearings of the prominent objects in the desert, from Suez to Sinia, or from Cairo to Hebron, better than any Arab engaged in carrying frangees and howajjis over the trackless sand.

Sheikh Shomah Hassan was not so old but that he had a full complement of wives, who did pretty much as they chose when he was from home; but they were ruled much as he managed his camels, on returning—that is, they were fed, and sometimes abused.

On one of his returns, which was at an unexpected moment for his faithful household, the door was closed, the water jar broken at the threshold, and an old camel left in the care of his youngest helpmeet to be recruited was gone, and the inmates of the domicile also. Hassan made no outcry among his neighbors, but hampered his camels, after unlading them, gave them a generous supply of food, and then set to work to enter the premises.

Hassan's slave, Gobab, had related the affair thus far, when the sheik laid down his pipe, stroked his flowing, grisly beard, bowed towards Mecca, and said: "Frangees—all this is true, as related by the slave. But he may make mistakes, or neglect to speak with reverence of the Prophet—blessed be the memory of the just, and I will therefore tell you myself of the wonders that belong to the land of the believers."

He took a long breath, raised his turban so that the air might cool his head, shorn the day before, crossed his legs anew, and again paid his respects to the point of compass indicating the direction of the Holy City, and then commenced. Gobab, the slave, put himself in a position to brace his feet, in case he should be frightened.

"With considerable effort, the lock gave way, and on entering, there stood the old camel staring me in the face. Reaching out my hand to take the halter, it was gone. I then put my hand to his neck and gave the sound, *cluck, cluck*, to make him lie down, that a noose might be slipped over his nose, but he never moved.

"Very well," said I to myself, 'there is something in a bag that will bring you out of the house, if anything remains persuasive in barley.' I opened a sack and placed a generous mess in a

skin and returned with the fodder—when lo, he had disappeared!

"The hour of prayer had arrived, so spreading a mat, and salaaming according to the directions of the book, I omitted nothing which our faith demands. On rising and opening my eyes, there stood the camel directly over me, but immovable. Crawling out from under his huge body, avoiding his legs, and rising to my feet—he was gone! Not a tread had been heard—no noise broke upon the stillness of the house save the working of the jaws of the hampered beasts.

"I now resolved to explore the interior of the house, and ascertain what this absenteeism of the whole family could mean. On popping my head into the door, there stood the camel again—stiff, apparently, as though he were made of stone. Looking again towards Mecca, the fountain of light, and repeating the tabib, which is confessing unlimited confidence in the protection of the Prophet, I boldly squeezed between his tall, bony limbs, and thus got beyond him.

"Entering the harem, there sat all my wives on the divan, dressed gorgeously—fast asleep, but bolt upright. Touching Allem Bulec, the youngest—fair as a lily, sweet, too, as a newly-plucked rose, who cost me three hundred piasters of a Jew dealer—the camel screamed, but Allem moved not. What was particularly frightful, no effort of mine could remove her from that position! There the old camel stood in his place, repeating the horrible noise, which I was quite sure would be heard at a great distance, and attract somebody to the place.

"Next I tried to raise my oldest wife, the mother of a son now in the army of the pasha; but she was in precisely the same fixed position. At that juncture, it was first perceived that neither of the four were breathing. This discovery shocked me exceedingly. But arming myself with new courage by repeating the tabib again in a loud voice, they simultaneously opened their eyes!

"'Allah is great,' said I, 'and Mohammed is his prophet!' The words were no sooner out of my mouth, than nothing remained in the room but the divan on which they had been sitting and my solitary self.

"Night was fast approaching. A question came up in my mind what it was best to do. There were either four enchanted women in the house, or none at all—besides a camel. On the whole, it was concluded there would be less disturbance with the working camels, outside, and therefore I enveloped myself in the bournoise, and snugly edged up by the side of one of them, for the sake of the warmth to be afforded.

"It was now dark, when everything was arranged for repose. But before closing my eyes, I went through with the prescribed prayers under circumstances of peril. I had confidence in the security which a faithful Moslem has in the protecting arm of the Prophet. A Christian, under any manifestations of an evil spirit, has no such resource. With a conscience void of offence, and a resolution to live up to the tenets my fathers had professed, I soon fell into a sweet slumber, which must have lasted till near midnight.

"Something was pulling at my toes, on awaking. I started up, when what should I see but the old camel, with panniers slung on either side, and my four wives stowed away in them, two in each. A small Nubian slave sat on the front of the saddle, holding the halter. They all beckoned to me to get in, but said nothing. 'Very well,' said I to myself, 'a man has a perfect right to go with his own family. Had they been strange women, or the camel not my own property, I should have shaken my head in the negative. As it was, I *clucked*, when down fell the camel on his knees, but utterly refused to lower his haunches.

"It was excessively awkward to mount while he was in that ugly position. As for stepping into the panniers, that could not be done. Two was enough for any basket, were it ever so capacious, especially when they were women. To my amazement, the slave never offered to slide further back, beyond the hump, his appropriate place; nor did he attempt to make room for me by moving from where he ought not to have been."

Hassan emptied the ashes from his pipe, and recharged it with the real Syrian string-leaf. This was an indication of being comfortable. Our impatience would hardly allow so much rest, or rather break in the narrative. We were anxiously waiting for the remainder. He resumed:

"Waiting for the slave to make room, but perceiving he had no intention of doing so, I caught up a courbash and gave him a terrible blow over the head. 'Moustibe!—slave,' said I, 'by the beard of Abu Talib, your body will be in two pieces if I strike again.'

"But the threat never moved a muscle of his face. My wives stared at me, but said nothing. Determined to be up to my word, I took a sword which was always worn when travelling—for my indignation was boundless—and smote the black rascal. Instead of streams of blood or a scarred carcase, they had all disappeared—slave, camel, wives and housings! This was a

dilemma. I was convinced that the evil spirit Kourbras—the same that once tempted the mother of the Prophet—had a hand in these strange phantasmagoric changes.

"With this solution of the cause that was operating to try the strength of my faith, a new resolution animated me to resist his influences on myself. I therefore again turned towards the Caaba in adoration, and touched my head reverentially three times to the ground—repeating at each the prayer against demons. Nothing can stand against that most efficient and sovereign antidote to witchcraft and demonology, like that solemn ceremony. Often the Prophet himself rebuked the wicked attentions of black spirits, by resorting to the same excellent device, which might be recommended even to infidel dogs.

"A question arose in my mind thus: 'Where is the camel? where my four wives?' Scarcely had the thought been matured, when the old camel stood by my side. The baskets were gone, the women had disappeared, but the impudent slave was holding on to the tail of the animal by his teeth! A sight so novel moved my mirth. I laughed outright—ay, and long too. How ridiculous! holding on at the tip of the tail with one's teeth! Suddenly the tail commenced swinging to and fro, which brought a hard strain upon the Nubian's jaws. Still he held his grip.

"After walking round the camel several times, to understand as far as possible whether it was a real beast, and the swinger what he appeared to be, a man, a voice was heard directly overhead calling me by name. Falling on my knees, facing Mecca as before, I said: 'O, Prophet, I am an honest believer, always rising at the call of the Imaum for early prayer; and if I live, it is my desire to make the holy pilgrimage to the tomb of the friend of the faithful. To be a hadghi, is an ambition that it is lawful to indulge.'

"The voice said, in a soft, persuasive tone: 'The camel cannot stoop to thee, O man of almsdeeds! CHimb up to his neck and seize the saddle-pin.'

"I obeyed the directions, and found myself going through the air at the rate of five hundred miles an hour. The Nubian slave quickened the camel, if he slackened speed, by grinding his teeth to the quick of the tail. My turban blew off, the bournouse was rent, and it was with extreme difficulty I could hold on to the saddle-pin. At last the camel came to a halt before a splendid palace somewhere in the dominions of the Shah of Persia. The slave let go of the tail

and walked to the gate. Sentinels bowed at his approach—presented their arms, as though he were a person of distinction. Music was heard within, and the sound of revelry pervaded the whole region.

"Soon after the disappearance of the fellow who had been riding through the sky at the extremity of a camel's tail, the great folding-gates opened, and a procession was seen coming down the marble steps. First came the pasha of the place, followed by two hundred of his own sons dressed in scarlet. Their beards were stained with henna, their nails were secured in silver cases, the sign of gentlemen, and they smoked golden pipes. After them, came their mothers. They were beauties—each of whom would have sold at Asuan for two thousand piasters. Contrary to the customs of the true believers, they were without veils. At the demoralizing exhibition of the faces of women, thus exposed, I was shocked.

"By degrees we became accustomed to things which a sense of modesty would at first condemn. This is a common custom in Christian countries; but they are in darkness, nor can they be taught till the book of the law is placed before them.

"Following the females, were six hundred little boys. They were pipe bearers to the pasha. All the while I sat on the camel. Dancing girls, in the witchery of their charms, were performing each side of the procession, and lastly, a troop of horsemen brought up the rear, mounted superbly, with golden hilted swords by their sides. Various interesting gyrations were performed, led off by the pasha. As they passed and re passed me, they bowed gracefully. The camel returned the civility, and then the music gave forth an increased volume of sweet sounds. Lastly, marching directly up to me, the pasha pronounced an oration on the art of managing a wife.

"*'Thou art,'* said the great man, *'the only husband in the country in which thou residest, of all the subjects of the pasha, who can rule a woman. Thy fame has been spread over the world; and it is for the twofold purpose of honoring one who has found out the art of having peace at home, and compensating thee for the favor thou hast conferred on the faithful by the force of example, that Mouradak, prince of the enchanters, has transported thee hither.'*

"Of course he was thanked in courteous language for the flattering encomiums on my successful system of domestic discipline.

"*'May it please your Highness, Great Pasha,'* said I, *'I was not conscious of meriting civilities*

or compensation for maintaining peace in my own house. Since you are pleased to give me credit for it, in this public manner, I shall not conceal the art.'

"*'And what is it?'* eagerly asked the pasha, the whole procession repeating it like an echo; *'what is it?'*

"*'First, they are provided with all the rice they can eat; hunger provokes discord and family jars. Secondly, they are under no restraint, but go where inclination moves them; consequently they would be ashamed to go to disreputable places. Thirdly, a full stomach makes a merry heart, and liberty never weeps for bondage; therefore, there is more laughing than crying on my premises.'*

"*'At that, they all cried with a loud voice, 'bring him the pearls.'*

"*'Forty slaves, bearing each a tray of pearls, came to me, fell on their knees, and so did the camel. My eyes were opened, and lo! there were the panniers, my wives and myself on the beast. They helped themselves to bracelets, rings and anklets of pearls. I filled my bosom and all the spare places in the panniers.'*

"*'Cluck, cluck,'* said the pasha. In an instant, I was standing at my own door! Pushing back the bolt, in I went, and there sat my four wives in smiles, delighted to see their lord.

"*'Explain this wonderful scene to me,'* said I; *'explain.'*

"*'Why,'* said they all, *'after you swallowed the hot liquor from the Christian infidel's bottle, your senses departed. You laughed, sighed, pretended to be alarmed, and talked incessantly about a camel, a Nubian slave, and our inability to move. Nothing has happened to us or to the camel.'*

"*'I insisted that enchantment had been used—that what I have related was reality; but was obliged to confess, on the testimony of four witnesses, no one had been enchanted but myself—and the enchanter was confined in a bottle till a Christian let it enter my own stomach, when he took possession of my brain, as he does of yours, O Christian infidel! Hereafter, let your example correspond with your precepts—never tempt the faithful to deal with enchantments which are imprisoned in bottles!'*"

COMPLIMENTARY.—An enthusiastic admirer of our distinguished Boston orator, admitted that Washington was a great and good man, but said "it remained for Mr. Everett to bring him out." Seriously, however, the enthusiasm created everywhere by Everett's oration, is a proof of the power of the orator, and of the good taste and warm patriotism of our people.

"LOVE'S FIRST KISS."

BY FELHAM.

O, what is there in life more sweet
Than love's first kiss—
The chaste, pure feeling of a soul
O'erflowed with bliss.

The language of the heart more plain
Than tongue can speak—
Which, coming from the heart, mere words
Would make but weak.

The emblem of a tie that binds
Two souls as one—
The harbinger of joy that lasts
Till life has gone.

MR. JOHN GRAHAM, BACHELOR.

BY FRANCES A. SHAW.

"How pleasant and cozy it is here, this evening! No wife to weary me with her insipid prattle, or vex me with her perpetual teasing and whining; no children to raise up Bedlam around me, and be the plague of my life. Old bachelors, indeed! Let the world deride our single estate as it will, it is all envy. We are the salt of the earth. Talk of our lonely and disconsolate lot! it's wasting breath. Pity us! Folks had better bestow their compassion where it is needed. Who's happier than I?—I'd like to know." And John Graham gazed with an air of supreme satisfaction around his quiet, elegant parlor.

For a bachelor's abode, it was indeed wonderfully pleasant and cheerful. A bright anthracite fire glowed in the grate, shedding its genial warmth through the apartment. Mr. Graham was constitutionally somewhat of a dreamer. It was his favorite pastime to watch the weird, strange shapes which the glowing embers would assume, in their transition-state to smoke and ashes, where, alas! many of our fondest earthly dreams are prone to end.

Reader mine, are you a dreamer? Let me commend you to a bright, glowing fire. It has been the inspiration of my own most cherished dreams. Did you never trace in the dissolving embers grand palaces, gray old abbeys and sepulchral cloisters, and did your fancy never people them with forms to please itself? Ever and anon, the scene will change. The stately palace, the gray old castle, will fade into the simple thatched cottage; the noble lord, the high-born dame will vanish, and in their places we see the lowly lad and lassie. But they are lovers, and love can transform the thatched roof into a pal-

ace; it can make the lowliest hut seem the very gate of heaven. Commend me, in summer, to the fleecy, ever-changing clouds, on whose shadowy scroll many a mystic poem and wild romance is written; but in winter, close the shutters, draw the easy-chair before the open fire (I detest air-tights), and let me yield myself to a delicious reverie.

This little word "*I*" is becoming intrusive, and must be dropped; only let me remark, in passing, that in this respect, Mr. John Graham and my humble self are kindred spirits. Not content with the actual around him, he is sadly prone to make forays into the misty realm of imagination, and commune with beings not of this stale matter-of-fact world, and to wander through scenes which have not their home in the sober mundane sphere. To such follies as these, *I* too must plead guilty.

John Graham is a man of fortune and leisure. *He* can dream from morning till night, if so it liketh him; while *I*, poor damsel! must needs turn my heart inside out, and tell to the gossiping world fancies which I would fain keep in my own breast, glad to receive as an equivalent but a tithe of that gold of which my hero has never felt the need.

Yes, John Graham sat in his velvet-cushioned easy-chair, before a glowing fire, lost in reverie. A volume rich in traditions of the olden time had fallen at his side, and he was dreaming of those days of chivalry when kingdoms were staked for ladies' eyes, when mail-clad knights dared the battle's fiercest fray to win their smile.

But turreted castle and "faire ladye" watching from her lattice for her true knight's return; cloistered cell, where cowed monk and veiled vestal counted their beads and breathed their *paternosters*; chapel, in whose vaults lay the ashes of the noble dead, and from whose walls madonnas and saints looked down as if to guard their slumbers—all, all had vanished into thin air. Ah me, that such is the stuff our dreams are made of!

But a heap of ashes remained in the grate, the shadows of evening were gathering around him, and Mr. Graham awoke. The ideal had become merged into the actual. The room was growing dark and cold, and its master, rising, rang for fuel and lights, which were speedily forthcoming. The richly cut astral was placed upon the centretable, the fire was rekindled, and the room had assumed its most cheerful aspect, when Mr. Graham, gazing complacently around him, gave utterance to the exclamations with which we commenced this veritable history.

It was a snug, elegant home, that of our hero,

situated in one of the most desirable localities of our nation's metropolis. But one item was wanting to complete the perfection of his domestic arrangements. This he very well knew; yet he gave no such thought utterance—not he! He endeavored to persuade himself that he was at the very acme of human felicity, and that the introduction of a wife into his domicile would be the same drawback to his happiness, as was the skeleton in the houses of the ancient Egyptians. That ghastly shape of death was ever present, at the social hearth and festive board, reminding the pleasure-loving inmates of those gorgeous dwellings that they were mortal; and the constant presence of a Mrs. Graham by her liege lord and master's side, would have reminded that gentleman that *he, also, was mortal*, and, like weak and fallible men in general, had yielded up his bachelor liberty and happiness.

You would have read, at a glance, wealth and refined taste in the surroundings of Mr. Graham. Costly pictures, in gorgeous frames, adorned the walls of the room into which we have introduced you, kind reader. There were among them some of the choicest productions of the old masters (Mr. Graham had travelled in Europe), and also a few *chef-d'œuvres* of our own artists, for Mr. Graham was patriotic, and always encouraged genius at home. In a recess, partially concealed by a rich crimson drapery, were shelves filled to repletion with books upon whose gilded bindings you might have read the names most venerated in the literature of our own time, as well as those of the great bards and sages of the past. These were not kept for idle show, for their owner was a gentleman of ripe scholarship and decided literary taste. Curtains of the richest lace and velvet draped the windows, concealing the fearful storm that was raging without. We need not descant further upon the evidences of ease and elegance spread with such a lavish hand around our bachelor; suffice it to say, that in his mansion was all that luxury could sigh for, or unbounded wealth procure.

He drew his arm-chair to a table littered with the late magazines and dailies, which he honored with but a cursory glance, few of their articles being suited to his fastidious taste. Near the fire was drawn up a small table, covered with a snowy cloth, upon which was placed a spotless tea-service of china and silver. A slow, cautious step approached; the door opened, and an old lady entered, followed by a servant bearing the tea-tray. The lady seated herself at the head of the table, the gentleman at the foot.

While the twain are taking tea, let us introduce you to Miss Hannah Graham, Mr. John's

maiden aunt and housekeeper. A model housekeeper is this Aunt Hannah, and during the twenty years she has occupied that post in her nephew's establishment, he has never had cause to complain of buttonless shirts, undarned stockings, untidy rooms, cold tea, muddy coffee, or any of those thousand-and-one ills which bachelor flesh is heir to, which, we regret to say, few husbands escape.

In Aunt Hannah's eyes, "my nephew" was perfection itself, and she deemed a life devoted to his comfort and happiness, the highest-glory to which a woman might aspire. Tea-time passed stiffly and unsocially, as usual. Aunt Hannah could talk only of household affairs and the weather, and these topics having been for the third time that day daily discussed, a dreary pause ensued. Her nephew having at length arisen from the table, the spinster rang the bell, and the servant came and removed the tea-things, as usual. Then having received a "no, I thank you" to the stereotyped inquiry, which in twenty years had not been once omitted—was anything requisite for her nephew's comfort? could she be of any further service to him?—Aunt Hannah bade her usual deferential "good night," and retired to her chamber.

Mr. Graham being left to his own reflections, relapsed again into a reverie. The train of his reflections ran somewhat in this wise:

"Yes, thank Heaven, that I am a bachelor! May it give me grace to remain so to the end of the chapter. Many a plot has been laid against my single blessedness, many a matrimonial snare has been set for me, but fortunate man that I am, I have escaped them all!

"Tisn't myself that managing mamas and pretty daughters are seeking so perseveringly. No, I haven't the vanity to think that, though I don't consider myself by any means ill looking;" and our hero cast quite a satisfied glance into a full-length mirror opposite, which certainly reflected as handsome and noble a countenance, and as fine a figure as one would wish to see.

"Ah, it's my money, the dear artless creatures are sighing for! With that alone, were I possessed of no other recommendation, I could win the best of them, I dare say.

'Gold is the woman's only theme,
Gold is the woman's only dream.'

says Moore, and he merely echoes Byron's opinion:

'Women, like moths, are only caught by glare,
And Mammon wins his way, where seraphs might despair.'

That's true as gospel, every word of it. Now while appealing to the poets for support of my

own long-established opinions, I am more forcibly than ever reminded of the truth of the words of that old bard, who wrote years and years before my grandfather was born :

'O take, if ye would measure well the worth of woman's mind,
A scale made of the spider's web, and weights made of the wind.'

As it was in the beginning with the sex, so it is now—ay, and ever shall be ! How a sensible man can bind himself for life to one of these frivolous beings, is more than I can understand.

"But I have known one true woman. Let me not defame my mother ! There was another, too, whom I once deemed perfection. Had Florence Ingraham smiled upon my suit, I might have met the fate of Benedick after all. It was a lucky thing for me that she refused me. I will set that down as a mere boyish infatuation, the only folly I was ever guilty of in that line. And yet *boyish* is hardly the word, for when we first met, I was a man turned twenty-five, and she a mere child of fifteen. Yet even then her heart was in another's keeping, and could not be mine. They say that she married wretchedly. I wonder where she is to-night ! But what is that to me ! Just nothing at all. Vive le single blessedness ! It is lonely here, though ! I wish Aunt Hannah wasn't quite so much of an automaton. I wish Smith would drop in, just to relieve the monotony. That Smith's a glorious fellow ! heart free and happy like myself—"

At this stage of our bachelor's reverie, the door-bell rang, announcing a visitor who did not prove to be Smith. Who it was, we will tell you presently.

"An' faith an' is it the likes of ye that's a pokin' yerself here into me mather's front door ? Get along into the kitchen, and it's meself that'll be afther seein' what ye want. I'll not bother the gentleman wid ye. Here I've toted up two flights of stairs, jist to shut the door in yer face. Come round to the servant's door, as ye ought to, and I'll let ye in."

"O please let me come in now, I am so cold ; besides, I must see your master or mistress, to get the pay for this work. Please do let me in now ; I can't wait."

This was the colloquy which disturbed the train of Mr. Graham's thoughts, in which he recognized the coarse Irish brogue of his serving woman Margaret, and the soft pleading tones of a child. He was a generous, kind hearted man. The destitute never left his door unblessed, the suffering unrelieved. He stepped at once into the hall, and said : "Come into my parlor, little girl, and warm yourself."

The child needed no second bidding. She was a pale, fragile creature, apparently some ten years of age, and seemed almost benumbed with cold. John Graham took her tenderly in his arms, and placing her in the chair he had just vacated, he drew it up to the fire with its tiny burden. He then proceeded to remove the old hood and thin, faded shawl, which with a tattered calico frock had been her chief protection against that pitiless storm. Her clothes were covered with sleet, the little feet protruded from the worn shoes, and the unmitten hands were nearly frozen.

"Poor little thing !" said the sympathizing bachelor, as taking the child upon his knee, he held the benumbed feet to the fire and chafed the little blue hands in his own warm, white palm. "Poor child !" he repeated ; and as Margaret stood at a respectful distance gazing upon the scene, and wondering at her fastidious master's condescension, he said : "Margaret, bring me some warm blankets to wrap around this child, and call Miss Graham, I fear she is very ill. Why, Margaret, if I had not overheard your conversation, you would have driven her from the door, and she might have perished."

"An' wouldn't I have my hands full, yer honor, to be afther takin' in all the low trash like her, that's comin' here every day ? I'd have risked her dying—these folks have as many lives as a cat ; 'taint quite so easy killin' 'em."

A look of displeasure from her master checked Miss Margaret's loquacity, and she left the room to execute his commands.

Aunt Hannah soon made her appearance. She gave the child a reviving draught, which soon awoke her from the partial stupor into which she had fallen. She opened her eyes, and gazed intently into Mr. Graham's face, and in those pale, wasted features, he read unmistakable signs of starvation.

"Have you had any supper to-night, my dear ?" he asked, in his kindest tones.

"No, sir," replied the little girl, her transparent cheek becoming crimson, and tears starting to her eyes. "I haven't tasted a mouthful for two days. Mother hasn't neither, and that is the reason why I came out on such a night as this, to get the money for that work."

"What work, my child ?"

"Why, the shirts mother's been making for you. To-morrow is the Sabbath, and we knew we couldn't get it then. O please do pay it to me now, and let me go home. Mother is so sick. She had to sit up in bed, and finish the work."

"I knew nothing about the work. Aunt Hannah was getting it done for me, I suppose. What a dear, kind soul she is, never to trouble me about such matters," soliloquized Mr. Graham. "She has just stepped out to bring you some supper. I'll ask her about it when she returns."

"Please, sir, I oughtn't to wait for any supper—wont you pay me the money now, and let me go? There were just six of them. Mother's at home all alone in the dark and cold. Besides, she'll be frightened about me."

"Pay you, poor child? Indeed I will; but I'm not going to trust you out alone, on such a dark night as this. I'll not send a servant with you, either—I'll go myself. Now, while I am getting ready, just be eating some of the food that Miss Graham has brought you."

Mr. Graham was a long time making his preparations to go out—a much longer time than was necessary, for, as he occasionally glanced at the child, he could not fail to notice the eagerness with which she partook of the food Miss Graham had set before her.

He scrutinized her narrowly, and saw that she was an unusually lovely child. The delicacy of her form, and the refined expression of her features, told that she did not belong to the vulgar herd which a great city usually recognizes as its wretchedly poor. Those long silken curls, the expression of those large hazel eyes, the contour of those finely-chiselled features, strangely reminded him of a fair image which had for years been imprinted upon the tablet of his memory, and whose outlines time and change had not erased.

"It is a mere fancy," he sighed. "Why is it, that always when I see a face strikingly beautiful, I compare it with hers, and never fail to trace some resemblance to those sweet features which will haunt my memory till I die? Ah! crusty bachelor that I am, cynic though I may become, I must admit that Florence Ingraham was my destiny—my life's one love. It was a strange infatuation! Alas, that there could be only one in the wide, wide world like her!"

"Now we are ready, little one," he said, when having muffled the child in the hood and shawl which Aunt Hannah had brought, he took her hand in his, and they sallied forth.

It was a bitter night, and Mr. Graham, strong, robust man as he was, shrank back, as upon opening the door a gust of wind drove the chilling sleet full in his face. Yet he was not one to be deterred from an earnest purpose, and sheltering the little girl beneath the ample folds of his cloak, they walked on.

"What is your name, my child?" inquired Mr. Graham, after they had proceeded a short distance.

"Florence Selby," she replied.

Florence! Ah, that name still had power to send a thrill through John Graham's heart.

"Florence Selby! and what was your mother's name?" he asked, led on by an impulse he could not control.

"Florence Ingraham," was the reply.

"Florence Ingraham? The same, by heaven! the very same," ejaculated Mr. Graham. "Ah, now I understand the strange interest I took in the child from the first. Florence, darling, let me carry you in my arms," he said, tenderly. "You are too fragile to brave this blustering storm. There, lay your head upon my bosom; we will soon be at your mother's; if you have told me the right street and number, it cannot be far distant."

"I have, I am sure I have, sir, and you'll pay her the money, wont you? as soon as we get there, because I want to go out before the shops are closed, and get some bread and fuel for to-morrow."

"Bless your poor little heart! To be sure I'll pay you, and I'll go and get you the food and fuel myself. I'm not going to trust such a little girl as you are out again on such a night as this. Bless me! now I think of it, how much you look like your mother!"

"Have you ever seen my mother? because she don't let anybody that she used to know see her now, if she can help it. She always draws her veil over her face when she meets any of her old acquaintances. I suppose she feels ashamed, because she is so poor. Where did you ever see my mother?"

"No matter now, little Florence, I'll tell you at some other time. But here we are right in her neighborhood. Where does she live? Do any of those lights come from her room?"

"O no, sir. We haven't any candles, nor fire either, to-night; but set me down, and let me take your hand, and I can lead you to our room in the dark."

That was a wretched neighborhood to which little Florence Selby had brought the wealthy Mr. Graham, and before the most wretched of the squalid dwellings there she stopped. Thread- ing their way in the dark through many a narrow passage, and up many a crazy staircase, little Florence at length opened a door, and groping her way to her mother's bedside, whispered:

"Mother, I have come! and such a nice, kind gentleman has come with me! Don't you think, he carried me almost all the way in his arms!"

and he's going out himself to buy us bread and fuel and lights."

A faint moan was the only answer. Mr. Graham advanced through the darkness to Mrs. Selby's side and pronounced her name, but she made no reply. "Your mother is ill, I fear," he said to Florence. "I will go for lights and assistance." Finding his way into the next tenement, he procured a tallow candle. As it shed its flickering rays round the room, they revealed a scene of destitution such as Mr. Graham, although he had for years made visiting the poor a Christian duty, had never before witnessed. They fell upon the wasted form of the sufferer. It was Florence—his much-loved Florence; though years of sorrow had passed over that face, since last they met, he knew her still.

She lay there still and motionless as a statue. Her eyes were closed, their long dark lashes sweeping a cheek Mr. Graham had ever before seen glowing with the rosy hue of health, its faint hectic flush now the only visible token that life remained. He bent his ear down—her breath came short and quick; he in vain attempted to arouse her, and then he felt that, exhausted with that last despairing effort she had made for bread, she had sank back on her wretched couch to die.

At length, she seemed partially roused from her lethargy, by the sobs of the little Florence; she opened her eyes, but their wild light spoke of delirium, and they had no glance of recognition for her child. She essayed to speak, but the words were incoherent, and finally died away into a faint moan. John Graham lingered a little time, and then left the room. He despatched a man for a physician, another for fuel, and a bright fire was soon casting its ruddy glow around that cheerless apartment.

"Ah, you here, Mr. Graham?" exclaimed Doctor Holden, in great astonishment. "Such scenes as this don't lie exactly in your way. I wish they did not so much in mine. To be called from our cozy firesides, on such a night as this, to visit these poor creatures, isn't very pleasant."

"You are quite mistaken in the character of your patient, Doctor Holden," replied Mr. Graham, "and I must beg that you will give her every attention in your power; there is no time for delay."

The doctor advanced to the bedside. "Why," he said, "there is a fever in this woman's veins which must have been brought on by hard work and slow starvation. If she had any constitution left, she might rally; yet I fear it is too late to save her now."

"I cannot hear it, doctor. There must be hope for her; she *must not* die now. Restore her to health, and name your reward."

Doctor Holden gazed a moment at Mr. Graham in surprise at this unwonted interest, and then said: "Certainly, sir, I shall do my best, and while there is life, there is hope, you know."

"Can't she be removed from this place?"

"She must be, or she can never recover. You see how the storm beats in even now, through these broken windows and the chinks in these old walls. There is little hope for her whether she remains here or not."

"But she shall not die here in this miserable place," said Mr. Graham, in a choked voice.

And that very night, she lay in a downy bed in the very best chamber of his mansion. Aunt Hannah took upon herself the office of nurse. Doctor Holden was unremitting in his attentions, and John Graham's pale countenance and agitated manner told how deep was his interest in the unconscious sufferer.

The crisis came, after many weary days and nights of suffering and of watching. Mrs. Selby had fallen into that deep sleep, from which she would waken to life and health, or which must be to her the sleep of death. Unconscious of everything around her, pale and beautiful as some form of sculptured marble, and to outward seeming almost as lifeless, she lay upon her pillow. Doctor Holden sat at a little table near the bedside, on which a night-lamp was burning. Before him lay a watch marking the slowly fleeting hours, which might finish the span of his patient's earthly existence. Aunt Hannah sat by the sleeper's side, and did not remove her eyes for a moment from those corpse-like features.

Mr. Graham had retired to an adjoining apartment, and little Florence lay sleeping in his arms. Thus they sat, through the whole of that long night, whose hours seemed interminable. Little Florence had fallen asleep, and just as a few faint streaks of light entering through the blind gave token of approaching dawn, Mr. Graham laid her upon a bed and stole softly to the sick-chamber. At that moment, the sufferer opened her eyes; their wild light was gone. Catching that glance of returning consciousness, "Thank God for his infinite mercy, which has spared her to us!" he said, and then approaching her side, he gently whispered her name.

She cast a bewildered glance around the elegantly furnished chamber, and then raised her eyes to the face of her former lover.

"Florence! dear Florence, do you know me?" he said.

Pressing her hand to her brow, as if to recall

some vanished image, she whispered: "I have had such a long, long dream! I was so destitute, so wretched! It was a dream that seemed to carry me through so many sorrowing, weary years. I was a mother and the child of my love was starving, and I had no bread to give her. I dreamed I had married George Selby—that I had turned in coldness from your love to his! O yes, John Graham, I know you. God bless you!" she murmured faintly, and then exhausted by the effort, sank back into a quiet slumber. * *

Gradually a knowledge of the exact state of affairs dawned upon Mrs. Selby's mind, and with that knowledge came a deep sense of the debt of gratitude she owed to Mr. Graham.

Some weeks had elapsed. Mrs. Selby had for the first time left her chamber. It was a mild day in spring, and she was sitting in the little back parlor by a window opening into the garden. The balmy air fanned her brow, and the soothing influences of nature spoke peace to her heart. A new life seemed to have entered every vein, and on her cheek she felt the glow of returning health. A soft step approached, and Mr. Graham stood at her side.

"I cannot express to you the pleasure I feel, Mrs. Selby, in seeing you so nearly restored to health," he said.

"Nor can I express the gratitude I feel to you, for your kindness to me and my daughter. We owe our lives to you. Though we can never repay you, God will reward you for it."

"I deserve no reward, Mrs. Selby, and yet you have it in your power to repay me a thousand fold. Florence, dear Florence!—may I not call you so now, since death long years ago severed the tie which bound you to another?—you are now, as you have ever been since our first meeting, dearer to me than my own life. Will you not remain here, and share my fortune and my home?"

"Mr. Graham! You surely cannot be serious! You would not elevate me from that depth of poverty and wretchedness in which you found me, to your own high station in the world. Do not mock me by such words. I have been thinking, as I sat here, that we must not intrude longer upon your kindness. I have acquirements which might be turned to account. Had I friends to assist me in obtaining pupils, I could teach—"

"Never, while I live! Ah, Florence, I have not deserved this distrust. For your sake, I have led a lonely life, through all these years. At our first interview, I loved you. I was a young man then; you were ten years my junior, and—"

"And I," said Mrs. Selby, interrupting him,

"a wayward, thoughtless child—an orphan with no friends to counsel me. I flung your manly devotion from me, for the affection of a wild, capricious boy. I married him, and how soon did I discover that blind infatuation, not love, had induced me to link my destiny with his. We were young and gay; we sought that happiness in society which we found not in each other. By our extravagance, my husband's patrimony was soon gone, and the large fortune left me by my father, which I had deemed inexhaustible, melted away like a snow-wreath. My husband sought to retrieve his losses at the gaming table; it was in vain. Then to drown his shame and sorrow, he had recourse to the intoxicating bowl. He became a drunkard, and ere our child could lip his name, he was in his grave. Yet he died penitent, thank God! Since then, I have struggled on in this great and heartless city; my health at length gave way, and I sunk into that abyss of poverty in which you found me."

"I know it all. What I did not gather from your own lips during your delirium, I learned from your child. Let us speak no longer of the past, dear Florence! It is a theme too painful. I offer you a love that has stood the test of years, and been tried in the furnace of sorrow. Can you reciprocate it? Will you accept it?"

"I can reciprocate it most fully, and accept it most thankfully. Heaven help me to be worthy of you!"

A year from that evening on which our story opens, a happy trio were seated around the cheerful fire in Mr. John Graham's parlor. Tea was over, and Miss Hannah Graham, as was her wont, had retired early.

"Florence, my love," said Mr. Graham, drawing his wife yet nearer to his side, "one year ago, this night, I was sitting here alone wrapped up in my selfish bachelor reflections. I almost shudder to think what a cynic I was becoming. Why, I should soon have eclipsed even Diogenes in his tub! It was a kind providence that sent me to you that night—was it not, dearest? It is a happy change for me, that the past year has wrought! Say, does the new love atone to you for the loss of the old?"

Mrs. John Graham placed her hand in her husband's, and as she leaned her head upon his shoulder, whispered in his ear:

"That meteor-like, in darkness set;
This, sweetly beams life's guiding star;
I did not love thee *first*, but yet
Thou know'st I love thee better far."

Knowledge, if neglected, is poison. Food, if undigested, is poison.

"IN CHILDHOOD'S DAYS"

BY MIRANDA S. OSBORNE.

In childhood's days—not long ago—
We wandered by the stream,
Whose beauteous marge in wanton flow
Of floral rainbows gleamed—
And zephyrs gaily glided past,
And heaven hung bright on high,
And childhood's heart beat quick and fast,
And life flew gaily by.

In childhood's days—not long ago—
We often met and roved
Beside the stream with footsteps slow,
But never dreamed we loved:
Those days of joy flew quickly past—
A sigh—a tear—we parted:
Death willed it was our first and last—
I roam now broken-hearted.

In childhood's days—not long ago—
It seemeth like a dream;
I hear the murmuring brooklet flow,
I sit beside the stream:
I press the marge her footsteps trod—
The flowers her hand caressed—
And whisper "Loved one—gone to God!
Thy childhood's dream was blest."

THE SURPRISE.

BY CLARA A. HOWARD.

"AND you say you are sad, my poor Julie, and want to come for a few days to Linden Place! My dear cousin! did you not feel that you would be most cordially welcome, without even announcing, much less begging, a visit? Come, then, without delay; but leave your sadness on the road. Linden Place is in full glory, and it will not abide shadows. You say your heart weeps, while your face wears a smile! Well, love, you must 'lay your wet heart by the side of your sunshiny face, and the bog will be dried presently.' In truth, I do not blame you, Julie, for being sad in a city, in the glorious time of summer. Why, you lose the better part of life, by being cooped up between bricks and mortar. Come out with me into the glorious old woods, and let dear nature speak to your heart and it will make it all too glad for weeping."

Such was the letter which Julie Bowen received from her lively cousin, Mrs. Linden. It was the first real smile that Julie's face had shown for the last six weeks; and yet one could hardly have thought that, situated as she was, she could have been very unhappy. Kind and indulgent parents, affectionate brothers and sisters, a luxurious city home, and all appliances for comfort

and elegance, would seem to have been fully sufficient to the happiness of most young ladies. But we all know how little the surroundings of any person of true sensibility can influence her happiness.

Only one year had Julie been initiated into fashionable society; and although she had floated on the topmost wave, far away, in the distant country town where her school-days had always been passed, there was one whose love was dearer to her than all this pomp and show, of which she was so tired. One glance of his large, spiritual eye was better than all the false-hearted compliments which thickened about the beautiful co-heiress of Mr. Bowen, whose wealth was almost fabulous.

But in the charmed circle of fashion, Fletcher Hervey would have been sadly out of place. His were the still and quiet occupations of a scholar; and his home could never be made amongst the frivolities and affectations of city life. He loved Julie Bowen, not for her wealth, for he had not even heard of it; but for her sympathy with his tastes, her fine appreciation of all talent, all genius, and all art that came within the scope of her observation; for her longings after a purer and more spiritual existence; and no less for her tender, womanly heart.

Step by step, through the last half year of Julie's scholar-life, their love had progressed, and yet no word had been spoken by either. Fletcher Hervey was poor, and he felt bound to keep aloft from all engagements, until he could see his way clear before him. With the scanty salary of a teacher of languages, how could he expect anything for the future, but the meanest subsistence? But though lips may be mute, there is a language of the eyes not so easily guarded, and long before she was called to her father's princely home, to enter upon the world where she was to make a part of the pageant, she knew that she was dearly and truly loved.

A year went round, and Julie, dissatisfied with herself and every one around her, and longing for some place of quiet seclusion, where the butterflies of fashion would never think of folding their painted wings, wrote to Mrs. Linden, to invite herself to her pleasant home. It was a rare pleasure that she gave to Alice Linden, when she asked to go to her. She loved Julie better than either of her cousins. There was a great contrast between them, for Alice was a lively, impulsive and fanciful woman, while Julia was silent, almost to pensiveness, and with no slight tinge of romance lingering about the depths of her heart. No one could resist the hearty sympathy and unaffected cordiality of Mrs. Linden.

She met her visitor at the door, with welcome on her lip and in her eyes, and a voice of such tender sweetness, that Julie's tears sprang to her eyes.

An hour passed with Mr. Linden, showed her that he was worthy of his wife; and before the day had gone by, Julie felt herself perfectly at home. Her friends manifested that rare tact which leaves a visitor to her own pursuits, after providing liberally the means of enjoyment.

The family passed most of the time out of doors, and this freedom charmed Julie's taste, while it improved her health, and exhilarated her spirits. She joined eagerly in every plan which would keep her out of the house; and her friends rallied her upon the taste she exhibited, so different from other town-bred ladies.

"I am not a town-bred lady, Alice," she answered, "nor do I wish to be. My wishes all lie centered in a country life. I could rejoice to have a mere subsistence in the country, and work hard for that."

Alice laughed.

"You would suit a cousin of William's admirably," she said. "He is forever quoting these lines:

'I never formed a hope of happiness,
But in the country was the scene.'

"But do you think, my lady fair, that you could really make butter and cheese, milk the cows, and bake corn-cakes?"

"No doubt of it whatever," said Julie, smiling. "I could do a great deal—sacrifice a great deal for those I loved."

Alice looked her in the face for a few moments without speaking. When she turned away, Julie heard her say, "Tears—low spirits—wants to live in the country—make sacrifices—bad symptoms!" and she shook her head gravely as she uttered each sentence.

"Nay," said Julie, following her, "I am not willing that you should think *that*—"

"*That!* that what?"

"What you were thinking of as you turned away."

"Really, Miss Bowen, I did not know you were a clairvoyant. I shall be afraid to think my own thoughts, now that I know that you are given over to the black art. But I will forgive you if you will 'make a clean breast,' to me, of all your thoughts. I know *something* is the matter with your little heart. Confess!"

And Julie, who had never spoken to mortal ears of her love for Fletcher Hervey, unveiled her whole heart to her cousin Alice. Not without many struggles indeed, but frankly and openly, without keeping back a single feeling in connection with it. Indeed, as she had come to her

for a cure, it would have been ungrateful not to describe her disorder to so kind and tender a physician.

"I really had designed, cousin Julie," said Alice, "that you should have bestowed your 'hand, heart and fortune,' upon a pet friend of William's. I will not tell you his name, because that would be hardly fair; but I will tell you this much. He is noble, talented, as highly born and highly bred as any of the Bowens (I may say that, since I belong to the family!) and I doubt not, has as tender a heart as your Mr. Hervey. I am expecting him here on a visit, for he always comes on the first of September, to enjoy a week's shooting with William; and if you do not prefer him to your country school-teacher, I will give you over to a depraved taste."

"I defy him!" said Julie, catching some of her cousin's playful spirit.

After this, there were a great many mysterious talks between Mrs. Linden and her husband, and had not Julie thought it perfectly impossible on her cousin's part, she would almost have feared she was betraying her confidence. At any rate, she was confident that she was the subject of their conferences, for twice she had heard her name, just as she was opening the door of the room where they were talking, and moreover, their confusion showed that something was connected with her.

Time passed rapidly, even with Julie. Her sick heart healed under the glorious influences of nature that were everywhere around her. She loved to go out into the grand old woods, and give herself up to a higher inspiration, than even Fletcher's love could give her. Hers was no common, girlish passion, which could vent itself in words—she was no love-lorn maiden, cherishing an idle sentiment and dignifying it with the name of love! No, she was an upright, pure and good woman, who made even the largest meed of human love subservient to the worship of the divine.

She believed fully that her life and Fletcher Hervey's must and would remain apart. She believed truly that Mr. Bowen would sooner see her die, than wedded to a poor man; and her recent communing with nature, and with her own heart, and the confession that she had made to her cousin relieving her of her heavy secret, all combined with a full purpose that she had formed, of devoting her life to the duties of her situation, and allowing nothing selfish to mingle therein. It is a very good resolve, Julie! Let us see if you can keep it!

The other members of the Bowen family had returned from their sea-side excursions, to the

pleasures of a city life. Broadway was thronged with crowds of gay people who had come from summer tours, to mingle again in show and dissipation. Mamas, whose summer schemes had been rudely blasted. Young lovers, who had failed of securing the heart of the lady of their choice; old men who had left town to lessen their expenses, and had found them wonderfully increased; all met on the same plane of disappointment and vexation, again to form new plans of convenience, of love, or of retrenchment.

Julie was sent for at home, but Mrs. Linden would not hear of it; and her husband who was going to New York on business, promised to make it all right with her father and mother. She was so quiet here that she could not endure the thought of plunging again into the excitement and bustle of the city, and she was thankful when Mr. Linden brought the required permission. The first of September had come and gone; but no signs of Mrs. Linden's expected visitor. She read part of a letter to Julie, which he had written to her in answer to her earnest invitation.

"You ask me to come to you, dear friend, and you hint strongly that there is an attraction there which, you say, will soften even my obdurate heart. How little you know of me, Alice! I could tell you a history of the devotion of that heart, which would put all your preconceived ideas of it to flight at once. But I forbear. Perhaps when I come to you, your womanly sympathy will bring me to confession. Meantime, think anything of me rather than that I am obdurate or insensible. Remember that there is such a thing as unreturned love! I will be with you soon; but when, it will be impossible for me now to say."

"This is vexatious enough," said Mrs. Linden. "I know him so well, that I am perfectly aware why he refuses to appoint his visit. He knows with what a flourish of trumpets we always receive him here, and he intends to take us by surprise."

Julie unconsciously let her thoughts flow out to this stranger, whose visit was so important to her friends—for Mr. Linden was as anxious as his wife was—and she really began to feel some curiosity to see him. But he did not come, and gradually she returned to her old musings about Fletcher Hervey. Not a single word had she heard from him since she parted from him so long ago, when his look only, not his words, betrayed the pain with which he saw her go. Not even his name had by any chance been mentioned to her; and sometimes she doubted if he still remembered her.

A rose-leaf or two, a bunch of field violets, two or three lines of Italian—not immortalized by love or poetry—but a common school exercise, were all the visible signs she possessed of ever having known him. She had brought them instinctively, away from home, lest they should be discovered by her too curious sisters. She hardly knew whether she valued them or not. She only knew that she had a dread of destroying them, as if it would break some link between her heart and another, which she was hardly able to decide if it were at all right for her to keep bright in remembrance!

Among Mrs. Linden's other methods of passing time agreeably, she had a great passion for private theatricals. She had often gratified this taste, before Julie came, but thinking that her cousin would not like it, she had not proposed it until now. As the evenings lengthened, and grew cool, making it impossible to stay out of the house as they had done, Mrs. Linden's thoughts reverted to her old fancy; and with the aid of a few friends, she had contrived a very respectable dramatic representation, in which her husband and Julie, however, declined to appear. She therefore held them as prompters; the spectators being chiefly their neighboring acquaintances with their families. It closed with a dance, in which Julie was prevailed on to join, Mrs. Linden having previously insisted on her putting on a fancy dress, she had herself worn.

It was that of a flower-girl; and Julie, with her sweet, innocent face, and naturally graceful air, combined with the perfect simplicity of her manners, looked the character to a charm. As she was dancing a face, appeared a moment at the door, which made her start and tremble; it was so like Fletcher Hervey's. She lost her self-control for an instant, and lost the figure, but a moment's reflection showed her how impossible it was. As she ceased dancing, Alice came to her, and led her out of the hall. "Let us go to your room, Julie," she said. "William has a friend here, who may stay all night, and we will dress you in your own character."

She proceeded to dress Julie, who was powerless against her, in a beautiful white dress, which had just been sent home, and fastening a single white camelia in her hair, she left her, charging her not to appear below, until she was ready for her. Julie took up a book, and waited patiently. She heard some of the people driving off, and wondered that Alice did not call her to bid them good night. At last the house was still, and Alice came for her. As they turned into the little room at the bottom of the second staircase, Alice told her they were all gone.

"I did not call you," she said, "for it is so fatiguing to stand for an hour, saying nothing but good night! Besides I want William to see you in full glory. Your dress is charming, and you look as fresh as you did at five o'clock. How do you manage it? I am all worn out with the toil of seeing these people. Absolutely, I won't see them again this winter."

And she rattled on until she heard Mr. Linden come up stairs, when she left Julie alone, and passed into the drawing-room. Julie was standing by the table where she had left her; and when she heard, as she supposed, her footsteps coming back, she turned to speak to her. She looked up and saw Fletcher Hervey!

Alice had contrived this afterpiece to her evening's entertainment, with full satisfaction to herself. She had kept Julie's secret inviolate; and even Mr. Linden did not know that Fletcher had ever seen Julie before. Nor did Mr. Hervey know whom he was to meet in that little room, to which Alice had sent him for the bouquet which she had purposely dropped there.

Human nature is not always so sordid as we think. Julie had wronged her father by believing that he would not look upon a son-in-law without money. Mr. Bowen had seen enough, the last two or three years of his life, to make him feel that honest poverty is better than riches dishonestly acquired by rash speculations. When Fletcher Hervey, agreeably to his friend Linden's advice, stated his circumstances and his hopes to Mr. Bowen, the latter grasped him by the hand, and expressed his entire satisfaction with him as a son.

Mrs. Bowen sighed a little over Julie's narrow prospects; but when she knew Fletcher's worth, and perhaps also, when she knew that he had been appointed to a large professorship, and afterwards, too, when he became sought after as a great man, to whom her great men bowed down in conscious inferiority, she was not only reconciled but glorified herself exceedingly on account of her son, the professor. As to the professor himself, he could value all those things, exactly for what they were worth.

As the time drew near when Julie's marriage was set to be performed, she grew anxious that Fletcher should select some place out of the city, for their future home. Not merely for a fashionable summer residence, but for a permanent abode, like that of the Lindens. In this, too, Mr. Bowen acquiesced.

"You will begin to know me better, one of these days, my daughter," said he, when Julie told him how she had dreaded his knowledge of her attachment, and her fear that he would not

permit her to live out of the city. I am beginning to see life under a new aspect. I have purchased two fine estates on the Hudson River. One is yours; the other I shall occupy myself."

It was enough. Julie's happiness was too deep for thanks. They spend a month every September at Mr. Linden's, to keep the anniversary of that evening on which they so unexpectedly met there.

A LETTER OF RECOMMENDATION.

When Dr. Franklin was minister of the United States to France, he was frequently importuned by persons unknown to him to give them letters of recommendation. For cases of this kind, and when it was impossible to refuse, he prepared the following model, and, in some instances, actually employed it to shame persons making such indiscreet applications, and in some measure to stop them:

"PARIS, April —, 1777.

"SIR:—The bearer going to the United States, presses me to give him a letter of recommendation, although I know nothing of him, not even his name. This may seem extraordinary, but I assure you, it is not uncommon here. Sometimes, indeed, one person unknown brings another equally so to recommend him; and sometimes they recommend one another. As for this gentleman, I must refer you to himself for his character and morals, with which he is certainly better acquainted than I can possibly be. I recommend him, however, to those civilities which every stranger of whom we know no harm have a right to; and I request you will do him all the good offices and show him all the favor that on further acquaintance you will find him deserve."

ORATORICAL FLOURISHES.

Figures of speech are dangerous matters for orators to meddle with, and should be handled with great care and skill, unless an ambitious speaker is willing to risk making himself ridiculous. A clergyman not long since reproved his congregation from the pulpit and gravely assured them that "the hand of Providence would not wink at their transgressions!" A descendant of one of the revolutionary sires, in the national legislature, astonished his brother legislators by saying: "My father and my grandfather both saw the darkness of midnight glittering in the blaze of their dwellings." John Randolph once spoke of himself as "*standing on the vacant seat, which we now occupy*"—but he was probably absent at the time. Another distinguished member of the House of Representatives made the following pathetic appeal: "If this bill passes, a small, still voice will be heard in the western district, which will not knock in vain at the door of Congress!"—*Olive Branch*.

A good and generous man is happy within himself and independent of fortune; kind to his friend, temperate to his enemy; religiously just, indefatigably laborious, and discharges every duty with constancy and congruity of action.

COME TO THE COUNTRY.

BY N. S. HILL.

Come to the country—there's pleasure and health,
Unknown in gay cities of splendor and wealth,
There's joy on the hills, when the merry winds blow,
And flowers nod their heads in the valleys below.

A murmuring brook meanders along,
And over the hills is heard the wild song
Of the woodland birds, so happy and free,
As they flit through the trees, and over the lea.

O, leave ye the cities of bustle and show,
And to the green hills of the country we'll go,
For the land of our fathers, the land of the free,
Is the home of the happy; then come here with me.

GONZALES THE PAINTER.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

A YOUNG man, wearing the handsome half Flemish, half Spanish costume of the portraits of Van Dyck, was seated before an easel, and contemplating, with a thoughtful look, a large picture, almost finished, representing the *transmigration*. He still held in one hand his palette, and in the other his pencils, which he grasped with a kind of suppressed despair. After a few moments of silence, he dropped pencils and palette, clasped his hands, and tears filled his eyes. Suddenly the door of his studio opened. The young painter hastily wiped his eyes, and rose with a movement of impatience.

The woman who had just entered had the thick and short form, the ruddy complexion, and wore the costume of Flemish peasants; she might have been taken for one of the *buccones* of Tenebris. She approached the easel, scolding.

"I was sure of it," said she; "you have been at work on your holy picture, instead of finishing the paintings which the Archduke Leopold ordered." And turning towards several sketches suspended to the wall, continued: "Is it not a shame to leave there unfinished, so many beautiful things?"

"A shame," returned Gonzales, ironically, "to quit these drunkards' fights and kitchen interiors to paint the Mother of God!"

"The mother of Satan, rather! Think you not that everybody will recognize in your madonna the portrait of La Caterina? How dared you give the Virgin the face of an opera dancer?"

"Why did God give the opera dancer the face of a virgin?"

"Say that you are glad to have a pretext to entice this young girl hither. O, I am not your dupe, and I know why you love better to paint women than drinkers!"

"Again, Margaret!" exclaimed the painter.

"I will not suffer another woman to enter here," continued the housekeeper, raising her voice.

"You forget that I am master in my own house, Margaret."

"And you forget that I am your wife."

"O no, I remember it but too often!" said the young man, angrily. "Accursed be the day when I encountered you!"

"You were not then so proud."

Gonzales started.

"You are right," said he, bitterly. "I was then a beggar without a shelter. I had received only six rix dollars for my best picture, and my landlord had driven me from my lodgings. O, I have forgotten nothing! You picked me up in the street like a forsaken dog; you generously gave me food and a refuge."

"Who talked of this?"

"You, Margaret; you reminded me of it; but do you know what I have given you in return? I have given you my hopes and my most beautiful dreams; I have become your husband—I who might have been your son! I have toiled in your presence like a workman for his patron, hearing only your scolding voice, seeing only your discontented face. And yet I feel within me all the aspirations of youth! I dream of beauty, sweet songs, and brilliant fetes. O, how often, as I passed the palace of Rubens, and listened to the music of his balls, have I wished to enter! How often have I looked through the garden gate at the young ladies and their cavaliers dancing beneath the trees! And I had but to will it, and the gate would open to me; for whoever can write his name with his pencil, is welcome with Rubens, and Gonzales is not unknown to him! But it would have deranged the monotonous life I have led with you; on returning from the company of these sweet-voiced ladies, I should have found your language more rude, and your temper more intolerable. I prefer to renounce a pleasure, which would only increase my sadness; besides, Art can console for all—even for lost youth. It is to her that I have confided my sorrows; but do not seek to deprive me of this last consolation, Margaret; for when there is no hope, patience must fail."

These words were pronounced with profound bitterness and suppressed anger; but the coarse Fleming did not appear to comprehend him.

"What does all this signify?" said she. "You suffer *cumui*, you desire to go to balls; who hinders you?"

Gonzales made a violent gesture; but immediately repressed it.

"Return to your kitchen, Margaret," said he, with resigned despair.

This calmness exasperated the Fleming.

"To my kitchen!" exclaimed she. "Am I then a servant, and have I not a right to remain here if I will? O, I am not such a fool as you think for, Jean; in the midst of all these fine phrases, there is one thing I comprehend—it is that you are weary of me, and wish me dead. Yes, dead! I should then no longer be a restraint upon you; you could go to the fetes of Rubens, and dance with the beautiful ladies. Only, Jean, when I am no longer here, you must not be sick so often; for these young ladies are afraid that fevers and vigils would spoil their complexion. You must not require them to pass ten days and nights watching beside you; only servants, like myself, ever do that!"

"Yes," said the young man, "you have taken care of me as the executioner takes care of the criminal—to have the pleasure of killing me afterwards at your ease! Am I not, besides, your property?—and like a good manager, must you not preserve a domestic animal whose productions you wish to sell? What you would save, is not my life, but my labor."

"Your labor is indeed worth saving: it is now two months since you have sold a picture, and yet there is a demand on every side; but you had rather remain whole days before this great canvass, watching the flies and seeming to think, that you may be idle."

"Go to your kitchen, Margaret," repeated Gonzales, his patience almost exhausted.

But the Fleming had been wounded to the quick, and, as it often happens in such cases, she felt her anger increase as she spoke.

"Yes," returned she, "my place is in the kitchen; for it is that of honest women; and here are only *filles de joie*; ingrates, who forget what has been done for them; idlers, who suffer themselves to be supported by a wife!"

Gonzales could listen no longer. He seized her by the arm, pushed her rudely out, looked down the door, and threw himself in a chair at the other end of the studio. It was the first time he had resorted to violence to escape the persecutions of his wife, and he was at once sad and terrified at what he had done.

Gonzales had espoused Margaret partly through gratitude, partly through weakness, and without calculating the consequences of such an engagement. He was at an age when one tries all that is new, without hesitation; when one risks happiness and life through indifference or curiosity. He had regarded his union with Margaret less as a marriage than as a domestic association. He

had seen in it, at first, only the means of securing a home, where he would find some one to take the place of mother and sister; he soon found out how much he had been mistaken.

Margaret loved him with an exclusive and tyrannical affection. Jealous and imperious, she pursued Gonzales everywhere with her orders and complaints. No nature could be more opposite to that of the young painter. Her ignorant brutality was equalled only by his delicate susceptibility; he was one of those souls in love only with idealities—charming but frail butterflies, which cannot come in contact with reality without brushing the dust from their wings. Since the despotism of Margaret had been extended even to his art, he had begun to find it more difficult to endure. Already he had several times resolved to recover his independence by leaving Anvers; but the necessity of affection restrained him—he dreaded the return of that isolation which had made desolate his earlier years. Margaret was as yet the only being to whom he was attached by any tie; with her he was unhappy; but he was not alone, and for his heart, full of love, solitude was annihilation.

The scene we have just described made him once more think of flight; and without having resolved upon it, he was asking himself how and where he could go, when he heard a gentle knock at the door of the studio.

"Who's there?" asked he, hastily.

A sweet and slightly tremulous voice replied, "It is I, master."

Gonzales opened the door, and a boy of about fifteen years, wearing a rich Polish costume, entered the studio.

"Pardon me, Antonio," said the painter, passing his hand amicably over the head of the boy, "I had forgotten that it was the day for your lesson."

Antonio raised upon him a glance of sadness, which seemed to express a reproach.

"I had not forgotten it," said he, softly.

Gonzales seated himself again, pensively, and the child approached him with timid tenderness.

"You are sad, master."

Gonzales cast down his head.

"I understand you: she has been here again."

"Yes," said Gonzales; "she came to remind me that she has supported me two months in doing nothing; and she is right, for two months I have labored only for art; my days and nights are consumed here before this canvass, where I efface each morning what I have painted the day before!—for all my efforts are useless, Antonio; in vain do I essay to seize the vague images that float before my thoughts—at the moment of in-

roducing them, they are effaced and disappear. And how could it be otherwise? Nothing recalls to me their beauty. I seek in vain around me forms to imitate—all is coarse, heavy, trivial. O, why was not I born in Italy, like our divine masters? Why did I not grow up like them in an atmosphere of light, elegance and poesy? Ah! they were happy; their souls had but to reflect the creation which surrounded them, and their pencils to copy it. They needed not to invent sunlight and grace. They painted amid fragrant flowers, melodious songs, beautiful women; and their genius was happiness!" As he spoke thus, Gonzales had approached the picture. "All this is cold and vulgar," he said, shaking his head. "Shall I never find the model of that beauty of which I catch a glimpse in my reveries? O, Raphael! Titian! where are the beautiful women who rendered you immortal?"

He sighed, and turned towards Antonio.

"I thank thee at least, child, for one of the forms of which I had dreamed. Look! my angel's head is beautiful, and yet it does not equal thine! Wilt thou serve me again as a model to-day?"

"I am at your orders, master."

Gonzales resumed his palette, placed himself before the easel, and compared the features of the angel with those of Antonio.

"How noble are the outlines of your face!" said he, looking at the young Pole with complacent admiration. "What sweetness and sadness in your look! Ah! if you had but a sister who resembled you!"

There was a long silence. Gonzales had resumed his painting with ardor. Suddenly the door of his studio opened, and Margaret again appeared.

"Some Spanish gentlemen wish to see you," she said, harshly.

"What do they want?"

"I do not know; but they came in a gilt carriage."

"Their names?"

"One only gave his name—it is the Count de Los Cavallos."

Antonio uttered a cry.

"Well, do you know him?" asked Margaret.

But the child replied only by casting a terrified glance around. Voices were heard on the stairs.

"They are here," said Margaret, going to open the door.

Antonio ran to Gonzales.

"I am lost!"

"What mean you?"

"In the name of Heaven, let me depart unseen."

"It is impossible."

The visitors were already on the landing.

"Conceal me, then! conceal me!" cried the bewildered child.

"In this cabinet," said Gonzales, pointing to a closet where he kept his canvases.

At this moment the count, accompanied by two gentlemen, appeared on the threshold.

"Here is my husband," exclaimed Margaret, presenting Gonzales to the visitors.

"Good morning, master," said Los Cavallos, "Rubens has spoken to us of you, and we came to see your pictures."

"Look, gentlemen."

The young gentlemen began to examine the pictures suspended to the wall, and stopped before the six ordered by the Archduke Leopold.

"Why do you not finish these beautiful pictures?" asked the count.

"I am working on something else."

"Yes," muttered Margaret, "on an *Annunciation*."

"And where is this *Annunciation*?"

Gonzales pointed to his easel, and the three Spanish noblemen approached; but scarcely had the count cast his eyes on the canvases, when he exclaimed: "Look! Cabrella; do you not know that angel's head?"

"It is the niece of the Duchess d'Alcazzo, the beautiful Dolores."

"What say you, gentlemen?" exclaimed Gonzales, approaching.

"Ah! you introduce great ladies into your holy pictures," resumed Los Cavallos. "But how knew you the duchess? I have never met you at her house. How did you obtain the portrait of Dolores?—for it is she; the resemblance is wonderful."

"This angel's head," interrupted Margaret, who had approached, "is the portrait of the young Pole."

"What Pole?"

"Antonio; he was here just now. What has become of him?"

"He has gone out, sir," said Gonzales, hastily.

"It is impossible; we should have met him on the stairs; he must have concealed himself."

"He is not here, I tell you."

"I will wager that I can find him."

But Gonzales darted upon his wife a look in which there was so much of command that she stopped short.

"What is all this?" asked the count. "Why conceal from us the young Pole who sat for the angel?"

"The woman is mad, sir; I painted this head from memory."

Los Cavallos looked at Gonzales with a suspicious air, took his companions aside, and exchanged a few words with them in a low tone.

Gonzales felt that he must put an end to this "Do the gentlemen desire anything more?" he asked, coldly.

The count cast upon him a haughty glance. "Do we disturb you, master?"

"I live by my labor," replied the painter.

Los Cavallos made an angry gesture, which he immediately suppressed.

"We will leave you then," said he. "Only beware! for it sometimes costs dearly to paint noble ladies." And turning to his companions, he added: "Let us go to the duchess. We will verify the resemblance of Dolores to the angel."

Gonzales opened the door for them, and saw them disappear down the winding stairs. Hardly were they alone, when Margaret advanced towards the cabinet, and found herself face to face with Antonio.

"I was sure of it!" exclaimed she.

"Go, go, Margaret!" said Gonzales, hastening thither.

"Why did he conceal himself? What signifies all this?" she uttered.

Suddenly the eyes of the Fleming rested upon Antonio. She uttered an exclamation, as if a new suspicion had struck her, and, by a movement too rapid to be prevented, put aside the pelisse of the child.

"A woman!" exclaimed she.

Gonzales remained immovable and speechless.

"A woman!" repeated Margaret. "It is very possible! Ah! I comprehend now! These, then, are the pupils to whom you give lessons, Gonzales?"

"Silence, Margaret!"

"And do you think I will suffer this?"

"Away!" he exclaimed, furiously.

"Yes, I will go; but I will return quickly with the Duchess d'Alcasso!"

She darted from the studio. The young girl made a movement as if to follow; then stopping short, said, "After all, what matters it?" And she threw herself into a chair, weeping.

During all this scene, Gonzales had remained as if struck with a stupor. What he had just learned was so sudden, so unexpected, that he could hardly comprehend its meaning. He caught a glimpse of happiness which he dared not look in the face, and before which he closed his eyes. Meanwhile, when he saw himself alone with the young girl, when he heard her sobs, he felt his heart melt. He approached her, and said in a supplicating tone:

"Sorrow, pity me—I dare not understand or believe. O, give me no false hopes! All that has passed here is so strange that I fear an explanation. This disguise; these visits. What is there for me beneath all this? Is it happiness or a disenchantment?" And as the young girl remained silent, and her sobs redoubled, he knelt before her. "Sorrow, a single word to tell me what I am to hope or fear. Look! I ask it on my knees."

The young girl threw her arms around his neck, and pronounced his name in a low tone. The latter uttered a cry of joy.

"Dolores! Dolores! is it true then? Did you come on my account? Do you love me?"

"Gonzales!" repeated she, resting on the forehead of the young painter her cheek moistened with tears.

The latter placed one arm around her, and raising her head with the other hand, said, in a voice broken with happiness, "Is all this not a dream? Am I not mad? I, beloved by you, Dolores—by you so noble and so beautiful! But how can this be? Dare I love you? Only to look at you, I weep with joy! O, what has inspired you with this kindness towards me?"

"For a year past, Gonzales, I have known you and loved you."

"Where then did you see me?"

"At the convent of St. Marie, while you were painting your *Samaritan*. Each day, concealed in a curtained pew, I passed whole hours in looking at you. Invisible for you, I lived in the intricacy of your heart. I saw your brow by turns pale with despair or luminous with enthusiasm; I heard you speak of your work, censure or praise it; I witnessed all the emotions of your inspiration. Sometimes, when the curious came to pay you a visit, I heard you talk of Art, of Poesy, of Religion. All you said seemed new to me, and yet I felt that all these thoughts were within me. At last, one day (you have perhaps forgotten it), a young painter, whom you had known in your childhood, came to see you. You confided to him your sufferings, and I then learned them. Your friend, in his turn, related his life to you; he was full of courage and hope; he was beloved! After having listened to him, you took his hand. 'Be happy, Rynold,' you said to him. 'Ah! if I had been thus beloved, I, too, might have possessed genius.' And you wept, as you spoke thus. From that day I loved you."

"Angel!" exclaimed Gonzales, clasping the girl in his arms; "and I knew nothing of it!"

"Perhaps I should have betrayed myself; but I had not time. My aunt, who was in Spain,

returned and took me from the convent of St. Marie. I saw you then more rarely; nevertheless, I sought you everywhere, and I often encountered you on the promenades or in the museums. But suddenly I ceased to see you. It was a long time before I learned the cause of your disappearance. At last, by means of inquiries, I heard that you had been long ill, but were convalescent. I could no longer resist my anxiety. My aunt, solely occupied with the pleasures of the world, left me entirely at liberty. Aided by my nurse, who lives near here, I procured this costume, and presented myself before you to take lessons in painting. You know the rest, Gonzales. I saw you often, I heard you speak; I was happy, and should still have remained silent, had not chance discovered all."

"Ah! do not complain of it, Dolores, for I owe to chance the happiest hour of my life. If you knew what I feel! I would thank you for my happiness, and cannot; I am at your feet as a child without strength, without volition, overcome by surprise and joy. I fear lest a movement should awaken me, and I would die here listening to your voice and looking at you."

"Gonzales, do you then love me also?"

"Do I love you, Dolores? You are the realization of all my hopes, all my dreams! Do I love you?—you, who have descended like an angel to the poor forsaken one!—do you not see that you are now all in all to me, that I can no longer live but for you and with you? Blessed be the chance which led these gentlemen hither!"

"Ah! you remind me; you have made me forget all—Los Cavallos is now with my aunt."

"You are right."

"The duchess is implacable; she will revenge herself on you for my love."

"What care I?"

"Reflect that Margaret will conduct them hither. O, I will not wait for them! I should die with shame and grief! Then they will separate me from you, Gonzales."

"Never!" said the painter, encircling her with his arms. "It is God who has united us; he will never separate. You cannot henceforth remain here, Dolores; well, let us break the bonds which detain us; let us renounce our past, and both commence a new existence; let each be to the other, in future, family and world; let us fly together!"

It was rumored, a few days afterwards, in the studios of Anvers, that the painter Gonzales had disappeared, and no one could divine the motive. The Duchess d'Alcazzo announced on her part, that her niece had suddenly set out for Spain,

summoned by a brother of her mother. Rumors of flight and elopement soon arose; but the duchess quelled them without difficulty. She contrived to give her friends news of Dolores, and to show them the letters which she wrote her, she said, from Spain, so that at the expiration of a short time, her absence no longer occasioned remark.

Meanwhile the duchess neglected nothing to discover the retreat of her niece. The precautions which she took to conceal her flight had been dictated less by affection than by pride. What she desired above all was to conceal that an Alcazzo could descend to love a man of the people; for it was not the fault which displeased her—it was the lover. Little cared she for honor, if appearances were saved; and Dolores, the wife of Gonzales, instead of his mistress, would have seemed to her still more guilty as having stooped more irrevocably. But what she desired at any price, was to separate her from Gonzales, and to have her re-appear before any unsuspected circumstance should have revealed the truth. Her pride was interested in this, so she had recourse to every method of discovering the two fugitives; but especially to an old family servant, whose address had been of service to her on many occasions.

Perez had formerly been a spy of the Inquisition, and had thus acquired the cunning perspicacity of all accustomed to espionage. Like the savages of the New World, who trace on the grass the print of the enemy's moccasin, he could discover the slightest vestige, the most fugitive indication; he would follow your trail, recognise the air you had breathed, or the word you had uttered on your passage, to a host or a beggar. Besides, entirely devoted to the Alcazos, the pride of Perez was also involved, and he swore to find the young girl, and set out, provided with instructions from the duchess.

As he had hoped, the talent of Gonzales aided him in his pursuit. The latter had taken refuge in Brussels, where he lived by the product of his pictures, which he took care to sell through other hands. Perez found at Amsterdam several of these paintings, recently brought into the market. He went from purchaser to purchaser, and at last arrived at Brussels, where he discovered the fugitives.

His measures were immediately taken to carry off Dolores, and rid himself of her lover. One evening, therefore, as they were returning home, he placed himself in their way, accompanied by several men, who threw themselves on the young painter, and struck him several blows with the poignard; but some citizens, attracted by the

cries of the girl, ran thither and compelled the assassins to take flight. Perez, arrested by them, was thrown into prison, whence he emerged only at the expiration of three months, and through the intercession of the Duchess d'Alcazzo; and when he found himself free, the lovers had left Brussels. He recommenced the search with new ardor; but, doubtless informed of what had happened, Gonzales had taken precautions that his works should not betray him. Perez in vain frequented the shops of the merchants, asking for pictures of Gonzales, and offering to cover them with gold; all his inquiries were useless—Gonzales painted no more!

The envoy of the Duchess d'Alcazzo had already traversed in vain Flanders, Holland, England and France. He was returning to Anvers in despair, but nevertheless visiting on his way all the brokers' shops, and asking information. One day, as he was at Oudenard, in the studio of Hals, less celebrated for his talents than for his skill in trafficking that of others, this painter received several pictures, which he unrolled in the presence of Perez.

"What are those paintings?" he asked.

"Marvels," replied Hals; "flower pictures of a young man who has revealed himself only within a few months. Usually, the greatest artists announce themselves by imperfect works; this one has commenced by *chef d'œuvres*. There are in his productions the grace and experience of a master. You shall judge, for I have here his largest and finest picture." Hals put aside the curtain, and showed Perez a large picture suspended to the wall.

It was the interior of a poor but gay little room. In the background was a bed of serge, with the *benitier* and consecrated branch, and near to it two rude chairs. On the narrow case-ment, some broken porcelain pots, garnished with variegated tulips; and finally, in the middle, a willow basket, half overturned, whence were streaming verdure, fruit and flowers.

"Look!" said Hals; "what delicacy and harmony!—there are not only here flowers, furniture, fruits; this is a whole picture, and this deserted chamber has its expression like a head of Rubens. Among all the painters of our times, we have had but one who could give to his interiors this charm, and to his painting this finish: it is Gonzales."

"Gonzales!" exclaimed Perez; "do you say that this painting resembles his?"

"As much as two kinds of painting can resemble each other."

"And you call this flower painter—?"

"Henri Staube."

"Where does he live?"

"At Harlem."

"I will buy this picture, Master Hals," said Perez; and that very evening he was on his way to Harlem.

At the extremity of a suburb of Harlem, and in the midst of a garden cultivated by the florist Roffman, stood a cottage half buried in jessamines. It was composed of a single story, which was reached by an exterior stairway, overhadowed by vines, and interlaced with rosy honeysuckles. This was the dwelling of Gonzales and his young mistress. They had been allured by the isolation of the habitation which concealed them from all eyes, and by its rustic grace. Besides, Gonzales had the advantage of having always before him the flowers and the fruits he wished to paint. Having comprehended—after his adventure at Brussels—that his pictures would always lead to his being recognized, he resolved to change the kind and his name, that he might defeat the malice of his persecutors. It cost him something to quit thus a career gloriously begun for an uncertain and novel one; but the security of his happiness was at stake. Then there was for his soul something more precious than fame—it was art. Little cared he, after all, for the applause of men; what he thought of was the work itself. His love, so deep and so delightful, was mingled in his soul with admiration of his art. He loved Dolores, not only because she was lovely in herself, but because she was a beautiful model. He thought less often of her devotedness than of the inspiration of her beauty; and he saw in her not only a beloved woman, but a wonderful part of creation, something holy, the very sight of whom inspired genius.

So he devoted a part of his days to studying her graces, to copying them on the canvass. He cared little that his progress was not known by the world, that it was not applauded; he felt his talent increase; he experienced happiness from it; he entered each day more into the possession of art. Like the early Christians who adored Christ in the catacombs, without listening to the noise of the Rome above them, he cultivated painting, careless of the voice of renown. As for Dolores, all that her lover felt, she felt. These two souls seemed to have mingled in the same religion; but they had reached this end by two opposite paths—Gonzales had comprehended love by art; Dolores, art by love.

All the time the painter had to spare, he devoted to sacred studies. Condemned to paint for others only flowers or fruits, he painted for himself Madonnas, saints and angels. Dolores

served him as a model for his labors, which he concealed from all eyes, and his life passed away thus in a succession of delightful studies and sweet emotions. As it increased, his happiness alarmed him; he feared every instant to see it crumble away, and guarded it with feverish anxiety.

Since his arrival at Harlem, he had done everything to conceal himself and efface his memory from the world. The merchant who purchased his pictures was the only man to whom he had spoken; his house, the only one into which he had entered. Dolores was still more sedentary; she never went to the city, and avoided frequented places. Only when the evening was pleasant, she descended with Gonzales to the fields which lay extended before the garden of the florist; they sought the most solitary paths, and leaning on each other, advanced slowly over the fine grass, gathering the wild flowers, watching the flight of the butterflies, or hearing the sigh of the birds in their mossy nests.

Sometimes, after a long walk, they would pause, and Dolores would seat herself, while her lover remained standing before her. With folded arms and head inclined, he would watch the sun as it set behind the trees, listen to the sound of the breeze among the leaves, or the songs of the laborers in the distance; and amid these thousand harmonies, these thousand beauties, Dolores would seem to him to be the queen of creation. Then the night would descend slowly; the moon would peep through the poplars, and both would resume their walk. Hours of loving conversation, when arm presses arm, head inclines to the beloved head, and confiding love gives kiss for kiss.

For some time past, Gonzales had been at work upon a head of St. Cecilia, which, in his judgment, would surpass all he had hitherto done. It was the first time he had experienced that joy of the artist who recognizes that his life is communicated to his work. One day, after having labored with more assiduity than usual, he felt the need of repose, and went out alone. The merchant to whom he sold his flower paintings owed him some money; he directed his steps towards his shop to claim it.

A light breeze was beginning to temper the heat of the day; the houses of the faubourg cast a shadow which afforded a shelter; children, seated on every threshold, were taking their evening repast, and young girls were conversing beside the fountains. Gonzales advanced, casting around him an enchanted glance. Like all men who have been long confined by study, he experienced in the open air an ineffable impres-

sion of happiness; he felt his muscles expand and his brain enlarge; the balmy air of evening intoxicated him; his feet no longer touched the ground; everything seemed radiant and smiling. He traversed thus the faubourg, and arrived at the shop of George Krab. The merchant's son was there alone. Gonzales asked for his father.

"He is above with a stranger."

"I will wait for him," Gonzales said. And he began to examine the pictures and curiosities of every kind which garnished the shop of Krab. A portfolio filled with engravings, after Michael Angelo and Raphael, at last fixed his attention. He seated himself behind a large picture of Rubens, in the middle of the warehouse, and began to examine them one by one.

He had already been there a long time, when voices were heard on the stairs. A door at the side opened, and Krab appeared, accompanied by a stranger.

"Go, William," said the merchant to his son, "your mother wants you."

The child went out.

"Here are the two pictures of which I spoke to you," continued the merchant, pointing to two paintings suspended to the wall.

"Are these by the same Henri Staube, whose paintings I saw at Oudenard?"

"It is I who sell his pictures to Master Hals."

"Does he paint anything but flowers?"

"No."

"You are sure of it?"

"Sure."

"And you say that Staube has lived in Harlem only six months?"

"About that period."

"What is his appearance?"

"He is a tall, handsome young man; a little pale, somewhat sad, with long hair and a mild eye; rather a Raphael than a Rembrandt."

"He is, indeed! Does he live alone?"

"I do not know; he comes here only to bring me pictures, and never talks of himself. Nevertheless, I remember now that neighbor Ryscoff told me he met him one evening in the fields with a very pretty young woman on his arm—his wife, doubtless."

"It is he! it is he!" repeated Perez. "I must see him."

The merchant looked at the Spaniard with astonishment. "You have business with him?" said he, in a suspicious tone.

"Yes, Master Krab; where does he live?"

"I do not know," he replied, drily.

"How?"

"Master Hals, it appears, is tired of paying me a poor commission on the pictures I sell

him; he wishes to have them directly from the artist."

"You are mistaken, sir; I do not come on the part of Hals."

"Then it is on your own account? In any case, you may seek elsewhere information respecting Staubs. I am not yet stupid enough to give the address of my painters to a broker."

"You are in an error," exclaimed Perez. "I am not a picture dealer; I swear it to you."

"It is useless."

The merchant conducted him to the door.

"Master," said Perez, stopping and looking around him, "I will give you a hundred ducats if you will point out to me the dwelling of Staubs." And as the merchant was about to make a sign of refusal, he continued: "Listen, the matter in question does not concern pictures, but an elopement."

"What do you mean?"

"I am in search of a young girl who eloped, if I am not mistaken, with your flower painter, whose name is not Staubs, but Gonzales."

"Is it possible?"

"I have every reason to believe it; but you can aid me in ascertaining it, by putting me in the way of seeing the young woman with whom your painter walks."

"That would be difficult; he lives alone in a cottage in the new faubourg, rarely goes out, and receives no visits."

"We will arrange it so as to make him go out. I may rely upon your discretion, master?"

"As I upon your hundred ducats?"

"Here is half the sum; the rest you shall have if you succeed."

"Agreed," said Krab, counting the money.

Perez approached the painting which the merchant had shown him when they entered, and read the name written below—*Henri Staubs*.

"Yes, yes," muttered he, "you thought to elude me by changing your style of painting, and signing a false name; but I well knew that I should recover traces of you somewhere."

"In fact," said the merchant, who had approached, "I now see in these paintings of flowers something of the touch of Gonzales."

"O, it is he, I am sure! He could escape me only by ceasing to paint and losing himself in the crowd. But these great artists must express what is in their hearts, and be constantly in correspondence with the public. They hope to conceal themselves by changing their handwriting, and do not dream that sooner or later the pen will be recognized. Adieu, master; I will go and take my measures, and to-morrow we will commence the campaign."

As he spoke thus, Perez went out of the shop, and the merchant followed him.

Meanwhile, Gonzales had heard all. As soon as he found himself alone, he quitted his retreat, and opening a back door, left the shop and hastened to the new faubourg. The conversation he had just heard left him no room for doubt—they had discovered his traces, and a prompt flight had become necessary. But this flight would only postpone the danger; the fortunate chance which had served would not always occur; even should they once more escape the pursuit of the Alcazzos, would they not soon be exposed to it anew, and all their precautions to conceal themselves be useless? Perez had said it—the pencil of the young painter must everywhere *sign his name*.

Gonzales was at last compelled to understand that he was placed in the alternative of renouncing Dolores or renouncing Art!—and yet between these two misfortunes, the choice appeared to him impossible—the painter and the lover were so united in him, that to lose one of his joys was to lose both. What would Art be without Dolores but nature without the sun! But how could he refuse genius at the moment it was about to come to him? Was not this a sacrifice to be expiated by the remorse of a lifetime?

He traversed the faubourg, seeing and hearing nothing, and arrived, in despair, at the garden of the florist. Within sight of the cottage, he paused. Dolores was there, doubtless awaiting him, and as yet he had not decided! He threw himself, without strength, on a bank of turf—his uncertainty had become despair. He cast around him a bewildered glance; the languid flowers were beginning to raise their heads; the water in the ponds was rippled by the evening breeze, and the setting sun sparkled through the acacias like a conflagration. This beauty of creation overcame Gonzales.

"O no!" murmured he, extending his arms; "no, I will not renounce all this! I will live with the flowers and the sun! I am a painter!"

At this moment a sweet and suppressed song was heard. The young man started, and putting cautiously aside the foliage of the arbor beneath which he was concealed, he perceived Dolores leaning out at the window, seeming to be looking up the road. She was holding in her hand a common earthen pitcher, which she was wiping, and chanting, in an undertone a romance of her country:

"And the shepherd said to Inez: 'I have loved you seven years, senora, and I wished to tell you so once.'

"Now let your father's soldiers come, that they may load me with chains; summon the executioner that he may put my limbs to the torture; order for me a coffin, for I know that I have deserved death."

"Inez replied to the shepherd: 'It shall be according to your desire; but for chains, you shall have my arms; for tortures, my kisses, and for a coffin, the bridal bed.'

"I also love you, and for you will quit the chateau of the count; I was rich, I shall be happy; I was powerful, I shall be beloved."

"I will go and dwell in your cabin, Sanchez, I will watch with you the goats upon the rocks; I will be an industrious and submissive wife, as I ought."

"And do not care that my forehead is whiter than thine—it will quickly be embrowned on the mountains; do not be uneasy because my hands are weak—they will be strengthened by labor; but look at my heart, Sanchez, for my heart is courageous and strong."

While Dolores sang, a revolution seemed to be wrought in the mind of the young painter. His hands were placed on his heart, as if to suppress its beatings; his lips murmured the name of Dolores, and tears moistened his eyelids. When the young girl had quitted the window, he remained for a long time immovable; at last raising his head, as if he had taken his resolution, he left the arbor, ascended the steps of the cottage, and softly opened the door.

Dolores was preparing the table for the evening repast; at sight of her lover, she uttered an exclamation of joy, and threw herself into his arms.

"How late you are," said she; "I was becoming uneasy."

Gonzales embraced her, without replying.

"What is the matter?" asked the young girl, starting back. "You are pale."

He sat down and took Dolores on his knees.

"They have discovered our retreat," said he; "the man who attempted to assassinate me at Brussels is here."

"Perez!—who told you so?"

Gonzales related what had happened at Master Krab's, and the conversation he had heard.

"You see," added he, "that I must renounce painting or you—the choice is made!" And running to his easel, where the *St. Cecilia* was exposed, he exclaimed: "I am no longer a painter; thou hast sacrificed to me rank and honor, Dolores—I will sacrifice to thee my art!" He pressed the picture to his heart, and touched his lips to it. "Adieu!" repeated he, "O, my admired one, who was to give me glory! adieu,

my hopes! adieu, my dreams!" And seizing the canvass, he rent it in pieces.

Two years had passed away since the day when Gonzales had fled from Harlem, and Perez had continued to seek him everywhere, unavailingly. Taking refuge in the little town of Carigliano, in Italy, the lover of Dolores had been faithful to his resolution—he was no longer the painter Staube, but the basket-maker, Gonzales Cano. This metamorphosis had completely defeated the emissary of the Duchess d'Alcazzo; but it had been fatal to Gonzales.

When he had sacrificed painting to Dolores, he had not comprehended how cruel this resolution would become; the contrary sacrifice would perhaps have been more easy. The loss of his mistress would doubtless have been severe; but it would not have annihilated him; his grief would have found relief in art; it would, perhaps, in expression, have become genius, while now his love for Dolores was condemned to silence. It was only in reproducing the graces of the young Spaniard, in transferring her soul to the canvass, that Gonzales knew how much he loved her; the more beautiful and celestial he painted her, the more his love became revealed to him—for him, the pencil was a voice. So, since this voice had failed him, he knew not how to express his tenderness; words seemed cold to him; they were common to all, while his former language was his own! Thus compelled to be silent, his passion forgot itself; since he had no longer been constantly occupied with Dolores, he feared loving her less, and this thought disturbed him. He accused his heart of ingratitude, of insensibility; he interrogated it as a corpse, in which one seeks to find life. Unhappily, the more he thus tortured himself, the more he felt his heart grow cold. Dolores was always what he loved most in the world; but he loved everything less; there was within him, as it were, a bitter spring, which flowed incessantly and poisoned his joys; he felt a sort of powerlessness to desire and to will, which was nothing but the incapacity of happiness.

His material position added to his sufferings. He had been accustomed to the capricious labors of the artist, to easy earnings, and he wearied of the assiduous toil which scarcely brought him every day the means to provide for the morrow. Educated amidst studios hung with paintings, and accustomed from his childhood to brilliancy of colors, he felt his sight wounded by the nakedness of his new dwelling; the monotonous sadness of these whitewashed walls communicated itself to his whole being.

One day when Dolores had gone out to carry some women's work to the Countess d'Apano, who inhabited a villa near Carigliano, Gonzales seated himself alone on the threshold of his cabin. Since he no longer painted, his sole artistic joy was to contemplate the country, and to see the young Neapolitan girls on their way to the city with their baskets of fruit, or kneeling at the feet of the Madonnas. He saw there all that the Italian school has transferred to its painting; it was an immense picture, which comprehended all others, and in the presence of which he forgot himself for entire hours.

He had already admired it for a long time, when a sportive hand placed itself like a bandage over his eyes. The young man recognised it and kissed it. "Is it you, Dolores?"

"Yes, it is I, my Gonzales; but raise your head—do you not see by my eyes that I bring you happy news?"

"What?"

"O, you must wait; I have run hither; let me breathe, and give me a place near you."

Gonzales seated her on his knees. "What is it, then, joyous messenger? Let us see."

"You know that I have just come from the Countess d'Apano, and we have conversed a long time. She has informed me that the young girl who superintended her women has left her, and has proposed that I should take her place."

"You, in the service of the countess?"

"Why not?"

"Do you forget who you are, Dolores?"

"I am the beloved of a basket-maker."

He pressed her to his breast with a sigh.

"But this will separate us."

"Indeed! Do you think I forgot that, Signor Cano?—it was the first objection I made to the countess. 'Ah,' she replied to me, 'your husband writes well. I have seen the bills he sends his customers; the count needs a copyist; he will take him.'"

"And what did you reply?"

"I accepted."

"Can you think of it? We, attached to the household of the count—subject to his orders—almost his servants! I cannot consent."

"O, say not so, Gonzales! You will accept; for I desire it, and you will not refuse me. Do not have more pride than I, my love. What matters it whether you are the basket-maker Cano or the copyist of the Count d'Apano? There you will be happy; the yells of this poor cabin will no longer sadden your eyes; we shall inhabit that pretty cottage in the park, which we have so often looked at and coveted; you will live amid marble fountains, pictures, statues.

Then reflect, we shall secure for ourselves a refuge. If we are ever discovered, the count will protect us. O, do not refuse, I conjure you!"

"Who could refuse you?" said he, with enchantment. "We will go to the count."

The next day they presented themselves at the villa Apano, and found themselves face to face with the count and his wife.

"Here is your copyist and my housekeeper," said the latter.

Gonzales bowed; but his eyes, as he raised them, fell on a large picture at the extremity of the apartment.

"A Corregio!" exclaimed he.

Dolores turned pale.

"You are a connoisseur, it seems, signor. How have you learned to distinguish so well the touch of the masters?"

"By seeing them," replied Gonzales.

"And where have you seen their pictures?"

"In the merchants shops, and museums."

The count did not press him farther. He asked him a few questions, gave him orders, and invited him to take possession with Dolores of the dwelling he had destined for them.

But the sight of this painting had disturbed Gonzales to the depths of his soul. As long as he had seen only nature, his passion had been absorbed in an incessant contemplation of it—the sublimity of the model took away from him even the desire of imitation. On the contrary, the sight of this picture restored to him all his former inclinations; it was as a testimony of what art could do, a lesson which revealed the methods of attaining its object. His love for painting revived, increased by the constraint which had been so long imposed upon it. Often, at daybreak, while Dolores was still asleep, he would rise, creep like a criminal along the walls of the villa, open a window, penetrate noiselessly to the hall where the wonderful picture was exposed, and remain there, mute, with fixed eye, until the first sounds of morning compelled him to return. This visit each time redoubled his exaltation; he knew it, and could not refrain from making it.

These emotions soon seriously affected his health. The life of Gonzales had always been threatened, and the unhopèd-for joy which the love of Dolores had inspired had alone retarded the malady; happiness had been to him instead of health; but with the latter the prodigy ceased, and disease made rapid progress.

Dolores neglected nothing to penetrate the cause of this recent malady. She had redoubled her affection, she had questioned him—all had been useless; he had closed his soul upon his

despair! As tender beside the young girl, he continued to smile upon her—but that pale smile which freezes. The latter relinquished the idea of obtaining from him a confidence which he seemed determined to refuse; but she began to scrutinise all his words and movements, hoping to discover, by means of watching, what he concealed from her.

One night she thought she heard a noise, and suddenly awoke—Gonzales was not there! Afrighted, she arose, calling him, and ran to the adjoining room; but she stopped, mute, on the threshold. Standing before the wall, which the moon was illuminating, as before a prepared canvass, Gonzales was making the gestures of painting. At intervals he drew back to judge of the effect of his picture. His brow shone with enthusiasm; his lips murmured broken words.

"Courage!—I have discovered the secret, Corregio. I will find out thine, Raphael—it is the same: to mingle the colors with a ray of sunlight. Look!—that is it!" He stepped a few paces backwards; his face became illumined with a celestial joy, and his hands were clasped. "At last, my God! at last," murmured he. He remained for a long time immovable; then raising his head, as if emerging from a profound reverie, he approached the wall, made a motion as if to draw a curtain over his imaginary picture, and advanced towards the other chamber.

What she had just seen had revealed all to Dolores. She resolved to save Gonzales at any price.

On the morrow she asked to see the countess. She found her conversing with her physician.

"What wouldst thou, my child?" said she; "and why dost thou tremble thus?"

"Signora," replied Dolores, "I come to confide to you a secret."

The physician was about to leave.

"Remain, Signor Juliano," continued she; "you also ought to know all."

Then, with downcast eyes, pale with shame, and with stifled voice, she related her love for Gonzales, how the latter had renounced his art, and how this resolution was killing him. When she had finished she clasped her hands, and letting her tears flow, added:

"Now have pity on him, and save him. I do not wish to be torn from him; but I wish him to live. You are powerful, signora; here, no one would dare offer violence to us. Protect us here, and I will be your submissive slave, and Gonzales shall fill your palace with paintings."

Dolores had fallen at the feet of the countess. The latter, trembling with surprise and emotion, attempted to raise her with gracious words; but

the despairing young girl remained at her feet, repeating:

"Do not refuse me! O, do not refuse me!"

"Who would have the courage to refuse you, poor child?" said the countess. "Re-assure yourself; Gonzales shall resume his pencils, and you shall both find here a safe asylum. But rise, I entreat you."

"O no, no!" exclaimed the young girl, covering the hand of the countess with kisses; "let me thank you on my knees, signora. O, repeat to me that Gonzales may paint! It is his life, signora. You see, since he has laid aside his pencils, he is more feeble, paler each day; and if I should lose him—O, if I should lose him!"

"Do not fear it, child, we will save him; will we not, doctor?"

The physician made, with hesitation, an affirmative sign.

At this gesture, Dolores rose from her knees, upright and pale.

"Ah!" exclaimed she, "he is lost!"

"I have not said so," replied Juliano, rather embarrassed.

"He is lost!" returned Dolores; "your gesture has said it. O, do not conceal from me the truth! Is he not lost? You have not visited him for a long time; you have then given him up. O, my God, is there no hope? But this is impossible, since for many days he converses, he smiles—he is perhaps almost well." And as Juliano remained with downcast eyes, without replying, she resumed: "Ah, I remember now. It is said there are maladies in which the patient revives thus in the last moments of life. Is this the truth?"

"It is the truth."

The young girl fell on her knees again, wringing her hands; then, as if her heart refused to despair, she resumed:

"But now you know the cause of his malady, Signor Juliano. You are skilful; you will cure him. O, say that you can cure him!"

"It is too late."

Dolores uttered a cry. At the same instant the door of the adjoining room opened, and Gonzales appeared, with sparkling eye.

"Too late!" repeated he; "pencils, then!—give me pencils!"

"Ah! it is I who have killed him!" said Dolores, throwing herself into his arms.

"Pencils! pencils, before I die!" repeated Gonzales, wildly. "I have just seen Corregio—there, beside his picture! He has spoken to me! I also am a painter!" He attempted to step forward, but he staggered, leaned against the wall, and swooned.

He was carried home, where he soon recovered his senses—he was a prey to a burning fever. He wished painting materials to be brought to him—canvass, pencils, palette; all these he touched with infantile joy. He inhaled with delight this perfume of the studio to which he had been a stranger for two long years. When the easel had been placed beside him, he raised himself in the bed, entreated Dolores to sit at a little distance, and began to paint.

It seemed as if a supernatural power had descended upon him, and that he was acting under its influence, without being conscious of what he did. His hand neither hesitated nor trembled; the canvass beneath his pencil grew animated, as if by enchantment. The count and Julian, standing behind him, could not repress their cries of admiration; but Gonzales heard them not. With dishevelled hair and sparkling eye, he painted, singing the airs of his childhood, long forgotten, and now recovered, as if by a miracle.

Suddenly, in the midst of these songs, which seemed murmured by instinct, the favorite romance of Dolores was heard:

“I also love you, and for you will quit the chateau of the count. I was rich, I shall be happy; I was powerful, I shall be beloved.

“And care not that my forehead is whiter than thine—it will soon be embrowned on the mountain; care not that my hands are weak—they will be strengthened by labor; but look at my heart, Sanchez, for my heart is courageous and strong.”

The first verses had been chanted by the dying man as a vague reminiscence, but insensibly his souvenirs seemed to awaken, and he paused.

“It was Dolores who sang that at Harlem,” said he, “on the day when I promised her to paint no more.”

And perceiving the pencil which he held in his hand, he added:

“Unhappy one! I have broken my promise. Perez is coming—he will recognize us! Let us fly! let us fly!”

He made a movement as if to escape; the count and Julian detained him.

“There they are!” exclaimed he, “Dolores, conceal this canvass!—tear it—tear it!”

He made an effort to seize the picture; but hardly had his hand touched it, when it stopped, as if powerless to consummate this destruction. His arms stiffened in a gesture of grief and of prayer—he fell back with a sigh, and his eyes closed forever!”

He is above his enemies who despises their injuries.

THE ELECTRICAL EEL.

Of the singular powers of this wonderful creature much has been written, and some things said, which appear almost incredible. This fish abounds in the rivers of North and South Carolina, and many of its wonderful exploits are recounted and recorded there. In the waters of Massachusetts Bay it is so seldom seen that the following circumstance seems worth relating, and are in the narrator's own words. Capt. Walker, of Provincetown, recently, while running a schooner from that place to Boston, was overtaken by night off Cohasset Rocks, and was running into Boston Channel in the evening.

At about eight o'clock, it being very dark, and his vessel moving slowly in, he dropped over his board to ascertain the depth of water, and in slowly pulling in the line he felt something cold upon it, and thinking it might be a bit of kelp or rockweed, was about to throw it off, when it fastened upon his hand and coiled around his wrist. He endeavored to shake off the eel, when suddenly bringing its tail around, it struck his arm with considerable force, and gave the worthy captain such a shock as sent him reeling to the deck. Recovering a little, he proceeded to seize the fish and cast it overboard, when he received a second shock from the little battery that caused him to call for aid, uttering a scream that must have been heard for miles.

Determined not to be overcome by so paltry an object as a small eel, he proceeded once more to discharge his catch, but was a third time repulsed with a greater force than before, laying him prostrate at full length upon deck. His men immediately rushed to the rescue, and bore the captain, almost insensible, aft, where medical aid could be administered. Never having heard of such wonderful power of the electrical eel, the greatest consternation prevailed, and the vessel rushing on in thick darkness, they knew not where, the anchors were got out with much difficulty, and they waited impatiently the return of day, actually supposing some evil spirit had seized upon them, and that for the night they were to be the sport of their orgies.—*Yarmouth Register.*

MRS. PARTINGTON.

“How is your patience, doctor?” said Mrs. Partington, pushing up the window and thrusting out her head as Dr. Bolus rode by. It was at the time when the venerable Aims was just recovering from a protracted bilious attack, during which he had been so sick that his friend, the President of the Perpetual Life Insurance Company, had told his friends in confidence that he wouldn't insure Aims's life for fifty per cent. The doctor reined up, with a gentle “woa,” and replied that his patient was convalescent. The good old lady held up her hands. “I declare,” said she, with an expression of pity on her countenance that might have served as the capital stock of three modern philanthropists, “I declare I am sorry for it; but I dare say you can cure any body of convalescence if any body can.” The doctor construed the remark into an ironical reflection on his practice, and rode away rather petulantly and didn't look at the house for three days thereafter when he rode by.—*Exc. Gazette.*

THE MOTHER-IN-LAW.

BY SYBIL HASTINGS.

NEARLY three years passed subsequent to the marriage of Horace Adams before he took his wife and child home to the old homestead where he had spent the days of his childhood and early youth. During the period of her wedded life, and ever after the day which made her a widow, the homestead had been the abiding place of the senior Mrs. Adams, whose union had been blessed with but two children, both boys, the eldest of whom had died prior to his attaining his majority, leaving Horace the sole recipient of his mother's solicitude.

From her earliest youth upward, to the present period—something past the maturity of middle age—she had led a life of self-indulgence, which gradually matured into a spirit whose manifest arrogance of opinion and petty arbitrary sway over her own household became disagreeable and irritating in its daily exercise over the inmates who, either by circumstance or necessity, were compelled to find themselves domiciled beneath her roof. Time had softened in the recollection of the son the defects of his mother's character; their homes being widely separated, but for brief and far-apart visits paid by him to the paternal home, and in the tender pride with which he was wont to regard his young wife, the thought never once occurred to him of the vast difference between the two characters whom he was now about to assimilate in the close intimacy of domestic life. In the gay southern metropolis in which he had commenced business, under the patronage and kindly influence of a relative of his father's, he had met the gay girl, whose youthful fancy for the handsome young northerner had ripened into the halcyon love of a wife—the mother of his child.

Full of the sunshine of an affectionate spirit, laughing in the care-free gaiety of youth, were the dark eyes which wandered from the carriage window as, Horace Adams ended his journey homeward, in the shadow of the old pear-tree before his mother's door. But the owner of those gay glances beheld not the motherly countenance bending forward in cordial greeting from beneath that vine-wreathed portico which she pictured to herself for the last half hour of her drive—not even the hall door stood hospitably open to their advent; the roses of June scattered their white and crimson leaves over the well-worn door step, and the grass grew tall and untrodden to its base. The closed doors, the curtained windows, gave the house a deserted, lonesome

aspect to the wife's eyes; but Horace Adams knew well the custom of the proprietor, and opening a small side gate in the low picket-fence, hedging in the front yard, he found his way to the other side of the house, where a column of smoke rose darkly up from the kitchen chimney towards the clear, blue, summer sky; and through the open door he beheld his mother within.

With a quiet, expressionless countenance she sat in the amplitude of her arm-chair vigorously knitting away on a stocking of almost interminable length, while she at the same time superintended the movements of a sober looking domestic, busied in the preparation of dinner. The swinging-to of the garden gate, followed by the shadow which fell upon the sunlit floor, prepared her for the frank, clear tones of her son's voice, speaking his cheerful greeting to herself. It was the *shadow* of a smile alone which crept across those thin lips, and lost itself in the premature wrinkles of her forehead. She thrust her knitting needles into the heart of the ball which she withdrew from the depths of her pocket, rolled it slowly up, and not until then did she follow her son through the house to the front entrance, whither he hastened to admit the travellers.

She had not half made the passage of the hall before a graceful, girlish figure bounded forward to her side; a pair of small, white hands, ungloved, and profusely decorated with sparkling gems, grasped her arm, and a face, from which fell back a quantity of long, dark curls, raised itself affectionately to her own.

Eleanor Adams, even in the confusion of the moment, experienced for the first time the chill with which a loving heart feels itself repulsed, as those frigid lips left a scarce perceptible impression on the brow which she touched. But there was a gratified expression in Mrs. Adams's eyes as she took, for the first time, her grandchild from its father's arms, and looked in approving recognition of the infantile charms upon its wondrous baby beauty, which almost reconciled the mother's heart to her own uncordial greeting; and the glance of rigid scrutiny which she turned upon its nurse, the old negress, whom she had brought with her from the south for the love which she bore her little nursling, and had borne herself, whom she also had nursed in her infancy.

From the bed upon which she had thrown herself as soon as she had disencumbered herself of her travelling dress, Eleanor cast a pleased survey around the cool, spacious chamber, to which her mother-in-law had at once consigned her, with an intimation of the near approach of the dinner hour. Dinah had looped back, by her

directions, the voluminous folds of white muslin which draped the tall mahogany bedstead upon which she lay, the curtains from the windows, the sashes of which had been raised by the united efforts of her husband and Dinah—so long did they seem to have been closed as to forbid all belief in the free circulation of summer breezes and summer sunshine being permitted therein, to steal from the gloss of those white draperies, now floating idly in the breeze, or fade the bright hues of crimson and green which had striped the floor of that guest chamber for many a year. The baby lay asleep by her side, and Dinah was already busied folding away her wardrobe in the chest of mahogany drawers, almost black, and highly polished with age, the upper drawers of which were beyond even the reach of Dinah's long arms, unless mounted on stool or chair.

She had not more than half completed her toilet, before she called Dinah from the still half unpacked trunks, and despatched her to the front yard in quest of a handful of roses. Hitherto Dinah had gathered her mistress's bouquets from the prodigal flower beds of a southern garden; therefore, as her wont, she plucked the half-blown roses from the bushes, wholly regardless whether they bore buds or not which would blossom at some later period. Mrs. Adams, senior, met her coming through the hall, her arms laden with the rifled contents of her garden, and something like an exclamation of affright broke from her as she beheld the sacrilege which had been committed. Never before had mortal hands ventured to detach from those prized and cherished rose bushes more than a single rose at once, and that must be full-blown, short-stemmed, and barren of accompanying bud and leaf. The exclamation of terror ended in a brief, sharp reprimand that sent the affrighted perpetrator of the wrong with hurried footsteps and disturbed countenance to her mistress's chamber; but when she beheld the rapturous delight with which Eleanor received the brilliant colored and pure white flowers, she prudently forbore to disenchant her of her treasure by a knowledge of the rebuke which she had herself received for gathering them. So in utter unconscientiousness, Eleanor twined a white and bluish bud amid her curls, and fastening the lace which frilled her white corsege with another, went below. The sound of Horace's voice led her to the sitting-room, where she found him, together with his mother and another person, whose residence with her husband's mother was as yet unknown to her.

Rachel Gray—for this she was called—arose as Mrs. Adams named her in brief, abrupt words

to Eleanor, and curtsied demurely to the graceful apparition which glided into their midst; then she shot a quick, penetrating glance from beneath the long, light lashes that habitually drooped low over the pale blue eyes, which brightened with a restless expression as they scanned the features of her aunt's guest.

"Come here, Mellie, and take your first good view from this south window of the beautiful Connecticut River, and acknowledge I have neither exaggerated nor overrated its beauties one iota," called her husband from the open casement, from which he was bending; and Eleanor did not notice as she joined him the chilling game which fastened itself upon her flower-wreathed hair, and leisurely surveyed the delicate robe in which she had attired herself; but Rachel Gray noted it all with secret satisfaction, and echoed a profound sigh after her aunt's when she turned to her from that critical observation of her daughter-in-law's toilet, observant of even the embroidered handkerchief which was thrust within her belt—an extravagance of which she, herself, had never been guilty.

"It is indeed charming! and," added Eleanor, turning to his mother, "I no longer wonder that Horace should have ever retained so vivid a remembrance of this pleasant home; I can but wonder that he could have ever found it in his heart to leave it with all the glad associations of his boyhood also encircling its precincts."

"I so endeavored to instruct my son that duty to him would be paramount always to pleasure and self-gratification."

"I can well believe it, my dear madam, knowing him as I now do," responded the wife with ready tenderness, while Horace patted her cheek, and called her some pet name, too low to be audible to the others.

"You will see, Rachel Gray, if dinner is prepared," said Mrs. Adams. "The minute hand is already on the stroke of one o'clock, and Horace has doubtless not yet forgotten the punctuality which, with some degree of success, I have ever maintained in my household." And the old lady glanced complacently about her as though she would call their attention to the order which was apparent in the very apartment in which they were assembled.

Truly, it was a pleasant room, with its wide, open chimney-place, and the base therein filled with the feathery green asparagus tops and glossy oak leaves, filling up the space intervening between the massive, burnished andirons; the cool, white matting spread upon the floor; the long muslin curtains, falling to the very floor, and the row of quaintly carved high-back-

ed chairs ranged about the room. The green blinds were partly closed, and from the window at which they stood, the sunshine came in, softly tempered through the thick June foliage of the trees, while the drowsy hum of mid-day filled the air with a soft, monotonous melody. But there were no books upon the little table beneath the glass; only a ponderous volume, with "Holy Bible" inscribed upon its brown leather cover, lying on a small stand in a remote corner. A portrait, meant to represent the maidenhood of the mistress of the house, and perpetrated in brilliant hues, hung upon the wall; and just opposite, a no less execrable likeness of her son, which would have been unrecognized by his wife, had not the original himself pointed it out, with a mischievous smile.

"It will console you during my absence by its remarkable resemblance to myself, will it not, Mellie?" he questioned, laughingly, and for the first time there fell heavily upon Eleanor's heart a presentiment of coming loneliness and homesickness.

Horace marked the troubled look which became visible in that expressive countenance, and chided himself for the unpleasant remembrance which he had called to her recollection.

He was about absenting himself from their little circle, on affairs of much importance, connected with his business, which compelled him to go abroad for an indefinite length of time, which he consoled Eleanor with the promise of rendering brief as possible; and he had brought her north, with her little one, to become in the interval a resident beneath the shelter of his mother's roof, she being, like himself, fatherless, and yet more desolate for one so young without mother, brother or sister.

Something of the vast incongruity existing between his wife's tastes and habits, and those into which she was about to be brought into daily contact, now, for the first time, occurred to him, as he marked the vivid contrast which she presented to both his mother and Rachel Gray; but with the easy credulousness of affection, he never doubted Eleanor's power of converting, as she had hitherto been so successful in doing all things in conformity with her own inclinations. He did not realize that which to him were but girlish caprices and graceful foibles, would be looked upon by more austere eyes as grave offences, committed against the decorum and dignity of wife and motherhood, and moreover, that Eleanor now stood something in the light of a rival between his own and his mother's heart. Every caress, each loving word bestowed upon the young wife by her husband, she con-

sidered herself defrauded of by Eleanor. The grace which she soon imparted to the formal and elaborate arrangement of the pretty parlor, by a distribution of various trifles of books and *bijouterie* therein, were to her only a tacit rebuke of her own ability.

In spite of herself, Eleanor soon discovered that all her endeavors to please could not win one approving smile or friendly word; that while the beauty of little Carrie was a source of ill concealed triumph to the grandmother in exhibiting it to the neighbors, that she was none the less disposed to cavil at the extravagance of its richly embroidered frocks, most of which had been wrought by herself. But what perplexed and chagrined her most of all were the ceaseless reprimands which poor Dinah constantly incurred in doing her bidding, and which, with the garrulousness of her class, she did not hesitate to communicate to her mistress. However, for Horace's sake, these, the most palpable trials which she had ever known, Eleanor determined to overcome with a brave, hopeful heart, whose courage was born out of her tenderness for him.

Happily unconscious of the frequent cause which she gave for dissatisfaction through her very ignorance of the existence of many of Mrs. Adams's prejudices, Eleanor found great and exceeding enjoyment in the unrestrained freedom of a country life, which she was now for the first time permitted to enjoy. Absorbed in her own pleasant thoughts, she was blind to the interchange of all glances passing between Mrs. Adams and her parasite, Rachel Gray, when she would burst upon them with her apron laden with the wild flowers which she had rifled the woodlands of far and near, her cheeks glowing with exercise, her small hands sadly browned by exposure to the sun. And Horace, if he sometimes felt inclined to remonstrate with his mother for her ceaseless discouragement, and sometimes almost arbitrary remonstrances against those wild rambles which were rounding that slender figure into a more perfect grace, and filling the late languid limbs with an elasticity that argued well for the increase of physical health, was easily diverted from his purpose by a word or glance from Eleanor, who would not for the world have suffered herself to mar the harmony existing between mother and son.

Now the time drew near for his departure, and when it came, it found Eleanor, all softened and subdued as she was by grief, thoroughly prepared to appreciate any degree of kindly attention, no matter how trivial, offered by her who was the mother of that adored one; and with a lambent gentleness, Mrs. Adams did

rouse herself to bestow for a brief season something of that womanly attention towards Eleanor and her child, which it would seem most natural for her to give. But the change was as transient as it was insincere; all Eleanor's tastes and habits rose in direct opposition to her own; and more than all else, Rachel Gray followed her like a shadow, taking a malicious pleasure in pointing out to her observation all the incongruities which existed between them.

The winds of autumn ever and anon hurled from the half barren limbs of the old pear-tree, before the homestead, the crisp and frost-bitten leaves, sighing drearily against the casement of Eleanor's chamber—the occupant of which lay rather than sat in the chair before it, with her poor aching head resting wearily against the window pane, great tears rolling slowly down her thin, white cheek, and suffered to break unheeded upon the window sill, even as the rain drops upon the glass.

Weeks had now elapsed since that miserable last day of summer, when the members of that household had been startled by a moan so appalling in its anguish as to echo forever in the memory of those who heard it. Hurrying from the dining-room to the parlor, which they had just quitted as Eleanor opened the morning paper, with a faint hope of finding the English vessel, in which Horace was expected home from England, telegraphed, Mrs. Adams and Rachel Gray beheld her sitting there, white and rigid as a statue, her dark eyes frightfully dilated and fixed upon the paper which had fallen at her feet. With a pale cheek and trembling hand Rachel Gray had taken up that paper, and read therein the loss of the vessel in which Horace had taken passage home, including all the lives but those of a portion of the crew.

They never heard but that one moan of almost more than human misery from her; only once in a while, when Horace's mother lay uneasy or wakeful during the dark, silent watches of the night, she fancied she heard the repetition of that sound coming faintly through the closed door from the chamber where Eleanor lay with her baby. But it was soon perceptible that she faded and drooped, instead of recovering from the heaviness and first bitterness of the shock she had sustained.

The mother's grief for the loss of her son seemed to have spent itself in a brief, passionate abandonment to her sorrow while she received the sympathy and condolences of her neighbors, and finally subsided into an emotion of secret indignation against Eleanor that she should ap-

pear to suffer longer or more acutely than herself. The agonized expression which would involuntarily contract the wife's features whenever any casual mention was made by his mother of aught appertaining to him, was to her a tacit rebuke of her less sensitive recollection, and she felt herself aggrieved by the wife in her manifestation of a more enduring sense of bereavement than she herself experienced. There was solace left to her in the daily routine of domestic life and its relations, but for the void in that widowed one, on earth there was no substitute.

Horace's loss, too, it was soon ascertained, had left his wife, with her child, dependent upon his mother's bounty; so entangled were his business affairs, and so little known to his wife and mother that they were compelled to leave their entire adjustment to strangers. Absorbed by her grief, Eleanor had as yet paid little heed to aught else. Always heretofore abundantly provided for, she could not readily comprehend how she could suffer, either from dependence or through actual want. While his mother was amply provided for and abundantly able to do for them, she could not for a moment doubt her good will towards the wife and child of her only son. No, the question never once occurred to her mind, nor, in truth, was it fully realized by Mrs. Adams herself until casually alluded to by Rachel Gray.

"Poor thing!" said that person, with affected sympathy, "no wonder she is pining and fretting herself to death, setting, as she has done, so high a value on the possession of worldly vanities and adornments."

Her companion looked up at once with ready attention, and Rachel Gray went on:

"Don't you think, aunt, that perhaps if you were to speak with her on the necessary change which custom requires in her dress, that she would be in a degree easily diverted from her present melancholy state? I, who was only a cousin to your poor son, have already worn black for him these six weeks, while Eleanor has as yet made no change in her dress, but, on the contrary, puts on the same attire which she was wont to do when he was alive and with us, apparently utterly reckless of what the world may say of such neglect shown to his memory."

"True, child—quite true. How could I, too, have been so forgetful? I must speak with her myself," answered her aunt.

And she had spoken with Eleanor that morning, who answered her only by a gush of quiet tears; and to her suggestion that Rachel Gray should go at once to town to make for her the necessary purchases, with a mournful obedient,

"As you please, mother." And Rachel Gray did as she was requested, and returned with her purchases—fabrics which were almost unknown to the hitherto elegantly nurtured child of affluence; garments whose texture the mother-in-law would herself have shamed to have beheld her son's wife in, had not the artful suggestions of her niece that Eleanor's previous habits required more costly attire than they were accustomed to wear, steeled her heart to all generous and womanly impulses. But the arrow which Rachel Gray barbed with petty malice for the heart of her rival, fell aimless against the wounded breast of Eleanor Adams; coarse and costly garments were all one to her then, in her bitter anguish, and the fresh burst of sorrow with which she had received them that autumn morning from the hands of Mrs. Adams, had been just as acute had they been selected by the same prodigal hand which had hitherto supplied her wants.

"You were right, Rachel Gray, there is a double cause for Eleanor's sorrow," said the step-mother to her niece, as they sat in the parlor below, while the unconscious origin of their misconstructions laid her head upon the rain-beat window pane, and hearkened with fainting heart to the dreary moan of the autumn storm.

"She is nothing but a child after all, aunt, and we must not be too exacting. What if we were to try how successful a little petting and humoring of her old fancies would be? I thought of this yesterday, when in town; and if you will be so good—if you will not think I was too forward, that I took too much upon myself, you will please, aunt, look at these handkerchiefs, which I took with the other articles, for her." And as she spoke, she took a small parcel from her work-box, and displayed a dozen of very delicate pocket handkerchiefs of the finest linen cambric, edged with a deep black border.

Mrs. Adams, after a critical examination, took them up, and, without speaking a word, ascended to the chamber of her daughter-in-law. Still Eleanor sat with bowed head by the window, while old Dinah, with her wishful, sympathizing gaze, turned towards her little Carrie, asleep upon her knee.

"I have brought you a little present, Eleanor," said the old lady, and for once she shaped her words and tones to a kindness that brought a wan smile to Eleanor's lip, and a vivid expression of gratification into her eyes, as she took the friendly offering which was tendered her, and strove to express her thanks in a voice that would have been cheerful had her self-command equalled her wishes.

"It was very thoughtful and considerate of Rachel Gray; for it is to her, and not to me, you are indebted for remembering your taste in such things," continued Mrs. Adams.

Eleanor glanced down at the deep black borders which edged the handkerchiefs, when her words and every expression of pleased emotion faded from her countenance at once.

Mrs. Adams attributed, most unjustly, the change, which she manifested to an emotion of dislike and annoyance which she experienced at being indebted to her niece, and she grew quite wrathful with her companion.

"Rachel Gray is a good and praiseworthy girl," she said, hastily; "and you would do well, Eleanor Adams, if you were to strive to imitate her in patience and submission. She, too, has been chastened by the Almighty's hand, where she, too, placed her earthly dependence; she, too, has come to me to live equally in want with you yourself, and deprived of her worldly maintenance; but Rachel Gray has never repined; by her meek and patient deportment, she has evinced her gratitude to God for the humble instrument which he has provided in myself to take care of the fatherless and the motherless. She has truly been to me a comfort and a dependence in my old age—not a burden, through ceaseless repinings and lamentations."

There was a brief silence; then Eleanor said, in a low, sad voice:

"I, too, mother, will try to be to you even as Rachel is, with my Father's help; but I am but a poor, weak child, and time I trust will aid me with an increase of strength."

"You are too much accustomed to consider yourself incapable of exertion, Eleanor," said Mrs. Adams, still too much excited by her previous words to be touched by the pathos of that voice. "It would be much better for you were you to exert yourself."

"O, believe me, mother! I have striven to endure patiently. You have heard no word spoken by me in rebellion against my unhappy destiny—you never will; grief, such as I experience, cannot spend itself in idle moans."

"You are not alone in trouble, Eleanor; you forget that I, too, have been deprived of my husband, and that in what you have been a loser I, too, am one for the second time. If Horace was your husband, he also was my son; but you arrogate to yourself all regret for his loss."

A wondering, incredulous expression came over her companion's countenance, as she spoke:

"What is it you wish of me? How am I to satisfy you?" she questioned, and for the first time the accents of that voice became slightly

querulous, like an aggrieved child stung into momentary impatience by an exacting monitor.

It was the first symptom of rebellion which Eleanor had ever exhibited, and trivial as it was it fanned the spark of jealous tyranny in her mother-in-law's breast into a flame of passion.

"What is it I wish of you?" repeating her words, and concentrating all the indignation which she had ever entertained towards her into a hard, cold gaze fixed upon her victim's countenance. "It matters perhaps little what I wish, but let me tell you what I perceive, and what is quite evident to every one: You have taught yourself all through your life to believe that because you were young and pretty you were to receive nothing but indulgence, that you were to be fostered and cared for like a baby; and now that poor Horace has gone, and you find yourself without the means to gratify all your old foibles and extravagant fancies, you sit down and idly fold your hands under the cover of your tears, thinking no one will perceive that you have another cause to fret about equally with his loss."

Eleanor did not speak now when her assailer paused to take breath ere she proceeded; but the calm steady gaze of her dark eyes did not droop beneath those which met her own; they grew calmer and clearer, but yet more sorrowful, with each word. Only when Mrs. Adams proceeded to suggest the propriety of her giving up her child's nurse, and in very comprehensive language urged the apparent necessity of her taking the care of little Carrie upon herself, did she understand the exact meaning of Mrs. Adams's counsel to her to exert herself.

"Part with Dinah! Why, she has been with me since my earliest recollection! It would break the poor thing's heart—if it did not my own. Ask anything else of me but that; I cannot send her from me," was her answer.

"And I then am to understand that you not only refuse to comply with my wishes, Eleanor, but insist on forcing upon me as a member of my household a person who is not only personally disagreeable but very expensive to me?"

"Certainly not, madam; but as I cannot part with the faithful creature, I myself must go."

"And pray where do you propose going?"

Eleanor put her hand to her forehead and burst into a flood of tears. In that one bitter moment she realized the truth for the first time.

"True, I have no home to go to now. This, mother, is the only roof beneath which I have the slightest claim for shelter. But I beseech of you, do not turn away poor Dinah—Carrie will so grieve for her—Dinah will break her heart."

But Mrs. Adams was obdurate; for she beheld in Eleanor's persistency to retain Dinah only a direct opposition to her will. And Dinah went, yet with less agony, notwithstanding her manifestation of most acute grief, than her mistress herself experienced; for Eleanor now grew daily to a knowledge of the unloving hearts that surrounded her, and her friendless position.

The snow lay thick on the hillsides, and filled the valleys, while the ice sleeted the Connecticut and bridged it for many a mile. Christmas had come and gone, when Eleanor was aroused one bitter cold morning from her sleep by Rachel Gray, who stood by her bedside with a countenance expressive of unusual agitation.

"Eleanor! Eleanor! you must go to Aunt Martha; she is very ill; I don't know what can be the matter with her;—but she talks so strange and looks so very bad, she frightens me, and I dare not stay all alone with her."

Mrs. Adams had been indisposed for several days, but none of the family had considered her, any more than she herself had done, as seriously so. Eleanor's child had also been unwell for some time, and consequently fretful and troublesome in the extreme, particularly during the night, and Eleanor, upon whom its entire charge had necessarily fallen, with the dismissal of its nurse, was almost worn out with fatigue and the severity of a northern winter, which she for the first time experienced.

The rigid economy practised by Mrs. Adams in the family had deprived Eleanor of the only means of alleviating the discomfort which she experienced from the severe cold weather. Her sleeping apartment, which was sufficiently warmed for comfort during the day, chilled her pitifully when obliged to rise, as she frequently was, with Carrie, suffering with the restlessness consequent on teething. An ordinary degree of motherly forethought on the part of the mistress of the house would have seen that the young mother's comfort was better provided for; but although she strove to judge her neither too strictly nor severely, Eleanor could not but believe that through her mistress's positive orders was Betty, the housemaid, restricted from providing her with the requisite fuel to make comfortable that exposed and spacious chamber, in which she had been domiciled from that to her far off happy summer day.

During this night she had been even more disturbed than usual by Carrie's restlessness; and her head ached, her limbs were stiff and heavy, when she aroused herself to obey the summons.

Even Eleanor's ignorance as a nurse did not

preclude her immediate recognition of the very serious illness of Mrs. Adams. With the departure of her physician, there was a strange alteration of the position of the different members of her household. In the young mother's distant chamber, Betty the housemaid watched over the little one, who queried impatiently for the indulgent parent, who came not as hour after hour wore away, and sank at last sobbing to sleep in the evening time.

And Eleanor Adams, whosefore lingered she far off in the chamber of that sick woman—that woman, whose petty exactions, whose continual reproaches had harassed her with perpetual unrest? The threshold of that sick chamber Rachel Gray had never once crossed since from its precincts she had fled affrighted early that day when Dr. Barnard, after an attentive survey of the patient's lineaments, pronounced her very ill of a contagious disease. From whence or where contracted none ever knew, but Martha Adams lay sick, almost unto death, for many days, deserted by every human being but her physician and one other—a woman, faded and blanched through great sorrow, sorrow which she had herself greatly contributed to increase, to but a shadow of the happy wife of her son, who had come to her home in the summer time.

Eleanor dared not incur the risk of carrying the contagion, to which she fearlessly exposed herself, into the child's presence, and day after day went by, while through the open door there came but an occasional laugh of little Carrie's to cheer the watcher's weariness. But there was a precious recompense preparing for Eleanor Adams. The questioning glance which the sick one at first turned languidly upon her, was softening in a grateful, trusting expression, which fell like a blessing on Eleanor's heart. At first she had fretted after her niece, and impatiently bade Eleanor summon her to her side; but when Rachel came not, when the truth gradually became apparent to her that Eleanor alone shunned her not, this change became manifest.

Paler and paler, thinner and thinner grew Eleanor, and like a restless spirit Rachel Gray flitted to and fro from the parlor to her own chamber, jealous of the care which Eleanor bestowed on her aunt, but unable to summon sufficient courage herself to brave the danger attendant on the duties of the sick chamber. With the hope of the prolongation of Mrs. Adams's life, which Dr. Barnard gave at length, after many tedious days, was the earnest recommendation to the young nurse to seek rest for herself immediately, so worn did she appear with the long confinement to which she had resigned herself. But

Eleanor felt that not yet could she leave the side of the helpless invalid, that not yet was there another ready to fill her place; and still she watched beside and tended on the sufferer, heedless of the doctor's remonstrance.

A deathlike lethargy had followed the immediate violence of Mrs. Adams's disease, and Eleanor awoke from a brief slumber, into which she had unconsciously fallen by the bedside, to behold the sick one awake, and regarding her with earnest and apparent consciousness.

"You look tired, Eleanor," she faintly said.

"But I can soon rest, now that you are looking so like yourself."

"And that I had never again been but for you. Eleanor, come closer to me; give me your hand. I have not been what I should have been to you. God forgive me, and bless you!" And she lifted the thin, pale hand, which grasped her own, with grateful tenderness to her lips. One brief moment she held it there, then Eleanor felt that feeble clasp close convulsively about her own, beheld those dim eyes brighten and dilate in strange agitation, as they fixed themselves upon the dear beyond. She turned round to behold the cause of her agitation, put her hand feebly up with a faint low cry, and sank senseless upon the floor.

A manly figure stood in the doorway, with tears rolling slowly down cheeks brown with exposure and flushed with emotion. The lost had returned; the blue waters of the Atlantic had given up the treasure which Eleanor believed they had engulfed.

Sweet to Eleanor's heart was the recognition by Horace's mother of herself in tender love; but not until summer came round with its sunshine and soft breezes, could even her perfect joy win back the palest roses to her cheek. Horace was able, with little difficulty, to retrieve the loss he had sustained in his business. His mother never wearied of hearing the tale of his shipwreck and subsequent rescue by a foreign bound vessel, and repeating but for that trial, which had tried them alike so sorely, she had never learned Eleanor's worth and her own injustice.

Shortly after her aunt's recovery, Rachel left her home on a long visit to a distant relative, and the undisguised coldness of her aunt in parting with her, and the utter cessation of a further intercourse on her part, made it necessary for Rachel by accepting the first offer of marriage which she received to make for herself another home.

In all Connecticut, there is no pleasanter family circle than meets every summer beneath the roof where Eleanor Adams first learned to know and bear earth's troubles.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

A NEW VOLUME.

With the present number of our DOLLAR MONTHLY we commence the *fourth* volume of the work, under the most agreeable and successful circumstances. A rapidly increasing subscription list is an unmistakable token that *Bal-
lou's Dollar Magazine* was a happy conception from the first, and that a resolve to supply a monthly literary work, that all could afford, is fully appreciated. As we said in our last number, probably there never was a similar work issued from the press, which in a year and a half reached to so extensive a list of subscribers.

Ten years ago, this work, with its *hundred* pages of reading matter per month, upon fine white paper and neatly printed, could not have been afforded for less than *three dollars* per annum; but improvements in machinery, and the principle of *large* sales and small profits, have done wonders, and we send it forth for *one dollar* per year, perfectly satisfied with the returns we realize. People in the same line of business say to us, "Too cheap! too cheap!—you will ruin our business!" We reply that the public, not they, are our customers, and it is the public whom we serve.

Let our subscribers and friends show their good-will by speaking well of us to others; and let it be known that such a work can be had for *one dollar* per year, and what sort of a work it is, and our list shall be swelled still more rapidly. Will not each of our friends try to send us at least one subscriber?

In the meantime we shall continue to improve and beautify the work, and the reader will observe that we are continually adding the names of new and talented contributors to the already able corps engaged upon the DOLLAR MONTHLY.

DO SOMETHING.—Every one can and should do something for the public, if it be only to kick a piece of orange peel into the road from the foot-pavement.

ONE MILE.—In playing a game of billiards a man walks upwards of one mile on an average.

COSTLY.—The expense of one trip of an ocean steamship is over forty thousand dollars.

THE LADY'S PAGE.

Mrs. Bolster, who has just commenced the life of an Avenoodle, in New York city, has added a "page" to her establishment. Pat Murphy, newly come over, a "breth of a boy," a second edition of the Irish giant, done up in a fine blue livery, with silver buttons, goes in for that line of character. The other evening, Murphy was told by the lady that she was "not at home to anybody." Among the dismissed callers was Mrs. Dudgeon, Mrs. Bolster's sister. The next day, when she learned to whom she had been denied, Mrs. Bolster informed the page that she was always at home to her sister.

Soon after imparting this information, Mrs. B. entered her carriage, with the new horses, and drove forth with the benevolent intention of "raking down Broadway" with the splendid equipage. During her absence, Mrs. Dudgeon called. "Is my sister in?"

"Sure she is, ma'am."

Mrs. Dudgeon walked in, and up stairs, and all over the house, without finding the lady. On leaving the house, she once more encountered the page. "What did you tell me my sister was up stairs for?"

"I told ye so, madam," replied the Hibernian, "because I had it from her own lips, that she was always at home for you."

Mr. Murphy is not so great an acquisition after all.

VICISSITUDES OF LIFE.—A curious rencontre happened to Douglas Jerrold on the first night of "The Rent Day." When he was a midshipman on board a man-of-war, he met in the same capacity, a lad named Clarkson Standfield. Sixteen years afterwards, these two sailor boys met on the boards of a London theatre; one the great scene-painter, and the other a successful dramatist.

SEA SERPENT.—The sea serpent has been seen off New Jersey; he was heading northeast and will turn up off Nahant, probably on the very day Col. Stevens reopens his splendid hotel.

SWARTS TO THE SWEET.—The sugar and molasses crop of Texas, last year, amounted to more than \$800,000. It "takes us."

OUR PLACE OF BUSINESS.

The constantly increasing business of our publications has for a considerable time demanded of us increased facilities for the proper transaction of the same. This it was impossible for us to consummate in an old building like the one we have so long occupied; and consequently the proprietor has purchased a large and convenient site in one of the principal thoroughfares of Boston, No. 22 Winter Street, where he has erected a large, convenient, and especially adapted edifice, solely for the publishing of his papers and Magazine, and the various branches of business immediately connected with the same. The new publishing hall is now nearly completed, and due notice of removal will be given to our readers and the public. The building has been arranged and erected upon an entirely novel plan, peculiarly adapted to our purposes, under the supervision of John R. Hall, architect, Anthony Hanson, master carpenter, and D. H. Jacobs, master mason—three faithful and competent builders.

The entire basement, 132 feet deep by 28 feet in width, will be occupied by our twelve Adams presses, paper room, engine and boiler room, etc. The first floor, of the same large dimensions, and 14 feet in height, will be exclusively occupied as our business and publishing room, where will be found the cashier's office, chief book-keeper, mailing clerks, assorters, folders and packers' departments, and our own business office. On the second floor will be the editor's private room, proof-reading room, and composing, or type-setting room. On the third floor are the departments devoted to our corps of engravers, and the boxwood blocks, and the machinery and material for the engravers' use. On the fourth floor will be the designers' and gilders' rooms, with that of other finishers in various departments. On the fifth floor will be carried on the extensive business of our bindery—in the folding, pressing, trimming, sewing and embossing departments; while above all comes a large hall for the classification and storage of our bound volumes, and back numbers of Pictorial, Flag and Magazine.

With all these arrangements completed, we believe nothing is ventured in saying, that our establishment is the most extensive one devoted to the newspaper business, not alone in the United States, *but in the world.*

THIN SHOES.—Punch thinks that the feminine partiality for thin shoes arises from the feminine dislike to a thick understanding. We should think our fair countrywomen would not object to great souls.

A GENTLEMAN.

The old distich ran:

"When Adam delved and Eve span
Where was then the gentleman?"

In England they have peculiar notions respecting male gentility. A gentleman, with our British friends, is a man who unites to some advantages of birth, fortune, talent or position, those moral qualities which are adapted to the place he occupies in society, and manners which indicate a liberal education and training. The tact of the English people in this respect is very nice, and even the brilliancy of the most elevated rank rarely leads their judgment astray. Though George IV. was called by the "upper ten" the "finest gentleman of his kingdom," yet the masses by no means endorsed that opinion. Let a man of the highest birth step aside in conduct, in manner, or even in the etiquette imposed by his position, you will soon hear the popular remark, "Though a lord he is no gentleman." In this country a man is recognized as a gentleman, whatever his position or means, provided he is a true man—true to himself, true to his fellows. Wealth with us does not gild brutish manners, nor descent blind the popular judgment to individual defects.

FAT MEN.—Henry Giles says "that there is something cordial about a fat man; everybody likes him and he likes everybody." This is true; people "cotton" to the Falstaffs, and cut the "lean and hungry Cassiuses" of this world. There is a reason for this preference. Who ever heard of a fat man murdering a fellow-being, or getting his livelihood as a professional burglar or a highwayman? Two hundred and fifty pounds weight of flesh is ample security for good behaviour and a certificate of good character.

SOMNOLENCY.—A wag writes that somnolency may be removed, by involving yourself in a lawsuit endangering your whole property. So long as your case remains undecided, you will have little inclination to sleep.

CORONATION.—The emperor of Russia intends to be crowned during the present summer. The ceremony will be an imposing one.

LOCOMOTION.—In New York there are twenty four different lines of omnibusses, and five lines of city railroad, all doing a good business.

THE BATH.—Dr. Hall is inflexibly opposed to cold water bathing and hard water. Shuddering hydropathists must regard him as a heretic.

HOW HE DOES IT.

Bill Dibbles is a very well-dressed young man, moves in good company, drives fast livery horses, enjoys all the pleasures of the town that a gentleman may enjoy without derogation, and yet it is well known that he has just sufficient income to pay his hotel and laundry bills, and keep up his credit with his tailor. "How he does it" is a mystery to the great world of Boston, which is naturally bound to know everybody's business. Happening to be in Dibbles's confidence, we shall venture to reveal his secret. It is a very simple one, and may benefit some of the fast young men of this wicked generation.

Bill Dibbles's fortune, then, consists of one twenty-dollar gold piece. It is a real lucky penny. He has had it these three years—ever since he came of age, indeed. It is worth at least twenty thousand dollars to him. For instance, he goes into a stationer's to buy half a dozen sheets of paper; out comes the twenty-dollar gold piece to pay for it.

"Will you change this?" says Bill. "I'm sorry I've nothing smaller. Please give me gold and silver—I'm shy of paper money."

"Can't do it, my dear sir; haven't got the change in the store. But it's no consequence—any time when you're passing."

How carelessly Bill lounges into a confectioner's and orders a strawberry ice cream. The pretty girl at the counter is doomed to witness the exhibition of that inexorable gold piece, smilingly declines to change it; and Bill, invited to call and settle when he is passing, lounges out of the establishment as nonchalantly as he entered it.

Bill scorns to be reputed mean. When he is dining in company at Parker's, he always insists on paying his share, and out comes the twenty-dollar gold piece. Of course nobody can change it. Equally certain is it that the credit of a man who never has anything less than twenty dollars in his pocket, is beyond suspicion. For him the livery stable keeper puts the fastest nag to the best buggy; for him the bootblack puts an extra polish on the French calfskin; for him the artist in hair gives a more vigorous touch to his champagne fingers—they are all paid in the same coin: or rather by a sight of the same coin. What a contemptuous, sarcastic smile does Bill's aristocratic lip wear when he is told that they cannot change that twenty-dollar gold piece! How he pities some people's poverty! How he complains—the hypocrite!—of the annoyance these repeated refusals cause him! We verily believe that if he is ever married, that twenty-dollar piece will be tendered to the clergyman

with a request that he will return half of it. Of course the clergyman won't be able to do it, and the gold will return to the pocket of Bill's white vest. If Bill isn't a financier, we don't know who is.

DOG AND MAN.

Reynolds, the prolific dramatist, once produced a musical afterpiece at Drury Lane, called "The Caravan: or, the Driver and his Dog." The music was good, and it had a profitable run. The chief attraction of the piece was a dog, named Carlo. One day, Sheridan, being then manager, went to see the performance of this wonderful dog. As he entered the green room, Dignum (who played in the piece) said to him, with a woful countenance:

"Sir, there is no guarding against illness; it is truly lamentable to stop the run of a successful piece like this, but really—"

"Really what?" exclaimed Sheridan, interrupting him.

"I am so unwell," continued Dignum, "that I really cannot go on longer than to-night."

"Is that all?" exclaimed Sheridan. "My dear fellow, you frightened me; I thought you were going to say the dog was taken ill!"

IOWA.—There must be "tall living" in Iowa. A friend writes from there, that going out a few days since a short distance from home, he found a six barrelled revolver, a hunting knife, a pair of boots, and the dead bodies of eight wolves laying beside them, indicating that some person had shot six with his revolver, destroyed two with his knife, and then became a victim to the remainder.

HAVANA.—The Cubans seem to be enjoying themselves. Paul Jullien and Patti reaped a rich harvest. The theatres are doing well, a gymnasium for ladies and gentlemen has been opened, Godard is still giving balloon ascensions, and a panorama of the burning of Covent Garden Theatre is on exhibition.

Will some one smart at figures tell us how Mr. Ballou can afford to give one hundred pages of reading matter (all of which he pays for), in each number of his Dollar Magazine, or twelve hundred pages of excellent and entertaining miscellany for one dollar per annum? There is but one other magazine in the country which equals Ballou's Dollar Monthly in circulation, nor is this to be wondered at while it is afforded at so low a price.—*MacKies Democrat*.

DIAMONDS.—Diamonds are looking up in Paris, having advanced twenty-five per cent. The Russian agents are buying them up for the ladies of St. Petersburg.

OFF WITH THE BEARDS!

This was the cry of Peter the Great of Russia, who, in a moment of listlessness, perfectly inexplicable, commenced a war on the beards of his subjects, which lasted more than sixty years. The illustrious legislator, soldier, ship carpenter and admiral, as the starting-point of his crusade, caused to be engraven in brass the following sentence—*Boroda licknaja tiogota* (the beard is a useless embarrassment). The great obstacle Alexiovitch encountered in his attempted reforms was attachment to ancient usages. This tenacity still characterizes the party of the old Russians—the Rascolniks; many of them, principally among the Cossacks, would prefer the loss of life to that of the cherished beard. Thus the common metaphorical expression in Yankedom, to signify to a man that he has been taken in, "you have been shaved," in Russia expresses the most terrible indignity that can befall a man.

Peter the Great seeing how much importance his subjects paid to the preservation of their beards, ordered them to cut them off. Did he wish, like an ancient legislator of imperious spirit, the enemy of half measures, to accustom his Muscovites to discipline by the severity of this initiatory sacrifice? However that may be, if Peter's prohibition were not inspired by this motive, he at least knew how to replenish his finances from the resistance he encountered. If you were a functionary of the court or city, a trader or a merchant, you were taxed, for wearing beard or mustachio, one hundred rubles—about eighty dollars; the citizens, servants of the boyards, paid about sixty rubles—say about forty-eight dollars; the inhabitants of Moscow, thirty rubles—about twenty-four dollars; while the peasants, every time they passed the barriers of a city, gave two *denqui*—about four cents. The receipt was a token, or coin, which it was quite well for those who had paid the tax to keep about them. Wo to the poor fellow who neglected to comply with the regulations! The officers of the guard were pitiless, and his beard fell under the huge shears with which they were armed. The white bearded senators of Rome, when their hirsute appendages were tweaked by the invading Gauls, suffered not more internal anguish than did the poor peasants who came to Peter's gate, glorious as goats, and went away like shorn lambs. There are fanatics in this country who would gladly see Congress come down as severely as did some of our colonial legislatures on the style of wearing the hair, and sweep away lovelocks, imperials and mustachios in one fell swoop. O scissors!

Catherine I. confirmed the edicts of her predecessor. In 1738 an ordinance of Peter II. permitted peasants and farmers to wear their beards, but the tax of fifty rubles for other persons was maintained under pain of penal labor. A ukase of the Empress Anne made the tax on beards universal, and increased its amount. Many left their country—flying like the *hare*—rather than give up their chin tufts. We doubt whether the attachment to this natural decoration of the human face divine ever led to such sacrifices among any other people. Peter III. was preparing to war against beards with greater ferocity, when Catherine II. deprived him of his throne of life, and restored to the nation the privilege of wearing their hair as they liked. The exiles, who had "tarried at Jericho," now came back to St. Petersburg and Moscow.

Is not the human hair regarded as the seat of honor? Many a man who has made no objection to losing his head, has enjoined it on the executioner not to injure his beard. The most daring thing that the First Consul Bonaparte did was to cut off the queues of his soldiers in Egypt. When we guarantee a man's safety, we promise that "not a hair of his head shall be injured." Yet how many of us seem to take an especial delight, like Peter the Great of Russia, in flourishing the shears and razor?

AFFECTING CASE.—The Dayton Gazette tells an affecting story of a farmer who, while selling a load of wheat at a dollar a bushel in that city, burst into tears. The owner of the mill was touched, and kindly inquired the cause of his grief. "Sympathy" was too much for him, and bursting into a tremendous "boo-hoo," he replied: "My son John could have got a dollar and seventy-five cents a bushel for this very wheat two months ago!"

HUNTING AND FISHING.—It is a canon of the Catholic Church, it is said, that hunters have generally been great sinners, and fishermen pious. Isaac Walton asks a blessing on all who are "lovers of virtue and go an angling."

PHILANTHROPY.—There are two kinds of philanthropists—those who talk and those who act: the former believe in good advice, the latter in dimes and dinners.

THE USE OF TRAVEL.—One of the most important uses of travel is not so much to make us know what we see before us, as what we leave behind us.

SMUGGLERS AND SMUGGLING.

All men are by instinct free traders, and there are few, except honest tradespeople, who do not sympathize at heart with smugglers, and secretly chuckle over their evasions of the revenue laws. This is particularly the case in Europe, where duties are oppressively heavy, where each state is surrounded by a cordon of custom house officers, and where, even, there are imposts levied on goods passing from town to country in the same state. As a matter of course there is a great deal of smuggling—excessive duties acting as a stimulus and premium on fraudulent dealers. In France the smugglers are particularly active, and the sympathy of the people materially aids them. Almost incredible stories are told of the ingenuity of French smugglers on the northern frontier. Some of the drivers of the diligences have been known to deal in double pannels, harnesses lined with lace, and cushions stuffed with costly fabrics. Beets have been hollowed out and filled with tobacco. We remember reading of a funeral procession, conducted in grand style, where the coffin was filled with cigars; and particularly of the passage across the Belgian frontier of a false general in full uniform, followed by his staff, all of them glittering with embroidery, and covered with ribbons and crosses, so that the custom house troops, drawn up in line, presented arms, and without instituting the usual search, allowed three carriages, filled with silks and smugglers, to pass their guard.

Most of the smugglers in France make great use of well-trained dogs, and their enemies, the custom house officers, follow their example. Packages of silks and lacings are lashed to the backs of these animals, and over them is placed a curious sort of defence. A two-tined steel fork is strapped on each side of the dog, the points projecting beyond his head, and the shafts, from his nose to his tail, furnished with long, curved, cutting knife-blades. Thus equipped, he is launched on his career, and goes directly to some point where he has been well fed and caressed, and where confederates are ready to receive him. The defensive armor worn by these dogs is a complete protection against any but a very well-trained dog. If an untrained mastiff attacks the smuggler's dog, he is almost sure to be spitted alive. An old, well-trained custom house dog, however, knows how to operate successfully. He attacks the smuggler's dog in the rear; catches him by the hind leg and holds him fast till his master comes up. The latter immediately kills the contrabandist's dog, and then cuts off one of his paws as a trophy, which serves as an evidence in obtaining the

reward. The smugglers and their enemies also use dogs for another purpose. They attach themselves to the animals by stout cords or straps, reaching from their belts to the dogs' collars, and are thus dragged over the ground with much greater velocity than they could obtain by their own unaided efforts. In the vast plains of the Artois smuggling is ordinarily carried on by squads of cavalry, flanked by ahirmishers. When the mounted custom house official attacks their cavalcades, a murderous *mêlée* is not unfrequently the result.

The smugglers of the north of France live in troops and march in bands, each band having its leader, whose supremacy is based on innumerable proofs of intelligence and audacity. He is almost always what is termed in slang phrase, a "hard ticket,"—perhaps an old smuggler, who has learned how to baffle gendarmes and guards, and who knows how to tread the path the law has never discovered by night or by day. His followers place entire confidence in him, and surrender their liberty and fortune to his keeping; and these men very rarely betray their trust. A true and full account of smugglers and smuggling on the continent of Europe would be as readable and exciting as the most thrilling romance.

NO JOKE.—The Montpelier (Vt.) Freeman says that at a social gathering in that vicinity, lately, a young gentleman had the task of "getting a wife" imposed upon him during the evening's amusement, and with a young lady went through a mock ceremony, as they both supposed, of being married; but after the motions had been gone through with, it was discovered that the person who married them was a *real* justice, and the matrimonial knot could not be untied! The parties are satisfied with their bargain, but are considerably nettled at the manner in which they were launched upon the sea of matrimony.

BOOKSELLING.—The book trade of Boston has increased 25 per cent. over the average of the last five years, and the business for 1855 amounted to \$5,500,000.

AWFUL.—Rogers, in his "Table Talk," has left on record that he saw several girls—mere children—going to the gallows for having participated in the Lord George Gordon riots.

BINDING.—Binding in all of its varieties neatly done at this office, at the lowest rates, and in the shortest period of time.

COULDN'T STAND IT.

A farmer and his wife of our acquaintance hired a respectable young man to work for them, and, as is usual in our agricultural towns, the employed dined at their table. The lady was very polite, and as the young man was supposed to be bashful, was constantly pressing him to take another cake, another slice of pudding, etc., etc. At last, one day, after the usual solicitations, to the reply, "Do have another piece of pie, Mr. —," he roared out, "No, I won't, I tell ye!—and ye needn't ask me. You'll spoil my digestion—you will. I've eaten 'bout twice as much as is good for me a'ready. Every day you've been comin' that game on me!—but I won't stand it; and if you don't leave off, I'll leave to once—I will. I s'pose you think I don't know anything about the organs of the stomach; but I've been to the 'cademy to quarters, and studied physiology, and I aint agoin' to kill myself for no white man or woman, if I du get sixteen dollars a month and board." It is needless to add that, after this explosion, he was never subjected to similar treatment.

THE REMAINS OF A HERO.—The remains of General Warren, who fell at Bunker Hill, were lately removed from the tomb under St. Paul's Church, to be deposited in the grave of the Warren family at Forest Hills Cemetery, Roxbury. The cranium was found in a state of preservation, and an aperture showed where the fatal ball had entered. The bullet, by the way, is still carefully preserved in this city.

SUCH IS LIFE!—The street philosopher saith, "The boy on foot cannot bear to see the boy who is riding. And so it is with envy of a larger growth. We are always crying out 'whip behind!' in the miserable hope of seeing some hanger-on, more fortunate than ourselves, knock off his perch."

A CHANGE.—They have substituted horses for mules on the Sixth Avenue Railroad, New York city. The long-eared quadrupeds will be glad of the change. They have departed; but they have left a good many traces behind.

BOUQUETS.—It requires art and taste to make up a beautiful bouquet. Without an eye for the harmony of color, the most beautiful flowers may be grouped together without effect.

THUS IT IS.—The heart that beats for no woman is a niche without a statue.

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

We have seldom met in works of fiction with a more touching incident than the following, which actually occurred a few days since in our own State: A young man, who was convicted of bigamy at Newburyport last spring, lately served out the term of punishment for which he was sentenced. At the railroad station he was met by his first wife, who took him with her, gave him a new suit of clothes, and presented him with three hundred dollars, which she had earned since the period of his desertion. They left together for their former home, in New Hampshire. We cannot believe that the generosity, the truly Christian forgiveness, the rich confidence of this noble woman, will fail to redeem the heart of the erring man on whom these treasures were bestowed. Let us believe, for the honor of human nature, that this "angel of the household" will be rewarded, even here on earth, for her trust and her affection.

A DILEMMA.—When the ship Meredith was discovered to be leaking, an Irish sailor was employed at the pump—but first looked over the rail to see how high the water was on the side of the vessel. After pumping an hour, he took another peep over the side, and finding the vessel was four inches deeper than when he began, he shouted, "Arrah, now, captain dear, I shall soon pump the sea full at this rate; for I have raised it four inches already!"

LITERARY.—Surely, the lecturing mania is at its height. A lady in New York has been lecturing on dancing, with illustrations. She probably borrowed her idea from Dan Rice:

"You wheel about and turn about,
And do *its* so;
And every time you wheel about
You jump Jim Crow."

SPIRITUALISM.—Humboldt, the great German philosopher, is down on the spirit-rappers rather heavily. He writes that he has a "holy horror of pine wood spiritualism." Some things have been done in Boston that would make him open his eyes.

PAPER.—The cost of manufacturing a year's supply of printing paper for the United States, independent of labor and rags, is estimated at \$4,000,000. This gives us a lively idea of the literary character of our country.

REFINED CRUELTY.—By the ancient laws of Hungary, a man convicted of bigamy was condemned to live with both wives in the same house. The crime was in consequence extremely rare.

Foreign Miscellany.

Pasteboard from beet-root is now manufactured in France.

Louis Napoleon's baby is enrolled as a grenadier in the guard.

The affairs of Italy were tartly debated in the Peace Congress, at Paris.

At the recent great naval review in the British waters, the Cukoo, a war steamship, was specially assigned for the use of the press.

The plate and other decorations of the table, now owned by the city of Paris, are said to be worth from eight to ten millions of francs.

The court of Rome is sedulously endeavoring to obtain from the government of Tuscany a concordat similar to the one lately granted by Austria.

It is said that Prince Oscar, third son of the king of Sweden, is to marry the Princess Mary of Cambridge, and is about to go to London to seek her.

Postage stamps, similar to those in England, France and America, have just been introduced into Sweden, and a universal rate of postage established.

France has been called on to interfere in Mexico, for the protection of the property of the Catholic Church, recently seized by President Comonfort.

England is at present distracted by a controversy as to whether Peann was or was not an honest man. That there should be a split about a pen is not very surprising.

Rabies, or hydrophobia, has got among the deer in some of the English parks, and it is feared, will depopulate them. Stainesborough Park, near Barnsley, has lost 100 head.

Among the victims of typhus fever at Odessa were, in one week, twelve army surgeons and four physicians, of whom two were Americans, who had made preparations to return home.

The number of students in the Russian universities has hitherto been limited by law. The Emperor Alexander has just signalized his zeal for the welfare of his subjects by removing this restriction.

The London News lately said in a leader on the adulteration of food, so common in the Great Metropolis, "with all the wealth of the world at our call, there are very few in this metropolis who can get a glass of pure water to drink or a bit of genuine bread to eat!"

Mr. Daniel Cameron, who was elected representative for the digging district of Woolshed, Australia, had the compliment paid to him by his supporters of having the horse he rode on at the time of the contest shod with shoes of solid gold. He was also presented with £1500.

The French paper *La Presse* has the largest circulation of any paper in France. It has never printed less than 9500 copies, and its largest circulation, during the revolutionary troubles of 1848, was 63,869 copies. Its circulation last year was 42,646 copies, or 16,352,498 stamped sheets, on which the stamp duty amounted to 1,226,606 francs, or nearly \$250,000.

Italy has an area of 119,000 square miles, and a population of 25,000,000.

Sardinia's participation in the Eastern war has cost her about 75,000,000 francs.

The entire wealth of England is estimated at £3,700,000,000.

A poem on peace, published in St. Petersburg, praises all the combatants.

The Czar of Russia has taken off the prohibition which prevented the Russian nobles from visiting France.

There now remains in India but one native state of any considerable magnitude, that of Hyderabad, in the Deccan.

The Ottoman electric telegraph between Constantinople and Shumla is now open for the transmission of private despatches.

In 1825 the king of Sardinia decreed that no one should be allowed to read and write who was not in possession of 1500 *livres*—about \$200.

Miss Hoemer, of Watertown, is now modeling at Rome a statue of Beatrice Cenci, as she appeared on the evening before her execution.

The Greeks are largely cultivating land in and about Jerusalem, planting olive and mulberry trees, and building silk mills.

The Emperor Napoleon has purchased an extensive piece of ground between St. Cloud and Mont Valerien, for the purpose of erecting a model farm.

A Swedish lady, described as possessing a beautiful voice, has been singing in the north of Germany, and is shortly to appear at the Opera, in Berlin, as *Queen of Night* in the *Zauberflote*.

Mr. Hawthorne, author of the "*Scarlet Letter*," being a guest at the banquet given at the Mansion House, London, recently, said he felt the ties between England and America were such as could never be broken.

The Irish hegira to America has again commenced, and crowds of "decently dressed and comfortable looking emigrants" are seen flocking to the seaports to embark for the land of freedom.

A tunnel under the Mersey, from Birkenhead to Liverpool is proposed. It would, as at present arranged, be about two miles in length, of which about three-quarters of a mile would be made under the river.

The Pinster Canal, which has been in course of construction for many years for account of the Russian government, is at length completed and has just been opened. This canal allows of uninterrupted communication between the Dnieper and the Bug.

Queen Victoria has commanded Mr. Bigg, the well known anatomical mechanician, to construct artificial arms and legs for nine Crimean soldiers, whose severe mutilation attracted her notice during recent visits to the hospitals of Portsmouth and Chatham.

Timber in France is dyed by various colors being mixed with water, and poured over by the root of the tree. The sap is the medium through which the fluid is conveyed. It forms a kind of delicate pump, up which the artery particles run with great rapidity.

Record of the Times.

There are twelve thousand Jews in New York city.

Bayard Taylor is engaged on a *Cyclopaedia of Modern Travel*, which is to be finished in June.

A little girl at East Boston recently died from the excess of exertion in jumping rope.

The Holiday Street Theatre in Baltimore has been sold to Mr. Greason, for \$32,000.

Louisville, Ky., has voted by a majority of 805 to license tavern and coffee houses.

The manufacture of cotton seed oil has been commenced at Cincinnati, Ohio.

The citizens of Roxbury, Mass., are to be taxed \$125,360 the coming year.

Over \$1,700,000 are annually spent in New Orleans for lottery tickets.

The Fourierite colony, in Switzerland, is now broken up.

There are in the United States 715 churches belonging to the Quakers, and the number of attendants is estimated at 283,000.

A model judge "out South" forgot the day fixed by law for the court to begin on, and fined himself twenty-five dollars for the oversight.

A man, named Edward Caton, was fined \$10 in Albany, lately, for attempting to commit suicide by jumping into the river.

The former residence of John Jacob Astor, in Broadway, New York, is in process of demolition, to make room for a brown stone structure.

Work has been resumed upon the fortification at Fort Knox, in Bucksport, Maine, under the superintendency of Lieut. J. D. Kurtz.

Tourists are arriving at Niagara Falls in large numbers, the hotels are filling up, and the place has resumed a summer-like activity.

The editor of an Ohio paper publishes the names of his subscribers who pay up promptly, under the head of "Legion of Honor."

The peasantry in some parts of France believe implicitly in sorcery, and there is no lack of designing knaves who turn their credulity to account by pretending to be magicians.

It is a good sign of the times that two commissioners from South Carolina are in New York, to examine the school system, with a view of establishing a similar one in their own State.

Advices from Turks Island and Key West represent the prospects for a bountiful yield of salt as unusually promising. One hundred thousand bushels is the estimate for Key West.

A boy and a girl, respectively six and eight years of age, who had been lost for upwards of ten days at Altoona, Pa., were recently found in the woods, dead, lying side by side.

Rev. T. H. Stockton, of Baltimore, proposes to publish the Bible in separate volumes—each of the inspired writers' productions being in a separate volume.

As nearly as can be estimated, the number of hats annually sold in New York is not far from 7,500,000, and the annual sales of this description of merchandize, exclusive of straw goods, amount to at least \$8,000,000.

Relief continues to be sent to the unfortunate inhabitants of the Cape de Verd Islands.

During the past year the Am. Tract Society has received \$943 10 in counterfeit money.

The contemptible crime of bigamy seems to be spreading over the country.

The old bell of the Philadelphia State House is now used for the fire alarm.

Hon. E. G. Squier has received the gold medal of the French Geographical Society.

A hollow tooth is defined by science to be an "aching void."

There are 66,162 volumes of public documents for three years only, in the Ohio State House.

Fast men, like fast rivers, are generally the shallowest, it is said.

Beware of letting stewed apples stand too long in glazed jars—they become poisonous.

Geometry doesn't teach us to square the circle of our acquaintance.

The Portuguese of New York have subscribed a sum of nearly \$2000 for the benefit of their suffering brethren at the Cape Verd Islands.

Dr. Breckenridge says that it is the characteristic of Kentuckians not to promise much, but that they always perform what they promise.

Accounts from all parts of New Jersey agree in stating that the prospects of a large yield of peaches were never better than at present.

Common schools are rapidly increasing in North Carolina, and were attended last year by 120,000 scholars, against 19,000 in 1840.

The Zanesville Courier says it is reported that very great losses of sheep have occurred in Ohio this winter, and predicts that it will affect the wool crop.

Dr. Orville Dewey has donated the earnings of his last winter's lectures to his native village, to be expended in planting shade trees along its streets.

The town of Weonsocket, R. I., with a population of six thousand, has a banking capital of one million and forty thousand dollars—a capital larger, in proportion, than New York city.

What contributed most to bring Æsculapius into vogue as a physician, was his luckily meeting a man that his friends were going to inter, in whom he found some remains of life, and whom he restored to perfect health.

The American Publishers' Circular says that G. P. R. James, setting down into a steadfast admirer of free acres and broad fields, has invested largely in western lands, and remains for the present in the United States.

The Nashua Oasis says that one stove manufactory in that city is filling an order for 180 stoves to go to Turkey. The harems of the Sultan may yet enjoy the pleasure of eating food cooked on a Yankee stove.

At Hamilton, Canada, Mrs. McIntyre, a poor widow, recently recovered £100 from a wealthy merchant for the death of her only child, a boy of eleven years, who was killed by falling into a cellar belonging to the defendant, on a public street—there being no railing for the protection of passengers.

Merry Making.

Why is a joiner less handsome than his wife? Kase he is a deal-planer.

A grocer in Dublin advertises whiskey for sale, "drunk by his late majesty."

Why is a crack in the wall like Isaac Walton the angler? Because it's a fissure.

A servant girl left her place the other day, because she had to drink brown sugar in her coffee.

The man "who stood upon trifles" has been blown away.

Woman's "Empire State" is matrimony. Here she is always in the majority—always reigns and sometimes storms.

An Irishman trying to put out a gas light with his fingers, cried out, "Och, murder, the devil a wick's in it."

The man who took passage on the wings of the morning returned on the shades of night: He is doing well.

"The proper study of mankind is man," says Pope; but the popular study is how to make money out of him.

Why may a chemist and a mountebank both be females? Because one is an Ann Eliza (anal-ys-er) and the other a Charlotte Ann (charlatan).

To catch mice, place sweetmeats in your mouth on going to bed, and keep your mouth wide open. When you feel the whiskers of the mouse, bite!

A father being applied to for the reason of his son's absence from school, the schoolmaster received the following intelligent reply: "Kepe-athometogootaterin."

Doing unto others as you would have others do unto you—Neglecting to pay the barber for removing the beard from your face, and thereby shaving him in return.

A physician who was called to attend a rich patient, immediately said on entering the sick chamber, "My dear sir, allow me to examine your pulse,"—meaning pulse, of course."

An editor out West, who had been to see Macbeth performed, winds up a criticism on the play with "Shakspeare was a trump." The editor, we suppose, is a brick.

"Hans, what is the matter?" "De sorrel wagon has run away mit de green horse, and broke de axletree of de brick house what stands by de corner lamp-post across de telegraph."

Why are the ladies of the present day like the illies of Scripture? Because they "toil not, neither do they spin; yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of them."

There is a boy about town who is so cross-eyed that if he looks at a bottle his eyes act as regular cork-screws, and draw the cork instantan-ly. He always imagines his nose to be a big building around the corner.

A young lady who had not received so much attention from the beaux as her female associates, said to her lover, "I told them I would wait until the chaff had been blown off, and then I would pick up the wheat." Smart compliment, that.

What is the best drink for a soldier? March beer.

Why is a deputy sheriff like the first Roman emperor? Because he's a "seiser."

Sidney Smith says the Anglo Saxon race was made for two purposes—to manufacture calico and steal land.

The following question is now before the Tilletium Debating Society: "Is it wrong to cheat a lawyer?"

The doctor who operates for "cataracts" is going to Buffalo, to see if he can do anything for the cataract at Niagara.

We know a preacher who, when speaking, constantly hammers the desk with his fist, to rivet the attention of his audience.

A lady hearing that the price of tallow had risen in consequence of the war, exclaimed, "What! do they fight by candle-light?"

An honest Dutchman being asked how often he shaved, replied: "Dree dimes a week every day but Soonday; den I shafe effery day."

The man who "held an office" got tired and let go for the purpose of resting himself a short time, when the office got away, and has not been heard from since.

Jenkins says his brother, who edits a paper out West, is doing first rate. He has had two new hats within the past three years. Jenkins is inclined to take on airs.

"I say, Mr. Impudence, what are you doing with your hand in my pocket?" "I axes your pardon, mister, but in this here cold vether von scarcely knows were von puts his 'and."

New clothes are great promoters of piety. The young lady with a new bonnet or dress would not miss going to church for all the world.

A landlady in Philadelphia, it is said, makes her pies so light that her lodgers can see to go to bed without a candle, after eating a moderate sized piece.

"What a soft hand Judge B— has!" said a young lady, with whom the judge had just been shaking hands, to her father. "That's because it's been greased so often," growled the old gentleman.

"I am afraid," said a lady to her husband, "that I am going to have a stiff neck." "Not at all improbable, my dear," replied her spouse, "I have seen strong symptoms of it ever since we were married."

"Landlord," said an exquisite, "can you enable me to realize from your culinary stores the pleasure of a few dulcet murphies, rendered innocuous by igneous martyrdom!" He asked for baked sweet potatoes.

"Why don't you buy a thingumbob, and what-do-you-call-it your sidewalk with it every morning?" asked one neighbor of another. "Because I haint got no what's-his-name to buy it with," replied the neighbor.

A private of the Galway Rifles was recently standing sentry, when an officer, noticing that he had a black eye, charged him with having been fighting. "Please sir," the soldier replied, "was it not for that you engaged me?"

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WHOLE No. 20.

THE FAITHFUL HOUND.

BY EDGAR L. HAMMOND.

I HAD been absent from home nearly a week, collecting some old debts in the West Riding of Yorkshire, and having succeeded perfectly to my satisfaction, set out on my return—which I expected would occupy about two days—with a considerable sum of money in my wallet.

It was a fine evening in the early part of May, when I alighted from my horse at the door of an inn, where it was my intention to spend the night. It was a pleasant, comfortable-looking place enough, with every sign of neatness and thrift about it; and the prospect of a night's entertainment in such a place, after a long and hard day's ride, was by no means an unwelcome one. Landlord and hostler made their appearance simultaneously, and giving my horse to the latter, I requested mine host to provide me with an apartment, and let me have supper as soon as might be.

The first was at my service directly, and the second was promised in the space of a few minutes. The landlord conducted me to my room, and there left me to attend to affairs below, while I proceeded to cleanse myself from the dust of travel. A plentiful shower of cold water, a supply of fresh linen from a small portmanteau I carried with me, and a free use of that most convenient article, the clothes brush, soon combined to renovate my entire appearance; and thus refreshed, I descended the stairs to look after my horse.

A visit to the stable door assured me that he was well cared for, and in a few moments I re-

turned across the yard to the inn door. As I did so, I observed a shaggy and somewhat gaunt looking hound sitting just by the sill—having taken up his station there during my visit to the stable. He was by no means handsome, for he was both lean and rough; but, accustomed by experience to judge of neither man nor beast entirely by smoothness of coat or shapeliness of limb, I looked for some redeeming quality.

It was there; and more than one, as I found. The gaunt limbs were sinewy and strong, the rough coat concealed a frame of iron, the head was well made, the countenance kind and good-tempered, the eyes fine, bright, serious and intelligent; and they watched me with a wishful, contemplative glance as I crossed towards the door. I whistled to him; he brightened up, wagged his tail, and rising, came to meet me. Just then, mine host appeared in the doorway.

"A fine dog, sir," I said, stroking the head of my canine friend; "a fine dog. May I ask if he belongs to you?"

"No, sir; I never saw him till yesterday," answered the landlord; "and then he came into the inn yard alone. He has made himself at home about here since then; but ask whom I will, nobody seems to know anything about him. A fine dog, doubtless, as you say, sir; though, to be sure, not the handsomest as ever was. Will you have supper now, sir? It is quite ready."

I went in, the dog accompanying me as far as the door, where he took his seat again. As I

passed the threshold, an ill-looking fellow came out from the inn kitchen, and passed me, casting an evil glance at me as he did so. He was followed by a companion, of an appearance quite as unprepossessing as his own; and both went out.

"Who were those persons?" I asked of the landlord, as he led the way to the cosy little parlor, where my supper was prepared.

"O—Jack Brown, and one of his fellows," answered mine host; "a couple of the greatest rascals out of jail. I wonder what they are hanging about here for? Some mischief or other, I'll warrant me."

I had concluded my repast, and gone up to my bedroom, where I sat down by an open casement to watch, as I ever loved to do, the rising of the moon, when suddenly I heard the deep, angry growling of a dog, somewhere in the yard below. I looked down, but could see no dog about there. The hound which I had previously seen had disappeared from the doorway when I came up stairs. The sound that I heard now seemed, as I listened to it, to proceed from that part of the yard leading around the end of the inn; and now I had no doubt that it came from the strange dog. It continued for a moment or two, intermingled with two or three sharp, quick barks, and now the voices of men, uttering fierce threats, and not a few enraged oaths. The growls grew more angry, the voices of the men louder, when suddenly the landlord hastened out from the door, and around the corner.

"How now, Jack Brown, and you, Tom Hodge; what are you doing with that dog?" I heard him saying. "Better leave him alone, and clear out from this. I don't want you hanging round here any longer. Here, pup."

Shortly after, as the landlord came up stairs, and stopped at my door to see if I required anything, I asked him the occasion of the disturbance I had heard.

"O, the dog did not like Jack Brown's teasing," he said, "and so showed his teeth. The hostler said they had been tormenting him—Jack Brown and his companion,—and when he threatened to fly at them, they got angry. I should not have cared much," added mine host, "if he had given them something to remember him by—they deserve it."

It was perhaps half an hour after, when, sitting still by the casement, while the moon rose higher and higher, I saw coming into the inn yard, a boy, with a stealthy look about him. He looked about the place as he entered, and then walked slowly along and entered the door just below my window. Some few moments elapsed,

and he came out again, followed by the hound, who kept close to him, smelling at something which the boy carried in his hand, and which seemed to be used to coax him along. They went together around the corner of the inn, and disappeared.

I sat two or three minutes thinking of the matter, and then, prompted by some suspicion scarcely defined at the moment, put on my hat, descended the stairs, and went out the door. Passing around the corner of the inn, I followed a path leading past the stables and the kitchen garden of the inn. This path lay across a large orchard beyond, and down by a brook running through the meadow farther on. The moonlight, though not very bright yet, slumbered here in a silvery twilight among the trees, leaving their shadows undisturbed below.

As I reached the orchard—which had no wall at the lower end—I could see through the trees down to the meadow; and there, crouched beneath a large willow bending over the brook, was a dark figure, which I took to be that of the boy; and that instant there was a dull splash in the water, as if something heavy had fallen in. I sprang forward to the spot, just as the boy had risen to his feet, and seized him by the arm.

"What have you been doing?" I asked, very sternly.

He started, and attempted to elude my grasp; then as I repeated my question, answered, in a half frightened, half sullen tone:

"Well, Jack Brown told me to do it!—and the dog didn't belong to any one."

I let go his arm, threw off my coat, and sprang into the brook, while he ran away. The water was nearly as high as my head here; and struggling in it, for life, was the hound, with a great stone, attached by a cord to his neck, holding him down.

In an instant I had seized the stone in both hands; and as I lifted it with main strength, the dog rose slowly to the surface, with feeble and convulsive efforts. Between being half strangled and half drowned, it was as much as he could do to crawl up on the bank, while I laid the stone there; and as I drew out my knife to cut the cord, he lay down exhausted upon the turf. Poor fellow! he licked my hand gratefully while I was doing it.

Some fragments of raw meat lay here on the grass. I understood now. The boy had enticed him hither with these, and fastening the stone to his neck while he was eating, had let the stone slide into the water, and so pulled the dog in after it. It was fortunate for the young rascal that he was not within reach of justice, or I

should have administered it with compound interest then. However, as the hound was safe, I cared less about the matter; and that he was safe, there was no doubt; for after a few moments he arose, and moving off a step or two, slowly shook the water from his shaggy sides. Now I patted and caressed him, and with mute eloquence he returned my caresses, showing his gratitude in every possible way, for the deliverance he had received at my hands.

I took my coat on my arm, and together we proceeded to return to the inn. My canine companion and myself entered my sleeping apartment. There was a fire blazing cheerily on the hearth, and going quickly up to it, the dog laid down before it, and stretched himself out at ease, with his huge muzzle resting upon his paws, and his wishful eyes watching me.

It was not yet ten, but I was weary with my day's ride, and my wet garments were not over-comfortable; accordingly, I prepared to retire. The hound kept his place on the warm hearth. I thought he seemed partial to his quarters, and was inclined to let him stay; but willing to let him take his choice I opened the door, and called him towards it. He rose slowly, came forward a few steps, and then paused, looking earnestly in my face, with a glance that seemed to beg permission to remain.

"Good!" I said, "you shall stay if you like." I shut the door, the dog took up his station again by the hearth, and I betook myself to my pillow.

It was broad day when I awoke again, after a night of uninterrupted slumber; and the first thing my waking glances met was my friend, the hound, sitting quietly by the hearth, waiting for me to rise. I was glad to see him. The memory of the scenes of the previous evening inclined me to look upon him with affection; and I am quite sure he returned it, for he showed his sentiments to the best of his ability, in his dog-like but eloquent fashion. We bade each other a very cordial good morning, and then I proceeded to make myself ready for breakfast.

Meeting mine host below, I gave him an account of last evening's events, which considerably incensed him. Breakfast was ready, and as soon as I had despatched it, I ordered my horse to be brought round; for I wished to resume my journey as early as possible.

Meanwhile, the hound kept close beside me, wherever I went; and seemed, by his actions, to know that I was about to take my departure. I could not be insensible to the eloquent though mute signs of interest and affection which he displayed. As I mounted my horse, he looked up earnestly in my face, wagged his tail, and

uttered a low whine. He said, in everything but words, "Take me with you."

"Landlord," said I, as I was ready, at the very last second, to ride off, "since this dog has no legitimate master, and for the protection you have afforded him you would henceforth have the right to that name, I am willing to pay you a fair sum if you will let me have him."

"Why, bless your heart!" answered the good humored host, "I don't know who's a right to him if you haven't; for didn't you save his life last night? He's yours, sir, if you will take him; and you are quite welcome to him."

With these considerations, then, the dog became mine, and I rode off, while he, keeping beside me, frolicked around at every step with unmistakable demonstrations of pleasure.

At noon we stopped at an inn to take a brief hour's rest and food, and were soon again on our way. I intended to ride no later than five or six o'clock; and, at that time, coming up to a pleasant, comfortable, cheerful-looking inn, I dismounted again. The landlord was polite, attentive—even eager, I thought, to please me. The attendants—though I saw but one or two—were civil and decent-looking; the accommodation all that could be desired. An excellent repast was spread before me, of which I partook with relish; and directly afterwards, visited my horse, in the stable, as was my custom. He was making a comfortable supper, and seeing him well taken care of, I left him.

Returning to the house, I missed my dog, for the first time that day, from my side. He had come out with me, but I saw nothing of him now.

"Where is he, I wonder?" I said to the landlord, who stood on the steps.

"O, he is somewhere near, I dare say," he answered, "and will make his appearance soon."

We went in, and presently I ascended to my chamber. The landlord soon after coming up, stopped in as he was passing, and I took the opportunity to ask him some questions concerning the neighborhood, which, though rather unsettled, seemed a pleasant one, with a great deal of fine scenery. He very readily entered into conversation, and soon, by a natural turn, my own journey, and several other general matters connected with myself and my business, were touched upon. Nodding towards a small table near, whereon my pistols lay, he said:

"I see you go armed. That is well in these times. Handsome little things; may I take the liberty to look at them?"

Of course I immediately passed them to him, remarking, as a caution, that they were loaded.

I remember that just then, a strange scuffling sort of noise somewhere outside attracted my attention, and I looked out to ascertain the cause. It continued for at least two minutes; but I saw nobody near, and heard no other sound. It ceased directly, and presently I forgot it.

An hour passed away, and I experienced some perplexity, and anxiety as well, concerning my dog, who had not yet made his appearance. The landlord offered to send a boy to look for him, and did so; but the boy, after being absent for some time, returned with no tidings of him. Hoping he would be visible by morning, I retired for the night.

I do not know whether my conversation with the landlord had anything to do with the matter, but my dreams were of nothing but robbery and murder. The moment I sank to sleep, the most frightful fancies ran riot in my brain; and scarcely two hours could have passed ere I woke shuddering from one of the most horrible dreams that ever haunted me.

It was about midnight. The full moon, shining through the curtained windows, filled the room with light; not a sound, save my own breathing, broke the silence. A cold perspiration covered me; for a moment I lay almost in a state of exhaustion, so terrible had been the agitation produced by my dream. Then, with the silence oppressing me, I rose from my couch. I put my hand under my pillow to assure myself that my package of money and my watch, which I had placed there before retiring, were still there—then laughed at myself for my excitement. Why did such ideas present themselves in this place?

I could very well reason my agitation away; but it was not so easy to compose myself to sleep again. Thinking I would sit up awhile, I dressed myself, and sat down by an open window, drawing the curtain partly aside. This window looked out at the back of the inn, and was directly over a low shed, the roof of which was not three feet below. As the house faced the southwest, the yard here was completely in shadow; but suddenly there appeared below some object which I could not mistake for anything else than my dog! He sprang over the low fence, ran across to the shed, and scrambling up over some casks that stood against it, reached the roof; another noiseless bound brought him to my window-ledge.

I was delighted to see him coming, as may well be imagined; but what in the world was the reason of his mysterious absence for so long a time? He uttered no whine of pleasure as he

reached me, and sprang up with his paws upon my knees, to greet me; he was perfectly silent; he seemed to avoid making any unnecessary noise. But what was my astonishment to see that he was muzzled, and that about his neck was securely knotted a rope, the end of which dragged on the floor, and which had evidently been broken short off.

He had been tied up somewhere, and had broken the cord by main force. The muzzle—the cord—what were they for? Where had he been? Who had done this?—and what was the object? Now his sudden disappearance was accounted for. He had been removed by artifice—enticed or forced away; and by whom? A thrill ran through me; a lightning thought—a fearful thought—darted through my brain.

“Be quiet, sir!” I whispered to my dog. He crouched down.

Moving noiselessly to the table by my bed, I took up the pistols which lay there, and examined them—the balls had been removed!

And now the full danger of my position flashed upon me. I was in the very place against which my hypocritical host had warned me—a den of robbers! Now I remembered how he handled my pistols—it was then that the mischief had been done. Doubtless I might expect visitors ere long; for it was plain that there was a plan on foot to rob and perhaps murder me before morning. What was I to do? There was not a moment to be lost in escaping or preparing myself against an attack.

I saw that my door was securely fastened; then hastily and noiselessly proceeded to load my pistols. But a cunning hand had been at work—the ball pouch was gone! I stood motionless. I was alone—unarmed. I had no means of defending myself against treachery but my own strength. I resolved to hazard attracting the attention of those who might be watching, and make my escape. Crossing the room silently, I knelt down, and bidding my dog be quiet, unfastened the cord that encircled his neck, and removed the muzzle from his jaws. He licked my hand with tacit affection, and seemed to repress every sound, comprehending the nature of my position.

As I knelt, he suddenly started, and pricked up his ears; his glance fixed steadily on a point somewhere beyond me. I turned quickly. In the wall, close by us, was a door, which had been unnoticed by me before, so absolutely did it resemble a mere panel like the rest, and which was now slowly, softly unclosing. I was kneeling so near it that, as it opened and moved back, it effectually concealed me from the view

of the one who was entering. My heart stood still. I pressed my hand hard on the neck of my dog, whom I felt ready to spring upon the intruder.

As I have said, I was behind the opening door. I waited to see the visitor pass the screen thus afforded.

He passed—cautiously—noiselessly; a long knife gleaming in his right hand—his back towards me. It was the landlord! Softly creeping toward the foot of my bed, which faced this secret door, and the curtains of which were closed. I rose softly to my feet, still restraining the dog's impatient eagerness. A board creaked under my feet—the murderer turned—beheld me, and sprang upon me with a savage cry. My hand slipped from the uplifted arm that I grasped; I was thrown down—the knife was uplifted! Swift, silent, sure was the dog's leap! His white teeth fastened in the assassin's arm, who reeled with the violence of the shock, and fell backward, his head striking the bed-post; and he lay senseless where he fell.

And the dog, the faithful creature who had saved my life when the murderer's steel was at my very throat, released his now harmless victim, and springing upon me overwhelmed me with passionate caresses.

I was saved! The man lay there without sense or motion, the knife still glittering in his clasp—a horrible object in the quiet moonlight flooding the room. Nobly had the affectionate animal beside me repaid me for the protection he had received at my hands.

And now, satisfying myself that the wretch was only stunned, and would soon revive, I hastily snatched my money and watch from under the pillow, and gathering the rest of my things quickly together, sprang from the window to the shed below, with my faithful dog, and reaching the ground, hastened towards the stable. One thing surprised me, that I beheld not a living soul—that the other inmates of the place, if there were any about, failed to have been aroused.

Through the silvery silence of the night we sped on. Along the road, here, there was not a single dwelling for miles and miles, and a strange and lonely ride enough did that seem to me, escaping from danger and death. It all seemed like some uneasy dream. I patted my horse, and gave a friendly and affectionate word to my faithful dog, ever and anon, and their companionship and mute sympathy cheered me. I had gone at a rather rapid pace at first, to get away from the proximity of that fatal spot; but gradually, as the distance from it increased, I

somewhat slackened my pace; for I knew that my four-footed companions' must be wearied with the fatigue they had already undergone.

Suddenly, when I had reached, perhaps, to about seven miles from the inn, I heard sounds behind me that caused me to turn my head suddenly, and at the same time my dog sent forth a low, mournful howl, that chilled me. The sounds I heard were the rapidly approaching paces of horses, muffled by the turf; and there, not a hundred yards distant, were two horsemen flying along in the moonlight towards me.

I had not a doubt as to who they were—they were some accomplices of the landlord's, whom I had chanced to elude in making my escape; they were pursuing me, determined, I supposed, not to lose their prey. They were gaining on me at a rapid rate. If I had heard them sooner there might have been some chance for me; but, as it was, they had kept on the turf, so that their approach had been secret, and my situation was now one of undeniable danger. I had brought my pistols with me; but of what use were they, unloaded? I was in no position to contend with these two ruffians, probably well armed and prepared for a struggle. Resolved to try my speed against theirs, I tightened the rein, whistled to my dog, and almost flew over the ground, while my dog kept pace with me, looking up now and then at me with, I thought, a hopeless expression.

"Ah! my good friend," I said to him, "if flight does not save me, the noble deed you have done to-night will have been of no avail—you cannot save me again!"

It seemed as if he understood me. But he had no idea of dying then. He pricked up his ears—his eyes grew eager—a short, shrill, fierce bark issued from his lips.

It was of no use attempting to elude my pursuers. Their beasts were fresh—mine wearied by a week's travelling. They gained on me at every pace; I could hear the rapid rush through the air as they neared me. A hoarse voice called on me to stop—a pistol bullet whistled past my ear, through my hair. Another and another; but they missed me. And now my pursuers gained still more; they reached—passed me, and wheeling, intercepted my course.

Quicker than thought they had dropped from their horses, and seized my bridle reins. Instantly I dashed one of my pistols full in the face of the one on the right, just as the dog sprang upon him, and dragged him to the earth, where they rolled together in a death struggle. My heart throbbed exultingly as I saw the noble creature grasping with my assailant. A wild

oath broke from the lips of the other ruffian. Aiming my remaining pistol at his head, I fired the blank powder charge and partially stunned him, at the same time striking my horse smartly, but trembling with fright, he refused to stir; and while the man evaded the pistol I flung at him, I received a blow on the head that struck me senseless from the saddle.

But that hour was not destined to be my last, as I found, on waking to this life once more, some twelve hours after, in a small farm house, lying not twenty rods from the scene of that night's attack, and where—thanks to the faithful, fearless creature who had twice saved my life at the peril of his own—I was enabled to listen to an account of certain circumstances, of which I had no remembrance.

It seemed that at about an hour, or thereabouts, after midnight, the occupants of this farm house were aroused by the barking of a dog without, and hastening to open the door, found there a large dog, seeming in great distress, his coat stained with blood and covered with dust, and two or three wounds visible in different parts of his body; that, resisting their endeavors to lead him in, he had, by his significant actions, induced them to follow him along the road some distance, to where lay the bodies of three men, in the middle of the road, while a single horse, apparently belonging to one of them, stood by the roadside.

Two of the men were quite dead—the blood flowing from a terrible wound in the throat of each. These wounds, on examination, were found to have been made by the fangs of a dog, which had fastened there, and met through and through the flesh. Well had the faithful brute preserved his master! The third, though insensible, was without wounds; his only injuries being a dislocation of the arm, and a severe bruise on the head, caused by some violent blow.

It is easy to supply the missing links. The dog, immediately on my being hurled from the saddle, must have left the man whom he had thrown down, and flown upon the other assailant, whom my pistol had already half disabled, preventing him from doing me farther mischief. In the throat of each he had torn great wounds, in his fury, that would have let out a score of lives.

He had saved my life. I can find no words to convey my feelings, as I think of the unshrinking courage and fidelity with which this noble creature protected and preserved me, when I was utterly at the mercy of the assassin; as I think of the death which he interposed his own life to avert from me.

Of the two ruffians who had attacked me on the road, strange to say, one was found to be Jack Brown, the dark-looking individual, who had figured somewhat in the first part of this story. He was a notorious character, and the accomplice of the landlord who had attempted my life, in many a terrible deed of crime. This landlord, who was found and arrested the next day at the tavern, was tried soon after; a trial in which such a record of guilt and blood was brought to light, as made people shudder. If he had succeeded in despatching me that night, I should not have been his first victim under that roof, nor probably the last. He was sentenced to be hung, and met his fate shortly after.

My noble dog recovered from his wounds in a few weeks, with careful nursing, and is now my constant companion; beloved, cherished and honored for his noble qualities, his affection for me, and that tender, unshrinking, courageous fidelity, once attested by such signal and never-to-be-forgotten services.

JUSTICE AMONG THE MOSLEMS.

It is customary in Turkey for the party which gains a case in a law suit to pay all expenses, this being considered the most equitable mode of proceeding, as the loser can ill afford to pay the costs of a lawsuit. On one occasion, an Albanian was brought before a judge in Constantinople accused of having stolen a gimlet of the value of about ten cents. The Albanian stoutly denied the charge, persisting in his innocence. There was no positive proof of his guilt, notwithstanding which, the judge was well convinced that the accused stole the gimlet. He therefore administered to him the oath, the last resort in such cases, which the Albanian promptly took, and in the absence of the usual proof, the case was decided in his favor; but the judge resolving that he should not entirely escape, assessed the costs at thirty cents, upon which the Albanian coolly took the gimlet from his pocket, and held it towards the plaintiff, exclaiming, "Here is your gimlet—now pay the costs."—*Philadelphia Sun*.

MORTALITY FROM THE PLAGUE.

Gibbon relates that in the reign of Justinian, in 529, a plague devastated the empire for forty-two years. During a portion of this time, when Constantinople was visited by the epidemic, ten thousand persons died daily. Two centuries later, two hundred thousand persons were carried off, in that capital, by another visitation of the plague. In earlier visitations many smaller cities were depopulated by it. The entire mortality, during the fifty-two years of plague, is computed at 100,000,000.—*Burlington Sentinel*.

The works of our mystical mannerists, who darken counsel by words without knowledge, resemble wet fireworks, which merely sputter and blacken paper.

CONSTANCY.

BY GERTRUDE DANBY.

Whate'er my changing lot
In this drear world shall be,
Should Fortune smile or not,
Mid all, I'll think of thee.

Though want and grief assail,
And I forsaken be,
I'll not my fate bewail,
But ever think of thee.

But then should Fortune's sky
Be clear and bright to me,
Be I exalted high,
Still I will think of thee.

Ah yes, as long as life
Shall heaven continue to me,
Mid joy, or woe, or strife,
I'll always think of thee.

THE THREE FRIENDS.

BY W. O. HATON.

ADELINE LEMAN, the only daughter of parents in affluent circumstances, was wedded in her twentieth year, to Henry Ferrison, a thriving young merchant. She had not been a spoiled, though an only child, and her heart had received as much schooling as her intellect. With a lovely person, an educated mind, and a warm and affectionate nature, she stood before the altar, a smiling bride; while the doting and confiding parents felt that a new and happy stage of their existence had begun—their daughter was the wife of one whose worthiness of the possession they fully recognized.

Ray Morville was the groomsman, a friend of Henry from their schoolboy days. Manhood had cemented the fraternity so early begun, and each regarded the other's welfare as his own. No brighter auspices seemed ever to have attended the wedded union of hearts; and tears of joy were shed by the two friends, at the consummation of a ceremony which, though in a certain sense it was to divide them, added a happy feature to their lives.

Henry was some ten years the senior of his wife. Of a sedate, matter-of-fact nature, his classic education had not turned his mind from the sphere of life to which his talents and tastes were the best adapted; and after graduating, he entered so energetically upon a mercantile career, that his business talents soon made him a successful and honored merchant. Liberal in his views, devoted to business, he was readily

acknowledged to be a "good citizen," blameless, praiseworthy and judicious.

Ray Morville was of about the same age. He had not had the good fortune of a collegiate education, his parents having been poor; and when he left the city schools, he entered a counting-house. By his clerkship he supported a widowed mother and a sister. He had not the business faculties of Henry, though his perseverance was as great; and though ambitious of an equal fortune, he was self-reliant, and steadily refused the offers of aid from his friend.

One would have thought that of these two men, Henry would have been the gayer; yet it was not so. Ray's ever buoyant nature made him the soul of every social circle, and though not courting society like many of the ardent and frivolous, he was welcome whenever he appeared.

Why should he not be the pride of his mother and sister? What man like Henry Ferrison, could do otherwise than prize his friendship? And what young bride like Adeline, could help the kind regard she bestowed upon her husband's friend? Near neighbors, he was always welcome to their new home, after the usual bright and bewildering formality of a honeymoon travel.

But there never yet was a honeymoon which was all honey. The tired pair returned home, and now began the untried maze of sober, married life. Mr. Ferrison returned to his counting-house, and resumed his wonted absorption in business, with the added incentive of a wife and home to provide for. Mrs. Ferrison assumed the duties of the matron, and now that the bustle of the bridal journeyings was over, her cares allowed her time to reflect upon her new estate.

We have said, that of the two friends, Ray was the gayer. Both estimable in the general eye, Henry was indeed inferior to his friend in the charms of intercourse, without which, companionship, particularly that of wedded life grows dull if not unhappy. And Adeline had found, before her honeymoon tour was over, that there was such a thing as a *monotony* in love. Yet she was of no capricious mould, nor had she ever loved before.

Her husband was ever attentive, uniformly kind, and showed not the least abatement of his affection. Though absorbed in business abroad, when at home his enjoyment was evidently deep. Though grave, his sincere face was gentle, like his words; and if he could be charged with taciturnity at times, it was attributable to weighty concerns of business. He well and truly loved her.

Henry Ferrison loved her with a love, which, possessed by all, would make a much holier state

of matrimony; true, constant, and unselfish. But he showed but little of the divine fire in that manner by which we are all endeared. It was too quiet, too calm, had too much of polished propriety attending it, too little impulsive unbending, to make it seem to his wife much more than an earnest attachment, enthralled, or fortified, by vows. And therefore it was that the hitherto inexperienced Adeline soon found how gravity and sameness will tire.

It was a relief to Adeline Ferrison when Ray Morville came, and he came often. Half the visits of husband, wife and friend were made in company abroad, and the world regarded them as socially inseparable. It was right and natural, considering all things.

"How different you are from my husband!" was the impetuous and pettish exclamation of Adeline, one evening at a party, which the inseparable three attended; but which, as it was particularly lively, seemed to be the less agreeable to the sober Henry, who mingled little in its liveliness, and had now withdrawn to a corner of the apartment, to converse upon stocks with a gray-headed merchant.

Adeline's remark was made alone, to Ray, who had been convulsing a group of ladies and gentlemen by a series of anecdotes and pleasantry, without effort, with a brilliant grace of style which formed their chief charm.

The particular fullness of her appreciation startled Ray Morville, and he understood the implied preference. As he stared, she colored crimson, for she had spoken involuntarily.

"I mean,"—she stammered, "that—he don't enjoy a little innocent gayety as you do."

"I know," said Morville, in the curious position of an apologist to a wife for her husband's taste, "that Henry does not relish sport as much as I do; in fact, he never did, when a boy; and perhaps it's as well; for it would be a pity to have two friends both fools. His talents are for more substantial purposes."

The reply exalted him more in Adeline's mind than ever, and half repenting what she had said, and too confused to say more, she observed an awkward silence, which permitted her to compare with still greater advantage to her companion, the contrasts of manner the two exhibited.

Raising her eyes, she saw that Morville was also suddenly musing, with his glance upon the carpet.

"He is thinking of what I said!" thought she; "and O, isn't there a difference? Poor Henry!" and she looked towards her unconscious husband, as he continued to discuss grave matters with the elderly gentleman, and felt con-

science-stricken at not idolizing one, so good and kind, whom she affectionately esteemed—but did not love.

"Poor Henry!" The thoughts contained a volume of meaning. "Poor Henry!" Poor indeed, for he had lost his wife's love; or rather, he had never won it.

Ray Morville felt flattered by the remark of his friend's wife, but thought nothing more of it, till one evening he was pressed by Henry to accompany his wife to an approaching ball.

"I have an utter distaste for balls, Ray, but you know I could not be so selfish as to wish to deprive her of the pleasure."

Ray could not refuse. Mrs. Ferrison's glance showed plainly to him that she was pleased.

"Within a year after marriage!" thought he.

They attended the ball. During the whole evening, Adeline embraced every occasion to be with him; and the excitement of the time revealed her partiality so unguardedly, as could not but awaken his suspicions that a dangerous preference existed, that his friend dreamed not of.

"It must be my vanity, which makes me so ungenerous to her," thought Ray, as on the following day he revolved the scenes of the previous night. "She loves him, of course. He deserves it; and she is only naturally fond of the life to which she has been used."

And yet her image glowed in his mind almost constantly. "Beautiful! How gracefully she danced! What eyes and hair, and what a speaking face! Ah! Ray Morville, when will you get such a wife? It is a wonder that Henry does not abandon his gravity, and reflect from his face the light of her love. He ought to be all buoyancy and mirth. By the way, she spoke of Moore, last night. I'll get a copy for her."

She received the present with a look of singularly warm gratitude, and paid more attention to it than to her unsuspecting husband.

"You don't know how glad it makes me feel, Ray," said Henry, "when I reflect I have such a friend as you. You always make me so cheerful when you come, that I don't think we could get along at all without you."

"And wouldn't I be enough?" asked Adeline, coquettishly, and yet with a laughing indifference in her look, which was perceived, as she intended, by Morville, but not by her husband. She was growing bolder.

"You know, Adeline," answered Henry, with more than common quickness and fervor, "that I prize you above all others in the world. Without you, my dear," he added, in a calmer and graver voice, "there would be little for me to live for, indeed."

The thought cast an unwonted shadow over his sombre face. And the three were silent for a time—for three different causes.

"And now you are making little of Ray," after a short pause, said Adeline.

Her husband looked at her reproachfully, as if entreating her not to show such levity.

"Ray and I are old and tried friends, and no trifle could ever make us otherwise."

"Really, Henry, you are more romantic to-night than you were even in our courting-days," said the young wife, her tone being more significant than her words.

Her husband was silent. "'Our courting-days!' How lightly she speaks, of late; how triflingly!" An undefined feeling of apprehension stole mist-like over his spirit. *Am I changed, or is she?*

Adeline took up the volume of Moore, and carelessly turned over the leaves.

"Were you ever in love?" she asked of Morville, looking archly at him, and then significantly at her husband, whose eyes were downcast.

"Yes," answered Ray, glad of a chance to say something; "in love—with my mother and sister."

"And nobody else?"

"Never."

"And did your love for them ever make you feel melancholy?" she continued.

"Always cheerful—always delighted," said Ray, with animation—"but why do you ask?"

"Because they say love makes us sad, and I suppose that it must be the other kind—such as Henry feels, for instance, for some old sweetheart he has lost forever."

Ferrison did not even smile at the sally.

"For see," she continued, "how unhappy he looks, and even when he *says* he feels happy, he always looks mournful—a sign that he has a secret which he would hide from me. But I am not to be deceived."

"I never heard you speak so, before, Adeline," said Ferrison, in a husky, agitated voice; "pray don't, for I am not in very good spirits, really."

"This is the language, either of a heartless woman, or one who is utterly devoid of love for her husband," thought Morville; "else how could she speak what she must know gives *him* pain?"

Ferrison soon resumed, looking solemnly at his wife, as she still mechanically turned the leaves of the book:

"I know, Adeline, I think, why you speak so; I think you mean to rally me, because I am usually, always perhaps, so serious; I know I am; but then you ought to remember there is

such a thing as being serious, without gloom or unkindness. It is true I have not been gifted with a great flow of spirits, nor can I boast of much address in society; but all I am, and all I have, I have laid with gladness at your feet. You know I have never uttered a harsh word to you—no, and I know I have never had cause, nor ever will. I wooed you honorably, and hoped and still hope that if a singleness and strength of love for you which cannot fail till I die, and a simple realization of all that I was supposed to be, will satisfy you, Adeline, you will not regret that you made me a happy man."

Agitation choked his utterance, and his tears fell fast.

"Now, if she is a woman, she will show it!" thought Ray Morville, himself having listened with moist eyes. The truth of what her husband said, and the anguish she did not think nor wish to have caused, thrilled into her soul; and as he proceeded, she trembled, changed color, and after vainly essaying to conceal her emotion, gave vent to it in a flood of tears:

"Yes, yes, Henry! I know it all," she sobbingly exclaimed, when he had finished; and running to him she embraced him. "There never was a better husband, and I did not imagine that my foolish talk would agitate you so."

Seizing the first opportunity, Ray withdrew. "Hers is a true heart, after all!" thought he.

Months elapsed before the memory of that evening lost its effect upon the young wife. It taught her to dwell more than she had been wont, upon her husband's really valuable qualities, and she prided herself upon the devotion which she showed to him.

Henry was happy—if possible, happier than before the first cloud had come upon his wedded love; yet his manner was, as of old—monotonously grave. He seemed to regard all things with a solemnity, which is considered by the world to be only expected from sickness, misfortune, or old age.

Moral worth is far from being the only object of uncorrupted love. And now returned, more obviously than ever, her appreciation of her husband's friend.

Her young heart yearned for some object that was not so constantly proclaiming itself to be ice; or, which, if there was fire beneath, required efforts of a torturing nature to thaw it out. In a kind of despair, her soul cried out for those little blandishments of manner, the varying ways and looks and acts, which, once endearing us, keep the love for their possessor forever fresh.

Morville, by his constant visiting and thorough

familiarity with the nature and habits of both Adeline and her husband, could not but see that the union was virtually dissolved.

Trivial expressions, peculiar glances betrayed her to him, and he now began to criticise his own feelings.

"Does she love me? I ought to doubt it. Do I love her! O, no, no, no, impossible; and yet—she excites more tenderness in me, or at least I display it more than Henry, who says he loves her; and why should I doubt him? But my duty and my honor! He seems unhappy again. And she has grown so of late. Why should she be so cold to him, so cordial to me? No matter why! I must not dwell upon it, but resolve, whatever be my feelings or opinions regarding her, to stifle and to hide them."

It was easier for him than for her.

"I will do it," she exclaimed, one day, vehemently beating her brow in agony; "I love him, and I will let him know it. Better die than thus be compelled to hold silence, while my heart is frozen on one side and consumed on the other."

Taking up a pen, she addressed, in an unfeigned hand, the following lines to Mr. Morville, without signature; trusting to an opportunity to compare the writing, when he should show it to her as she expected, with other of her own, and leave him to decide whether she wrote it:

"If, by Hymen's stern decrees,
Two are bound, but only one
Basks in love's thrice blessed sun,
Frankness gives the spirit ease;
Else the lonely heart would break;
Hear me, then, for sorrow's sake!

Hymen gave me love—but I
Cannot to his kiss reply;
Ice is there, and I am lost,
Circled by the arms of frost!
Give me consolation's ray;
Loved one! canst thou say me nay?"

He received it, and it confirmed what he had long suspected.

Now came a harder struggle for Morville. He must dissemble to both his friend and to his—dared he avow it to himself? ay—to his friend's wife, whom he loved.

True to an honorable resolve, when Adeline strove by every artifice in her power to ascertain whether he had received the missive or imagined who sent it, Morville was on his guard, and his evasive replies baffled her curiosity; but this only added fuel to the flame. She became the more eager to reveal herself to him. Still she hesitated, more from pride than fear, to make the great avowal; but love, and a desire to vindicate, in his eyes, her conduct towards her husband, caused the scales awhile to swing evenly.

The indifference to her husband, increasing and long continued, was shown more by Ade-

line's contrasted behaviour towards others, in the society in which they moved, and especially towards Ray, in her own home and everywhere abroad—rather than by any absolute designed injury to him. She gave him no preference, it was plain; and though his own languageless and motionless bearing might seem justly to incur and invoke indifference, yet he keenly remembered the warmth of her first attachment, ere he had not burdened her with his monotony, nor chilled her by his stillness; and his earnestness darkened now, indeed, into melancholy—then soon into a deeper part of sorrow's pit—to anguish and to woe.

"I love her, but she is tired of me!" said Henry to Ray, with a groan. "I thought I knew her heart or I never would have asked a sacrifice. O, Ray, Ray Morville! my good fortune has deserted me at last!" And he bowed his head on his friend's shoulder.

"Not so fast, Henry, the remedy is easy—at least you should try it. You know your reserve is irksome to her. Try and be more volatile—can't you?"

"Do you think that that would win her back?" asked Henry, looking up with the expression of a doomed man suddenly offered a gleam of hope.

"She has not to be won back, Henry, but to see some sign on your part, beyond mere formal duties, that you are as devoted as you wish her to be to you. Throw off this cold reserve, and put on plenty of boyish good humor. If I were a woman, and my husband should sit like a tombstone in the house, I'd break his heart, no matter if he did praise me when he spoke—his words would seem like a complimentary epitaph."

Ray assumed a jocularity he did not feel, and prevailed on his friend to make the attempt.

But it failed. Adeline wondered at her husband's unnatural liveliness, too forced to be mistaken for reality; and the sought response came not. She was still cold. He had frozen her into respect—and out of her respect she pitied him! She was herself to be pitied.

"I know that Henry loves me," she would bitterly reflect; "but all his worth and love are nothing compared with Ray. But Ray loves me not!"

The excitement of his mind threw Ferrisom into a brain fever. And was his partner at his bedside? It would be doing violence to a divine attribute of female nature to say she was not, as well as believing a character so eminently tender as hers. That very susceptibility of soul which made her husband's cold manner so fatal to their peace, now that he was on the couch of sickness, made her night and day a constant watcher.

Ray, also, was faithful to his bedside, and oft in the lonely vigils of night, they listened to the incoherent ravings of the slumberer.

Here the kindnesses of the steadfast friend to her helpless husband, made Ray still more loveable in the eyes of the wife.

Skillful treatment, and, perhaps more than any medical potion, the compassionate attention of Adeline, soon brought Ferrison to a state of convalescence. Ere this, however, was known to have taken place, one night, as the sick man was supposed to be in a deep slumber, or unconscious, if awake, Adeline and Ray were conversing together, in a low tone, as to his recovery.

"And what if he should die?" said Ray. "You would be wretched then."

The wife looked into his eyes with a fixed stare, and placing her warm hand firmly on his, replied: "For a time!"

"Always, Adeline."

"You are wrong," she said; "for I do not love him as perhaps I should. I cannot help it, Ray. I know he will go to heaven if he dies, but though he is so worthy, I should deplore him only as a friend. You know that genuine love cannot have two objects."

"But you have not two?" said Ray, anticipating, and half-dreading, yet wishing the avowal.

"I have but one—and that is you!" she faltered, hiding her face in tears. "O, Ray Morville, are you blind, or unwilling to believe it, when you have seen so much of me, and how differently I have regarded you? Forgive me! but my long suffering is my excuse for revealing what has seared my brain, and almost seemed to burst my heart, for many unhappy days!"

Honor! Friendship! How few know what you are! In Ray Morville's bosom you dwelt secure and stainless, and triumphed even over a love as pure! She had confessed, and he rejected her, with a heroism so sublime and mournful, that even she seemed unworthy of him then. Concealing his real feelings, he replied, taking her hand respectfully in his:

"I have long imagined this, and O, Mrs. Ferrison, heed me well! Do not any longer harbor any feeling save that of sisterly affection for me. It would be casting your life away upon a hopeless rock. Consider Henry, the ties of marriage, his love for you, and my friendship for him. Nothing but death, can obliterate that, though we should live for a century, and see all about us that was dear crumbling and deserting me in consequence. Go on, Adeline, in honorable union, without yielding to a sentiment which is fraught with sorrow and uselessness, and to which I cannot respond!"

He gently released her hand, and the wretched and now utterly despairing woman veiled her pale visage, and bowed her head upon her lap.

In his own agony, Morville arose involuntarily and paced the room rapidly.

"I must not let her know how much I love her. O, torture! It would kill Henry to know she loved another, and that other, *me!* his friend."

Henry grew well, but he was never happy more. He had heard all which passed at that frightful revelation, an invalid witness of his rich heart's bankruptcy. The great shock which stranded him forever, did not betray his knowledge of what had passed, till quick consumption carried his spirit again to the verge of death.

"My wife!—my friend!—let me take your hands before I die—join them," said the dying Henry. "I am going," he continued, with a faint smile, "where, in the midst of perpetual peace I shall watch over you. It is my wish that a union, which I feel my death is a boon to you both to create, will serve as no transitory blessing to you—as mine was; Adeline, love, I heard your avowal to Ray. I could not blame you. Mine was the deficiency, not yours. Love Ray, with a love as steadfast as his friendship was for me."

The three spirits clasped hands, and ere they were unlocked, death had gone away with one.

FORREST AND THE COLORED ACTOR.

Recently, our distinguished tragedian was playing an engagement at Baltimore. One morning, while at breakfast, the colored gentleman who waited on him thus addressed him:

"Massa Forrest, I seed you play *Virginus* de odder night—I golly, you played him right up to de handle. I tink dat play just as good as *Hamlet*. Was it writ by de same man?"

"O, no," said the tragedian, amused at the communicative spirit of his sable friend, "*Hamlet* was written by Shakspeare, and *Virginus* by Knowles."

"Well," said the waiter, "dey's bofe mighty smart fellers. Ise an actor myself."

"You?" said the astonished tragedian; "why, where do you play?"

"Down in de 'sembly rooms," was the reply. "Weese got a theatre, stage, and scenery, and dresses, and eberyting all right. We plays dere beautiful."

"What have you ever played?"

"Why, Ise played *Hamlet*, and *Polonius*, and *de Grabe Digger*, all in de same piece."

"How do you manage to rehearse?"

"Why, we waits till de work is done, den we all goes down to de kitchen and rehearses."

"But what do you do for ladies?" said Mr. Forrest.

"Ah, dar we stick! We can't get no ladies."

"Why, wont de colored ladies play?"

"O, no," said the colored actor, "de colored ladies tink it too degrading."

The great tragedian asked no more questions.

IMPROMPTU.

BY G. B. STAIS.

I love whate'er is beautiful,
 The summer flowers that fling
 Their perfume to the passing gale,
 The crystal mountain spring,
 The trees arrayed in robes of green,
 The sunlight on the sea,
 And insects glistening in its rays,
 Are beautiful to me.

I love whate'er is musical,
 In summer's genial hours;
 The breeze, that makes low melody
 Among the trees and flowers,
 The birds that trill their happy notes,
 The rills that sing in glee,
 The voice of youth in happiness,
 Are musical to me.

I love whate'er is innocent—
 A heart unstained by guile,
 Is more than simple beauty owns,
 And more than music's wile;
 'Tis a far richer offering,
 And prised far more shall be,
 Than what in life is beautiful
 Or musical to me.

THE WEDDING.

BY FREDERICK W. SAUNDERS.

It is possible it may not be known to the world at large that my friend and chummy, T. Tompkins, Esq., has been for a long time "paying attention" to a young lady of this city, Miss Mary Smithers, with the avowed intention of some day making her Mrs. T. Tompkins. But however ignorant the community generally may have been of this important fact, it was no secret to me, and I was therefore not so completely overcome and bewildered with surprise and astonishment as you yourself doubtless would have been, upon learning that matters were coming to a crisis.

It was morn. The glorious orb of day rolled in unclouded splendor through the azure heavens, flooding with its golden light the—the—the things. That is to say, it was not far from ten o'clock, A. M., when a slow and hesitating foot-fall was heard on the fourth flight of stairs leading to my room. I did not recognize the step—it was wholly unfamiliar; and I started with alarm to make my exit by the back way. But a moment's thought convinced me that it was not the tramp of a creditor; so settling back into my chair, I awaited further developments.

The faltering step paused upon reaching the

head of the stairs, and many seconds elapsed before the door was slowly and hesitatingly opened and Tompkins himself stalked into the room. Without uttering a word, or raising his eyes from the floor, he marched across the apartment, seated himself in my extra chair, and in silence gazed fixedly into the empty coal hod. I was petrified with astonishment at this unlooked for change in his demeanor. That he, who was naturally the most impetuous of mortals, should have suddenly become so sedate, filled me with wonder; and I sat for some minutes gazing stupidly at him with my under jaw depending in a graceful attitude of astonishment. There was nothing about his person to give me a clue to the mystery. His face presented that total absence of any expression for which he is remarkable, and his listless air generally gave no token. As I was about to break the prolonged silence, he ejaculated, without raising his head or moving a muscle, the two words, "H've Jinx."

"What in the name of all that's sheepish and sulky, has come to you, Tompkins?" I inquired, hitching my chair round opposite my friend.

"Why, the fact is, I'm in—in trouble. No, I don't mean trouble exactly; what I mean is that I'm—I'm troubled."

"What is it, Tompkins? debts, creditors—anything of that sort? As far as money is concerned, you know you can always depend upon me for ten, twenty, or even twenty-five cents, in case of necessity."

"No, Jinx, 'tisn't anything of that sort," returned Tompkins, twisting uneasily in his chair for a few minutes; then turning very red in the face and making a strong effort, he placed his hands upon his knees in a determined manner, looked me square in the eyes, and stammered: "The fact is, Jinx, I'm going to be—you know—I'm going to be—what d'ye call it?—married."

And with the air of a man who has relieved himself of a great burden, he threw up his head and looked fixedly at me, evidently expecting some tremendous demonstration of surprise on my part. Not being in the least surprised, I made no such demonstration. But as he continued to fix his eyes upon me, I came to the conclusion, after a silence of several minutes, that it would be best to gratify him in that particular. So I ejaculated, in a tone betokening no particle of emotion:

"Pshaw! You don't say so?"

"Fact," he responded, with a shade of sadness.

"When is it to be, Tompkins? and what the deuce is the use of looking so sheepish about it?"

"Do I look sheepish?" he asked, abstractedly.

"Do you? Why, you look fitter to bleat and wear a woolly tail, than to sit there talking of marriage."

"I almost wish I was a little innocent lambkin, Jinx. It's a terrible thing, this getting married, I tell you. Not that I have any fears as to Mary and happiness and that. It's the fuss and confusion and everything, that's doing my business for me. I don't see how the women can stand it, for my part. But they *do*; they rather seem to like it, than otherwise. There's Mary and her mother and no end of old maid aunts, turning the house upside down with making lots and lots of lace abominations, and all manner of concerns, out of white cloth and things; you'd think they were going to establish a needlewoman's friend society, or something, if you were to look into the house. I wanted to make a sort of runaway match of it, and do the thing quietly; but Mary wouldn't listen to it; she wanted the affair to go off with *clat*, she said. After waiting all these years for me to come to the point, she was not going to have 'this thing done in a corner;' she wasn't going to hide *her* light under a bushel, nor a barrel either, not she. So I consented, and you see what's come of it. Instead of the quiet, comfortable time I expected to have with Mary up at the house, I can't catch sight of her five minutes at a time, day or night. And if I go to the house, they set me at work writing nonsensical notes to every man, woman and child in the United States, I believe, and running errands and things, and nose me about as though I was of no account, till I feel of about as much consequence as a little yellow dog that everybody thinks in the way. I s'pose things will get better when the thing is done, but they are getting worse and worse now. I wish I could take chloroform, or something, and stay so till it's all over;" and my poor friend again clapping his eyes into the coal-hod, began "sighing like furnace."

I felt for Tompkins, and would gladly have offered some consolation. But what could I say? Of what use were words, in a case like this, with the stern and impending reality staring him in the face.

"If there's anything I can do for you, Tompkins, you know no one would do it sooner."

"Yes, I know it, Jinx; you was always a good fellow," he returned with emotion, as he grasped my hand. "I s'pose there are a good many things you *might* do, if I only knew what they were. You see I'm green in this business. I never had any practice before, you know."

"Have you got all your little diddy fixings and things?"

Tompkins nodded.

"Then all you want is to have your friends there, and somebody to stand up with you, to keep you in countenance. I and the rest of the boys will be on hand, and everything will go off like a new broom. You'll get through it well enough, Tompkins, my boy," I added, encouragingly, hitting him a slap on the shoulder to raise his spirits.

"Mebbe we shall," he responded doubtfully, pushing his hat as far on to his head as it could possibly be made to go; and with a slow and lingering step, as though he were quitting his last stronghold of safety, he silently departed.

I saw nothing more of my friend for some days, but received quite a number of spasmodic notes from him, by which I learned that I was not only to "stand up with him," but to make my appearance early at the house of the bride's mother, to make myself generally useful, as circumstances might require.

Early in the afternoon of the appointed and important day, I placed a pair of new patent leather boots on the upper, outside steps of Mrs. Smithers's residence, and twitching the silver-plated bell-pull, was admitted. Great indeed had been the change since my last visit. The house had been literally turned out of doors, as Tompkins had said. New carpets had been put down and new curtains had been put up. New furniture had been put in in great quantities, and old friends had been put out in great numbers, because their advice had not been taken in the matter. Indeed, the whole interior of the house presented a scene of bustle and confusion extremely agonizing to a quiet single gentleman, like myself. With a sigh of pity for my poor friend, I instituted inquiries as to his whereabouts, and was shown up three flights of stairs to a little room on the fourth floor.

"Walk in!" responded a dismal voice, in reply to my "tapping at the chamber door."

Entering the room, I beheld dimly through a dense cloud of cigar smoke, the forms of Tompkins and our mutual friend Captain George Booth.

"How fare ye, Jinx, my boy? 'pears you've come to time, after all; we'd begun to fear you're going to back down," exclaimed Booth, extending towards me, through the smoke, a powerful paw, which I grasped and wiggled feebly for a moment. "How goes it, Tompkins? Why don't you spunk up, you great dough-head? The worst of it's over now," he continued, fetching Tompkins a series of pokes in the ribs.

"I dunno 'bout that; 'seasy nuf for you chaps

to talk, coz you haint got to face the music. You see everything is so much different from what I had supposed, that it rather takes me down. I always thought that when a chap and a gal made up their minds to commit matrimony, they were the ones most interested, and the most important ones in the play, without it might be the parson. But 'taint so. There's Mary and her mother and all the family are tucked away in that little room, across the entry, in less space than would be allowed them in the State prison, while all the rest of the house is given up to accommodate other people. There's all the lower floor stripped of every particle of furniture, without it may be the carpets and curtains, to make room for callers in the evening, when for my part I'd give 'em fifty dollars apiece to stay away altogether. Then there's another room to hold Mary's—what do ye call it? you know, that French concern, things that her friends give her, and two more rooms with tables for the champagne and cake and stuff, beside a ladies' drawing room and a gentlemen's drawing-room, and I dunno what else. Then they've had to get all their feed out of the house, because the kitchen was wanted for something else. As for Mary, I shall have to get somebody to give me an introduction to her, I haven't seen her for such a while. She's been so busy racing about that she's used herself all up, and wont be fit to move for a month; and sights of people that I never heard tell of before are rushing in and out of the house as though there was a fire. If I was a stranger in the house, and didn't know anything about the circumstances, I should suppose that some two or three hundred friends of the family were going to get married to day, and that Mary and myself had come here on a visit and wasn't no ways welcome."

At this stage of my friend's lamentations, some one rapped at the door and informed us it was time to get ready to go to the church. Dropping our cigars and drawing on our white kids, we descended in our black dress coats and grass-colored breeches, to the parlor, where the female delegation was drawn up in battle array. The carriages were already at the door, and in mournful silence we commenced the embarkation. In the first coach rode Mr. T. Tompkins, Miss Mary Smithers, Miss Carrie Grummet, first bridesmaid, and Mr. Aristides Jinx, Esquire, first groom. The second carriage contained the bodies of Captain George Booth, second groom, Miss Angepina Something-or-other, second bridesmaid, Mrs. Smithers the mother in Israel, and old Uncle Somebody, who was to give the bride away; and this was the order of our going.

During the ride Mr. Tompkins maintained a profound silence, while his features assumed a deep yellow hue, or pallor, as he called it; and seated at the opposite extremity of the back seat, he seemed rather afraid than otherwise of his intended bride, who was herself deeply absorbed in the arrangement of her ribbons and laces. This conduct on the part of Tompkins was in startling contrast to the excessively fraternal manner in which Mr. Jinx conducted himself towards Miss Carrie Grummet, who for some cause or other nestled about very briskly indeed, though to do Mr. Jinx justice, that gentleman did not allow her much room to nestle in.

The church being situated at just no distance at all from Mrs. Smithers's residence, it is not surprising that we arrived at that sacred and dingy edifice in a proportionately limited period. It was an exciting moment as we alighted from the carriages amid a throng of noisy and tattered, though youthful exiles from the

—"Swate Emerald Isle,
Where there's no sarpinte to bite or beguile,"

and who cheered derisively as we entered the gloomy portal. The house was filled to overflowing with the friends of the parties, who with the customary impudence displayed upon such occasions, stared intently into the faces of the bride, the bridegroom and us their accomplices, as we trampled up the aisle. The shadow of confidence that poor Tompkins had until this time kept up, now completely deserted him as we got fairly into the body of the church. Still no serious misadventure occurred, if we except the fact that at the door Tompkins, doubtful who should go first, hesitated somewhat, while Booth and myself, anxious to set him right, gave him a push forward, both of which directing shoves coming at the same moment, caused him to nearly lose his equilibrium, recovering from which, he rushed towards the altar with such impetuosity that the bride elect was forced to almost run to keep up with her impatient lord, while we followed in a rapid, irregular single file some distance behind.

Half way up the aisle, recovering somewhat from his confusion, he checked himself suddenly, while Mary, herself rather bewildered and ignorant, of course, of his intention to abate his speed, shot quickly past him. Each perceiving the design of the other at the same instant, a change of plan took place, Mary halting while Tompkins accelerated his pace, when as a natural result, Mary being in advance, his foot came in contact with the hem of her dress, pinning it to the floor. A sharp, quick sound of rending

stitches, a sudden bending backward of the bride and a halt of both parties, could of course result in nothing else than the sudden and violent bringing to a stand-still successively against each other's backs, of the rapidly advancing single file following in the rear. Disentangling ourselves from the confused mixing up of parties, we finally reached the chancel in somewhat more regular order, where Tompkins established himself on the left side, as was perfectly right and proper that he shouldn't.

The solemnity of the place, the expensive carpet, the venerable and high salaried clergyman in full canonicals, had a rather awe-inspiring effect even upon Booth and myself, though the girls behaved with heroic fortitude and appeared to be possessed of more presence of mind than usual. (There is nothing connected with a church, a parson or the marriage ceremony, that shall frighten your true woman, I promise you.)

As the clergyman in solemn tones commenced the service, Tompkins nerved himself for the undertaking, in which he was admirably seconded by Booth, who with his great thumb and finger bestowed a succession of pinches upon him "to put him in spunk and make him feel his oats," as he himself said in his coarse horse talk.

"Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?" asked the priest, in an impressive manner.

"I do," responded Tompkins, not rightly comprehending the question, and thinking he must assent to everything; and his agony was painful to witness when old Uncle Somebody hobbled up and performed the office of giving away the bride.

Again the service proceeded; hands had twice been given by the happy pair, when the clergyman paused, looking inquiringly at Tompkins, who being wholly absorbed in tracing with the toe of his boot the figures on the carpet, of course did not notice.

"The ring, if you please, sir," whispered the parson, after a silence of a minute or two.

"O! Ah, yes, the ring; certainly, of course," ejaculated Tompkins, with an amount of energy which the occasion by no means demanded; and with a sudden start, he dove the fingers of both hands into the corresponding vest pockets, thereby bringing both elbows into violent contact with the ribs of Booth and the bride, who stood close upon either side.

After a prolonged fumbling in the vest pockets, the search was transferred to the coat pockets, then to the breeches, and again to the vest, from which a small paper parcel was eventually fished up, and being clumsily unrolled by his white kid

fingers, the desired emblematic hoop no sooner glittered in the gaslight, than with a light tinkling sound it rolled among the gaiter boots of the bridesmaids.

In dire confusion, Tompkins dove after his property, and would doubtless, like the woman in the Scriptures, have searched diligently until he found it, had not Mary, taking advantage of his stooping position, seized him by that portion of his dress coat which descends below the waist, and by a quiet though effectual movement brought him again to his feet and her side, when presenting the clergyman with a ring of her own, the service proceeded to a happy termination. And now commenced that unaccountable scene which may sometimes be observed upon the occasion of a wedding. No sooner is the ceremony completed, than a wailing sound is heard to proceed from behind Mrs. Smithers's handkerchief, whereupon the bridesmaids feel it their duty to grab hold of the bride with one hand, while with the other they apply a handkerchief to the facial regions, and clustering in a bunch about the victim, sob up against the sides of each others' heads. An audible buzzing arises from the people in the pews; the grooms fidget about, looking profoundly foolish, and Tompkins with a bewildering and misty conviction that he has somehow wrecked the happiness of the entire Smithers family, even unto the third and fourth generations, hastily approaches the parson and delivers an envelope, which that reverend functionary receiving with a smile and a bow, pockets with an air of satisfaction—though if the truth must be told, it is to be presumed he was less satisfied upon discovering what Tompkins also discovered the ensuing morning, that instead of delivering the envelope in which he had enclosed a twenty-dollar note, he had in his confusion unwittingly presented a similar envelope containing a severe letter from an old flame, in which she upbraided him for his inconstancy, and even went so far as to threaten "proceedings." However, that was no great misfortune; indeed, it was a positive benefit, being the means of saving a good ten-dollar note to Tompkins, for upon rectifying the mistake next day, he was struck with the idea—which had somehow not occurred to him before—that ten dollars was quite enough for a marriage fee, that any more was positive extravagance, which sum he accordingly paid.

The customary proceedings upon the evening of a bridal party are too well known to require a detailed account. We—that is, the principals and their immediate accessories—of course drove at once to the house of the bride's mother.

Tompkins and wife and the bridesmaids station themselves at the head of the reception-room, while Booth and myself station ourselves at the door, a span of impromptu footmen. A carriage drives up, another dittoes; the bell rings; more carriages come fast and faster; the bell rings incessantly, while the callers are led up by ones and twos and sixes, to be introduced to the bride, though they may have known her since she was a troublesome, hateful little girl; a few words, which neither understand, passes between them, and the callers debouch upon the floor. The rooms are filled to suffocation; there are no seats—of course, the people group themselves in every possible position; the confused and commingled chatter of female tongues, the flirting of fans, the shaking and dropping of handkerchiefs, together with the swaying and moving of the crowd, is bewildering.

The gentlemen bow and squirm and grin and talk contemptible nonsense, until a new phase is observable. Numbers of white jackets, each containing a "cullud pusson," rush hastily up and down stairs; a slight movement is perceptible near the door; the movement extends, the whole throng is in motion and rushing through the hall towards another apartment, where refreshments are laid out. Multitudes of champagne corks ricochet across the room, and a rattling volley, like feeble musketry, hails the entrance of the invaders; wine disappears, cake vanishes, grapes are nowhere, oysters ditto, ices are treated coldly, more wine passeth from sight, the chattering, the giggling, the buzzing waxes fast and furious. Suddenly a pause; "cullud pussons" again race up and down stairs, hats are brought, cloaks are brought, shawls are brought, everything is brought, a carriage rolls up, sable footman calls out from the door, "Mr. Queerquirk's carriage, sah," another and another follows, until none are left save the happy bride and bridegroom, their immediate family and Messrs. Jinx and Booth.

It would scarcely be of sufficient interest to the general reader to investigate thoroughly, and sift to the bottom the further events of the evening. Of course there are the lights to be put out, the tables to clear, the doors to lock and other trifles, but we will not pursue them. Let it suffice that Booth and myself adjourned to my apartment, where, feeling it our duty to celebrate the happy event, we sat up until a very late and noisy hour of the night, during which we punished at least half a dozen bottles of—of—cigars, from the effects of which we were sewed up with a severe headache all the next day.

It takes a lifetime to learn how to live.

SYMPATHY FOR THE FALLEN.

For my part, I confess I have not the heart to take an offending man or woman from the general crowd of sinful, erring beings, and judge them harshly. The little I have seen of the world and know of the history of mankind, teaches me to look upon the errors of others in sorrow, not anger. When I take the history of one poor heart that has sinned and suffered, and represent to myself the struggles and temptations it has passed, the brief pulsations of joy, the feverish inquietude of hope and fear, the tears of regret, the feebleness of purpose, the pressure of want, the desertion of friends, the scorn of the world that has but little charity, the desolation of the soul's sanctuary, and threatening voice within, health gone, even hope that stays longest with us, gone, I have little heart for aught else but thankfulness that it is not so with me, and would fain leave the erring soul of my fellow-being with Him from whose hand it came,

"Even as a little child,
Weeping and laughing in its childish sport."
—*Home Journal*.

A SAD STORY.

The saddest story that we ever read was that of a little child in Switzerland, a pet boy, just as yours is, reader, whom his mother, one bright morning, rigged out in a beautiful jacket, all shining with silk and buttons, and gay as a mother's love could make it, and then permitted him to go out to play. He had scarcely stepped from the door of the "Swiss cottage," when an enormous eagle swooped toward the earth and bore him to its nest, high up among the mountains and yet within sight of the house of which he had been the joy. There he was killed and devoured, the eyrie being at a point which was literally inaccessible to man, so that no relief could be afforded. In tearing the child to pieces, the eagle so placed the gay jacket in the nest, that it became a fixture there, and whenever the wind blew, it would flutter, and the sun would shine upon its lovely trimmings and ornaments. For years it was visible from the low lands, long after the eagle had abandoned the nest. What a sight it must have been to the parents of the victim!—*Herald*.

UNEXPECTED RISE IN PRICES.

A gentleman with a simple mind the other day ordered a late dinner at Harris's, in Wilson's Lane, when a stranger entered at that moment, and took a seat opposite him. The good cheer superinduced a lively chat, and the stranger discoursed largely upon the high prices of food, and mentioned incidentally that a further rise was soon to be expected. Each of the feeders received the medallion-like ticket which told how much he had ordered, and the stranger, after hurriedly eating, paid and disappeared. The gentleman with the simple mind was surprised to hear of another rise in prices, and when he went to the counter to settle was still more astonished to find that rise had already commenced—for the stranger during the conversation had shifted the coins, taking his ticket (18 cents) and left him the other (37 1-2). This kind of rise in prices made him wish he had risen quicker himself.—*Boston Post*.

CROWNING OF THE MAY QUEEN.

BY FRANCIS M. CHEESBRO.

Come, sister fairies, come,
And weave a wreath of flowers,
Fresh from forest shade,
Sweet with April showers.
We'll sing and dance around,
A merry, happy band,
Joy and mirth we'll wake
With our fairy wand.

Of the sweet May flowers
A dainty wreath we'll bind,
To crown our lovely queen,
Fairest of our kind.
Each little fairy, come,
With dew-besprinkled feet,
A rosy offering bring,
Around this altar meet.

O, lovely fairy queen,
Receive our crown of flowers,
Bend low thy queenly brow,
Receive our simple dower.
Sisters, one and all,
Of our merry band,
Salute the Queen of May,
Queen of fairy land.

A LEGEND OF THE RHINE.

BY H. GILBERT.

"I know not how the truth may be,
I tell the tale as 'twas told to me."

I WAS spending a few weeks on the banks of the Rhine. Having plenty of leisure at my command, and entertaining a most hearty contempt for that system of "*doing*" sights, so prevalent among the would-be travellers of now-a-days, I had determined to spend some time with "mine host," who, by the way, was a perfect specimen of his kind, and to explore alone, and at my leisure, the principal spots of interest in the neighborhood. I love to wander in the woods, among the rocks and waterfalls, with my thoughts for my only companions; and here, the wild, romantic scenery, and the unaccustomed picturesqueness of the landscape, accorded so perfectly with all my feelings, as to bind me with a spell even stronger than I could have dreamed of. For days I had intended to depart, and for days I had been delaying my departure. I had wandered, day after day, in every direction, to every place which seemed to promise an adequate return in instruction and amusement, and day after day had I been charmed with new novelties, with new beauties. But I had, at last, nerved myself to leave all

that had so strongly attracted me, and the next day but one was fixed for my departure. The next day, which was to be the last of my stay, I intended to pay a last visit to my favorite resorts, and to bid an eternal farewell to spots and scenes which had become, within the last week, as old familiar friends. Accordingly, early the next morning I started off. Absorbed in deep reflection, mingled with a quiet tinge of sadness, I wandered on, unconsciously, further than I had intended, and in a direction which I had never taken before. Suddenly, on looking up, I was startled at seeing immediately in front of me, on a broad plateau which overhung the waters of the "castled river," one of those ruined piles, which speak to us more eloquently than words could do of glories past away, and which, even in their decay and desolation, have about them something of grandeur and sublimity which insensibly commands our love and admiration. It was one of those, of which Byron has said :

"Each ivied arch and pillar lone,
Pleads haughtily for glories gone."

Why this old ruin should have struck my fancy more than many others I have seen, I cannot tell. Yet, whether from the suddenness of the apparition, or whether the ruins were in reality grander or more picturesque than others of the kind, I know not, but certainly I felt, for an instant, emotions entirely new. I was soon lost in exploration. The roof and stairs of the high tower had fallen in, so as to give, as from the bottom of a deep well, an uninterrupted view of the bright blue sky beyond. A few timbers of the old drawbridge yet from their rusted hinges hung creaking on the walls. The old moat had long since been dry, and choked with weeds. In the court-yard, the rank grass and the thistle, with the deadly nightshade, held undisputed sway; and as I trod the long deserted rooms, the old decaying tapestry which still hung, tattered, on the walls, waved ominously, as if in horror of the desecration, and the high arched roof and vaulted aisles gave back strange echoes to my solemn tread.

Attached to the main building, but scarcely seeming a part of it, was what from its gothic windows I took to be a chapel. The ivy, like a tried friend in adversity, still clung to it lovingly, in its decay. Its rich, exuberant masses hung, drooping, from the walls, and where the roof had fallen in, the ivy, too, had crept over the roofless side, and hung in wreathing festoons to the very floor. The toad sat sweltering under the crumbling altar-stone, and the bat slept in the crevices of the mouldering walls. But what struck me most of all was a strange rent, of about a

yard wide, in the two opposite sides of the structure. It seemed as if the building had been cut asunder in the middle, and the parts then separated. I spent some time in conjecture as to what might be the cause of this strange phenomenon, and at last, not being able to arrive at any satisfactory conclusion, I wisely determined to forget it entirely. Then I set myself to work to explore every nook and corner of the old ruin, and was still busily employed, when the stirring of the bats and the descending nightfall warned me home.

On my return, I related to "mine host" my day's experience, and inquired of him what might be the history of the old castle, for I was sure there must be some quaint old legend connected therewith.

"Ah, Mein Herr," said he, "there is indeed a legend connected with that old castle, and, in sooth, a strange and fearful one, but wait until after supper, and you shall hear it."

So, after a most glorious meal, for which my day's experience had given me an unwonted appetite, we took our pipes, and reclining on a large bench by the door, "mine host" told me the following tale, which, as I have forgotten the narrator's own quaint language, I will endeavor to dress up in a style of my own:

"Proud, stern and passionate was the old Count Von G. Full fourscore winters had blanched what still remained of his once raven hair, but the brightness of his yet piercing eye, and his stalwart form, which, still unbent, seemed but to scorn the weight of years, gave token that the fire of his youth had not yet all passed away. His nervous arm could still strike a blow which would not have shamed his younger days, and, sooth to say, few who valued their lives at an hour's purchase, would have dared a passage at arms with the old Count Von G. When he appeared in public, which happened but seldom, he was regarded by the peasantry with a mingled feeling of awe and terror.

"There was, too, a strange tale that once upon a wild, tempestuous night, a stranger dight in sable, coat of mail, with mailed head and visor down, upon a steed dark as the night itself, rode into the court-yard of the castle, and imperatively demanded to speak with the count. He was shown to the old count's chamber. Long and earnestly did they confer together, the stranger and the count, and an inquisitive menial, watching at the key-hole, saw the count, as he averred to the day of his death, sign a large strip of parchment with his blood. Immediately the stranger rose, took up the parchment, and folding it, deposited it in his bosom; then turn-

ing, and descending to the court-yard, he mounted his steed, and disappearing like air, was never seen more. Be that as it may, however, certain it is that all night long a red, unearthly light streamed from the old count's window, in the top of the tower, and tinged with its lurid glow the heaving waters of the dark blue river. And the old servitor often heard strange voices and sounds within, and as he heard, he crossed himself and prayed the Holy Virgin to deliver him from the power of all demons and evil spirits.

"But stern and mysterious as was the old Count Von G., there was one spot in his breast which was yet soft and green as in his younger days. Start not, gentle reader, when I tell you that the old count was in love—yes, desperately, passionately in love. Those fountains of his heart which he had thought long since sealed up forever, were re-opened, and the living waters gushed forth afresh. The pretty Therese, the loveliest maiden in all the country round, whose sparkling eye and whose cheek, which seemed as though it had stolen its color from the clouds of the morning, were the admiration of all the youths and the envy of all the maidens, had warmed his breast again into a fresh reviving life. He had met her in one of his rambles in the forest, and her rare beauty at once touched a chord in his breast which he had thought long since unstrung, while her natural grace of manner, and the quaint commixture of fearlessness and respect with which she answered all his questions, and which was so different from the undisguised terror which usually greeted his appearance, completed the charm. Long did he linger, as if unwilling to depart. Many an idle question did the pretty maiden have to answer, and when the old count turned to go, he had inwardly determined to transplant this woodland flower to blossom in his lonely castle, and to make her his bride the Countess Von G.

"But the French proverb says, '*L'homme propose, mais Dieu dispose*;' and in nothing is this more true than in love affairs. The little winged god had determined matters otherwise, for, with a love quite as intense as the old count's passion, and far more deep and pure, did the pretty Therese love the young Paul Ebenhart. In fact, they were already betrothed, and an early day had been fixed for their nuptials. And her choice was not misplaced; for a brighter eye, a stronger arm, and best of all, a nobler soul, was not to be found in many a mile. He was handsome, too, and the neighbors used to say that a handsomer couple than Paul and Therese had not been known in the village

within the memory of man. There was not a house in the village where they were not as welcome as in their own. All loved them, old and young. The young looked forward with anticipations of intense delight to Therese's wedding-day, and the old, the sick and the infirm prayed God to spare their lives to see their darling's bridal.

"A change came over the old count. He spent less time at home; he was more abroad. Many an hour which had formerly been devoted to solitary self-confinement in the mysterious solitude of his own apartment, now found him with most persevering assiduity threading the woodland paths where he had first met the pretty Therese. But whether she had an intuitive presentiment of his feelings, or whether it was merely that her inclination seldom led her that way, certain it is that the old count wandered, vainly, many a weary day, ere another opportunity occurred to him. At last, one day when he had almost despaired of ever meeting her again, and was wondering if it would not be his wisest plan to go home and forget her entirely, and he had almost determined that this should be his last search, when lo, on turning an angle in the road, he saw her directly before him. She was gracefully reclining in the shade of an overhanging tree. Her cheek was resting on her hand, her hat was thrown carelessly beside her, and the wanton wind was toying with the rich masses of dark brown hair, which fell loosely over a neck and shoulders white as the Parian stone, and almost hid from view a faultlessly rounded arm in its jealous clusters. She was reading some quaint old romance of days gone by, and it must have been a tale of love and sorrow, for ever and anon a deeper flush tinged her already rosy cheek, and a gentle sigh escaped her heaving bosom.

"Long and silently did the old count gaze. He spoke not, moved not, scarcely breathed, lest he should disturb so beautiful a vision. He feared to see it vanish like a dream of an enchanted land. His wild love came quickly over him with tenfold power, and in the uncontrollable emotion, he made an involuntary step forward, which startled the maiden and caused her to look up. She seemed at first confused, but quickly recovering her self-possession, she bowed and rose to go. But the count detained her, and without any preparation, with a fervor and an eloquence well worthy of his youthful days, he poured into her ear his all-consuming passion. So startled and astonished was the maiden, that for some moments she could not comprehend his meaning; but as the truth

suddenly flashed upon her, the rich blood suffused her face and neck for an instant, and then as quickly receded, leaving her as pale as a marble statue. She tottered, and would have fallen, had not the old count caught her in his arms. Immediately recovering herself, however, she boldly confessed her love for another, rejected his suit, and before he could detain her, she had vanished in the woods with the speed of a startled fawn.

"Motionless stood the old count until her retreating form had vanished. He had never dreamed of the possibility of a refusal. That he, whose high descent might match the noblest in the land, and of whose ancestral tree even princes might be proud, should be refused, and that, too, by a simple peasant girl! His whole spirit rose in arms, at the indignity. In violent agitation, he retraced his steps towards the castle, muttering with an oath, as he went, that Therese should be his bride!

"It was night. Moody and dull, the old count sat in his chamber. It was a quaint old room. The walls were hung with sable velvet, interwoven with tracery of gold. Around him lay massive tomes, with clasps of brass, mingled in strange array with implements of many a curious device. The floor was inscribed with many a mystic circle. A small furnace and crucible, with which he seemed to have been experimenting, were on the table before him, but now the fire was flickering low with an expiring flame. But he heeded it not. His head had sunk upon his breast, and he seemed lost in intense thought; and ever and anon he muttered to himself brokenly, as if in sleep. Suddenly he started up, and rang his bell violently. Scarcely had its last tones died away, when Gotthart, his old servitor, stood before him.

"'Gotthart,' said the count, 'thou knowest the pretty Therese, the beauty of the village?'

"Gotthart bowed.

"'Wouldst thou not like her for thy mistress, Gotthart?'

"Gotthart was astonished; but he knew his master too well to manifest any surprise, so he merely bowed again.

"'And she shall be!' cried the count. 'Listen, Gotthart: I love the maiden. I have loved her long and madly. To-day I told her all my love. She refused my hand, rejected my suit; to my face, she told me that she loved another! And now, by all that's good, mine shall she be before to-morrow night shall pass away. Dost hear, Gotthart? She must be mine! It matters not how, yet mine she must be! There are retainers enough in the castle.

Take them and go; and comest thou without her, thou knowest the rest. Now go; leave me!"

"Gotthart bowed and retired, and the old count was once more alone.

"We will pass over the sudden disappearance of Therese, and the terrible sorrow which, on the morrow, pervaded the whole village. It is not with that, that we have to do. Suffice it to say that the old servitor had proved himself capable of his mission, and that ere morning dawned, the pretty Therese was brought a prisoner to the castle.

"The nuptials were to take place on the following evening. A monk had been procured from a neighboring convent, and a bridal robe had been hastily put together by some of the female servants of the castle. The other preparations were but few. The menials of the castle were to be the only spectators. There was to be no pomp, no ceremony. There was to be no gorgeous bridal train, no joyous revelry, no merry dance, no music, and no song. It was to be only a quiet sacrifice of a sad, despairing victim.

"The captive spent the livelong day in prayers and tears. But the weariest day must come to an end at last, and as Therese sat by the window, and saw the great red sun sink down behind a portentous looking cloud, which was slowly looming up in the western horizon, she felt that her hour had almost come. Silently and unresistingly she submitted to the attentions of the maidens, who had come to deck her for the sacrifice. Calm and pale she stood, until the last fold was arranged in her snowy dress, the last flower tied to her raven hair!

"It was a fearful sight to see that young maiden, as she stood before the altar. Her glossy hair fell over a neck and throat so pale, that you scarce might tell where the satin dress met its snow-white marble. All traces of tears had been swept away, and as she stood, so pale, and yet so calm and firm, there was a strange expression in her eye, and a stern compression of her bloodless lips, which bore the token of some firm resolve. As she stood there, under the dark shadow of the old count's sternness, you might have thought some woodland flower, pale with cold, was peeping out from under the snows of winter.

"But the ceremony commenced. The deep, dark cloud, which had hung over the horizon at sunset, was pregnant of an approaching storm. The distant thunder muttered incessantly, and the lightning flashed with a lurid glare through the dimly lighted chapel. The first big drops were already falling heavily, one by one, upon

the vaulted roof, mingling their pattering with the deep low growl of the approaching thunder. But they heeded it not. Uninterruptedly the ceremony proceeded, until the monk addressed to Therese the question whose answer was to bind her with the bond which no man may part asunder, when, to the astonishment of all present, turning her dark, wild eyes full upon the count, in a voice firm, indeed, but deep and unearthly, as though it might have been from a tomb, she answered:

"Thou hast torn me from my friends, my home, my kindred. Thou hast brought me here, before this altar, to pledge to thee that faith, that love and that obedience which I have vowed irrevocably to another. Thou canst do with me as thou wilt, yet, know, proud count, who warrest thus on women, that never, before God, will I be to thee a willing bride. And as God is my judge, before whom I stand, I summon thee to appear ere long before his bar, to answer this foul wrong which thou hast this day done to a weak, defenceless maiden."

"For some moments, all was still. The menials were horrified at her temerity. The count himself was disconcerted. At last he broke the silence.

"Mind not the silly, prating child, Sir Monk. She knows not what she wishes. Proceed! I may not brook delay."

"I may not, my lord," replied the monk. "In such a case, the laws of our holy church forbid it."

"And what care I for your holy church, Sir Monk? or for her laws?" replied the count. "I have sworn that this maiden shall be my bride to-night, and so she shall! Proceed, or it may not be well with thee!"

"They heard not the deepening thunder, as it advanced nearer and nearer. They marked not how the lightning shone at every flash with a ruddier glow.

"I may not, my lord," replied the monk.

"Thou wilt not?" asked the count, as a fearfully indescribable expression crept over his features.

"No, my lord."

"There was no answer. With one stride, the old count reached the monk. There was an uplifted hand, a blow, and the white-robed priest sunk quivering to the floor beside the altar, while a small crimson tide welled from his lips, and trickled in a dark, ominous stream slowly down the chancel steps.

"Aghast with horror, pale as sheeted ghosts, the trembling throng of menials stood in silence rooted to the ground. The old count, himself,

stood as if petrified. Therese was white and motionless as a marble statue. The silence was so deep and awful that each drop of blood, as it fell trickling to the ground, sounded like iron hail. So dumb, so horrified, stood the affrighted throng, that they heard not a deep, dull, rumbling sound, as of distant thunder. On it came, nearer and nearer, till, with a flash which seemed as though the heavens had burst into flame, and with a crash which seemed to vibrate to the centre of the solid earth, it burst upon the castle. All fell in terror to the ground. How long they lay, they knew not; but when they rose, they found the walls of the chapel torn asunder in the manner described. The old count disappeared, and could nowhere be found. One of the menials asserted that, as he fell, he caught a glimpse of a coal-black steed, with fiery eyes and mane of flame, with a rider in a sable coat of mail, dash in at one side of the chapel, as its walls opened, and seizing the old knight by the waist, and placing him before him on his steed, disappear at the other. Be that as it may, the old count was never seen again. When they raised Therese, they found that life had fled. Every effort to restore her was unavailing.

"After the strange events of this fearful night," continued "mine host," "the castle was soon deserted. The ghost of the monk haunted the chapel, and ever on a stormy night, amid the howling of the wind and the pealing of the thunder, strange sounds were heard, as of the trampling of a fiery steed upon the chapel floor. The menials soon fled in terror. No one could be found to live there. After its desertion, the old castle gradually fell into decay. But tale and song, from aged sire to son, have still preserved its terrors; and even now, the belated peasant hurrying home at nightfall, often sees strange shapeless forms, and hears unearthly sounds, and, shuddering, he crosses himself and hurries on. And he would be, in sooth, a brave man, who would venture to pluck at midnight a leaf from the ivy which grows within that haunted chapel."

FACE, QUEEN ELIZABETH'S FOOL.

The professional "fools" by whom our ancestors were so much amused, were characterized as much by impertinence as wit. To put one person out of countenance afforded mirth to the rest. The womanly vanity and queenly pride of Elizabeth shrunk from these rude rebukes. She would not allow her fool, Face, because of his caustic vein, to enter her presence; but once being persuaded to have him in, "Come on, Face," said she, "now we shall hear of our faults." "I do not," he replied, "talk of that which all the town talks on." She never probably ventured to repeat the experiment.—*Camp and Court.*

ANECDOTE OF JEREMIAH MASON.

The late Mr. Mason, says the Boston Journal, was something of a giant in physical as well as mental proportions, and in youth must have possessed a powerful frame. While in the strength of early manhood, Mr. Mason happened one very cold day to be driving along a road in the country, half-buried up under buffalo robes, and looking rather insignificant to the casual observer—at least, so he appeared to an impudent teamster who approached in an opposite direction, occupying so large a portion of the road with his team that passing was a difficult matter for another vehicle. As they neared each other, Mason politely requested the teamster to turn out and give him room, but the saucy varlet, with an impudent look at the apparently small youth, peremptorily refused, and told him to turn out himself. Mr. Mason, who instantly perceived there was but one course to pursue, quietly stopped his horse, laid the reins over the dasher, and began to roll down the robes, at the same time drawing up his legs and rising gradually from his seat. The teamster silently watched these movements, but as the legs obtained a foundation, and foot after foot of Mr. Mason's mammoth proportions came into view, a look of astonishment, like a circle in the water, spread over his hitherto calm face, and with a deprecating gesture he presently exclaimed: "That'll do, stranger—don't rise any more; I'll turn out!"

Mr. Mason soon had the track to himself, and our bewildered teamster drove off at a brisk pace. "Creation!" said he, as he touched up the off leader with his whip: "I wonder how high that critter would have gone if I hadn't stopped him?"

PRICE OF OLD ALDERMEN.

A good thing is going the rounds about one of our new aldermen, which is related in this wise:

The grand jury summoned Ald. — before them, for the purpose of asking him some questions. He came before them, and the following conversation occurred:

"Ald. —, has any one ever offered you any money, in the shape of a bribe, since your election?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who was it?" said one of the grand jury.

"Mr. —."

"How much did he offer you?" inquired one of the other jurors.

"Twenty-five dollars," responded the alderman, with a curl of his lip.

"Did you take it?" said the foreman.

(Emphatically)—"No, sir!"

Mr. —, the briber, was sent for.

"Mr. —, did you offer Ald. — twenty-five dollars as a bribe for voting so and so?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did he take it?"

"No, sir."

"Why didn't he take it?" said one of the jurors, much surprised.

"Well, he said that he couldn't sell himself for twenty-five dollars, as that was the price of old aldermen—the new ones range higher!"—*New York Despatch.*

Money is well spent in purchasing tranquillity of mind.

A DREAM.

BY I. W. GANTON.

The night was fair, the gentle winds
Came sighing o'er my head;
And in their cadence seemed to sigh
A requiem o'er the dead.

I laid me down upon my bed,
And tried in vain to sleep;
For silently the tears rolled down
My pale and careworn cheek.

At length sweet slumber closed my eyes,
And to my restless brain
There came bright visions of the past,
Bright hopes to cheer again.

There stood beside my little bed
The idol of my youth,
The being whom I fondly thought
Was heaven, virtue, truth.

He clasped my hands within his own,
And placing on my cheek
A kiss so warm, I almost thought
Past days had come, so sweet.

I started from my restless sleep,
With a wild, joyous scream;
But ah! the treasured one had fled,
'Twas nothing but a dream.

THE BELT OF WAMPUM.

BY MRS. SOPHRONIA CURRIER.

AMONG the many legends I had the good fortune to hear from the lips of the old Indian, who, a year or two since favored our settlement with a visit while on a pilgrimage from the far west to the forests and prairies which had once been the hunting grounds of his fathers, none interested me more than his account of the feud which years ago existed between his people and a neighboring tribe of red men.

I wish I could repeat the legend in the lofty, impassioned style of the old Chippeway, but an attempt to do so would be futile; and my readers will understand how greatly the interest of the tale will be diminished, by the manner in which it is related.

Of the bitter hatreds and jealousies his people had ever cherished for their neighbors, said the old Indian, none had been so inveterate and absorbing as that which was felt for their brethren, the Hurons. The feud had its origin in the rivalry of the two young and beautiful wives of a mighty chief whose hunting grounds stretched from the Great Waters to the bay of Manitou. The chief was an old man and childless when he brought the young squaws to the wigwams he

had built for them, and he promised to her who should first bare him a son, the sacred belt of wampum, which, it was believed, the mighty Manitou had given to the mother of the red man, and that her boy should sit in the lodge of his father, when the old chief went to the spirit-land. But, unfortunately for the old man and his people, on the same morning came the two young squaws to the wigwam of her lord, and placed upon the furs on which he reclined, each, her babe; and the two bright-eyed, dark-haired boys were equally healthy and promising.

Bitterly then the old man repented his promise; and his heart murmured: "Better that my people had been conquered by their enemies, than that their old chief should cause dissension among them!" But he kept his grief in his heart, and spoke kindly and hopefully to the women; and taking the little boys in his arms, he stretched the same great hand over the heads of both; and while a real peace succeeded to that forced calmness, he said in a prophetic tone, that the warring winds should aid those young saplings to beat each other to the earth, and that the sun would help them to drink up the dew and the rain, each from the other; but as they had but one root, so, when many moons had passed away, should they lift but one summit to the sky.

The young squaws, however, heard not the words of the chief, nor observed the kindness of the regard he bent upon his children. Regardless of his presence, they stood with eyes distended, and lips apart, glaring upon each other with the ferocity of wolves. There was no look of triumph on the face of either, only implacable hatred and revenge were there. Each was sensible that she could claim nothing that her rival was not entitled to; and without extending her hand for the belt of wampum, or making a request for her boy, the young mothers silently took their babes and returned to their wigwams. Time passed away, The old chief, too feeble longer to lead forth his people to war, sat in his wigwam, smoking the peace-pipes his sons had fashioned and ornamented with the eagle feathers they had scaled the precipices to gain, wrapping himself in the warm, rich furs, and feasting on the tender meats his boys had taken in the chase. His eye was darkened, and his ear was heavy, and he failed to perceive that though the youths were not destitute of filial affection, rivalry and hatred for each other, as much as anxiety for his comfort, excited them to such deeds of daring as distinguished them among the boldest hunters of the tribe. And their father gave his blessing equally to both, and the rival wives could not complain; for no sooner had one sat down an

the turf beneath the oak tree which sheltered the lodge of her husband, and began to chant a song in praise of her boy, than the name of her rival's son, joined to some deed of prowess, would fall on her ear, and palsy her tongue. So the old man knew not what discord was in his family, and slowly and gently, as if borne in the arms of peace and love, he passed away to the land of the blest.

Seven days and nights sat the rival wives in the wigwam of the dead, tasting but the morsel of food necessary to support existence, and uttering their loud lamentations; but their eyes were not so blinded by tears that they did not see the handsome belt of wampum which the old chief had hung on the wall of his lodge when he brought home his young wives, and which had been designed for a present for one of them; nor their thoughts so entirely buried with the dead, that they forgot the council had met to deliberate which of the two sons of the old chief should lead forth the tribe to the chase and to war. Yet neither dared stretch forth her hand to that coveted belt, nor carry to the council a plea in favor of her son; but on the evening of the seventh day of the mourning of the women, and the deliberations of the men, when no signs of the termination of either appeared, Ojibway, one of the two rival youths, armed with his war club and his hatchet, entered the wigwam where his mother sat, with her garment disarranged and her hair dishevelled, and seizing the belt of wampum, bound it about her waist, and leading her forth from the lodge, he confronted the band of braves, who, fearing some mischief, had risen from the council, and followed him to the wigwam.

Some admired the daring courage of Ojibway, and arranged themselves about him; and others, sympathizing with Huron in his disappointment and rage, drew near him, silently; but their brows were clouded and their hands clenched. The two parties thus formed, were very nearly equal, both in numbers and strength, and all were armed with their war clubs, for it had been expected that the termination of the affair would not be bloodless; but the good sense of the old men, for the time, prevailed, and one after another dropped his weapons to the earth, and stood with folded arms; and the rival youths, after one glance at each other, the meaning of which was unmistakable, simultaneously stretched forth their hands, the one towards the west and the other towards the east.

"When three moons shall have passed away, my people!" said Huron to the band who had gathered around him, "your chief shall sit in the lodge of his father!"

"Short time for the crow to usurp the nest of the eagle!" said Ojibway.

And so they parted; but neither of the two youths ever returned to the lodge of his father. The smoke from the wigwam of Ojibway rolled up through the feathery branches of the tall evergreens which bordered the beautiful Chippeway, or, as the young chief and his people called it, the Ojibway; while Huron, believing he should thus secure to himself the favor of the Great Spirit, built for himself and his mother a dwelling on one of the Manitou islands. No nearer than on the very confines of their hunting-grounds were the cabins erected, lest, so the young chiefs declared, the smoke from their wigwams should mingle. But fearful were the struggles between the two tribes which were called after the names of their leaders, and well sustained were they on both sides. At fearful cost, however, to the chiefs; for as it was an understanding among the two nations, that should the family of either chief become extinct, the people would again be united, the concentrated effort of each tribe was exerted for the extermination of the family of its rival.

Again and again was a prisoner of war, whose heart grew soft at the dreadful death with which he was threatened, sent back to his people with the weight of a solemn promise of treason to his chief, resting on his soul; and the straying papoose was pierced through the heart by an arrow, no one knew from whose bow shot; and the canoe of the young squaw, which her husband had seen her, with gay song and merry laugh, guiding up the stream, came floating idly down the current, while the joy and the hope of the young chief returned no more forever.

Many handsome braves were born both to Ojibway and Huron, yet neither left but one descendant, and the fate of their successors was no better than their own. * * *

So many moons had passed away, that the Indians no longer told their number; but that belt of wampum still hung in the wigwam of the Ojibway chief, and still the Hurons fought for it with unabated ardor.

The present chief of the last mentioned tribe was a young man, the tallest, handsomest and bravest, so even his enemies admitted, who could be found in the whole country between the Big Sea Water and the land of the Cherokees; and he and his people confidently expecting to obtain a final victory over their enemies; and for the first time during their existence as a separate tribe, the heart of the Ojibways softened.

Their chief was an old man, and feeble from grief as well as age, and though when he spoke it

was the voice of Manitou to which his people listened, his words gave them no encouragement. Since his two sons, still but boys, had fallen beside him in battle, and the hopes of the old chief could rest only in a fair and beautiful daughter, another spirit seemed to have entered into the heart of the once brave warrior.

"Ojibway has buried his head in his blanket," he said to his people when they had entreated him to lead them forth to meet their enemies, "but the voice of the Great Spirit has reached him. The old man will die in his wigwam, and the belt of wampum he has bound around his daughter, will be given to the bride of the young Huron."

But when the young and gentle Mee-no-na suddenly and mysteriously disappeared from her father's wigwam, the old man rose from the earth, and, as if the weight of years had been lifted from his shoulders, stood erect among his people, and such a look had come over that calm, passionless face, that the fiercest and most savage of his tribe dared not lift their eyes to his countenance, much less endeavor by their words to incite him to deeds of vengeance.

Most likely he had, for the moment, forgotten the prophecies he had uttered, or, as wise men have sometimes failed to understand their own predictions, saw not how his words might agree.

"The Ojibway has said it," muttered the old Indian; "when Mee-no-na goes to the land of the blest, she travels not alone; the Huron walks by her side and bears for her the furs and the wampum her people have given her. The old men of the two tribes shall watch the death-fires together, for anger and hatred for each other shall dwell in their hearts no more forever."

And the old warrior took down from the wall of his wigwam the charmed bow which the chief of his people could bend but once in his whole lifetime, and the sacred arrow which was never drawn at a venture; and motioning to his braves that they were not to follow him, walked forth from his lodge to meet the young chief of the Hurons. His warriors looked doubtfully and inquiringly on each other, repenting the deception they had suffered to be practised on their good chief; since, instead of inciting him to lead them forth to meet their enemies, it had only led him to expose himself to danger; but the wily Kenabeek, a young, smooth-tongued brave, who had aspired to the hand of the beautiful Mee-no-na, and who, though his suit had been rejected by both her father and herself, felt confident of final success, at length broke the silence.

"Shall we see the young sapling whose branches might stretch far and wide till they overspread

the hunting ground of our people," he said, "up-torn by the roots; and sit beneath the naked boughs of the old oak which can no longer shield us from the sun and the rain, till the whirlwind shall dash it upon our heads?"

Seven days and seven nights passed, and the warriors assembled again at the lodge of Ojibway. There was a mixture of joy and grief on their countenances; for there could be no doubt now but the old chief had gone to the kingdom of the blest, and the following day a new chief was to be chosen; but as the fire was kindled, and the first notes of the death song rose on the quiet air, the old Indian stood among them.

No one asked of his journey, but every one saw that though he thirsted no more for vengeance, grief sat heavily in his heart; and the Indians dispersed silently to their dwellings. Some days after, they learned, from the lips of a bard, and the story was heard with rejoicing, how the old chief and the Huron had met.

When the good Ojibway went forth from his lodge, so said the bard, the hand of Manitou smoothed the path for his stumbling feet; and on the seventh day of his journey, as the sun was sinking in the west, the old man saw, within stretch of his feeble arm, the form of his enemy, reclining upon the earth, in undisturbed repose.

Well knew Ojibway how unequal the contest between him and the young man must be, but he scorned to take advantage of the situation of his enemy; and he uttered the fierce war whoop while yet his bow hung by his side. The Huron started up, grasping his mighty war club, and echoing that wild cry in such a deep, sonorous voice, that, the bard declared, the forest swayed to and fro, as if a whirlwind was sweeping past; and then cleared, at a single bound, the space which divided him from his enemy.

For a moment the two warriors gazed in silence on each other's countenances; the one with feelings of veneration and respect, and the other, who saw no guilt in the handsome face before him, with an affection almost paternal.

"My father!" exclaimed the Huron, at length, and he flung his war club from him with such force that it buried itself in the earth; and the old chief, turning his face towards the setting sun, shot the last of the sacred arrows—the gift of the first Ojibway to his people—towards the west. The bow snapped asunder as the shaft sped through the air, and though for many and many a year after, the hunter sought that sacred arrow, it was never found.

The wars of the two tribes were ended, and the chiefs sat down upon the ground together, and gathering up the red clay, fashioned peace

pipes, the fumes of which went up together, till the evening star looked down from the sky and the whippoorwill sang from the depths of the forest. And then Ojibway thought of the lost Mee-no-na, and her bright eyes, and her voice so low and sweet, and the old man's lips quivered as he spoke of her to the Huron. The young chief gave no answer to the father's words, he only laid aside his pipe and listened; but when the old man, worn out with his long journey and his grief, wound his blanket around him and slept, the Huron sprang to his feet, and never did deer more swiftly fly from his pursuer, than did the young man from the side of Ojibway.

When the old chief rose with the sun the next morning, he was surprised but not alarmed, to find himself alone. He could not, he believed, have been mistaken in the character of that young man, and could anything have consoled him for the loss of his daughter, and the speedy extinction, as he thought, of his family, it had been the knowledge that his people would have the brave Huron for their chief instead of the artful and wicked Kenabeek, who aspired to become their leader.

Silently, it has been said, the Indians dispersed to their dwellings, on the return of the old chief to his lodge, though Kenabeek wished to have a consultation with them. The course he had taken to incite Ojibway to renew the war with the Hurons, namely, the abduction of his daughter, had never fully met with their approbation; and when they looked on that gloomy, sorrowful countenance he had brought back to his now desolate lodge, his people bitterly regretted that he had suffered such wrong, but Kenabeek had declared that the place of Mee-no-na's concealment should become her grave should his treachery be revealed to her father; and the threat stopped every mouth.

It was on the evening her father returned to the lodge, that the gentle Mee-no-na, looking out from the rocky cavern where she had been placed by the wicked Kenabeek, and thinking of the morrow, which, she was assured by her captor, would be the commencement of what was far more terrible to her than the captivity she was now enduring, and revolving in her mind which would be preferable, a union with that base man, or a leap down that fearful precipice before her, and a plunge in the dark stream at its base, when the light, quick dash of oars fell on her ear. It was not the canoe of Kenabeek, nor was it the hand of an Ojibway which plied the oar, her practised ear well enough knew.

Like a winged arrow the canoe shot forward, and Mee-no-na saw in the bright moonlight the

tall, dancing feathers, the strings of wampum, and the rich bracelets of a stranger chief. She started back into the cave, but not soon enough to escape the glance of the stranger. That glittering belt of wampum, and the beautiful form which he had been told it encircled, had, at length, met his gaze; and the young chief of the Hurons, mooring his canoe, sped up the precipice, and stood at the entrance of the cave.

A single glance at that noble, handsome countenance showed the young maiden she had nothing to fear; and when his voice, soft and sweet as the song of the spring bird, told of his friendship with the old Ojibway, and his power to love so gentle and beautiful a being as fame had said Mee-no-na to be; and how, believing the good Manitou could not have called one so young and lovely to the spirit land, for seven days and nights he had sought for her to ask her to become his wife. The young girl, trembling and blushing, came forward and stood beside him, and soft as the gentlest wind sigh were her words.

"The canoe of the wicked Kenabeek is on the stream. The Ojibway will give his daughter to him who will deliver her from the power of the base man, and carry her to the lodge of her father; and Mee-no-na could love her deliverer."

The young Kenabeek was a brave warrior, and the pride and boast of his tribe, though he was feared and hated rather than loved. His fame had reached the Huron, and the young chief was glad that his rival would be no mean antagonist; and after one glance of deep affection at the maiden, he disappeared over the edge of the precipice.

Mee-no-na listened, but the shout of defiance and the answering savage yells, might, could anything do so, have waked the dead. The contest was brief, but fearful. There was a heavy splash in the water, and then the death chant rose up loud and wild on the evening air.

Silent and sad on that night, sat the old Ojibway in his wigwam. His head was bowed to the ground, and his thoughts had gone, and his life seemed passing to the land of spirits; but as the daylight dawned in the east, a low, sweet voice called him back to earth, and his darling Mee-no-na and the brave Huron stood before him, with their hands joined together, and love and joy beaming from their countenances.

And then the old chief saw how the prophecies he had uttered should be fulfilled; and he rose up from the earth and blessed his children, and before many days had passed away, the old men of the two rival tribes repeated that blessing, buried their war clubs and their hatchets, and smoked the calumet together.

I'LL SEEK THE FESTIVE HALL.

BY MARTHA CLAXTON.

I'll seek the festive hall to-night,
And strive to drown in mirth
The lonely thoughts which every hour
Within my heart find birth.

I'll seek the festive hall to-night,
Where gay hearts aptly meet,
Where witching music and the song
Keep time with flying feet.

I'll seek the gay and courtly throng,
And mingle in the dance,
Nor even to the gloomy past,
Cast one reflective glance.

Yes, I will mingle with the gay,
And smile at grief and sorrow;
Life cannot always gloomy be—
There'll come a brighter morrow.

THE DESERTER.

BY HORACE B. STANFORD.

WHILE I was stopping at Port Mahon, a circumstance happened there which is worth relating. A friend, named Collins, was with me at dinner one afternoon. It was in the summer of 1842, and towards the latter part of the month of August, if my memory serves me rightly. At any rate, the grapes were ripening and we had some noble ones upon our table. As we arose from the board our host asked us if we were going up to the barracks. We informed him that we had made no arrangement of that kind, and asked him if there was to be any unusual parade.

"Why, yes," he answered, with that peculiar Dagonian shrug of the shoulders and twist of the features, "there is to be something that we have not had before for more than a year. A deserter is to be shot."

Collins was "up and dressed," in a twinkling for going; but I had but little inclination that way. Only about a month before, I had seen three Bedouin Arabs decapitated at Tripoli for the crime of treason, and I had no desire to see any more blood shed after such fashions, and so I told mine host, whom we always called Old Joe—and that was the only name I ever knew him to possess.

"I suppose, now, you would rather see that deserter escape, than not, eh?" said Joe, looking me sharply in the face.

"If his only crime is desertion, of course I should," said I.

"Well, that is his only crime; and more still:

His mother used to live over towards Atalaya, on the southern coast, and was sick. Philip wished to see her, and they would not let him go, so he made his escape. This he has done three times, and now they have tried him and condemned him to be shot. The last time they took him, they found him by his mother's bed. He had thrown off his military garb, and assumed the dress of a common peasant."

"It's rather hard to shoot a man for such a thing," said I.

"Ay," returned Joe, with the old shrug, "I know it; but suppose soldiers could be their own judges of when they might leave—why, we shouldn't have a soldier in a month, you see, they must stick up to the rules, and so poor Philip Cervera must be shot. But I suppose you would like to have him escape."

I assured the host that I should. He gazed very carefully about the room, and then stepping close to me he said, in a tone almost reduced to a whisper:

"Then come up to the parade ground. Just come up and see what you can see. Come."

I knew from the man's manner that something out of the ordinary course of such events was going to happen, and I told Collins I would go with him. The host was soon ready, and we accompanied him to the barracks. They are at the upper end of the town, at the Place d'Armes, the buildings forming one bound of the wide enclosure, while the other sides are bounded by a high, thick wall. As we reached the place, we found the regiment to which the deserter belonged just forming. Joe pointed out to us the spot where the execution was to take place, and thither we bent our steps. This spot was close by the high wall upon the east side of the enclosure. A stake was driven firmly into the ground, within a few feet of the wall, and half-a-dozen soldiers with a corporal were there to guard the premises.

Ere long the regiment was ready; the band struck up a mournful dirge, and the procession commenced to move. First rode the officers of the staff, then came the band, and then most of the regiment following. Behind these came the six men who were to shoot the deserter, and next came the deserter himself. He walked between two sergeants, with his head bowed, and his arms pinioned behind him. Following him were four men bearing a rough coffin; and, last of all, came the company to which the deserter belonged. It was a mournful scene. The soldiers walked with slow and measured tread, and even the very horses seemed to have imbibed the sad spirit of the occasion.

The procession marched wholly around the place, and as they approached the spot where we stood, the staff and band filed off, and the regiment was drawn up in a semi-circular form before the stake. Then the deserter, his attendants and his company marched up close to the place of execution. I now had an opportunity to see the face of the prisoner. It was sad and gloomy, but ever and anon, as some movement occurred near him, he would start with a sudden energy, which I thought indicated some hope. He would look quickly about him—see the cause of the noise, and then sink back with an expression of agonizing disappointment.

At length the colonel rode up and waved his sword towards the poor sergeant who had been appointed to conduct the fatal work. The prisoner looked up and saw the colonel, and with a frantic movement he rushed towards him.

"Senor colonel," he cried, sinking upon his knees, "I am not guilty! I never belonged to your regiment! I am not a soldier! God knows I never wore a uniform before!"

"Away with him!" cried the colonel, impatiently.

"Will you not listen?" the poor fellow urged, louder than before. "Never, never, never was I a soldier!"

"Carry him back," ordered the officer to the sergeant who had come up. And then he added to the prisoner, after the sergeant had raised him up: "Why do you still persist in telling such a falsehood?"

The fellow would have spoken, but the colonel waved his hand impatiently, and he was led away.

"That has been his plea ever since they brought him back," explained Old Joe to me, as they led the condemned man towards the stake. "He swears he was never in the army before—that he never had a musket in his hand—and he pretends not to know any of his old companions. When they call him by name he makes strange of it, and tells 'em he never saw 'em before."

"Why, that is a curious plea," said I, "for a man to make, who, you say, has been two years in the service."

"Very curious," returned the host, with a shake of the head which seemed to leave room for doubt concerning his meaning.

But we conversed no more, for our attention was now turned to the prisoner. The rough coffin had been placed against the stake, and the condemned caused to kneel thereon. The priest now approached him and knelt at his side.

"My son, remember the fate of those who die with a lie upon their lips," commenced the fat

churchman. "Ere you die let us have the truth. Why did you desert your post?"

"I did not," persisted the youth; but his tone was lower now, and there was a shade of hesitation.

"I will not urge you," the priest resumed, "for of course you know; but still your assertion is strange and unaccountable. Your companions all know you—your officers swear to your identity, and I recognize you as one who has been often with me in our church with your company."

The colonel had drawn near, and he listened attentively to the words which now passed between the condemned and his spiritual director. The latter urged the youth several times more to make a full confession, but the same assertion was persisted in. The colonel shook his head and turned away, and in a moment more the six soldiers who held the loaded muskets approached the spot. They trembled some, but their step was firm, like men who have resolved to perform a terrible duty unflinchingly.

The priest asked no more questions. The prisoner had made his confession, and it remained only for the holy father to pray, which he did quickly and methodically. The sergeant, holding a watch in his left hand, and a heavy pistol in his right, now approached and directed that the prisoner should be blind-folded. The bandage was passed over his eyes, and then secured to the stake so that he should not dodge his head. At this juncture I asked mine host if they only had six men to fire. He informed me that that was all they ever employed for shooting a deserter. Three of the guns were loaded with balls, and three with blank cartridges; and when they fired they moved up and placed the muzzles of their pieces to within two feet of the condemned man's head.

The priest had arisen and moved back, and the colonel had ordered the sergeant to proceed.

"God have mercy!" uttered the unhappy youth. Until this moment his whole frame had been nerved up to an anxious listening attitude, but now his muscles relaxed, and with a deep groan he gave himself up to his fate.

The sergeant had spoken the word "READY," but before he could proceed there was a movement near the centre of the long line of men, and in a moment more a soldier broke through and rushed to the spot where the condemned was bound.

"Hold!" he shouted, as he reached the spot, placing himself between the prisoner and the executioners. "You would kill an innocent man! I am Philip Cervera!—I am the deserter, as you think! Look at me—look at me!"

All was confusion for a few moments; but the officers soon succeeded in restoring order.

"It is! It is! It is Philip!"

Such, and various other exclamations fell from the lips of those who stood around. As soon as I could gain a view of the face of the new-comer, I found that he so nearly resembled the prisoner, that I should not have dared to venture even an assertion upon the identity of either. They were of the same size, the same form, and the same features. In fact, one was the exact counterpart of the other.

The colonel leaped from his saddle and hastened to the spot.

"I am Philip Cervera, Senor colonel," the new-comer cried out. "Do you not recognize me?"

The commandant gazed first upon him and then upon the prisoner, and at length he said:

"By our lady, but this is most strange. Sergeant, what think you of it?"

"Why, sir," returned the man thus addressed, touching his cap, "I don't know. I think I should have to take their own word for it."

"You are right, sergeant. At any rate, you may unbind the prisoner."

The youth was unbound, and then the two were caused to stand up together. The new-comer had on the very clothes in which Philip had deserted, and when some of his companions were called up, they readily swore that he was the man. Some were sure that he was the man, while others could not decide between the two; but not one now swore to the identity of the prisoner.

The colonel reflected upon this a few moments, and then ordered both the men to be conducted to the barracks.

Collins and myself accompanied our host back to his house. We tried to get him into conversation on the way, but he was moody and silent, sometimes answering in monosyllables, but entering into no conversation.

"It was after dark, and Collins, the host, and myself were playing a game of billiards, when the door was opened, and in walked one of the men whom we had seen at the Place d'Armes; either the deserter, or the other one, and I could not tell which. He sprang forward and caught old Joe's hand.

"I'm free!" he cried.

"And where is Jo—a—Philip? Where is Philip?" the host asked.

"Locked up in the guard-house. They would have shot him to-day, but he claimed a trial, for he assured them that he could prove that he was carried away against his will."

"And when will they try him?"

"To-morrow."

The host now came forward, and introduced the man to us as Joseph Cervera, and also informed us that he was the one we had seen bound to the stake. We found the young man to be intelligent, and well versed in conversation; and from him we learned that the man who had come to save him was his twin brother. We asked him several questions about the desertion, but he gave us indirect answers, and the subject was dropped. He only informed us that as soon as his brother had sworn that he was Philip Cervera, and announced that he was ready to stand the trial, he, himself, had been set at liberty.

It was about ten o'clock when Collins and I retired, and it was sometime ere we fell asleep. How long I had slept I cannot tell, but it must have been past midnight, when I was awakened by hearing voices below. I listened, and could plainly distinguish the voice of our host, though I could not hear what was said. In a few moments more he came up and entered our room. He noticed that I was awake, and asked me if we would lend him our hats and cloaks a little while without asking any questions. I told him yes, though I must say that I broke the promise on the very next moment by asking him what he was up to. He shook his head and said perhaps he would tell me sometime.

In fifteen minutes after this, I heard some one go out by the back way, and then all was still. I remained awake nearly an hour after this, but heard nothing more. The clock below struck two, and in a few moments more I was asleep again.

When we went down in the morning, we found old Joe alone. I asked him where Joseph Cervera was, but he only shook his head in answer. After breakfast I was on the point of going out, when the host called me back.

"Look ye, senor," he said, in an eager, earnest tone, "you know so much already that I shall feel safer to confess to you the whole, for were you to tell one word of what you have seen here, it might ruin me. You will be secret. You know the young men, and you cannot wish them harm."

I promised, and he proceeded.

"The mother of those two young men was my sister. She died over a week ago. Philip was in the army, and Joseph was at home. They were twins, as you were told last night. Philip wished to be with his mother when she died—it was almost a monomania with him—but this could not be allowed. So he ran away. He was brought back, and ran away again. And this he

did the third time. *That was Philip whom we first saw at the stake!* He had arranged with his brother for escape. Joseph was to prepare himself with all the necessary instruments for freeing himself from his shackles, and for cutting his way from prison. He knew just where he would be confined, and consequently he knew what he would need to help him in escape. With these tools concealed about him, he came, as you saw, to take his brother's place. He is a bold, dauntless, reckless man, when only self or the safety of a friend is concerned, and I believed he would succeed. You know how Philip was released, and how his innocent brother was accepted in his place. Ha, ha, ha, they let the deserter go, and took an eel in his place. Joseph had his irons off within half an hour after dark, and in an hour more, he had two of the iron bars removed from the back window. At ten o'clock he crawled out; let himself drop upon the ground, and then scaled the wall. He came immediately here, and I at once called his brother, and helped prepare for making a final clearance. Your hats and cloaks served to help them by the sentinels, and ere I left them I saw them on board a felucca, below Georgetown, bound for Toulon. They are out of sight of land long ere this. Now you know all; and I know I may trust you."

Hardly had he ceased speaking when six soldiers entered the bar-room. The deserter—Philip Cervera—had escaped! Had we seen anything of him? No. And the soldiers went away.

When I went out I found soldiers moving in all directions, and many times I heard the same question repeated which had been asked at Old Joe's. But the deserter was not found. Search was also made for the one who had come so near being shot on the day before, but they could find him no more readily than they did the other.

NEW LOCOMOTIVE POWER.

If all the alleged inventions of modern ingenuity were genuine, and available, civilization would be far in advance of its present limits. A correspondent of an English paper states that a French gentleman has discovered the secret of *compressing electricity*—thus controlling a power far greater than any heretofore brought into use. It requires, he states, neither machinery nor combustion; and a vessel propelled by it will skim the water like a bird, and at the rate of sixty miles an hour. It is said that in the course of a series of experiments which were tried at Vincennes, a small mortar was fired by the inventor, at the rate of a hundred shots a minute, without flashing, smoke or noise.—*Bunker Hill Aurora.*

Sin is never at a stay; if we do not retreat from it, we shall advance in it; and the farther on we go, the more we have to come back.

THINK OF ME.

BY M. L. W. CURRIER.

Think of me, dearest, when night has come,
And shadowed the bright green earth,
When earthly feelings have fled from thy soul,
And heavenly thoughts have birth,
Then think thou of me.

Think of me too when thy heart is sad,
When the world looks most cheerless and drear,
When thy dark, sparkling orbs grow restless and dim,
Or saturated with the bright, pearly tear,
Then think thou of me.

But not when thy heart beats proudly and high,
Would I ask you to then think of me;
But when a soft voice would console thy lone heart,
Then, dear one, remember thou me.
O, then think of me.

When sorrow is yours, then, then would I stand
In the place of a dear, cherished friend,
And strive with thy darkness at every lone hour,
Life's brightness and beauty to blend,
Then think thou of me.

ALMOST A HEROINE.

BY EMILY R. PAGE.

PRETTY Miss Anderson had just emerged from the petty thralldom of boarding school—that nursery of shallow affectation in which she had been taught waltzing, lacing, attention to externals, a moiety of French, fashionable piano thrumming, and a great deal of elegant frivolity. Common sense and the English language had been mutually neglected. Reading of the pseudo-sentimental stamp comprised her literature, and every pernicious habit and influence had combined to bury the one solitary talent which she by nature possessed.

From this hot-bed of folly, hallowed by fashion and parental delusion, issued Miss Anderson, at seventeen years and a month, full of foolish romance and artificial ideas of life, imbibed from mistaken training; and with a simpler, and that species of uncertain carriage supposed to be elegant, she slid out, in the exact angle prescribed by Monsieur the French dancing-master, and took her first step in the genteel world.

This first step, unfortunately, brought her in direct conjunction with an empty headed and empty pocketed young gentleman of the school denominated *fast*, who rejoiced in flashy waistcoats, broad plaids, and superlative lengths of galvanised chain. He swaggered at trotting-matches, stalked at billiard-rooms, and ogled at theatres with the perfect sang-froid of the

bravest, and yet, to make a disagreeable exposition of facts, his unfortunate pocket rarely boasted advance capital to the amount of a shilling, and many were the confiding landladies, tailors, and washerwomen, who had cause to deplore their too ready reliance upon his fair promises and prepossessing exterior.

This uncomfortable state of purse—this perpetual vexation of being “hard up,” compelled our hero to look about him for some more settled and secure means of living than that for which he blessed luck at the gaming-table. On reflection, as nothing else seemed to indicate fairer for his future ease, he resolved to purchase freedom from pecuniary annoyance at the altar—in other words, to marry some genteel estate in the country, or equally respectable establishment “up town” (no matter if encumbered by worse than Petruchio’s shrew), which should enable him in future to carry his head above even high water mark; and to the accomplishment of this intent, he bent all his energies.

In an evil hour, his eye fell upon our languishing debutante, and he straightway proceeded to lay determined siege to her heart, having first ascertained satisfactorily that the “plum,” which was authentically ascribed to the plethoric Capt. Jacob Anderson, her father, would eventually drop, ripe and plump, into her expectant lap; therefore it became at once his design to secure to himself this figurative receptacle of the golden favors which he felt would indeed prove to him the lap of fortune!

He found little labor in capturing the citadel of the young lady’s affection. How should he—since there was no resistance, and he suddenly discovered himself master of the field without a struggle? “Lightly won, lightly prized,” was the air of victory, whistled carelessly between puffs of offensive smoke, as he resumed the jaunty tip of his hat and swaggering gait, which, out of fond consideration for his future prospects, he had forborne while playing the escort to the lovely Miss Anderson (feeling that, had not his present comet a golden tail in prospective, he would hurl it derisively back to the sky from which it had dropped, almost unsolicited, upon him); but a renewed pressure of the solitary sixpence in his attenuated pocket-book convinced him that he could not afford to indulge his very natural sentiments of disgust, and he prudently resolved to patronize the fortune which seemed thrusting itself upon him, and, if fate had determined to place him on the list of the uncomfortably rich, it could in no extremity be more inconvenient than his present condition of *opposite* uncomfortableness!

Upon this he paused, resigned, and allowed himself to dwell fondly upon the projected renewal and enlargement of his plaids, the widening of his weed, and the addition of a ponderous seal to his attractive chain, all of which, and many more shades of improvement, would attend upon his approaching change of station.

As he crept into his narrow attic, and bestowed himself under a dirty counterpane, still encased in coat and boots, he viewed his coming princeliness with the eye of anticipation, and gloated tipsily over the realization, for he could see no end of brandy smashes stretching away, steaming and hot, into the infinite distance!

As he attended Miss Anderson in her daily walks, doing the amiable with heroic grace, he reflected how rapidly they would resolve themselves into the one grand, crowning walk to church; and immediately his mouth watered with a foretaste of the rich old wines which would sparkle at the wedding banquet!

As he handed Miss Anderson to a seat in his phaeton (such occasions invariably denoted a successful night at the dice-box!) ambition whispered rare prophecies of the splendid turnout which he would soon be able to display, to the astonishment of “the boys,” and the envy of Tom, Dick and Harry, who now sported their respective nags, and looked with compassionate contempt upon his utter inability to retain possession of a fine trotter, purchased the season previous! Here a smart crack of the whip, of rather too professional a tone to be practised in the feminine presence, announced his exultation in view of such a triumph, while imagination even hinted at fancy stables and a stud!

As for the lady herself, who was destined to confer all these rational enlargements, she was too giddy with the consciousness of a real lover, and the rapture of being exalted to the position of an actual heroine of romance, to feel a suspicion that she could be second to anything else in the devotion of her adorer; and, as she had been schooled to believe herself created for the distinct purpose of being married; both appeared in a fair way to idolize each the darling project of their lives—she a husband, and he a fortune.

But the wooing did not prosper! Old Jacob Anderson was not the man to be deceived by false pretences; and when he surprised Mr. Emanuel Zephyr (so read our hero’s card—pardon, reader, that we have so long neglected a nominal introduction) at his daughter’s feet, he instantly expelled him from his house, with a peremptory command never to enter it again, and a timely warning never to dare the effrontery of another approach to his daughter!

Emanuel muttered extravagant curses upon the "meddlesome old cur," as he strode down the street, and Amantha Ann, in tears and despair retreated to her chamber, to pine in secret over her cruel fate, and meditate daggers and the poison-bowl—those tragic benefactors to love-lorn maidens oppressed by unrelenting fathers.

In the morning, however, as a billet from some mysterious source appeared attached to her window blinds, and on opening which she joyfully recognized the somewhat uncertain signature of her Emanuel, her feelings suddenly underwent a very material process of change, and she decided to live, for his sake, and trust to time for the abatement of the paternal severity! The note, written in the most impassioned style of superlatives, assured her in one breath that he could not tear her image from his soul—he could not exist without her; and in another, implored her to take pity on his breaking heart, and consent to see him once again, for the last time, if it must be so, that he might at least have the sad satisfaction of bidding her farewell; and ending by appointing a time and place of meeting in a very rational manner, and cheerfully recommending her to hope for the best—all would yet be well!

Miss Anderson compared notes with a score of her favorite novels, whose Amantha Anns were cruelly placed in scenes of even direr tribulation than her own, and yet who invariably appeared upon the concluding page satisfactorily married, amicably reconciled to obdurate parents, and felicitously happy; and she could not fail to regard her lover's final assurance as prophetic. In the full strength of this confidence, she stole forth to the romantic clandestine meeting, which she was a little disappointed in being obliged to enjoy by gaslight, instead of the more appropriate rays of the tender moon universally accorded to such occasions.

Emanuel received her rapturously. Two or three turns up and down the retired street he had chosen, sufficed to unfold his plan of action, which was nothing less than the felonious design of carrying off the bride of his heart without the consent of her natural guardian (since it was folly to indulge a hope of obtaining it!) This added the final touch to Amantha Ann's cherished conviction that she was indeed a real heroine, and it was therefore jointly arranged that they should be prepared for flight on the following evening.

Emanuel, greatly solicitous of the paternal blessing (knowing that through this lay his only present means of paying his respects to the paternal coffers), charged her in advance with the

doubtful embassy of conciliating the offended parental majesty, and obtaining the all-important pardon, as soon as they twain should have become one flesh—tenderly assuring her that he could not *live*, in a state of alienation from the father of his adored (thinking it unnecessary to reveal the reason *why*!) and laying to her vanity the flattering unctious that the veriest heart of stone could not resist the eloquence of her entreaty, if she but besought with tears! This she determined to do.

"Papa cannot refuse his forgiveness when he sees how devotedly Emanuel loves me, and how noble and ingenuous he is." "The old bear won't hold out long when he finds the business is over," were the respective reflections of the ardent couple, as they parted lingeringly on a shady corner—he having first suggested and effected a very affectionate exchange of rings, which *might* have been premeditated on his part—hers being a real diamond, while his was merely a block of first water glass, in very suspicious cutting. At all events, it seemed a happy move for him, as an immediate disposal of it for genuine bank notes resulted in extreme repletion of purse, and great consequent self-indulgence, which, however, proved eventually very treacherous to his interest.

Miss Anderson's blissful visions of elopement were somewhat marred that night by the intrusion of a frightful monster, which appeared, with glaring eyes and savage teeth, to claim her in place of her darling Emanuel, and which finally resolved itself into a hideous dragon, and was on the terrible point of flaying her alive, and devouring her by inches, when she awoke in a cold perspiration, and found it was morning!

For a moment, her resolution to elope was a little shaken; but the reflection that this was the last great test of her affection, and especially that it was in itself the feather's weight which would turn the balance and place her beside the brilliant Paulines and Cynthia Elizabeths of pasteboard and muslin existence, overcame even her superstitions, and she was again firm. And arranging her wardrobe and collecting her jewels, as the Lady Blanche or the Countess of Blouse had done, on the day of flight with some chivalrous peasant or banished prince, she prepared to follow in their shining wake!

The appointed hour at length arrived, but Emanuel did not. Impatience gave way to fear in the mind of the watcher when an hour had expired, and yet he did not come; but at that very moment, had she possessed the Asmodean optical power of penetrating bricks and stone, she might have beheld him in one of the chief

saloons of the city, tipping his glass with a very peculiar looking one-eyed gentleman, whose intimacy he appeared to enjoy, and carelessly regarding a fabulous bet on the result of the game then in hand, while the vicinity of corks and empty bottles indicated that they had already imbibed as much as was necessary for the stomach's sake! But this rare virtue of vision she could not command, and suspense was torture.

Two hours waned, during which the wretched Miss Anderson had passed through every successive stage of agony up to the final point of despair. Meanwhile Emanuel was making many attempts to ascend the genteel street which contained the imposing "stone front" of his future father-in-law, and which treacherously rose before him in continuous steps, upon which, if he set his uncertain feet, they immediately vanished into thin air—bringing him in contact with an opposing lamp-post on one hand, or a stubborn brick wall on the other, with a violence proportional to the height of the step he attempted.

Reaching the house at last, which stood a little isolated from its neighbors in solitary grandeur, he staggered to the wall, and essayed the preconceived signal upon the lady's chamber-window ranging in the second story. In a state of sobriety, this might have been safely attempted, as our hero had himself satisfactorily tested; but now, alas, at every fresh effort, the fickle window eluded his reach—now mounting to the extreme angle of the pointed gables, now playing undignified antics across the grave expanse of brick, and now indulging in animated hide-and-seek among its lively fellows!

But Emanuel still persevered, with a misty consciousness that fortune, fast horses, and an infinitude of champagne bottles waited upon a successful tap of the flighty casement. His steadfastness was rewarded, for at length the giddy object of his pursuit inclined to something like its proper position, and he instantly made a rapid plunge forward, with a triumphant "Hic—old fellow, I—have you now!" But the deceitful window played him false—his hands slipped from their straining grasp upon the naked wall, precipitating him, with a terrific crash, headlong through a lower casement, against which he had unwittingly leaned.

In his rapid descent into the interior, he was thrown in painful contact with some resisting substance, which subsequent revelations proved to be the depository of the family silver, with an alarm-bell attached, which immediately sounded a sonorous peal that might have awakened the dead—throwing our hero into a state of doubt as to whether he had not suddenly fallen upon

the deck of some steamer outward bound, just thundering forth its brazen note of departure!

"*My plate! my plate! thieves! thieves!*" roared the frantic voice of the excited captain, from the parlor above—rolling his vast rotundity from a comfortable position upon his favorite sofa, and shuffling as rapidly as possible to the scene of action, heading a promiscuous group from the region of the kitchen, armed with pokers, carving-knives, or whatever description of weapon could be soonest secured.

Rushing down upon the fated door, they forced an unanimous entrance; and the light of the foremost taper discovered the supposed burglar bungling and groping, with the utmost drunken gravity, for the delusive window—the scene of his late disastrous ingress—through which he no doubt meditated a safe retreat.

"Seize him—bind him—call the police!" shouted the infuriated proprietor of the assailed treasure. "I'll teach you the cost of invading my premises, you house-breaking rascal!" was the parting assurance, as Emanuel, pinioned and guarded, was dragged away in speechless terror.

Amantha Ann was discovered to have fainted, and was conveyed insensible to her chamber—in which state she found it proper to remain during the entire night. She subsequently revived, however, to learn by the evening paper that one Emanuel Zephyr was that morning examined before the police court, and convicted on the double charge of drunkenness and attempted burglary—and again relapsed into insensibility. She eventually returned to a permanent state of consciousness, and begged to be permitted to share her dear unfortunate Emanuel's captivity; but as this touching request was not granted, she subsided into a gentle melancholy, passed her time in solitude, and was observed to walk often along the smooth borders of the Frog Pond, with no apparent object, gazing intently into it.

As she continued to survive, however, alarm for her safety abated, and in proportion as this anxiety decreased, her former habits resumed their ascendancy. True, Miss Anderson had romantically resolved to cling to her lover through evil and good report; but on reflection, finding that none of her approved heroes were convicted of the grossness of drunkenness, she finally abandoned him to his convict dress and prison fare, in place of ideal plaids and fancy wines, and consoled herself with a more respectable, but not more disinterested suitor, who happily met the entire approbation of the eccentric Captain Anderson, and who ultimately succeeded to the care of his treasury, and assumed the control of his deposits and percentage.

A GOOD NAME.

BY MARTHA W. CANTON.

Some speak of riches and their worth,
And some of lofty fame;
But still, of all earth's precious stores,
Give me a bright, good name.

Give me a name, though adverse winds
Howl loudly round my head,
That will not die when I am gone,
But still an influence shed.

Give me a name that cannot die,
When I am laid to rest
Upon our common mother Earth's
Cold, damp, and cheerless breast.

A name that all will loudly praise,
A name that all can love;
One that will brightly shine on earth,
And brighter grow above.

When I shall sleep within the tomb,
O, may my name remain;
And oft be spoken of by friends,
As one without a stain.

THE BROTHERS.

BY EUSTACE KINGMAN.

JOHN and Bertrand Scott were brothers in name and by birth; but no two strangers coming from opposite parts of the earth, could have been more different. John was a wild, restless, daring fellow; full of life and spirit, yet, with a woman's tenderness in his heart. He went through the world, sowing his gifts of cheerfulness, love and benevolence broadcast. Halleck's lines describe him best:

"A kind, true heart—a spirit high,
That could not brook and would not bow,
Were written in his manly eye,
And on his manly brow.
Strong sense—deep feeling—passions strong,
A hate of tyrant and of knave,
A love of right—a scorn of wrong;
Of coward and of slave."

Bertrand Scott was the reverse of all this. He was mean, vicious and creeping. Always in sanctimonious garb, and with sanctimonious face, and a quiet, stealthy pace, that came upon your most secret and sacred hours, his sleek, black garb suggested the idea of a great, shining, black beetle, of that sort which you cannot kill without treading upon them. At school he was the one who won all the boy's marbles, and in the endless "swapping" of knives and playthings, Bertrand, somehow, always came off best. Still as he was never known to fight, nor to be recognized openly in a quarrel, it was not easy to fix a dishonorable character upon him; while John's

impetuous spirit was ever offending and yet ever forgiving and forgiven. For boys intuitively love and honor a generous nature; and they felt the difference between John's *heartsome*—yes, that is the word, no other describes it—his heart-some ways, and Bertrand's fawning and creeping manner, long before they could analyze their characters, and make the distinction in words.

When they left college, John decided to become a physician, and Bertrand a merchant. Each seemed instinctively to grasp the mode of life which would best develop their innermost qualities; and each carried out in his professional or mercantile life the promise which the boy and the youth had successively given.

When mere boys, at school, both had liked best a gentle little girl, Anne Avelin, who was a great favorite in school, from her lovely and amiable disposition. She was not handsome, nor strikingly interesting even. She was merely sweet and good, and made every one love her by her uniform self-abnegation, and her desire to please.

Too gentle to dislike any one, Bertrand found it very easy to persuade Anne that he was one of the most perfect youths of his time; and although she preferred John's open ways and blunter speech to Bertrand's smooth and specious words, yet she did not suspect that a bad heart lay under that smooth and sleek exterior.

We believe in the dignity of human nature, until we wake up to some deception practised towards ourselves. It is a part of almost every person's youthful creed; a beautiful illusion which it would be pleasant to retain through life; a thing to which we build monuments, and plant statues, or set them upon pedestals; and by-and-by we go and sit down at the base, and weep bitterly over the fall of the hero or the demi-god, which our own hands raised.

Anne was some years in finding out how far her statue was from perfection; and when she did discover it, it was too late. She was vowed to its worship for life! She was married to Bertrand Scott. And for him, she had slighted John's great and noble heart, which had beat for her alone, from the time when he lifted her over the streams and brooks, and gathered the violets for her, in fields that were purple with them now, in his memory!

Bertrand knew it all the while. He knew that John would have died for the gentle Anne, whose presence in a home he would have thought so inexpressibly dear, and whose life he had already hoped would flow side by side with his own. Yes, Bertrand knew this, and more. He knew that Anne loved John best, in her inmost heart;

and he knew, also, that it was a suspicion of something wrong in John, which he himself had planted in her mind, that closed her heart against that large and noble nature and made her speak words that grieved and surprised John beyond measure. He had thought that Anne loved him, in her quiet, calm way, just as he had always hoped that a wife would love him, softening down the angles of his own restless nature, and refreshing his senses with the simplicity and beauty of her own.

How well he bore the disappointment, may be inferred from the fact, that Dr. Scott remained unmarried. He had thought of going away to a distant town; but he had too many friends at Ludlow, to permit him to carry such a plan into operation; so taking an office at a long distance from Bertrand's habitation, he sat down before his solitary fire, and gave his first and last tear to the remembrance of Anne Avelin.

His door opened softly, and Bertrand, with the cat-like tread which distinguished him, entered. His coming on that evening, was peculiarly annoying to John. He could hardly touch the hand which his brother extended; and he pretended to be studying from a book which he held in his hand; then, ashamed of even that small subterfuge, he flung it on the floor with a violence that made Bertrand cower away from him.

"My dear John," he said, "you are so very startling in your movements—I came in to ask you what provision you had made for our father. Can you have him under your care? Are you going to keep house?"

John eyed him for a moment, almost fiercely.

"Father in need of a home, Bertrand! Is not the house in which you live, my father's house? Can he not live in his own house, or do I understand you rightly, that he seeks to change?"

"Don't ask so many questions at a time, John, please. The fact is, that father—in short, he has been in want of money, and I have advanced it from time to time, until—until the house is all that I have to show for my liberality."

John looked at him until he was evidently disconcerted under the gaze. Bertrand resumed:

"You see, John, that I need to make some alterations in the house, to suit my present means of living—not that I really make money—I don't wish to have you to think so—but you know a great deal depends in mercantile life, on making a show. Now here are you, happy dog that you are," and he affected a laugh, "can sit here unmolested, and make money without spending it."

"And can, therefore, take my dear old father into my kennel, you think, do you?"

Bertrand quailed again. He was decidedly

opposed to John's taking this view of the matter. "It was not convenient for him to allow separate apartments for his father," he said, "and he needed all the room for new improvements, and in short—"

"In short, you are a knave!" exclaimed John.

Bertrand started, for his own deeds had not yet assumed quite that color in his own mind. John was so abrupt! Really he wished that he would try to be more considerate of his friends' feelings. And he was so truly fearful that his startling manner would be a bar to his practice.

Bertrand had mounted his old hobby of disinterested friendship again. He had won his wife by it—he now hoped to gain a home for his father, by parading it before John. As well might the slimy sea-weed that crawls at the foot of the great rock of Gibraltar seek to draw the rock into the ocean depths, as for him to influence a nature like John's.

"I can make you no reply, Bertrand, until I have seen father. I will then see you together, and arrange some plan. I have an engagement, now," he continued, looking at his watch.

"O, I do not think, really, John, that it will do for you to name anything of the kind to father. He is very nervous and irritable. He needs your medical aid. I do think, brother, that you ought to get married and take him home, where you can watch his disorder."

"And you have chosen the time when he was ill and disturbed, to take his home from him, and turn him out of doors!"

"Dear John, do not be so absurd. Anne is not well, and it must be unpleasant, you know, for father to be smoking in the house; and—"

"Leave me!" said John; and Bertrand did not wait a second bidding. That voice meant something more than met the ear.

The next day, Mr. Scott, against Bertrand's express command, visited John alone in his office. It seemed that he had been inveigled into buying shares in an imaginary stock company, and had been induced to suppose that Bertrand had stood between him and certain ruin, on account of this very transaction. Under this impression, and grateful to his son for securing him against destruction, he had thought it a light compensation, to sign the deeds which gave Bertrand all his property. The house Bertrand had appropriated to his own use, the rest of the property was invested in his business; and his father stood a penniless and heart-broken man. Bertrand's wife was kind and affectionate to Mr. Scott, but her husband did not like to see the old father whom he had injured; and he would like better that he should be with John. He told

Anne that it was the wish of his father and brother to be together, and Anne acceded, though feeling deeply hurt that she was not permitted to administer to his declining age.

Dr. John thought long and deeply upon this double instance of Bertrand's duplicity. The thought of Anne sacrificed to this selfish being, was torture enough; but when his poor old father was immolated, too, upon the same dark shrine, and his own expectations cut off, to feed his avarice, he could not bear it.

And yet there was no remedy but patience; for his father's own hand had signed the deeds, and he could not by any alchemy be turned into an insane man, although a highly injured one. So, at present, the doctor contented himself with finding a pleasant and cheerful boarding-house for his father, and trying to believe that sometime or other, the brave knight will appear, who is to

"—ride through the hills,
To the wide world past the river,
There to put away all wrong!
To make straight distorted wills,
And to empty the broad quiver
Which the wicked bear along."

Mr. Scott murmured a little, at first, at the change, for he had become so accustomed to Anne's little attentions, that he knew not how to dispense with them. But he soon became reconciled, when his landlady's sister, a bright-eyed widow, took upon herself the charge of waiting upon him.

At first, John had insisted, as a matter of common justice to himself, that Bertrand should unite in paying his father's board; but after awhile, even that was denied, and the whole expense fell upon the elder brother.

John had never seen Anne, since the day on which she refused him. He *could* not see her married, and afterwards it was not easy to make the first visit at her house. Bertrand, too, had chosen to employ another physician, and that circumstance, of course, precluded him from visiting there. He sometimes heard of Anne, as being ill and low-spirited; but it was from strangers, not Bertrand, that he heard it, and the brothers now passed each other in the street without speaking.

Bertrand had made his improvements in the house, had furnished it magnificently, and was now preparing to give a party, the costly elegance of which should astonish every one.

Many were invited who did not even know the Scotts by sight. Others who knew and respected John, went from regard to him, not dreaming of the rupture between the brothers. A few old, retired merchants, who received cards for themselves and families, concluded to go because their

young people would enjoy it, and *they* could have a nice chat with their old friend, Mr. Scott. So Bertrand Scott succeeded in astonishing them, but not exactly in the way that he expected. Champagne, velvet carpets, gas-lights and oyster patties were not things to astonish these people; except that some of them wondered if Bertrand Scott wasn't going to fail. "It had a look like it," said the old stagers who know how these things are done.

Anne moved about in her half-sad, quiet way, wishing that her father-in-law and John were there to help her entertain those dreadful people. She, poor child, knew nothing of the late difference. Even Mr. Scott's going away was represented by her husband as an act of his father's own seeking; and Anne had grieved that the dear old man could not make himself happy with her, when she loved him so much.

Bertrand did not fail, however. He went on, accumulating his thousands, while John was slowly, but surely, working his way to distinction, if not to wealth. His thorough attention to business, never being absent from his office unless obliged to leave it, drew the attentive regard towards him of certain ancient families, whose physician having lately died, they were desirous of replacing him by the best in practice; and Dr. Scott soon found himself feeling aristocratic pulses, and prescribing for aristocratic nerves.

Once there, in the bosom of this charmed circle, his fortune was made. One thing was wanting, however, as the lady of the honorable Mr. Wise told him—and that was a wife. The lady had two daughters past thirty. They would not have refused the doctor, now, but in their youth, those men who would have liked them, were kept off by their fear of refusal; for great and powerful Mr. Wise could not be approached by common suitors for his stately daughters. So they let their "young affections run to waste," enclosed them with an iron fence of pride, and at thirty, they dropped all the music, and poetry, and romance of life, and became eager seekers after society and scandal, and encouraged the attentions of those whom once they would not have thought worthy to touch the tips of their aristocratic fingers.

The lady's remark *did* rouse John, but not exactly as she intended. It made him look in oftener upon one of his patients, a cross, irritable old gentleman, whose gout was at times unbearable to himself, and whose temper was always unbearable to others. When in his worst fits, he abused everybody, the doctor and all. All except his daughter. Her cheerful way of talking to him, her constant, unvarying care of him

through his spasms, and her bright, smiling face, and ready, willing hand, were all too valuable to him, to have him chase her from the room as he did every one else.

Charlotte Lester was blessed with strong health, strong nerves, a strong constitution and a strong mind. She had none of the nervous attacks which characterize a fine lady. Not that she did not take thought and care for her health; and she was worth all the care which she took of herself. She was not one of that class that wear paper shoes, and dance till morning, and eat oyster suppers at all hours of the night, and lie in bed all day afterwards. She knew the value of her health, and she preserved it as one would a precious jewel. Almost all the young ladies round had been ill, and called in Doctor Scott; Charlotte had never been able to get up even an influenza for the purpose.

But her father was taken ill; and insisted on sending for the new doctor; and Charlotte's heart beat a little quicker than its wonted tone, when, day after day, the manly and noble form of John Scott brought a light and beauty into her father's sick room. She listened to his finely toned voice, as it poured forth a full stream of conversation, that kept the sufferer from even thinking of his pains, for hours together. She looked at his broad, open brow, his cheek brown with exercise in the open air, and the heavy waves of dark hair which shaded his temples. She looked still more at those great brown eyes, so sparkling, yet so soft in their expression—and there! we might as well tell the whole truth—Charlotte loved the doctor, before he—indifferent old bachelor that he was—ever thought of her.

She loved him, but she did not pine nor grow pale. She did not write poetry, nor talk to the stars. That might be the natural and inevitable expression of some hearts, but it was not hers. She dressed her hair as tastefully as ever, wore her most becoming gowns, and was as bright, as rosy and as cheerful as her nature dictated.

But all the time, like Desdemona, she could not help wishing that "Heaven had made her such a man," as Doctor John; and yet she treated him as frankly as if no such wish had ever entered her heart. It was not in John Scott's nature, however, to watch such a woman long, without acknowledging her worth; and by-and-by, he became suddenly aware that she blushed deeply, whenever he entered the room. He thought how handsome it made her rather plain face, and what a sweet expression, after all, there was on that plain face. John had been a worshipper of beautiful faces; but Charlotte Lester's face had something above beauty.

He went oftener after this; indeed Mr. Lester could not do without him; and one day, when the patient was asleep, the doctor and nurse entered into a mutual engagement to unite their services; and when he awoke it was to find that he had a son added to his family, if he chose to consider him as such. Mr. Lester was so happy that he forgot his gout for the rest of the day; and Charlotte looked perfectly radiant.

It was arranged that Mr. Scott and Mr. Lester were to occupy apartments in the house that was now to be the doctor's home. Each of the fathers was to have his own separate man-servant, and to be perfectly independent of the family. It was Charlotte's plan, and was quite successful. The two old gentlemen thus preserved the greatest possible freedom in all their arrangements, and left the rest of the family equally so in their own. How happy was Mr. Scott, to find himself once more in a home. Charlotte's attention to him was her crowning perfection in her husband's eyes, and even her own father, exacting as he was, was pleased to see her ministering kindly to his old friend.

Alas, for poor little Anne Avelin! She found, too late, that her choice had been a fatal one for her own happiness. There was a heavy failure, a violent, self-inflicted death, and then Bertrand's name was spoken of no more. Anne found a home with the doctor, where he and Charlotte gave all the consolation which their tender hearts could suggest; and in time her tears were dried. She has found a new home with one whom she thinks has no equal except Dr. John.

UNFEELING.

A distinguished member of the Legislature was addressing a temperance society, and he got rather prosy, but showed no disposition to "let up," though the audience "waxed thin."

Finally, the presiding officer got excited, and repairing to a friend of the speaker, inquired how much longer he might reasonably be expected to speak. Whereupon the friend answered he didn't know; when he got on this branch of the subject he generally spoke a couple of hours.

"That'll never do—I've got a few remarks to make myself," said the president; "how shall I stave him off?"

"Well, I don't know. In the first place, I should pinch his leg; and then if he would not stop, stick a pin in it."

The president returned to his seat, and his head was invisible for a moment. Soon after, he returned to the "brother" who had recommended the pin style of treatment, and said:

"I pinched him, and he didn't take the least notice at all. I stuck a pin in his leg, but he didn't seem to care a darn; I crooked it in, and he kept spouting as hard as ever."

"Very likely," said the wag; "that leg was cork!"—*Taunton Reporter*.

THE POET'S DIRGE.

BY T. W. MEACHER, M. D.

O, when my breast its final rest
Shall seek in happy realms above,
When free from care and dark despair,
My weary soul shall sweetly share
The scenes of endless love:

Then make my grave by the briny wave,
Beside some cavern deep and lone,
Where man can bring no venom'd sting,
But where the sea-birds nightly sing
My dirge in sorrow's tone!

There lay my head, when I am dead,
No step shall seek the lonely spot—
Let none prepare to record there,
A stone to breathe with flattery's air
A name to be forgot.

Let none retrace with solemn face
The joys of sunny hours fled,
When through the maze of pleasure's ways
My steps from sound discretion strays,
By youthful passion led.

But this I claim, that when my frame
Shall cease this weary, earthly strife,
One sigh sincere—one heartfelt tear
From memory's fount shall then appear
From one I loved in life!

THE STUDENT'S RESOLVE.

BY GRACE FLETCHER.

"LEONARD," said Mrs. Hastings, entering her room with the air of one extremely fatigued; the person addressed, a tall, fine-looking young man, raised himself from his lounging position on a sofa, took his eyes from the book he held in his hand, and turned them towards his mother; "Leonard, your cousin Helen is coming this evening." A shrug of the shoulders announced that Leonard had not lost the sense of hearing. "So attend to me," remonstrated his mother; "there you are reading again."

"I will attend to you with pleasure," replied her son, rising to his feet, "but I was not aware that so unimportant an event required an unusual degree of attention."

"Surely you must know, Leonard, that I have been making preparations for her all the week, and I have now got everything unpacked and put away except a large box of books which I intended arranging in her cases this morning, but Ann has just brought me word that the cook has scalded her hand, and I shall have to go down to the kitchen, so I want you to assist me a little."

"What, in getting the dinner?" inquired her

son. "Really I should be very happy, were not my skill confined to consuming rather than preparing edibles."

"Pshaw! I wish you to arrange those books, for I shall have no time. You are so fond of reading that I should imagine you would like the employment."

"Arrange a woman's library! Sentimental novels, albums, keepsakes, and five-volumed romances! Mother, you have sufficient ingenuity in devising punishments to fit you for a grand inquisitor. However, I obey."

So saying, he proceeded to the room designated by his mother, where, in a large box before a bookcase, lay rather an extensive collection of books. The room itself was an extremely pleasant one. Large and airy, the windows curtained with lace, the floor covered with a soft, delicately tinted carpet, the walls adorned with a series of excellent engravings and one or two paintings, a piano occupying a recess, a bird-cage hanging in the window, it seemed as pleasant a retreat as weary mortal could inhabit.

"Fond of birds," said Leonard, glancing at the cage; "always my aversion, except those gorgeous-winged beauties which keep perpetual silence. A canary is a deafening little pest. Italian songs, eh?" picking up a sheet of music from the piano; "probably Miss Helen manufactures her own Italian. Let me see her books." Opening the case, he drew forth a volume of the *Scottish Chiefs*. "Just as I supposed," he said with a half smile; "music, birds and romances are a woman's constant associates. What comes next? *Byron*, with a mark at the 'Two Foscari!' You improve, Helen; I expected to hear you quote the 'Hours of Idleness' to me. *Faust*? and in the original? Ah, a blue! I fancy I see her. Tall, straight, inky fingers, eyes in a 'fine frenzy rolling,' hair in disorder! I must lock up my books when I go down, for I can't afford to have them spoiled by a woman's molesting fingers. Abbot's *Napoleon*, and pretty well thumbed too; a hero worshipper, eh? I'm agreed, provided she don't mistake me for a hero. *Shakespeare*, and underlined, as I live! This is more promising. Bulwer—there's the woman again—and Dickens too. I'll wager that this *Dombey* is blistered at 'little Paul.' Just as I expected. A girl never reads Dickens without making it a point to shed tears. Mrs. Tighe's *Psyche*—that's good again. Intellectual Philosophy! You must be a curiosity, my cousin, if your books are the index of your intellect. What's this? English history—Hume—unread, I'll wager. I never saw a woman yet who knew anything of history but what she learned in

Scott's novels. Well, well! I shall never finish my own reading, if I am to make comments on all these literary treasures; so mount up, poetry and prose, history and historical novel, to your places all, and let me entreat you so to enchant your mistress that she shall not attempt to enchant me."

And with a sigh of relief, Leonard resumed his lounge and his book until summoned to dinner.

"You will be here to receive Helen?" said his mother, as she saw him preparing for a stroll when the meal was over.

"Not I, in faith. She will be expecting to see me, and be arrayed in smiles and armed with soft speeches for an attack on my fortress. No, let me see her when she does not anticipate my coming, and I warrant I shall take her at a disadvantage."

"You are uncharitable, Leonard," said his mother, with a smile.

"Uncharitable! A woman should never talk of charity until she makes her acquaintance. Don't scold, mother, I'm off; make my apologies to the fair Helen, and say that business deprived me of the pleasure of forming her acquaintance this evening. I shall see her in the morning."

And see her he did—do not you also, dear reader?—standing yonder, on tiptoe, in the broad window-sill, feeding her birds and whistling to them like a school-boy; an unfeminine accomplishment this, perhaps, but one in which Helen Grafton was proficient. Her light, elastic, graceful form, raised to its full height and not then attaining woman's middle stature, her short, thick curls clustering on her neck, her bright eyes raised, black and laughing, to her feathered pets, her full crimson lips, now puckered for a whistle, now opening with a song or a laugh, she seems altogether unlike either a blue or a sentimental damsel, but still to Leonard Hastings, who is pre-determined to find fault, seems something worse than either.

"A romp—a young Amazon!" he muttered, as he came slowly up the garden-path. "I detest a hoyden, but if I let her see it she will probably settle into a Madonna-like repose, which in her would be still more unendurable. Ah, Fanny, you have spoiled me for all woman-kind!"

This pathetic exclamation, which was uttered with a sigh so deep that it almost realized one's idea of a groan, requires, perhaps, some explanation.

Leonard Hastings, who was now about twenty-three, had at the age of seventeen imagined himself to be desperately enamored of one of his

only sister's school-friends, who was about five years his senior. Like all boys of his age, he fancied his destiny was fixed by the first glance he caught of Fanny's eyes, and forthwith began to make himself appear excessively foolish. He wrote "sonnets to his mistress's eyebrow," poems to her eyes, odes to her golden curls, engraved her name on every tree within the circuit of his walks.

Now Fanny Gray, besides being engaged before she met this passionate youth, and therefore fancying herself secure, had a spice of the coquette in her disposition, and seeing the impression she produced, she sang to him, played for him, waltzed with him, rambled in the moonlight by his side, and finally listened to his declaration of undying love (which she wrote that night to her lover was filched partly from Byron, partly from Hamlet, and in part from the stilted style in which he had ranted since he knew her) with a laugh, avowed her previous engagement, and called him a silly boy. The epithet stung him, and venting his rage only in the words "false girl," uttered in a tone and an attitude worthy of Forrest, he left her. For weeks, he found his sole enjoyment to consist in repeating, "Frailty, thy name is woman!" and in destroying those poetical effusions which had lately cost him so much time and trouble.

Coming finally to the deplorable conclusion that his heart was broken, he took to Byron collars and heavy sighs, allowed his curls to grow long, and made an ineffectual effort to cultivate a moustache, which he fancied would impart an interesting pallor to his complexion. At college he recovered his spirits sufficiently to allow him to acquit himself creditably, studied law for a time after graduating, but finding that his heart was in danger of repairing the rupture it had sustained, he abjured Blackstone, returned home, revived his taste for sentimental and pastoral poetry, and resolved to spend his life in seclusion.

In this state of inglorious ease he had lived for several months, when the death of a relative imposed a new care on his mother, and Helen's appearance seemed likely to interrupt his schemes of indolent solitude. Having by dint of great effort transformed himself into a woman hater, he had resolved to dislike her; and though his first view of her convinced him of her beauty and graceful ways, he fortified himself still more strongly in his resolution to find fault. Accordingly, when introduced by his mother, he made her a Sir Charles Grandison bow, inquired after her health in the stiffest manner, as though his words were stayed with whalebones, remarked

on the beauty of the weather, and taking up his favorite book, began reading.

Now Helen, having heard not a little of his story before her arrival, was neither disconcerted nor vexed by his want of politeness, but taking her work, seated herself by her aunt and began chatting in the most confidential and coaxing way in the world. Leonard's book puzzled him that morning; he could make no sense of it; and his mother being called from the room by household affairs, he found himself ere long engaged in a conversation with his cousin, more entertaining and less pedantic than any he had held with a woman for years. Not that they did not talk on his favorite topic, *books*, but that meeting a taste as delicate, a critical judgment as accurate as his own, he did not, as he was wont, offer his opinions as though they were Median laws and undisputable, but found himself yielding and complying before he was aware.

Asking her at last to sing to him, when she chose a song which Fanny had often warbled, he did not agonize his face, as had been his custom, "into more lines than are in the new map, with the addition of the Indies," nor, clapping his hands to his ears, rush frantically from the room, but standing quietly at Helen's side, began to have a dim idea that perhaps there were more Fannies in the world than one. What it was that induced him as he left the room to exclaim, "a heart as sound as a bell," with an inexpressible expression, I am puzzled to say. He found, however, that his solitary pursuits began to grow wearisome; even Spenser and a seat in the grass under his favorite elm, once his bean ideal of happiness, made him uneasy and discontented. He came at length to the conclusion that it would be an act of charity to sound Helen's understanding, to find wherein she was deficient, and endeavor to supply her defects by his own superior wisdom.

He commenced, therefore, to catechise her, but found to his surprise that in his favorite subjects she was as well versed as himself, and that her knowledge of abstruser topics was not so limited as he had thought to find it. He discovered that he had an original mind to deal with, many of whose workings were to him incomprehensible. The more he studied it, the greater was his puzzle; and he gave up his laudable efforts at improvement, with a conviction that though he did not fully understand *her*, he understood well that he was at last utterly, irretrievably, passionately in love—a love that was no more like his former romantic, boyish fancy, than Fanny's blue eyes were like Helen's dark

irids. With this important fact presenting itself to his consideration, he set about removing any unfavorable impression he might have produced on his cousin. He read to her, talked in a new style altogether, and never doubted that he was making rapid inroads on her heart.

"Shall I read to you, Helen?" he asked one day, when he found her intent upon her needle-work.

"Yes, if you will lay aside Thomson and find Miss Barrett."

"What shall I read?"

"Whatever you please; there is no choice in Miss Barrett's writings."

"You are enthusiastic, Helen. For my part, I prefer the 'Seasons.'"

"Because you are a Vandal, a Goth. But go on reading."

The piece Leonard selected was, "He giveth his beloved sleep." As he finished the second verse, he stopped.

"I can imagine," said he, "what you would give to your beloved, Helen. 'The poet's star-tuned harp,' would you not?"

"No, certainly not," she replied, without lifting her eyes; "but finish your reading—we will talk afterward."

A sweet, full-toned voice, a deep appreciation of what he read, gave Leonard's reading a peculiar charm which lingered after he had concluded. Both sat silent for a few moments, when Helen asked suddenly:

"What have you done all your life, Leonard?"

"All my life!" he answered, laughing; "why, in the earlier part of my career I cried, laughed, kicked, and performed various other gymnastic exercises, to the great benefit of my constitution."

"I mean since you returned from college."

His reply was not delivered as confidently as it had often been before, for he had an intuitive impression that Helen would not approve it.

"When I left college, I commenced studying law, tired of it, and am here."

"And why did you tire of it?"

"My dear cousin, law is a series of petty artifices for evading truth; lawyers are devoted to chicanery and trick."

"I beg your pardon. Brougham is a lawyer, and Webster another."

"Exceptions prove the rule, Helen."

"I do not believe that. But what have you done at home?"

"Read poetry, wrote it sometimes, and lost myself in reverie."

"And you are contented?"

"Contented! with this lovely scenery around me, this most glorious sky over my head, the

water's rippling music in my ear, with you beside me, Helen? With my books, I should be contented to dream my life away here. You look grave, Helen."

"I should not, perhaps," she answered, "for it is not my future you speak of. But it is not thus I should spend my life, were I a man. You asked me if I would endow my beloved with the poet's gifts. No, I told you. I would not while the 'senate's shout' lay still beyond."

"I thought, Helen, that you liked poets."

"And so I do. I admire no man more than him to whom God has vouchsafed the gift of song. But my admiration does not extend to those whom the world *miscalls* poets. The essence of poetry is sublimity, is it not? And tell me if it be not more sublime to rush forward in the race of true ambition, to reach the goal most surely and swiftly, and earn a name among the great, than to sit idling and dreaming in beautiful solitudes, scribbling pastoral idyls. Poetry! I like the poetry of action and feeling. And how can a man write the poetry of action while he is inactive? how the poetry of feeling when, apart from the world, his emotions are morbid, his passions unhealthy?"

"Then you do not think a man should be a poet?"

"Yes; but not a mere rhymers, a versifier. His poetry should be that of energy, ambition, action. Repose is the luxury of age; action, the duty of the young. Shame on the man who wastes his youth in dreaming! he robs his age of its most precious privilege."

"You are severe, Helen," said Leonard, rising slowly and with a white face. In an instant Helen was at his side.

"I beg your pardon, Leonard," she said softly. "I have been talking of what I know nothing. I am very sorry."

"You have spoken only the truth," was the slow answer.

"I have offended you, Leonard—pray forgive me."

"Not offended, Helen, but wounded me deeply."

He was gone before Helen could reply. For several days she saw him but little. His mornings were spent in his own room, and if he joined her as she sang in the twilight, he made not the most distant allusion to their conversation. He called to her one morning as she ran past his window, and in a moment was at her side.

"I leave this afternoon, Helen," he said.

"Where are you going?"

"To the city."

"And why?"

"To go to work—to retrieve my past errors—to make myself worthy of you, Helen."

Helen's color changed, and he went on, speaking passionately and fast.

"I will not say I love you, Helen, for you cannot but know it. I will not ask you to promise yourself to me, for no one can feel more deeply than myself how unworthy I am of such a promise. Your eyes tell me that when I prove myself capable of amendment, you will not reject me. God bless you, Helen!"

Once more a student, Leonard's progress was rapid. Independently of his great natural abilities, which were capable of attaining their object in any case, his love threw a radiance across his way which dispelled every shadow. He began his career anew, with the hope of pleasing and winning Helen. Long before the task was accomplished, ambition had become its own "exceeding great reward." Labor grew sweet for its own sake, and his chief regret in looking back at his past life ceased to be that Helen was still beyond his reach, but that he had wasted in inactivity the time which would have enabled him to gain her without a new effort. And when, his probation ended, he was acknowledged the most promising lawyer of his day, he felt that even had Helen been out of the question, the consciousness of his powers which he had gained would have amply repaid him for every exertion he had put forth.

From this time, his progress was rapid. Called from one post of honor to another, his course was marked by a straightforward uprightness that met approbation from men of all parties. Directing his energies to the furtherance of right and justice, his eloquence became a weapon, broad as the shield of Hercules, pointed as St. George's lance, in the defence of liberty and law.

Not till then did he renew his suit. He had seen Helen, but not often, since he had first left her, and never had he renewed the subject then begun, for he had determined not to approach her until he had abundant proof of his fitness.

As for Helen, she had changed but little in Leonard's absence. No woman learns that she is beloved without becoming more lovely, and she, in the transition from seventeen to twenty-two, had but perfected her beauty. Watching his course with a pride that not even his mother's could surpass, she had the additional satisfaction of knowing that hers had been the power which had roused him from his lethargy—awakened that noble ambition without which man is but a mere machine.

"Have you seen the evening papers, Helen?" asked Mrs. Hastings, approaching her niece with them in her hand. They contain the announcement of the close of the legislative session and one of Leonard's long speeches. He will be here to-morrow, probably."

Taking the papers and retiring to her favorite seat in the garden, Helen just avoided meeting Leonard, who, having started for home in the morning, had just arrived, dusty and tired, and impatient to learn his fate. Short, therefore, were his affectionate greetings to his mother, and hasty his replies to her congratulatory questions. Learning Helen's occupation and whereabouts, he sprang down the path in pursuit, and drawing the paper gently from her hands, playfully bade her listen to an oral report on a more interesting topic.

"You were my incentive, Helen," he concluded, after a hasty sketch of his conduct. "But for you I should still have been dreaming under these old elms, and since you have thrown me upon a rougher path, may I not hope that you will at least share it with me?"

And Helen's answer came, clear and distinct, and like Fame she smiled approval, and Leonard, clasping her in his arms, cried, with Harley L'Estrange: "Blessed be the woman who exalts."

AUNT LIZZIE'S COURTSHIP.

"Why, you see, when my man came courtin' me, I hadn't the least thought of what he was after—not I. Jobie came to our house one night, after dark, and rapped at the door. I opened it, and sure enough there was Jobie. 'Come in,' sez I; 'take a cheer.' 'No, Lizzie,' sez he, 'I've come of an arrant, and I alwus do my arrants fast.' 'But you had better come in and take a cheer, Mr. W——.' 'No, I can't. The fact is, Lizzie, I've come on this ere courtin' business. My wife's been dead these three weeks, and everything's goin' to rack an' ruin right along. Now, Lizzie, if you're a mind to have me, an' take care of my house, an' my children, an' my things, tell me, and I'll come in an' take a cheer; if not, I'll get some one else tu.' Why I was skeer'd and sed—'If you come on this courtin' business, come in. I must think on't a little.' 'No, I can't till I know. That's my arrant. And I can't sit down till my arrant's done.' 'I should like to think on't a day or two.' 'Now you needn't, Lizzie.' 'Well, Jobie, if I must, I must—so here's tu ye then.' So Mr. W—— came in. Then he went after the squire and he married us right off, and I went home with Jobie that very night. I tell you what it is, these long courtin's don't amount to nothing at all. Just as well to do it in a hurry.'—*New York Mercury.*

Every woman is, or ought to be, more or less a child of beauty, and her occupations should not degrade her into a drudge.

CURRAN.

One morning, at an inn in the south of Ireland, a gentleman travelling upon mercantile business came running down stairs a few minutes before the appearance of the stagecoach, in which he had taken a seat for Dublin. Seeing an ugly little fellow leaning against the doorpost, with dirty face and shabby clothes, he hailed him and ordered him to brush his coat. The operation proceeding rather slowly, the impatient traveller cursed the lazy valet for an idle, good-for-nothing dog, and threatened him with corporal punishment on the spot, if he did not make haste and finish his job well before the arrival of the coach. Terror seemed to produce its effect; the fellow finished the coat and then the trowsers, with great diligence, and was rewarded with sixpence, which he received with a low bow. The gentleman went into the bar, and paid his bill, just as the expected vehicle reached the door. Upon getting inside, guess his astonishment to find his friend the quondam waiter, snugly seated in one corner, with all the look of a person well used to comfort. After two or three hurried glances to be sure his eyes did not deceive him, he commenced a confused apology for his blunder, condemning his own stupidity; but he was speedily interrupted by the other exclaiming, "O, never mind, make no apologies—these are hard times, and it is well to earn a trifle in an honest way—I am obliged to you for your handsome fee for so small a job—my name, sir, is John Philpot Curran, pray what is yours?" The other was thunderstruck by the idea of such an introduction; but the drollery of Curran soon overcame his confusion; and the traveller never rejoiced less at the termination of a long journey, than when he beheld the distant spires of Dublin glitter in the light of the setting sun.—*Mackenzie.*

ETIQUETTE OF VISITING CARDS.

When you drop your piece of pasteboard anywhere, even in the very genteel neighborhood, let it be a piece of pasteboard, and nothing more, except in being engraven with your name and address. Do not, at any rate, let your card be enamelled. The enamel is prepared from lead; and the process of applying it is stated, on good authority, to produce paralysis of the hands, and other miserable complaints, among the poor people engaged in this ridiculous manufacture. A shiny card imparts no lustre to the name upon it; but communicates an appearance of vulgar glitter to the table or shelf whereon it is deposited. If you rejoice in polish, concentrate that quality on your manners, conversation and boots. In case you feel it absolutely necessary to display your taste in your visiting cards, have them embossed; and then it will be as well also for you to wear lace-collars and shirt-cuffs of the same material. But eschew those cards that are enamelled, and which, to the enlightened eye, are glazed with what may be called a shine taken out of the health of unhappy victims afflicted with palsy and colic.—*London Punch.*

A young person thinks it enough to do right. As he grows older, he finds it necessary to satisfy others that he has done so. Much of the time that might be spent in doing well must be used in securing evidence that we have not done ill.

LINES

Written to accompany a gift of Longfellow's Poems.

BY D. C. STURGES.

Take thou these pages:—and if grief oppress
Thy heart,—or if thy soul be full of joy—
Or if to pensiveness thou dost incline—
Or if thou lookest with tear-blinded eyes
Upon the past,—or on the future gaze—
Their melody shall wait upon thy thoughts
With gentlest ministrations! Thou shalt find
Thy sorrow chastened into happy tears;
And joy shall like a lunar-rainbow crown
Thy brows with richer beauty. Pensiveness,
That like an autumn twilight fills thy heart
With shadowy enchantments, shall be turned
Into an angel presence, bearing peace!
As the spring calls up the buried flowers,
So shall these songs call up thy buried past,
Making its memory beautiful—like flowers!
Great thoughts are here, thoughts which give such a light
As that which kissed the pallid brow of Christ!
Music is here,—rich as the voice of God;
And if thou bringest an attentive ear,
Thou shalt hear revelations. Listen, then!
Is music not the bride of prophecy?
The swift intelligence that waits on love
Delights in harmony. Poet and seer!
These are the wedded oracles of Heaven,
To whom the future lies in lucid light!

THE GOVERNESS.

BY MRS. MARY MAYNARD.

"SHALL I open the window and let in the sunshine, Miss Mary? You will die if you sit here moping and fretting in this dark room."

"No, thank you, Jane. I am coming down to receive a visitor presently, and I prefer this room as it is."

"But you don't know how it breaks my heart to see you so sorrowful. All the fretting in the world won't bring the master back, and yet you let the grief wear your life out."

"I shall soon be better, Jane; only don't tease me any more just now, for I have some papers to look over, and I cannot talk to you. You had better go down and tell the cook to prepare a luncheon for a gentleman who has had a long ride this morning."

"I wish you would eat something yourself, Miss Mary," grumbled Jane, as she left the room.

For a few moments Mary Stanford sat motionless, with her hands pressed tightly over her eyes, as if to shut out light, and thought, and the remembrance of her sorrow; and then she arose, and with a determined expression on her pale face, and in her sunken eyes, she approached a desk, unlocked it, and drew forth a large pack-

age of papers. She shuddered as she touched them; but the time had come when all finer feelings must be banished, and business—the cold, calculating business of the world—must be attended to.

We must now leave her, bending sadly over her task, and give her a fuller introduction to the reader.

Her father, Thomas Stanford, Esq., or Squire Stanford, as he was most familiarly and commonly called, was the only son of John Stanford, who had descended from a long line of Stanfords, all rich farmers, and dwelling in that beautiful county, commonly called "the garden of England." For three generations the heirs to the Stanford estate had been "only sons," and as each father in turn had left it to his child, enriched and improved by good management and care, it was not to be wondered at that on his death-bed John Stanford left his son a richer inheritance than had ever belonged to any one of their forefathers.

But alas! for the honor of the old name and the old family, Thomas Stanford proved himself unworthy of the trust committed to his charge; and scarcely was the body of his deceased parent consigned to the grave, ere he commenced a course of dissipation and extravagance that must have scattered the largest fortune in a few years. Twelve months after his father's death, he married a beautiful girl; but whose chief charm, in his eyes, was her fortune—a very handsome one, by the way—and when united with her beauty and amiable disposition, ought to have made him a happy man. But increased wealth gave increased motives for expenditure, and his poor, neglected wife soon had reason to repent her marriage with one who had captivated her fancy and not her judgment.

Their beautiful home was a rendezvous for all the wild, careless young reprobates in the neighborhood, who found it exactly suitable to their taste and their convenience to "drink Stanford's wines," to "ride Stanford's horses," "eat Stanford's good dinners," and to be waited upon by "Stanford's servants." And even the penniless younger sons of some of the neighboring nobility did not think it beneath their dignity to hunt, to gamble, to drink with "Squire Stanford,"—even sometimes to borrow an "odd fifty," well knowing that their careless host would never demand payment.

Poor Mrs. Stanford dragged out a miserable existence; outwardly surrounded with all life's comforts, inwardly pining for rest and quietness. Of four beautiful children, one only remained to bless her with its innocent love and fond care-

es; and when, after thirteen years of misery, she was about to leave the scene of her wretchedness, the thought of this child and her uncertain fate, was all that could bring back her thoughts to earth.

She died, and for a time there was peace in the noisy mansion; and Stanford shunned his dissolute companions, and wore some outward appearance of regret; but when the first shock was over, he stifled the reproaches of conscience by plunging deeper than ever in those intoxicating pleasures that eventually proved his ruin. Gambling had become his favorite passion, and nothing but his skill and extraordinary success could possibly have enabled him to keep up the appearance he had always done, or surround himself with those luxuries that were necessary to his very existence. He had his little girl instructed by competent teachers, but kept her entirely secluded, rarely seeing her himself, and never allowing strangers to behold her if he could prevent it.

His affairs gradually grew from bad to worse. He was deeply involved in debt, and having always despised agriculture, and neglected his estate, he had no resources when once his money was spent. The estate itself was deeply mortgaged, and for several years, Thomas Stanford's life was a miserable struggle to keep up appearances and baffle creditors.

Meanwhile, his daughter was growing up to womanhood, and not all her seclusion or retirement could prevent the neighbors knowing that she, who should have been the heiress of the beautiful old estate, was both lovely and amiable, though dowerless and unprovided for; and deep was the sympathy felt for the motherless daughter. But Mary sought no one's society; absorbed in her cares and anxieties, she sighed not to mingle with those happier than herself, and was content to hide herself from the sight of inquisitive eyes, within the walls of her beloved home, occupied in devising plans for counteracting the destructive effects of her father's misguided course. But an end was most unexpectedly put to all her hopes and fears relative to her unfortunate parent. Thomas Stanford left a boon companion's house late one night, more than half intoxicated, and at noon, next day, was carried to his home a mutilated corpse!

Poor Mary! It was but the realization of her worst fear, and though stunned by the shock, it could scarcely be said to be unexpected by her. She shut herself up in silence and darkness, to indulge, undisturbed, her feelings of horror and grief for her parent's untimely end; but the imperative call of business summoned her from this

solitude, and she at once found herself called on to superintend the arrangement of affairs, thrown by carelessness and neglect into almost inextricable confusion.

Thomas Stanford had made no will—at first, considered somewhat strange, but when his accounts were examined more closely, not to be wondered at. Dissipation and extravagance had left him nothing to bequeath, and as Mary turned over pile after pile of unreceipted bills, bonds and notes, the conviction came gradually upon her that she was utterly destitute. It needed but one more blow, and her cup of sorrow was full; and that blow was not long in coming.

Pale, harassed, and worn out with care and anxiety, she met her lawyer on the day the reader is first introduced to her. Even he, cold-hearted old man as he was, was touched with the sad and careworn look of his young client, and hastened over the unpleasant details of the late Squire's affairs as quickly as possible.

"And now, my dear young lady, I must hasten to the conclusion of my errand, and fulfil a promise I made to a friend of yours."

"A friend of mine, Mr. Thomson? I know very few people, and fewer friends."

"You know Sir Thomas Dashwood's son?"

"To my sorrow; but I trust he is not the friend you allude to?"

"It is, indeed; and though a person little used to love affairs, I am commissioned to make you an offer of his hand and heart."

"Is this an insult, Mr. Thomson?"

The young girl was very pale, and there was something in her tone that startled the old man.

"My dear lady, you must not be too hasty. Young Dashwood makes you an offer that half the girls in the county would jump at. It is disinterested, too; for I suppose you know in what position he stands in regard to this house and property, and all it contains?"

"What can Gregory Dashwood possibly have to do with my father's house?" And even while she spoke a conviction of the truth caused her to tremble and sink half fainting into the chair.

"For many years your late father had no claim on this property whatever, and at the present time Gregory Dashwood is the owner of every inch of land, every animal on the place, every article of furniture in the house, the pictures, the plate, and even your jewelry and ornaments."

For a few moments she sat gazing on her companion, as if stupefied with the overwhelming intelligence he had communicated; then came the full sense of her position, and with it courage and strong resolution to meet her fate. Rising, with dignity, she bowed to the old lawyer.

"Our conference is ended, sir. Had I been aware of my true position, it would never have taken place."

"One word, Miss Stanford, before we part: What answer shall I take back to the young gentleman whose proposal I have laid before you?"

The angry color flushed the girl's fair face, and her dark eyes flashed, as resting her hand on the door, she turned to her companion:

"Tell him the daughter of the man he robbed and murdered despises him and his offer; that sooner than become his wife she would beg her bread from door to door, or be the willing slave of the hardest taskmaster; and tell him," and here she lowered her voice until it was a harsh whisper,—“tell him that with his ill-gotten gains he will receive the orphan's curse.”

Five minutes after, Mary lay fainting and insensible on her chamber floor, but ere the sun rose on the morrow, the last of the Stanfords went forth from the old mansion a destitute and penniless orphan.

In a splendid chamber of Sir Thomas Dashwood's magnificent country house, were seated two persons in deep conversation—they were the heir and Lawyer Thomson. The young man was negligently dressed, but there was enough of studied carelessness in his attire, to display the foppish follower of fashion. The costly dressing-gown and richly embroidered slippers, the downy sofa cushions and the embroidered handkerchief, were in keeping with the well-known character of the man; wealthy, effeminate, with luxurious tastes and no principle, caring for no one's sacrifices so that his comforts were not abridged, for no one's feelings, so that his whims were not thwarted.

At the moment he is introduced to the reader, Gregory Dashwood was in a most ungovernable fit of passion; and even the old lawyer drew back in alarm at the fearful change that came over his companion on hearing the history of his unsuccessful interview with Mary.

"And that is the return for all my patience, for all my anxiety about that haughty beauty? but she shall learn that I am not to be thwarted so. Fool that I was not to have turned old Stanford out long ago, and then her father's authority would have compelled that proud girl to listen to me!"

Gregory Dashwood felt very irritable, and as a soother, he sprang up hastily from his seat, and opening a closet, poured out and drank off several glasses of wine.

"Help yourself, Thomson," he at last said,

setting the rich stand and glasses on the table, and walking hastily up and down the room.

The exercise gave him resolution; for, with an exclamation that caused Mr. Thomson to spill the wine he was in the act of carrying to his lips, the young man stopped before him, saying:

"She shall be mine in spite of all her daring speeches and proud scorn! I swear she shall! and I will never rest until my oath is fulfilled."

"I should advise you to be satisfied with what you have got, and comfort yourself with the thought that, if she has scorned you, you have consigned her to poverty." And Lawyer Thomson held up his third glass of wine, and admired its bright sparkle as the light shone through it.

"What is all of old Stanford's property to me?" he asked, as he turned from a long gaze out of the window. "Look there," he added, drawing aside the curtains, and pointing with his white hand to the magnificent landscape beyond. "Think you the heir of yon broad acres cares aught for the paltry farm of the old spendthrift? You might know me better, Thomson. But I love that proud, pale girl, and at this moment would sacrifice half my inheritance could I make her mine."

"The greater fool you," said the old lawyer, angrily. "Why did you not strive to win her good will, instead of making her hate you, by leading her father to destruction? You have destroyed your own plans by your headstrong foolishness."

"It was your advice, and to you I am indebted for my good fortune," was the still more angry answer.

Lawyer Thomson went away highly displeased, while Gregory again flung himself on his velvet couch to deliberate on the most effectual method of getting the orphan into his power.

Pity that so fine a face should become wrinkled and prematurely old by such wearying and perplexing thoughts; pity that such a bright intellect should become enfeebled and debased by the destroying influence of profligate habits; pity, ten thousand pities, that the glorious, the immortal soul, once innocent and pure, should become sullied, darkened, perhaps lost, through a blind and headlong pursuit of pleasure!

"I have heard of a governess to-day, girls, that will suit us admirably," exclaimed Mrs. Bancroft Adams, as she entered her daughters' room on her return from paying some friendly visits.

"Who is she?" "Where did you find her?" exclaimed both the young ladies at once.

"My friend, Mrs. Lapointe, heard of her through some acquaintance of hers, in some out-of-the-way place down in Kent; and as she knew we wanted a governess, she let me know at once, and I have sent to secure her."

"Is she young?" asked both the daughters in a breath.

"I don't know, I am sure; some poor farmer's daughter, I believe; educated altogether beyond her station, and now obliged to get her own living."

"O, some great awkward country girl, I suppose," said Miss Sophia Adams, turning to her mirror, and finishing the arrangement of her numerous ringlets with much satisfaction.

"With such a healthy red face that it will be perfectly distressing to look at her," drawled Miss Almira Adams, gracefully falling back on her couch, and holding her salts in her hand for fear she should require them.

"Never mind, so as she has not got red hair," laughed Miss Sophia.

This was a very spiteful speech, for Miss Almira's great trouble in this world was the color and quality of her tresses.

"I hope she will have decent looking hands and feet; for if there is one thing I dislike worse than another, it is a coarse fat hand and a great clumsy shoe."

Now if Miss Almira's obstinate red locks gave her endless trouble and anxiety, not less did Sophia's provokingly plump fingers occasion an endless annoyance to their fair owner.

The former spent two-thirds of her pocket money in procuring the most celebrated preparations for the improvement of her hair; the latter almost ruined herself in the purchase of kid gloves and satin slippers. But alas! for their laudable endeavors, the ungrateful tresses of the one persisted in standing up rough all over her head, or hanging in ragged looking curls on either side of her face; and the equally obstinate hands of the other continued to burst through all restraint, and at last began to grow purple, as if with suppressed anger at such treatment. These unceasing annoyances had a very injurious effect upon the temper of the young ladies, and materially assisted time in robbing them of their youthful charms.

Mrs. Bancroft Adams was a widow, and having four daughters to dispose of, and not a very large fortune at her command, she very wisely disposed of her house in London, and took up her residence in a fashionable resort for aristocratic invalids, where the beauty of the scenery was only surpassed by the beneficial effects of the Springs; where there were delightful oppor-

tunities for fishing or flirtation, for following the hounds for a day, or securing an eligible partner for life.

Mrs. Bancroft Adams was a most admirable manager, and with her very moderate fortune she contrived to keep up a very extensive appearance, so much so that most persons believed the Misses Adams to be almost heiresses. But in spite of all the traps and snares laid to catch unwary partners, the young ladies were still single, and likely to remain so. Of course this only relates to the two already introduced to the reader, the remaining pair being yet confined to the school room, and not supposed to indulge in anticipations of partners and pin money.

Now Mrs. Bancroft Adams might have lived forever at this fashionable idling place, and been no nearer the accomplishment of her object than at first, but for one lucky circumstance—she had an aunt, and this aunt was wealthy, rheumatic and fanciful, and annually made her niece's house her home at the season when the Springs were the gayest. In addition to her wealth, her rheumatism and ill temper, this lady was the widow of Sir Richard Walbridge, and a sort of female guardian to the young heir of Walbridge Manor, who, though several years past his majority, still showed his uncle's widow the same attention, respect and obedience he had rendered her in his boyhood. And if there was one weak spot in old Lady Walbridge's heart, it was love and admiration for the handsome young man, who was unto her even as a son.

As the young baronet always accompanied his aunt in her annual visit to the Springs, and spent the principal part of his time in Mrs. Bancroft Adams's pretty parlors, it was the means of bringing that enterprising lady under the notice of many who otherwise would have remained in blissful ignorance of her existence. When the party from the "Bancroft House" were seen on the beach, or enjoying the afternoon promenade in the "Avenue," all were delighted to claim acquaintance with the fortunate Mrs. Adams, as such an acquaintance was certain to lead to an introduction to Lady Walbridge, and from her to the handsome young Sir Richard, on whose arm the old lady always leaned.

At the time when this interesting family were introduced to my readers, they were busy in a thousand preparations for the expected arrival of their annual guests; hence the anxiety about a governess to take care of the two wild young hoydens in the nursery, who were Lady Walbridge's special aversion, and who repaid her dislike with interest whenever opportunity offered. Then the young ladies had quantities of

mantua-making and millinery to attend to, in expectation of the approaching gaiety; and the great chamber had to be newly furnished throughout, as such changes pleased their visitor when abroad, however averse she was to making them in her own beautiful home.

Amid all this confusion, the arrival of the new governess was anxiously looked for and impatiently hurried. But alas for the disappointments we meet with in this world, scarcely had the stranger entered their doors ere the whole family would have given half they possessed to have found some reasonable excuse for hurrying her away again. The most hideous monster entering their home could not have caused more dismay in the hearts of the Misses Adams and their mama, than did the coming of that beautiful governess.

"She can't stay here, mama, that's certain," said Miss Sophia, as the three met in conclave soon after the stranger's arrival.

"But I have no time to look up another, and you know how Laura and Julia will act when Lady Walbridge comes; besides, there's such quantities of sewing to be done that I really do not think it best to send her away, setting aside offending Mrs. Lapointe, after she has taken so much trouble for me. O no, it will never do to let her go away; the only thing we can do is to keep her shut up in the nursery all the time they are here. You know Aunt Walbridge never goes there."

"O, she will be sure to go if we don't want her to," exclaimed Almira, crossly.

"I think mama's plan the best after all; so don't look so sulky about it, Mira, even if she is beautiful, and has magnificent hair."

"I'm sure she is not such a beauty as all that, even if she has white satin hands and a foot like an opera dancer," was Almira's cutting reply.

Poor Mary Stanford! her office was no sinecure in the establishment of Mrs. Adams; but, strange to say, from the two youngest she received the only comfort her situation produced. Completely fascinated by the beauty and winning manners of their new governess, Laura and Julia Adams yielded her obedience and respect, such as they had never before condescended to bestow on any one; and under her careful training and instruction, they no longer filled the house with noise and confusion, but studied and played as young ladies should.

Had it not been for her unfortunate good looks, Mrs. Adams could have found it in her heart to love the new governess, who had wrought so agreeable a change in her hopeful daughters;

but it was out of the question to encourage so dangerous a rival to her older girls, consequently the lonely orphan was kept constantly employed in the children's room, and treated almost like a prisoner.

To one accustomed to freedom, such treatment would have been intolerable; but Mary Stanford had always been a recluse, and though she had a few recollections of stolen freedom, as will appear presently, yet on the whole confinement did not affect her very severely.

The intermediate time between her father's death and when we again meet her, had been passed at a quiet country parsonage, where her time had been fully employed in taking care of half a dozen little children, and nursing back to health their invalid mother. Having become necessary to the comfort of the family, she would probably never have left them, but for that "destiny" that Byron speaks of, that takes away our right or power to do always as we wish. This destiny came to Miss Stanford in the shape of the dissolute Gregory Dashwood, who having discovered her retreat, commenced a series of persecutions that eventually drove her away from her kind friends—a course of conduct that occasioned her much suffering at the time, but which afterwards proved to be the best thing that could have happened to her, and the very worst for the success of her enemy's plans.

True, all looked dark on her first arrival at "Bancroft House," but hope did not desert her even under her accumulated discomforts, and she still looked forward to a brighter day. The Misses Sophia and Almira would fain have gratified their ill nature and jealousy by openly displaying their dislike to the beautiful governess; but there was something in her manners, her voice, her dress, and her stately, reserved air, that forbade all freedom, and kept them well in check.

Their only satisfaction was in keeping her so busy that it was next to impossible to find time to attend to her own attire; but with all their contrivances, the beautiful braids were still wound gracefully round the loveliest head in the world; the same black dress was still worn with the same matchless ease and elegance; and worse than all, the little white hands became even smaller and whiter the longer their mistress was a prisoner.

"I never did hear the equal of that girl's impudence," exclaimed Miss Almira, as she burst into the room where her mother and sister were very busy in putting up muslin drapery on an old-fashioned square bedstead.

"What is the matter now?" asked the mother.

"Why, you know they are coming to-morrow, and here is my blue dress not done; and that girl, with all the airs in the world, says that she has more to do now than she can do, without neglecting the children. And when I told her she must leave everything, she had the impertinence to say that she certainly should not undertake it." And quite out of breath and temper, Miss Almira sank into a chair and cried for vexation.

"Why don't you do it yourself, or wear another to-morrow?" asked Sophia, highly amused at her sister's vexation.

"O, you know I like blue so well, and I left this to the last so as to get the prettiest pattern, and now that lazy thing won't help me to finish it. It is too bad!" And Miss Almira's tears streamed afresh at the annoying thought.

"There, don't be such a baby, for pity sake. Red hair is bad enough, but red eyes are dreadful." And Miss Sophia indulged in a hearty laugh, while her sister flounced out of the room in a towering passion.

The long talk of visitors came according to appointment, and were met by the mother and daughters with overwhelming kindness, and the most officious display of respect. Even Miss Almira was all smiles and blushes; for happily she had taken her sister's advice, and the much coveted blue dress adorned her little pinched figure.

After seeing his aunt safely installed in her new home, the young baronet took leave of her and proceeded to his boarding place, leaving the young ladies in ecstasies at the "great improvement in his looks," and "the elegant taste he always displays in his dress," "the rich tinge of brown on his cheek," and "the delightful set of his Paris coat."

"Yes, he looks very well," said Lady Walbridge, with a little laugh to herself. "Love agrees with him, I think."

"Love! Why, aunt, who is he in love with?" exclaimed all three ladies at once.

"O, I don't know much about it; but I suppose you will find it all out some time, girls; so give me my embroidery frame and my bag of silks, and don't talk any more about my nephew.—Have you got a governess to keep Jack and Tom in order?" she asked, after a few minutes' silence, during which the young ladies had been deliberating on the news they had just heard.

"O yes," said Mrs. Adams; "and they are so improved you would hardly know them."

"Bring them down," was the laconic reply.

And forthwith the young ladies with the mas-

culine titles were brought down and presented to their relative, who laid down her work, took off her spectacles, and drawing them close to her, examined them very minutely with her little black eyes.

"Very much improved, I must say," was the first remark. "Who is your governess?" she added, turning to her niece.

"Only a poor country girl that a friend recommended to me," was Mrs. Bancroft Adams's answer, as she mentally framed some excuse for complying with the next request.

"I should like to see her, only I know she must be as ugly as sin, or you would not take her." And then the old lady laughed her little laugh.

"O no, indeed, ma'am, she is not ugly," said Julia, eagerly.

"She is very pretty indeed, ma'am," said Laura.

Lady Walbridge, evidently pleased at the change in their manners, asked them to sit down beside her and wind her silks, and tell her all about the new teacher.

Burns says our best laid plans are apt to become disarranged, and daily experience proves the truth of his assertion—at least, Miss Almira Adams would have willingly joined in the poet's opinion. It was vexatious, after all her trouble and pains, to find her deep laid schemes thus cruelly frustrated. In vain were all her studied charms, her well learned quotations, her blue dress and her bluer ribbons; there was not a hope left to cheer her that the young baronet might yet be hers; and the more she reflected on what Lady Walbridge had said, the more gloomy became her prospects.

It was well for all parties that the young lady did not know the exact state of the young gentleman's love affairs; but of that, we shall give more hereafter.

With the true spirit of a philosopher, after her first ebullition of disappointment, Miss Almira consoled herself that "nobody knew of that disappointment; and if she could not catch Sir Richard, there were other young baronets equally rich, if not equally handsome." And so she put on a brighter blue dress and adorned her "rosy locks" with wreaths of "forget-me-not," and seated herself in the drawing-room with her vinaigrette and the last "Lady's Own."

For several days after her arrival, Lady Walbridge made anxious inquiries about the "governess;" but finding that she was to be invisible, she very quietly walked up to the school room one morning, and surprised Mary in the midst of writing-books, slates, grammars, samplers,

dictionaries, etc., not to mention half a dozen cambric handkerchiefs she had asked Sophia to hem for her on the previous day, and which she very unceremoniously told the young stranger to put down.

"If you are going to sew for me, do something that will help me. I have just commenced a slipper for my nephew, and you may take the mate if you will. I suppose you can embroider?" she asked, looking with much complacency on the fair young face that flushed and paled under her searching glance.

Mrs. Bancroft Adams's exclamation was a strange mingling of horror and astonishment, as two hours afterwards she opened the school-room door and beheld her titled relative in close conversation with the dreaded governess; each busily employed on the dainty, fancy work in her hand, while the little girls were attentively studying their tasks. Remonstrance was useless; so she could only shut the door, and walk tragically into her daughters' room, and inform them of their defeat.

"Just as I said," exclaimed Almira.

"Did you ever know such a provoking old thing?" echoed Miss Sophia. "The next thing she will have her down in the parlor to play for her."

Faithful prophet! That very evening the old lady desired that Miss Stanford might be summoned to the drawing-room, and for two hours the beautiful girl sat at the instrument playing piece after piece to gratify her new friend. One drop of sweet alone remained in the cup of the baffled schemers—not a visitor came in during the evening, and Sir Richard was otherwise engaged, and could not come to call on his relative.

The next morning Lady Walbridge expressed it as her opinion that the children and their governess ought to go out into the air more than they were in the habit of doing; and as there was no time like the present, they had better go at once.

"Poor sickly-looking things! shut up in a nursery forever; and that pale girl, too! They must not stop in another hour." And in her excitement about it, the old lady made a mistake in her pattern.

Mrs. Adams made so many excuses that at last the children were compelled to remain at home; but Miss Stanford "must go;" so poor Mary mechanically put on her bonnet and mantle, and obeyed the command.

A great change had come over the governess since the arrival of the new guest at Bancroft House. The children hardly understood her, so strangely did she look and talk at times; and

then the blunders she made in their lessons, the mistakes in her sewing; it was unaccountable. And there was as puzzling things happened that the little sharp eyes did not spy out; the trembling of the little hands that held the velvet slipper; the sudden start and quick throb of the heart at the sound of a strange voice; the tears and sobs that were smothered in the pillow, lest watchful ears should hear; the sigh of mental anguish, and the convulsive clasping of the thin, white hands.

Slowly and unheeding Mary Stanford wandered along a quiet, shady path that led to the grounds of a neighboring gentleman; and as she walked, tears, bitter tears, rolled down her cheek and fell on her gloved hand. It was a bright sunny morning—the prelude to a very warm day; but the flowers bloomed brightly by the wayside, and all nature looked fresh and beautiful after the pleasant showers on the previous evening. The young girl alone looked sad as she slowly pursued her way, musing on the thousand disagreeables that she was called on daily to encounter.

She had been out nearly half an hour, and was in the act of turning to retrace her steps, when she suddenly encountered the hated figure of Gregory Dashwood standing directly in her path. For an instant she was paralyzed with terror and surprise, and then summoning courage, attempted to walk fast, but was instantly prevented by his catching her hand forcibly in his.

"You shall not escape me this time!" he exclaimed, savagely. "I have had too long a search to lose sight of you again; so keep quiet and listen to what I have to tell you."

Useless command to tell her to "keep quiet!"—she could not have spoken then if her life depended on the utterance of a word.

"I have sworn you shall be my wife, Mary Stanford—sworn it when I loved you! I have you now; but I will yet keep my oath to punish your obstinacy. Do you hear me?" he shouted, enraged at her silence and deathly look. "Do you hear me, I say?—you *shall* be my wife!"

He wrung the hand he held with such an agonizing pressure that the spell that held her was broken, and she screamed aloud with almost maniacal violence.

Again and again that fearful sound rung through the hills and woods around, but ere the last echo died in the distance, a third actor appeared on the spot. Three hasty steps brought him to where they stood, and it needed but one glance at Mary's face to make him catch her in

his arms, to tear her from the clasp of her insulter, and to strike him to the earth.

"Mary! my Mary!—found at last!" was the rejoicing, thankful exclamation of the stranger, as he gazed on the pale features resting on his bosom.

"Quite a romance, I declare," said Mrs. Bancroft Adams, as the whole party were gathered in her parlor that fine summer's morning; "but I should like to know where you first became acquainted?"

"Our first meeting was a very sad one. Miss Stanford was at her mother's grave, almost the only place she visited outside of her father's house." And the young baronet tried to compose the joyous expression of his countenance into more solemnity, and failed.

"Was Miss Stanford the lady you meant, aunt, when you said Sir Richard was in love?" asked Almira, who could not yet believe the new state of things was possible.

"I did not say he was in love positively, and certainly I did not allude to Miss Stanford, not being aware they had ever met before to-day."

That evening Mary walked with her lover in the little garden of Bancroft House, and all the mysteries of their separation were talked over and explained.

"I have searched untiringly for you, and had almost given up the hope of ever finding you; but it appears that your enemy had better success—there, don't tremble," he continued, as Mary clung closer to his arm. "You are mine now, and the blessed privilege to protect you is mine, also."

Mary Stanford remained at Bancroft House until Lady Walbridge departed for her own beautiful home, and then the fair orphan accompanied her as the betrothed wife of Sir Richard.

It was a new and delightful life she now entered upon, worth living seventeen unhappy years to enjoy. The perfect elegance and repose that surrounded her in her kind friend's home suited the calm, peaceful tastes she had imbibed in her unhappy childhood. The watchful, tender care of the good old lady was grateful to the heart pining for a mother's love; and the devotion of her lover filled up the measure of her happiness.

We will not enter into the particulars of the wedding, which was celebrated at Lady Walbridge's house, and in a style of splendor suitable to the rank and wealth of the bridegroom. The bride was magnificently dressed, and looked "angelic," as an enthusiastic young lady was heard to remark. It is as well to mention that

this young lady was accompanied by her lover, and consequently had no cause to find fault with the bright prospects of our heroine. Some others were not so well pleased, and not a few were known to have said that "Miss Stanford was altogether beneath Sir Richard," and that "it was a very unsuitable match," and that "it was just like one of old Lady Walbridge's notions," and many other kind comments, not one of which ever occasioned the principal parties concerned a serious thought. Nor was there much disappointment manifested when Mrs. Bancroft Adams begged to be excused from attending the ceremony, her whole household being plunged in the depths of the most delightful confusion in preparing for Miss Almira's marriage with "Gregory Dashwood, only son of Sir Thomas Dashwood," the good lady wrote to her astonished relatives.

Mary shuddered, and felt half inclined to acquaint poor Almira with her lover's real character; but Lady Walbridge would not allow of any such interference.

"All the girl wants is to get married; she has no heart to break, and I can imagine no severer punishment for him than to be tied to such a wife. Of course he thinks she has money, and that disappointment will not add much to his happiness."

Mary could have found it in her heart to have pitied them both; but she knew her kind intentions would be suspected, and prudently allowed things to take their own course.

Our story is almost finished. Sir Richard never ceased to rejoice over the happy chain of circumstances that had blessed him with so good and beautiful a wife. Mary was happy in her married life; so happy that the sad events of her childhood and youth seemed like some forgotten dream in the blissful reality of the present. For fear our readers should doubt this, we will give them one more scene in the life of our heroine.

It was a smiling June morning; the blue sky looked bluer than common, the flowers smelt sweeter, the birds sang more cheerily—at least, so thought the beautiful young mistress of Walbridge Manor, as she slowly wandered through her magnificent gardens, watching the childish antics of a merry, golden-haired little fellow, who walked steadily by her side one moment, the next was wildly chasing the little birds that fluttered among the flowers. But hark! The mother hears advancing steps; and calling the little one by her side, they hurry through the gate and across the lawn to meet "papa," who advances with his bridle carelessly hung on his

arm, and his pet, "White Star," beside him. With screams of delight, the little fellow strove to free himself from the detaining clasp and rush into his father's arms, which he at last succeeded in doing.

"What beautiful flowers, Richard! Where did you procure them?"

"They are quite a new species, I believe," laughed the young husband, as he placed some of the drooping crimson buds in his wife's beautiful hair. "I heard of them yesterday, and rode over to the 'Cypress Hollow' this morning to find them for you. You ought always to wear flowers in your hair, May, they become you so well."

"Thanks—first for the kindness and then for the compliment."

Lady Walbridge looked more lovely than ever as she blushed beneath her husband's admiring gaze.

"And now my boy must have a ride." The father placed his little son carefully on the saddle, and the whole party re-crossed the lawn, while their merry laughter sounded pleasantly on the air, long after they were out of sight.

Reader, my heroine had been married five years.

SLEEP.

Observation and scientific experiment constantly confirm the fact that *the brain is nourished, repaired, during sleep*. If then, we have not sleep enough, the brain is not nourished, and like everything else, when deprived of sufficient nourishment, withers and wastes away, until the power of sleep is lost, and the whole man dwindles to skin and bone, or dies a maniac!

By all means, sleep enough, give all who are under you sleep enough, by requiring them to go to bed at some regular hour, and to get up the moment of spontaneous waking in the morning. Never waken up any one, especially children, from a sound sleep, unless there is urgent necessity to do so; it is cruel to do so; to prove this, we have only to notice how fretful and unhappy a child is, when waked up before the nap is out. If the brain is nourished during sleep, it must have most vigor in the morning, hence the morning is the best time for study; then the brain has most strength, most activity, and works most clearly. It is the midnight lamp which floods the world with sickly sentimentalists, false morals, rickety theology, and all those harum scarum dreams of human elevation, which abnegate Bible teachings.—*Dr. Hall's Monthly*.

We are but passengers of a day, whether it is in a stage-coach, or the immense machine of the universe. Then, why should we not make the way as pleasant to each other as possible? Short as our journey is, it is long enough to be tedious to him who sulks in his corner, sits uneasy himself and elbows his neighbor to make him uneasy also.

UNITED, WE ARE ONE.

BY MRS. M. J. WISEMERE.

'Twas Heaven that willed it, 'twas Heaven did control,
The strong fate that bound us soul unto soul;
United, we are one, in hand, home and heart,
Thus loved, and thus loving, O say can we part?

As the oak and the mistletoe, thus let us be,
We'll cling closer on nearing the shadowy tomb;
Calmly we'll sail o'er life's turbulent sea,
And fearlessly enter the portals of gloom.

Soul unto soul, heart unto heart,
United our beings—mingled our breath;
Thus loved and loving, we never should part,
But remain as in life—undivided in death.

SERPENT CHARMERS OF EGYPT.

BY DR. J. V. C. SMITH.

THOSE who have travelled in Egypt have generally had opportunities for witnessing the extraordinary influence which certain Arabs have over the serpents of that country. But it is a hazardous undertaking to relate what is actually exhibited in the valley of the Nile, on account of the difficulty of having it believed.

People are apt to disbelieve any and every account which finds no parallel in their experience. Hence, in relating the truth in regard to the magnitude of three stones laid up in the western wall of the great temple of the sun, at Baalbec, several accurate travellers lost their reputation.

No one could credit it, that single hammered blocks, sixty feet, sixty-two, and a third sixty-eight feet long, by twelve in width, were ever quarried by human hands, and if they had been, it was not possible to have elevated them to the positions they were represented to occupy.

One oriental explorer, it is said, actually omitted to mention the colossal stones of the temple at all, to save the work he had written from being condemned as absolutely false, which was the fate of his successor, on the same ground.

But since the facilities for visiting remote regions of the old world have rendered ancient ruins of the East comparatively easy of access, thousands of Europeans and Americans have surveyed the vast edifice of Baalbec, on the magnificent plain of Cœle-Syria, and bear witness to all that led to the condemnation of early travellers, because they simply published what was positively true; yet, because their readers had not seen with their own eyes, they had the effrontery to maintain their stories were Manchester narratives.

So of the *Paylli*, or snake charmers of Egypt. From the earliest periods of written history, the feats of these men have been recorded, down to the present year; and whatever is related, if it deviates from the common experience in the town or country in which the relation is examined, the reader invariably condemns it as not only untrue, but outrageously so. In other words, a fact becomes a great lie.

Herodotus was familiar with the marvellous power of a particular class, under the name of *Paylli*, who could handle venomous reptiles with impunity. From his time to the present, the secret has been handed down from generation to generation, and bids fair to be transmitted to a remote future.

Those most expert in snake-charming, were Libyans. But instead of being confined to the Libyan desert, they are now to be found on both sides of the Nile.

An interesting memorial of the skill of the Egyptian *Paylli* may be found in the 7th chapter of Exodus, 10th verse:

"When Pharaoh shall speak unto you, saying, show a miracle for you: then thou shalt say unto Aaron, take thy rod and cast it before Pharaoh, and it shall become a serpent. And Moses and Aaron went in unto Pharaoh, and did so, as the Lord had commanded; and Aaron cast down his rod before Pharaoh and before his servants, and it became a serpent. Then Pharaoh also called the wise men and the sorcerers; now the magicians of Egypt, they also did in like manner with their enchantments. For they cast down every man his rod, and they became serpents; but Aaron's rod swallowed them up."

This, therefore, is eminent authority to show the attainments of the *Paylli* as long ago as when preparations were making for the escape of the Jews from their hard bondage in that ancient seat of early civilization. Tradition actually refers to a miserable Arab town on the Libyan bank of the Nile, in Upper Egypt, where Pharaoh procured the snake charmers to confront Moses.

That serpents possess the innate faculty of inducing animals to come directly within their grasp, requires no corroboration. Birds, rabbits, etc., are destroyed by them, and were it not for the power which has taken the name of charming, it would be literally impossible for a creeping reptile to seize prey that could outfly or outrun them, on the slightest alarm.

But when the fact is viewed in another light, that certain half-civilized Arabs and African negroes can use serpents precisely as they manage their destined prey, it creates a feeling of astonishment.

By invitation, the writer dined on a certain occasion with a medical gentleman whose house was without the wall of Cairo, and located in a large garden, in which were the plants, shrubbery, etc., peculiar to that section of the country. He mentioned as something of a temporary drawback to the pleasure otherwise to be derived from the garden, that two large serpents had taken up their residence in it, and he should be obliged to call a snake charmer to remove them.

He was asked particularly if he had confidence in them. He said their power was unquestionable, and admitted of no doubt whatever. Through him, various facts illustrative of the habits of some varieties of serpents were obtained. It is not uncommon to come suddenly upon a huge snake coiled up under some article of bed-clothing, or lying on a mattress. How they got into the house so stealthily, is often a wonder to the inmates.

Sometimes a wound from their fangs follows a sudden surprise; but if not irritated, on perceiving themselves unwelcome guests, they slide away into some opening in the walls or floor, if not instantly killed, to reappear again under similar circumstances.

The same gentleman informed me, that a few weeks before this conversation, a professed snake charmer was bitten by one of his own serpents, which he was exhibiting, which is one of the most common exhibitions in the Nilotic cities; and although the fellow was excessively alarmed, which prompted him to have medical aid almost instantly, so rapidly was the venom taken over the system, he died very soon in spite of all the remedies prescribed.

A common variety used by the *Paylli*, are speckled adders, from a yard to nearly four feet in length. Some are very slender, not much larger than ordinary whip lashes, from one foot to two feet long. Then there are larger, clumped snakes, somewhat resembling the rattle snake. And they were all represented to be poisonous, which I was quite willing to take for granted, for nothing would make one's hair stand on end quicker than seeing one of them snap his jaws, hiss, and thrust out a long forked tongue, which moved like a flash of light.

Large serpents they averred could be commanded just as well as small ones, but they were too heavy to carry about. With small ones they could present a greater variety of astounding feats. Snake charmers carry their pets about in baskets with a hinge cover. When one is wanted, they set down the basket, run one hand in among the squirming contents, and feel out the particular one they wish.

A portly Arab of about fifty years of age performed as many horrible manœuvres, as my nerves could bear at one sitting. His son, a small boy of about ten years, could handle the imprisoned snakes with the same impunity as the father.

"I've learned him how to do it," was his observation, when translated into English. The masses of Egypt look on with all the distrust, fear and horror that travellers do, when the *Psylli* are handling their snakes; and they invariably concur with the declarations of English, French and Italians, who reside in Egypt, that the art is confined to a distinct set of Arabs. Whether they are all of one family stock, branching off into uncles, first, second and third cousins, is more than I could ascertain. In the instance under consideration, the father assured me that he taught his son.

This same Arab laid a serpent about a yard in length on the deck of the boat; stroking out its rigidities or semi-coils, till it was straight as a walking stick. When that was accomplished, he turned round to me and renewed the conversation. On withdrawing his attention, the snake raised its head some six inches, the forked tongue darted out, and its eyes glistened like two diamonds, which induced me to step a little further off. At this, Mr. Arab turned his head round to the snake, and shaking his finger, and muttering some strange words, the reptile dropped his head flat down to the plank again, as it was before. This was repeated, and might have been a part of the play, though it seemed quite incidental.

Again, he took half a dozen or more snakes—handed to him by the little boy, who ran his hand down under the lid and took them out—which were of unequal length, and held them in one hand by the middle. They were heads and tails, and in an instant, their twistifications, hisses, and efforts to escape, were more terrific than the heads of the Gorgon sisters.

Next, with the other hand they were stroked out parallel to each other, like threads in a skein. Being soon quiescent, as though bereft of volition, he put them round a man's neck in a single knot, as a handkerchief is often tied. Instantly, on letting go, they were roused to intense activity, and the reverend gentleman who had the surprise visitation of a coil of writhing venomous serpents round his neck, for such was the quickness of the Arab's movements he had tied the knot before there was time to suspect a trick of the sort, begged, as did myself, to have him take them away. That same gentleman is a resident of Cambridge, and no doubt has a vivid recollection of the circumstance.

A very disgusting, and it seemed to me, a dangerous trial of his skill was putting the head of one of his serpents into his own mouth, and forcing it in coil after coil, while the reptile evidently was resisting with all its force. Both cheeks were enormously distended, the tail protruded beyond the lips, and then, taking it by the extreme tip, the whole was slowly withdrawn.

The Arab proposed that I should accompany him the next day, out into the margin of the Desert of Arabia, in the neighborhood of *Karnak*, where he proposed to convince me that no preparatory education of the serpents was necessary, in order to bring them into control.

"I will make a noise and they will come to me from all directions, and I can make them mind as these do."

But expressing my satisfaction with his ability in the line of his profession, thus far, I chose not to take my chance in the midst of a congregation of unknown serpents, which would come at his bidding.

Several mysterious feats of legerdemain, in which serpents form an essential part, are daily practised in the streets of Cairo, that put at defiance the best specimens of jugglery witnessed here or in Europe, and rendered the more puzzling because they are executed in broad day on the bare ground.

It is not worth while to discuss the question, how the *Psylli* are able to accomplish these singular, and certainly very dangerous exploits. They certainly do it, and no other persons have succeeded in the attempt.

A favorite opinion is abroad, that the tubular fangs through which the poison flows from the sacs in which it is secreted, into the puncture, have been extracted. The fangs are not taken out; it is the boast of the exhibitor that they remain intact, and they roll back the lips to show that they are so.

That no kind of drugging is necessary, or undertaken, is based on the declaration of the *Karnak* Arab, who wished an opportunity of demonstrating the fact, by taking me with him to the Desert, to prove what he had asserted. No researches of naturalists have yet detected the method of controlling the natural propensities of these universally dreaded reptiles.

Residents of the highest qualifications for conducting philosophical inquiries, have left Egypt no wiser than when they entered it, on this track; and we are compelled to acknowledge from personal observation, the *Psylli* are in possession of an art, or a specific branch of science, of great antiquity, which modern science with all its appliances has not been able to explain.

I MISS THY FAREWELL KISS, LOVE.

BY LEUT. HOLM, U. S. N.

My bark awaits thy shore, love,
The morning sun beams o'er the sea;
It glides the ocean wave, love—
I wait a last adieu from thee.

Hark! a strain of music wild
From the restless, heaving billows,
Wooes me, ocean's saddened child,
To their witching, wavy pillows.

Seemeth it like death to part—
Smile on me but once again!
That were Lethe to my heart,
Robbing absence half its pain!

Isabel—my worshipped idol—
All the world of love to me,
Hopelessly locked in her castle,
Could not e'en my banner see.

That was why she did not grant me
One fond, lingering, farewell kiss.
Cruel guardian! now I warn you,
You will, ere long, rue all this.

I miss thy farewell kiss, love!
Again my bark is on the sea—
The breezes swell the sails above—
My "merric men" obey but me.

To-night the moon is veiled, love!
My bark rides 'neath the shady lee—
Thou in my arms, imprisoned dove,
Shalt bound across the waves with me.

STORY OF A STAR.

BY RICHARD CRANSHAW.

It twinkled and glittered in at the window on the child, as she lay watching it and pondering upon it, and weaving all sorts of strange fancies within her little brain as to its probable history; and it seemed, as she gazed fixedly upon it, as though it were actually laughing in huge enjoyment of her bewilderment. It winked and glittered up there so far, far off, until her eyes ached and became heavy, although sleep did not appear to weigh upon her eyelids, as she still wonderingly watched the beautiful light, shining in at her chamber window.

Twinkling and glittering, it at length began slowly and gradually to descend from its dark blue home, and seemed to be actually approaching towards her, downwards, downwards through the clear night sky! And, O wonder! as it came closer and closer, she saw that it became a starry ornament shining upon the brow of a bright angel, whose white fleecy wings cleaved the air towards the little window of her room,

and who, a moment after, stood silently gazing upon her by her bedside, with a sweet smile hovering upon her lips, and a mild radiance beaming from her beautiful eyes.

And her old friend the star glittered through the little room brighter than ever, and she looked enraptured upon the angel countenance by her side, and then upon the gemmy ornament shining so lustrously above her head. She read nothing but love for her in the eyes fixed upon her, and knew that no harm could befall her from so holy and so gentle a being as was this sweet spirit of the star.

The angel spoke to her:

"Does Minna wonder at the star leaving its home in the sky, and descending to stand beside her little bed, while the hum of the surrounding city is hushed, and while the soft mantle of night has fallen upon the dim looking houses and the peaceful streets? Minna remembers the green grave that stands under the old tree near by her father's country home, beneath whose mound she has been told a sister was laid long years ago? That sister is now her own angel guardian, hovering ever near her—by the crowded wayside, and by her sleeping pillow; in her hour of gleeful joy, and when her knee is bent in holy prayer. She will be always there, silently watching over her, and her voice will only be heard to approve a kindly deed or virtuous resolve, or else to warn her beseechingly from the path of evil. Her tongue will be mute to all save her she guards, and she alone will feel the sweet reward of peace which she bestows upon her. Would Minna know her name? 'Tis Conscience!"

Voices in the silent air repeated, "Conscience!" The summer winds wafted it to and fro. Whispering echoes marmored it around her. The very moonbeams seemed to write it in lines of silver upon the wall. She never could forget it—that listening, awe-struck child!

The angel spoke again:

"When my voice shall be unheeded, and my darling grows weary of her guardian's watchful love, then, and not until that hour, will she sadly turn her face away, and take her flight from her forever! Let Minna treasure this within her heart, and seek to always win the presence of her spirit friend—of her angel sister—of her *conscience*!"

The child raised her hands in silent prayer that this friend might never, never leave her. A brighter light seemed to shine from the twinkling star, and a sweeter smile to play upon the angel's lips as she did so.

"Minna shall look upon some of the windings

of the great path of life, and let her treasure up the lesson of wisdom which is learned from these pictures of the world around about her. Come with me; fear nothing—come!”

So saying, the bright being held out her hand to Minna, and she found herself, she knew not how, flying with the fleetness of the wind through the ambient air, and with no more effort than if she still reclined upon her own soft bed at home.

Midnight and darkness were around them, but the star on the angel's forehead shed a bright light on all around them, and the child saw that they were standing in a miserable room. A little boy of about her own age knelt by the side of his wretched bed, and though no sound came from his lips, the tears rolled down his cheeks, and his little heart seemed overwhelmed with some great sorrow, as it heaved in the fullness of his grief.

“He prays for his wicked father,” whispered the angel. “Let us see him at this same moment and behold the effect of his child's prayer.”

Midnight and darkness again wrapped all objects in obscurity, but as the radiance of the star made all things visible, a far different scene was spread out before them. They stood in an abode of luxury. Soft carpets lined the floor, and gorgeous pictures hung upon the painted walls. Great mirrors reflected back each other's light, and ornaments of costly value stood around them on every side. For a time the child gazed upon the scene with delighted eyes, but then, turning towards the spirit, she would have questioned her as to their coming thither. The angel pointed mutely towards the door, and as she did so, the sound of a stealthy footstep was heard in the hall without. A figure whose face she could not see, enveloped as it was in some dark substance, stepped cautiously into the room, and by the light of a dark lantern looked curiously round about him.

His purpose could not be mistaken, but he turned away contemptuously from the ornaments around him and muttering to himself in a low tone, left the apartment as noiselessly as he had entered. The angel beckoned to the child to follow, and Minna saw that he ascended the staircase in the hall, and she also saw with a shudder that he drew from his pocket a something that gleamed, and advanced with it firmly grasped in his hand. Following closely to him, they saw that he entered a handsome chamber, and from various drawers and other receptacles which flew open at his well-skilled touch, proceeded to take articles of value and place them noiselessly in a canvass bag which he had brought for the purpose.

He ransacked everything upon which he could lay his hand, yet still appeared unsatisfied. At length he approached towards an adjoining room, and as he opened the door and threw the light of his dark lantern around, he saw that it was the sleeping-place of a child. It was a fairy-like bower, and every object suggested the innocence and purity that dwelt therein. The fleecy curtains of the little couch were like clouds encircling a slumbering cherub, and the moonlight shed a halo round its head that might be likened to rays of softened glory.

Softly, almost with reverence, the man with robbery and even murder hanging over his guilty soul, approached towards that infant's couch, and looked upon it there, as it slept on in unconscious security. One little arm was extended upon the soft white coverlet, and the red lips were just parted enough to show a row of white pearls nestled away there between them. The flaxen ringlets lay like golden threads extended upon the pillow, and a smile was breaking over its face as the midnight intruder gazed spell-bound upon it.

What thoughts are stealing through his mind, as he looks so steadfastly and yet so gently upon the sleeping child? Is the image of another, like even unto this—as holy and as beautiful as this, before him? Do his thoughts wander towards the little one who has so often nestled close to his heart, in the wretched home of poverty and sin wherein he dwells? Who shall know the workings of that human heart in which all good is not yet stifled?

List! The lips of the slumberer move, and as the ear of the man catches the sound of the one word uttered, the two invisible listeners see that a tear trembles for a moment, and then rolls silently down his rugged cheek. It is the simple name of “father” which has fallen from the child's lips, and this is the talisman which has unlocked the closed up heart and caused the precious tears of repentance to flow in rich and bounteous floods. Minna heard the angel's voice:

“The child's prayer is answered. The untutored lisping of the infant, perchance, has saved the immortal soul of that deeply erring father! Blessed is the pure offering from the lips of innocence, and more acceptable than that which arises from altars of gold and from the midst of temples wrought in grandeur, and towering loftily towards the clouds!”

They saw that he went upon his way, nor touched an article from that splendid dwelling, but left as stealthily as he had entered. Said the angel to the child:

"He goes with a resolution within his heart to strive and sin no more, and he does it *for his child's sake!*"

The veil of night appears now rent asunder. The pair are standing, still invisible, in the midst of a busy crowd. Each hurries on his way, and little heed is taken by the passers-by of a blind beggar, who stands with mutely outstretched hands imploring charity by the wayside. His locks are silvered with age, and the hand of Time has deeply lined his aged face, and touched with palsied finger the hand once nerved with the firmness of manhood. His only companion was his dog, and the creature ever and anon gently licked his master's withered hand, as though to assure him that he had yet one faithful friend in the helplessness of his old age. The old man patted him kindly, and murmured: "Poor Tray! poor Tray!"

A great confusion, and cries of "fire!" are heard on every side. The crowd becomes dense, and the old man is jostled and pushed this way and that, until at length he loses his feeble grasp upon the dog, who is in a moment borne with the crowd until he has lost all traces of his master. The unfortunate old man, when he found that his dog was indeed lost beyond doubt, could control his feelings no longer, and tears gathered in his sightless eyes and rolled down upon his withered cheeks.

"Why, how now, father! What's gone amiss?"

A hearty, whole-souled voice that! It is a young sailor, who has seen with pity the helpless old man standing there, and who now approaches and lays a rough but kindly hand upon his shoulder.

"Lost your dog, have you? Well, that's bad; but never mind, don't take it so to heart, for look ye, I'll get you another! So cheer up, old mate, and if you'll just make a stanchion of my arm, and give the word where to go, I'll tow you there in a jiffy!"

The young sailor gave his honest arm to the old man, and proceeded to lead him towards his home, directed by his blind companion. His open, frank countenance glowed with the satisfaction that always arises from a kindly deed, and it was a beautiful sight to watch him, as he measured his own firm step to the slow and cautious footfall of the sightless old man.

They proceeded along the street, and the angel and child followed closely on their path. Wind-ing through dense alleys and over rotten pavements, past time-stained and tottering buildings, they at length reached a crazy wooden tenement,

filled full to overflowing with poverty-stricken humanity, and here it was the old man stopped, saying here he was, at home.

"Home!" repeated the young man in a low tone. "He has not always seen such days as these, and this is but a sorry place to end them, poor old soul!" Then in a louder tone he bade him lead the way to his room, "and then," he added, "we'll see whether your old days can't be brightened up a bit."

They mounted the rotten staircase until very near the top of the building, and the old man opening a door in the darkened passage, ushered the stranger into a clean but wretchedly furnished room, where he saw with surprise that a young girl was seated sewing.

"This, sir, is my daughter," said the blind man. "My old age would have been indeed dark and desolate had it not been lighted with the sweet sunlight of her presence. Ruth, this is a kind gentleman who has seen me safely home, for poor Tray is lost, and but for his aid I might have wandered away, no one knows where."

The young girl lifted her eyes to his face, and holding out her hand, said:

"O, sir, you have been very kind, and though we can give you nothing but thanks, you will be rewarded in the satisfaction of knowing you have done a kindly action, and God will bless you, sir, for it. Be assured he will."

He had not spoken a word since his entrance into the room, but had taken her proffered hand mechanically and stood, as in a trance, gazing upon her face.

"You have not asked the gentleman to be seated, Ruth," said the old man. "Wont you take a chair, sir?" and he pointed with his staff in the direction of the seat his daughter had just arisen from, and was the only one in the room.

"Ruth!" mused his unconscious listener. "That name and that face! What dream is this which has come over me? Tell me," addressing the old man, "what is the name you bear?"

"For long years past, I have been known only as 'Blind Simon,' but once, when fortune smiled upon me, and the world around me was not hid as it is now in darkness, I was called Simon Tremain."

He could not see the emotion depicted upon his listener's face, nor the start he gave at the name he uttered, but the young girl saw it, and looked with surprise at him. Mastering himself by an effort, as if speaking to himself, he said:

"Many years ago, I knew a youth by that name. Tremain—George Tremain, I think it was."

"Ah!" said the old man. "Did you then know my poor boy? He ran away and went to sea when but ten years old, and it was but a short time after—let me see, it must be fifteen years ago—I received a letter from the captain of the vessel saying that my unhappy boy had fallen overboard in a gale of wind and was lost. This child was then scarcely three years old, and she of course remembers nothing of it, but many a tear have we both shed over my lost boy—her unknown brother, who was drowned at sea."

There was silence in the apartment and both the young girl and her father shed tears at the recollection, while the stranger said nothing, but let them weep awhile before addressing the old man again. In a low tone, he spoke:

"There have been times known when men have fallen overboard and been given up for lost, that some stray log of timber or a fragment of wreck has proved a means of safety. There have been times known when men have been picked up providentially by a passing vessel and gone to distant countries, from whence all communications with those at home have miscarried or been lost. I knew of such a case as that, when the person was taken to the East Indies, and then after shipping as a sailor on board of the vessel that saved him, sailing for years to the very town where his relations lived and never knowing anything of their existence. He had travelled to the home of his boyhood and had been told that they had been long gone from their old habitation, and every one of them was now no longer living—all had died."

He paused for a moment and wiped the perspiration from his forehead, while the old man sat as if turned into stone and in the direction of his voice.

"Once, this same young man—he might have been about my age—arrived in port, and passing along the street, assisted an old man who had lost his dog—much as you have done, mate," he added, seeing a movement as if the old man was about to rise. "He assisted him, I say, and saw him to his wretched home."

The old man had risen in great excitement, and stood with his hands stretched out before him, and trembling in every limb.

"Arrived there, he heard the story told of his own loss, and a moment after found him clasped to the heart of his sister Ruth, and of the old man who had dandled him upon his knee a little helpless child. Sister! father! don't you know me? O, tell me! don't you know me?"

They were all clasped close in each other's arms, and human hearts felt for a time nearly the spirit felicity of the spheres above! The

old man raised his sightless eyes towards heaven, and murmured forth: "This, my son, was dead, and is alive again; was lost, and is found. Blessed be the name of the Lord!"

They are now seated in a loving group, and the angel and child still lingers, unwilling to leave the presence of happiness like this, when a rattling as of a chain ascending the stairs draws their attention. A scratching noise is heard at the door, and as the young girl opens it, in bounds the delighted Tray, whose instinct had been his sure guide to his old master's home. He is soon nestled lovingly down at the old man's feet, and the home group is now quite complete.

Again all was darkness. The child looked round and saw that the light of the star gleamed in the far off distance as though her companion and guide was leaving her.

"Remember," came a voice from the obscurity, which she recognized as that of her spirit friend "remember what you have this night seen, and let the lessons be treasured up within your heart. Remember, also, that my eye is upon you, and my voice will be near you in the hour of trial. Farewell now, Minna, farewell! Farewell, my darling."

The voice became more and more distant, and fainter came the words—"Farewell, Minna! Farewell, Minna!" She stretched out her hand to wave it towards her departing friend, and as she did so she touched her mother's face bending over her little couch in her own well remembered room at home. The morning sun was shining brightly in at the open window, and her mother's voice was calling to her—"Minna! Minna! my darling!"

It had been all a dream; but with happy dreams like this, she felt she could have wished to dream and dream forever!

"HOBSON'S CHOICE."

The expression, "Hobson's Choice," is proverbial both in Europe and America. The story of its origin is thus stated: Thomas Hobson was a celebrated carrier in Cambridge, Eng., who to his employment in that capacity added the profession of supplying the students at the university with horses. In doing this, he made it an unalterable rule that every horse should have an equal portion of time in which to rest as well as labor. Hence, he always refused to let a horse out of his turn, however desirous the applicant might be of choosing for himself. Hence the saying, "Hobson's Choice, this or none."

Let your expenses be such as to leave a balance in your pocket. Ready money is a friend in need.

THE WANDERER.

BY CHARLES E. LAMSON.

I have travelled long and wearily,
Have moved with weakening pain,
With woes that press me heavily,
And I long for my home again;
I long for the smile of love
Which waits for me at home,
And I pray to Him who rules above,
To guide me while I roam.

I've gazed on sunny isles,
In the genial, southern seas:
I've felt the power of witching smiles
From maids who smile to please;
I've gathered rich, ripe fruits,
And gorgeous, fragrant flowers,
And wildly followed gay pursuits,
To while my pain fraught hours.

But I long for the foaming brooks
Of my rocky, northern land;
Not sunny smiles, nor witching looks,
Nor palaces so grand,
Shall banish from my memory
The spot where once I played—
Where birds in heavenly euphony
Sung anthems while I prayed.

When I was young, a sinless child,
Nor aught had learned of vice,
But gently prayed, all pure and mild,
For the pearl of greatest price;—
I'll ever cherish that dear spot,
Where I was blest and pure,
Where sin had caused my soul no blot,
Nor woe could long endure.

But now I roam o'er glittering seas,
And hills and green-robed isles,
And fan my brow with southern breezes,
Or bask in sunny smiles;
Yet unto me a still small voice
Bids me remember home,
Remember loved ones would rejoice,
When I had ceased to roam.

THE FAVORITE DAUGHTER.

BY CARRIE A. EMERSON.

"Come away from that window, my love," said Mrs. Arlingham to her daughter, a little child of four or five years old, as she was balancing herself on the window-sill, at the imminent danger of falling out on the pavement below.

The child did not obey; and placing herself in an attitude of even greater peril than before, she continued to excite her mother's fears in a way that denoted nothing less than a wilful and obstinate spirit.

Mrs. Arlingham descended to entreaties.

"Do, my love, come away with mother; Jane has been making candy in the kitchen. Come, Bessie, be a darling, and come away from the naughty window."

The "naughty window" still held the "darling" unmoved, at the mother's distress; and it was not until Jane was called up, with a tray of the "linked sweetness long drawn out," that Bessie condescended to make terms with her mother, at the cost of making herself sick. In a few hours she was so ill that the physician was sent for, and nauseous drugs succeeded the sweet morsels which she had so eagerly devoured.

Mr. and Mrs. Arlingham were almost distracted. It was their youngest child, born after their other daughter had attained her thirteenth year. They had both done their best to spoil Bessie; and indeed the friends of the family, and the servants also, were not slow in helping them in this laudable undertaking. Flattery, fine clothes and sweetmeats were administered alternately, as she demanded them. Her mother spared no pains nor expense in robing the little figure which, under her load of finery, looked really ridiculous. One could hardly help laughing to see the airs which she put on, when dressed out for exhibition. While the elder sister, Lucy, was clad in plain, sometimes even homely garments, even when grown a young lady, the little one sported laces and jewelry with an air which would have credited a finished coquette.

At ten years old, she was not less unmanageable than at four. Her will was law in the household, and the mother submitted, and required every one else to submit to her caprices. The father, now that the novelty of her infant powers had ceased to influence him—had begun to question whether they had done wisely; but even he did not dare at present to make any change in the ruling dynasty.

At fifteen, Bessie was in person charming, almost beyond description. Nothing could exceed the beauty of her complexion, the brilliancy of her eyes, nor the elegance of her figure; and yet she was but a spoiled beauty, after all. Mrs. Arlingham coveted for her daughter, even at that age, a prospect of marriage which should eclipse those of all her companions; and had even fixed upon the youth who should have the happiness of being her son-in-law. This was the only son of the wealthy Colonel Bryan, whose education was now being completed in Paris, and who was expected home early in the spring.

Lucy Arlingham was now twenty-eight years of age. Simple and unassuming in her manners, self-denying and self-sacrificing, trained from her thirteenth year to give place in everything to

Bessie, and to make all things subservient to the "darling's" whims, Lucy had little time to cultivate her heart and affections in any other way. She had contrived, notwithstanding the scanty schooling which she had received, to pick up a very respectable stock of practical knowledge. Her constant care over Bessie had developed the finer qualities of her nature, by exercising her patience and self-control. Her industry had been brought into active exercise by the repeated calls upon her time in fashioning and perfecting Bessie's wardrobe, for even Mr. Arlingham's well-filled purse could not answer all the demands for that purpose, unless something was effected by home industry; and the wilful girl would not tax her own powers, but called on Lucy to exercise her taste and skill at all times for her adornment. And so Lucy's youth had gone by, and with so little of the usual stimulus belonging to that golden season, that she had absolutely touched the "outer circle of old maidism," as Bessie mockingly told her.

But down deep in Lucy Arlingham's heart, unknown to all, and almost unconsciously to herself, she cherished a tender remembrance of an evening, over which ten years had swept their shadows without effacing it. Ten years is a long, long time for love to exist without something on which to feed. Even woman's devotion would sometimes fail, if put to such a test; and Lucy might have been pardoned, if she had lost her trust in man's love.

Ten years before, when she was only eighteen, Leonard Ashley had met her at one of the very few parties which she was allowed to attend. It was a children's ball, at which Bessie made one of the greatest attractions, in a dress of elaborate workmanship which cost Lucy many a headache in embroidering. Lucy herself had decked the little five-year old fairy, and then had just time left to smooth her dark brown locks and put on a simple white muslin dress, without even a brooch or a flower in her hair; and had the privilege of standing nearly the whole evening, to see her well-dressed associates taken out, set after set, to dance, without seeming to bestow a thought upon her.

It was near the close of the gay scene, and the children were preparing to go home and yield up the hall entirely to the grown up people, when Lucy felt her arm gently touched, and a voice whispered in her ear:

"Ask your father to let you remain longer. Tell him I will see you home quite early."

She turned to see the playmate of her infancy, young Ashley, who had just returned from a long voyage. He had just entered the ball-

room, and was delighted to see his old playmate looking as serene and good tempered, as, when a child, they had sailed tiny ships in the same stream together.

"Come, come, hurry up, Lucy," said her father; while her mother cried out: "How inconsiderate, Lucy. Bessie will certainly take cold if you keep her waiting here, after dancing."

Lucy had not danced yet—so she was in no danger; but as she stepped up to her father and preferred her request, Mrs. Arlingham began to deny it for him.

"What nonsense is this?" she said. "You will be wanted at home to see to Bessie, she is so excited, poor thing."

"Now, Sophia," said her husband, "I shall insist, to-night, on Lucy's staying. She has had no dancing, no pleasure to-night, and Leonard Ashley is the son of an old friend and—yes, Lucy, go back into the drawing-room; he is waiting for you now."

Lucy thanked her father with such a grateful, happy look, that he inwardly resolved that her opportunities for pleasure should be increased hereafter; nor did he repent indulging her now, even though his ears were pained by his wife's loudly expressed disapprobation during the ride home.

"No one but Lucy can manage Bessie when she is tired," she said, "and I really think you ought to have taken her home."

"Wife," said Mr. Arlingham, "did it ever occur to you that we are gratifying Bessie's temper at the expense of Lucy's health and peace?"

"I cannot say that it ever did."

"Well, then, it is high time that the matter was brought up for your consideration. I begin to see it, and I am sorry to see it too."

A few such conversations as this irritated Mrs. Arlingham considerably; but before even this one had ended, Lucy's heart was beating time to a happier measure than that which the ball-room music was bringing out. She heard Leonard Ashley's whispered sentences, in the dance, and the bright color came to her cheek and the light to her eye as she listened; and when at length the party broke up, and he left her at her father's door, he exacted a promise from her that she would not be married until he should return from the voyage on which he was immediately to sail. It was all that he said. He bound himself by no promise, although Lucy did not perceive that she alone was pledged. She gave the promise, and when she parted from him, she truly felt that she was his, and that he also was hers. She did not realize the distinction between the two. It was the old story of woman's un-

suspecting, unselfish trust. With her, it was a matter of unquestioning doubt; and she gave up her whole heart to the new and delicious feeling of security in another's love.

She did not see him again; but when she knew from the papers that he had sailed, she did not require his presence—for her promise, and his implied love, sat lightly at her hitherto unsought heart, and she moved round like one who had received a new revelation of life. Her father secretly wondered why Lucy's step was so much lighter and her cheek and eyes so much more brilliant, when Bessie's demands upon her became every day more frequent. Her mother, absorbed in the petty details of Bessie's frivolous life, took no notice.

"Is Lucy always going to play second fiddle to that child?" said Mr. Arlingham, bluntly and somewhat roughly, one day when Bessie had taxed her sister to the utmost of her strength and energies.

"How coarse you are, Mr. Arlingham," said his wife. "You do not expect that Lucy, at her time of life, should be petted as we pet a child like Bessie."

"Bessie is not a very young child, now," he answered. "I think you said she was twelve last week, and you dress her even older than Lucy dresses at twenty-five. I do think, wife," he continued, "that we are making too great a distinction between our girls—greater than even their respective ages warrant. Bessie is not too young to yield up some of her baby privileges, and Lucy is not too old to expect some affection from her parents. Lucy is as childlike in her obedience, as affectionate in her disposition, as she was at Bessie's age. We must not make such a difference between them."

Mrs. Arlingham wept and Bessie pouted, and Lucy begged her father privately not to fret about her, for she was quite happy; and so things went on in the usual way, Bessie always being in the ascendant.

Leonard Ashley had been absent ten years, and Lucy Arlingham had reached her twenty-eighth year. She had changed, however, but a very little. There was a darker shadow on her brown hair, which the sunlight did not now turn into gold, as formerly; there was a depth in the clear eyes, that told of a fuller experience which those added years had brought to her; and the lines around the mouth—that unfailing tell-tale!—had deepened a little. But in all other things she was the same sweet, simple, unaffected Lucy of ten years ago, sacrificing herself every day for Bessie's pleasure, and looking for respite and reward only to the hope—now growing dim and

troubled—of Leonard Ashley's return. She had heard from him occasionally. He was in South America, prosperous and happy. He wrote her those ambiguous letters which men, who do not wish to commit themselves, can write, demanding her love, reminding her of her promise, but never saying in direct terms the words which would have made her so happy—"I am coming home to marry you, Lucy!" They would have made her happier, not because she had any doubt of his love—no such doubt had ever crossed her mind since that memorable evening—but Lucy had often heard expressions that ranked her as an "old maid," and she felt that one who had so monopolized her youth as Leonard had done, was bound to let her show to the world that it was not an *unused* gift that she had rendered to him.

In those ten years, she had had more than one opportunity to make a happy home for herself, away from the domestic servitude which began to hang heavily upon her as Bessie advanced in years and importance; but she steadily clung to her first attachment, and hoped on, hoped ever!

It came, however, at last—that hoped-for arrival! And Lucy was the first person that Leonard Ashley sought. She was keeping house alone that day, for the rest had gone to a fair, ten miles off, and would not be back until late. How thankful was Lucy for this day's respite! From early morning, when she had arranged Bessie's chamber after her departure, she had given herself up to the delightful consciousness of freedom—freedom to walk unmolested in the garden, to read over Leonard's letters, to think of him, hope for his return, to live over again the "long, long ago," and all this without her mother's sharp voice calling her to do something for Bessie. It was a day to be remembered, even had the event of Leonard's return been struck out of it. But, as if all pleasant things were to be crowded into the limits of a day, Lucy had scarcely seated herself by the vine-covered window, after her early tea, before a horseman galloped up to the gate, and notwithstanding the complexion, bronzed as it was by the sunny climate of the South, she knew at once that it was Leonard.

What passed that evening, assured Lucy that she had not misjudged his sincerity and fidelity. He was her lover now, if never before—claiming her heart with all the impassioned fervor which had strengthened under southern suns, and renewed by the unchanged beauty which he had sometimes feared those long ten years had overshadowed. No! time had passed so lightly over her, that the lover's eye did not even detect those

minute changes which were really there—and the light of happiness abundantly atoned for them, even had they been apparent to his loving gaze. There was no reservation now. He offered her his heart and hand, and wished her to name a day, as his stay would necessarily be short. When the arrangement was made known, on the return of the family, Mr. Arlington showed great joy, his wife exhibited a silent indifference, and Bessie absolutely took it as a matter of injury to herself.

"I thought," she said, "that Lucy would have waited until I was married, and then, perhaps, some old widower would have taken her. I do not remember Mr. Ashley. What is he like, Lucy?"

Lucy's heart was full of the bright, handsome, manly looking lover from whom she had just parted, and she described him in the most glowing terms she could bring herself to use. Bessie glanced towards her sister's plain dress, and smiled; but as she raised her eyes to her face, she could not help noticing the radiant beauty of her eyes and the heightened color of her cheeks, while her father said, earnestly: "Why, Lu, you are really handsome, after all!" After all *what*? Lucy might have questioned, but she was too happy; and after helping Bessie to disrobe, in her ample chamber, with its subtle perfumes and manifold appendages, she retired to her own little room which was now filled with a purple and golden radiance from the wings of the Angel of Love. She slept—and her dreams were all tinged by that beautiful light; she woke—and almost questioned her identity with the happy being who had laid down and dreamed of Leonard Ashley. Bessie was sulky all day, at Lucy's evident happiness. Mr. Arlington had refused her a dress which she had desired, inconsiderately giving as a reason that Lucy's marriage would require all his spare funds; and he further increased her ire, by giving Lucy a large sum to purchase all that she required.

Two or three days passed, before Bessie would come down from her pedestal of pride enough to meet Leonard Ashley. On the fourth day, she went into the parlor where he sat waiting for Lucy to get ready to go out with him.

Bessie, who was dressed with the most elaborate care, was really very gracious. "Mr. Ashley, I suppose; my sister will soon be ready," was spoken in a most bewitching lip, and with a grace that bewildered Leonard, accustomed as he was to Lucy's quiet ways. He had not time to answer her, for sweeping past him with a wealth of ringlets mixed up with a profusion of brilliant flowers, and sprinkled all

over with the sparkling of eyes and gems, as it seemed to him in that brief glimpse, she left the room before he had time to think whether there were wings growing on her shoulders or not. It was strange that he did not speak of this casual meeting to Lucy.

After this, he was standing at a corner of the street, talking with a friend, when the sound of a horse's hoofs rang on the pavement, seemingly close to his side. He started just in time to receive a bow and a smile from a radiant looking creature, the very counterpart of the angel in Mr. Arlington's parlor.

"That is Bessie Arlington," said his friend, laughing at the wondering gaze which Leonard sent after her. "She should be called *Belle* Arlington, for she dances, sings, or rides away all the hearts within her reach."

"She is very beautiful!" said Leonard, rather in the form of questioning than remark.

"Very; but to my mind, Lucy Arlington is worth a hundred of her. Why, what ails you, Ashley? Has the fair horsewoman ridden away with your heart too?" said his friend, as Leonard left him suddenly and dashed down the street to Mr. Arlington's, intending to be there to assist her in dismounting, as he had noticed that she had no companion except a very small boy.

He arrived in time. Lucy stood at the door, looking very lovely in her simple white morning dress; but Leonard saw only Bessie, with her magnificent black plumes shading a cheek bright with triumph, as well as exercise, for she had looked back and seen him leave his friend, and had divined the reason. He lifted her in his arms from the horse, and she looked into his eyes with a glance that thrilled him through every vein. She too saw, what she had not before noticed, that Leonard Ashley was far beyond any man she had ever before seen, in personal advantages. The noble figure and the bronzed countenance were great attractions, and the foreign air completed the charm. She stood leaning against the gate, playing with her gloves and riding-whip, while Ashley made his morning salutations to Lucy. He was absent and confused, and Lucy innocently thought that it was because he had not formally received an introduction to her sister. She therefore gave him one, but it did not seem to dispel the embarrassment, and the interview ended awkwardly enough; and Ashley, after a few words to Lucy, walked away.

Why did Bessie linger so long at the gate, looking after him, when Lucy, his own betrothed, went quietly into the house as soon as he turned from the door? Mr. Arlington met Bessie in the hall, as she went to change her dress, and

she was like one walking in a dream, so absorbed was she in thought.

"Bessie has more heart than I gave her credit for," he said inwardly. "This parting in anticipation from Lu, makes her quite grave and thoughtful." He should have seen her, as she walked up to her glass when she entered her room, and then dashed herself down on the bed, burying her face in the pillows, and scarcely restraining the cry of anguish that rose to her lips.

Bessie was very young in years, to feel so acutely; but remember she was a hot-house plant, grown in the atmosphere of flattery, and she developed accordingly as she had been forced into premature growth of passion and will.

Lucy found her thus; and as Bessie never had any particular diffidence in making her wishes known, her sister had very little difficulty in extracting from her the cause of her tears. She seemed to have as little sense of another's rights in this, as, when a child, she had clamored for and obtained every object belonging to Lucy, however dear they might be to the latter, either as keepsakes or bought with her own money. She looked to see Lucy melting away into compliance with her absurdity now, as she used to in her childish days. For once, Lucy's thoughtful and grave look baffled the spoiled girl. "I will send father to you, Bessie," she said simply, and began to leave the room. Somehow the lock of the door eluded her touch. The chamber was whirling round and round, and Lucy's eyes assumed a strange and wild look that frightened Bessie out of her selfishness for a moment. Before she could make up her mind to approach her, however, Lucy had sunk on the floor.

Mr. Arlington was in his own room. He heard the fall, and ran in. Lucy was insensible; he took her up, laid her on Bessie's bed, and sent for the doctor. Bessie was now thoroughly frightened, and her father sent her down stairs, while he strove to recover Lucy from her long swoon. It was a great while before she revived; and the doctor was satisfied then, from her appearance, that she had received some great mental shock, and he told Mr. Arlington so.

As he left the house, he encountered Leonard Ashley, and told him his errand at Mr. Arlington's. Stung to the soul by his momentary faithlessness to her whose ten years' devotion he had thus rewarded, he walked hastily to the house, and demanded to see Lucy.

"I fear it is better not," said her father, "at least until I apprise her. She is yet quite weak."

He opened the parlor door, and motioned him to go in. Leonard started on entering. There sat Mrs. Arlington and Bessie, and near them

Colonel Bryan and a finished Paris dandy, who was making the agreeable to Mr. Arlington's daughter. The fellow was handsome and well dressed, and half an hour had made Bessie change her opinion of "that rough South American savage" in favor of the lighter graces of Augustus Bryan. Leonard saw enough in the brief interval between his entrance and Mr. Arlington's return. He flew to Lucy's bedside with almost a feeling of horror that he had so nearly forgotten his allegiance to that devoted heart. Ten days from that time, they were on their way to South America.

It was not until they had been many weeks at sea, that Leonard demanded, and Lucy related her interview with Bessie on that evening when he found her so ill.

"So the spoiled baby even cried for your lover, Lu, did she? as well as for all the rest of your property. Didn't I get an escape from her? I tell you, honestly, Lucy, her eyes so fascinated me on that day when she fell into my arms from her horse, that I scarcely knew what I said or did. Isn't she well matched with that Frenchified fop, who will give her all the love he can spare from his own sweet self?"

"We will talk no more about it, Leonard. My youth has been sacrificed to Bessie—my life spent in vain endeavors to serve her. Some day she will perhaps be purified by affliction as I have been. Then she may know, and then only, what has been suffered for her, and by her."

HOW TO GAIN REPUTATION.

A French author finding his reputation impeded by the hostility of the critics, resolved to adopt a little stratagem to assist him in gaining fame and money in spite of his enemies. He dressed himself in a workmanlike attire, and repaired to a distant province, where he took lodgings at a farrier shop, in which he did a little work every day at the forge and anvil. But the greater part of his time was secretly devoted to the composition of three large volumes of poetry and essays, which he published as the works of a Journeyman Blacksmith. The trick succeeded; all France was in amazement; the poems of this "child of nature," this "untutored genius," this "inspired son of Vulcan," as he was now called, were immediately praised by the critics, and were soon praised by everybody. The harmless deceit filled the pockets of the poor poet, who laughed to see the critics writing incessant praise on an author whose every former effort they made a point of abusing.—*Daily Bee*.

Earnestness is the root of greatness and heroism. "They are in earnest," and not "They are only joking," is the epitaph which history has inscribed in letters of light, or of blood, on the tombs of her illustrious—the heroes, martyrs and teachers.

CHILDHOOD SCENES.

BY BLANCHÉ D'ARNOISE.

The tide of memory sweeps along—
Now backward rolls, to life's young spring;
While time and death drift slowly on—
A song of childhood's days I sing.

The guileless days of childish glee,
Those winsome days of summer hours,
When hope was busy as the bee,
Life's path lay through a vale of flowers.

Afar, yond, o'er the fields, where ran
Through tell-tale grass a limpid stream;
By mossy stone its fountain sprang—
A diamond set in emerald sheen.

That haunted spring—O years ago,
Three sisters clustered by its wave;
Where are they now? E'en one is gone,
And one is tottering toward the grave.

Yes, haunted was that tell-tale stream,
By three bright, joyous, happy girls;
Anon, gray hairs usurped the gleam
Of their bright, bonnie auburn curls.

Our mother, whose high, stately mien
Subduing time could scarcely bow,
Now slumbers in yon churchyard green,
And spring's soft turf waves o'er her brow.

Our only brother long hath died:
Deserted is our home of yore;
How often, often have I sighed—
That homestead hall is ours no more.

The sod is deepening in the glen,
Spring beauties with bright violets glow;
But ne'er the sisters three again
Will haunt the nook where wild flowers blow.

Thou happy home of childhood's days!
Deserted for life's thankless call—
Ah, how my yearning spirit prays
To breathe once more in homestead hall!

THE SCHOOL MISTRESS.

A TRUE STORY OF NEW ENGLAND LIFE.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

MAY KING was giving her last farewell to the little school in Alvord, where she had taught for three years. Her eyes were wet with tears, and her voice choked with emotion, and yet there was a deep undertone of happiness, that told of the "coming time." May King was about to be married; the inevitable fate of all school teachers; for what reasonable man does not know how beautifully such an occupation develops the love, the patience, the self-sacrifice, and more than all, the self-government which are so excellent in a wife!

She felt sad in parting from those pure, young,

loving natures; from the twining arms that had so often been about her neck; from the sweet eyes that had brought happiness to her heart so often—and as her dewy glance sought their faces, she wondered if, in this uncertain world, any other love would ever come up to her, so sweet, so pure, so untroubled, again! It was too late to dwell upon it; for, winding through the trees that shaded the grassy lane beyond the school-house, she saw a form approaching, and knew it was that of one with whom she was soon to leave Alvord, probably forever.

A hasty kiss to each—a few sobs from one—a flower from another, and tears from all, closed the parting, and soon she was treading the green lane that led to her home, with the young minister by her side.

A few weeks latter, and she departed with him to the Far West. No flower-strewn path had Lewis Kenneth chosen; no bower of roses wooed him; no high ambition stirred his peaceful soul. He sought only to rear the standard of his Master, in that moral wilderness, and draw the straying ones under its protection. A log hut was his parsonage, a room guiltless of plaster, or of floor, except the earth, was his study, and the rudest and most uncultivated were his hearers. If he ever sought or wished for another lot, it was for May's sweet sake; but he looked into her tender, loving eyes, and saw that she was happy, even here.

A few years, and he saw how much two could do towards softening and refining the mass. His own example and his wife's—their gently persuading manners, and their perfect unselfishness, had done wonders;—and perhaps just at that time, Lewis would not have been tempted away from his chosen field. If he had a pang of regret, it was when his little Lewis was born. He looked at the child's future, and for a moment, he wavered; but it was the thought of all others, that he must not indulge, that of leaving his charge, now that he had buckled on his armor, and vowed to stand by them; and he conquered it at once.

After Lewis's birth, they enjoyed a year and a half of happiness, so serene, so utterly independent of all mere external sources, so fraught with a sweet consciousness of the freedom and beauty of their relation with those whom they came to serve, that May almost trembled to think of it, lest the cloud should overshadow them too soon. Her inward foreboding proved too prophetic. Her husband contracted a fever, while visiting some far away parishioners, and died in three days. It was hard to leave that dear form in the forests of the West, and feel that never again

might she visit the grave beneath the giant branches that overshadowed it; but May gathered up all her strength, mentally and physically, and went back to Alvord. Here, in a few weeks after her return, another child was born; and although her father would gladly do all that he could for the helpless widow and orphans, May resolved that the moment she could leave her little one with safety, she would go back to her school. Another teacher had supplied her place, and now she, too, was to tread the same path in which May had preceded her; and fortunately, the application was not made too late.

Resolutely putting down her tumultuous grief, she went back to her employment. The children had grown almost out of her knowledge, and many were added to the school; but all seemed to love her, and to feel that one who moved about in her black dress so quietly, and wore such a sweet but mournful smile, must not be rudely disturbed. Still May loved best to see them glad and happy, and in a few weeks of self-discipline, she learned to bring a brighter look into the little school-house; and to diffuse a sense of happiness about her, more suited to the young and joyous natures of her pupils.

In her father's house, the advent of the two little ones was a great happiness. Anne King was older than May, and to her heart, once saddened by a secret woe, the children came like a mighty blessing, drawing out the springs of hidden love within her, and diffusing over her lonely life a beauty and a grace she had not dreamed of knowing again.

To the other brothers and sisters of the same family, the little Lewis and his baby brother were sources of unqualified pleasure; while Mr. King would delight in their sports, and bring up all his forgotten baby-lore to amuse them in their mother's absence.

The six school hours were, therefore, saddened by no anxiety for her children, and she grew to be almost happy. The memory of the dead, the thought of the resting-place of Lewis beneath the forest trees, the fear that she might not live to take care of his children, sometimes troubled the current of her life with a passing gloom, but hope and trust were still strong at her heart. Health and strength followed in their train, and she bore life with a feeling of entire resignation, if not of happiness.

There was not a heart in Alvord that did not love May Kenneth. She was not beautiful—that is as the world deems it—she was not highly talented, either; but there was a charm in her unconscious goodness that was better than beauty or talent. It is not to be supposed that May

could have this quality of drawing hearts towards her, without being sought again as a wife. Her first offer came in such a questionable shape, that she hardly knew whether to consider it as such or not. Stephen Atherton had arrived at the ripe age of forty five, without any apparent intention of marrying. Bachelor habits were stamped upon his household, his business, his very air, as he walked the streets; firm, precise and unyielding. He wore a wig, and the wags of the village affirmed that his mustaches were fastened to his collar and moved with every turn of his head, in unison with the "dicky" itself.

Mr. Atherton was in love with May Kenneth, that was evident. He had been in love with her, years ago, as May King. He had loved Anne King, too, and he had been a flirt from his youth. Few of his loves had been returned, for all knew, that above all creatures in the world, he had loved *himself*. His intense selfishness had made him a bachelor. He had not heart enough to ask a woman, boldly and fearlessly, to be his wife, and to make up his mind to bear her decision like a man, even if she denied him; but he had ever fluttered round from flower to flower, trying to pique one woman into loving him, by heartless attentions to another, and flying off to a third, lest that other should feel too much encouraged to hope for the honor of being Stephen Atherton's wife.

Now that May King had returned, and he felt that she could only be too happy to become that envied woman, he commenced anew his attentions to her, drawing the notice of others towards them, by attending her to school in the morning, and walking that way again, at the hour when she would be ready to dismiss her little troop.

It was very unpleasant to May, and she had done everything which she dared, to prevent it. But he seemed to exult in the notoriety it occasioned, and smiled when his acquaintances congratulated him on his good fortune. "Rather the lady's good fortune," he said, "I flatter myself that the widow would consider herself quite happy; but I assure you, that my mind is yet hardly made up."

He was on his way to the school-house, then; and met May just coming out. She felt vexed and angry, for she had just received a letter which had demanded some reflection, and she could not bear the self-satisfied and assured air which Mr. Atherton had put on.

As usual, he walked by her side, and as usual, also, his conversation was of love. In vain May hurried along; in vain she looked over her letter; he was not to be turned aside. At last,

with a strong effort, for her manner piqued him into a more hasty demonstration than he would otherwise have made, he said :

"Mrs. Kenneth, were a man who prizes your character to offer himself to you, would you marry again?"

"What right have you to ask?" she said.

"The right of a former interest in you, perhaps to be renewed again," he answered.

"I do not admit any former interest; you gave way to a little affected passion. I never believed in it."

"You do me wrong. I did really like you once. It would be easy for you to make me like you again."

"Don't try to, Mr. Atherton. It would not repay you for the trouble."

"You cannot mean that. There are many who would be easily caught with less."

"Very well, I am not one of them, nor will I interfere with their claims. Good morning," and May opened the gate and walked in without a word.

Mr. Atherton stared in blank dismay. He followed, and found her in the parlor.

"Mrs. Kenneth, did you mean what you said just now?"

"I have almost forgotten it. What was it? I presume I meant it, I always mean what I say."

"Did you mean to refuse me?"

"Having heard no offer, I could not do that."

"I was willing that you should consider it as such; and I ask you again, if you have any objections to me."

"None in the least. Why should I?"

"Then you will marry me. I knew, I felt that you would."

"A little too fast, Mr. Atherton. I did not say that. Stop until I call my sister, and if she has no objections to make—"

"Mrs. Kenneth! I beg, I entreat—"

Anne King stepped into the room with the stateliness of a queen.

"Really, Mr. Atherton," she said, "I did not know, when you were making proposals to me last night, that you were only rehearsing for my sister's benefit."

Mr. Atherton's face would have been a treasure to a painter, at that moment. Such confusion he exhibited, that May's kindly nature was really touched. But Anne was perversely disposed to annoy him.

"What a perfect waste of eloquence you bestowed on me, Mr. Atherton; notwithstanding my former experience of your fickleness, I really thought, last night, that your character as a male

coquette was rather mending; and perhaps I might have taken you, after all. But I resign you to poor dear May. I would not come between her and her happiness;" and with a graceful laugh, she left the room, from whence Mr. Atherton glided out, evidently thinking less of himself than he ever did before.

That evening, before the story could be circulated, he offered himself to Miss Cynthia Hanson, and was accepted. May earnestly entreated Anne not to speak of the matter, but she thought it quite too good to keep, and the next week, Mr. Atherton was many times asked, which of the Kings had accepted his homage.

It would be useless to mention the disappointment of the apothecary, the lawyer and the new doctor, who each in turn were brought to acknowledge May's power. She turned a deaf ear to all, even to Mr. Octavius Bond, the dry goods merchant, who perpetrated the most distressing lines ever inscribed to "Dearest May." It was remarkable, too, that each followed the example of Mr. Atherton, after refusal, and was straightway engaged to some other lady.

"It must be a comfort to you, May," said Anne, "that you have helped to bring so many people together, and make them happy."

May began to be very tired of all this. She was human, too, in spite of the cruel heart-aches she had caused, and the remembrance of a smile which had been given her, in one of her little Saturday afternoon excursions, which she was in the habit of taking for Lewis's and Charlie's health, after the school was over for the week, often came back, and was as often driven away.

But the smile was seen again, and this time the gentleman found some one to introduce him; and thereupon, the acquaintance ripened into friendship; and then Mr. Easton brought his pretty daughter, and begged May to consider the child's orphan state, and to be a mother to her, and to allow him to become a father to her poor fatherless boys. May listened, and promised to think of it, and as Anne proposed to take him herself, in case her sister should not, May *did* think of it; and like all other affairs of a similar nature, it ended in wedding garments.

"Did sister Anne, remain an old maid?"

"Hush, child! that is not the name, now. Miss Anne King remained single until she found, or thought she found, a counterpart of her respected brother-in-law. Then she departed from her vow of perpetual mourning for the lost one of her youth, and she now rejoices in the care of a family, bequeathed to her by the late Mrs. Butler, and counting almost as many as that of the martyr, John Rogers."

THE LOST HOME.

BY CHARLES H. LAWTON.

The old home, my dear old home,
Where I played in early childhood,
The vine-clad house where my mother dwelt,
Near the fragrant, green-robed wild wood,
Has passed away, and strangers dwell
Where once I played all gladly,
And others claim those grand old trees,
While I am gazing on them sadly.

'Twas there my good old father died,
There angels called my brothers,
There fell asleep my brothers' brides—
What sorrow was my mother's!
There died my brother's little girl,
The laughing, blue-orbed Mary;
And strangers now possess the haunts
Where played that little fairy.

There, too, were born my best loved ones,
The laughing girls and boys,
Who cheer their father's careworn heart
When adverse fate annoys;
And there first breathed a loving one,
Who's cheered my weary hours,
With soothing voice and gentle words—
Affection's odorous flowers.

'Twas there with kind solicitude,
Guarding a lovely child,
My sister passed full many a year,
In pure affection mild.
So wonder not I love the spot,
And love those fine old elms;
I've ever loved them, ever shall,
Till the grave my form o'erwhelms.

And while through distant scenes I pass,
I'll heave a longing sigh
For the dear old home forever gone,
And will ye wonder why?
When ye think of the many ties that bind
My heart to the dear old spot,
A pitying tear mayhap you'll find,
And say we wonder not.

STREET ROMANCES.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

On the first floor of a house in the Place Royale there lived, twenty years ago, two single ladies—sisters. Martha and Angelique (these were their names) had been old maids for a long time. They had, in common, a pretty little fortune, a comfortable apartment, two cats, two dogs, a parrot, and a library containing "The Imitation of Christ," the "Life of the Saints," and three or four hundred volumes of old romances. Their peaceful existence was spent in playing at piquet in the evening with a bachelor neighbor of mature age—M. Labiche,—and in the day-time, in reading these three hundred romances, which

they knew by heart. The habit of always revolving in the same circle, and of constantly feeding their imaginations with the same romantic adventures, had identified, as it were, these good ladies with the heroes and heroines of these books, incessantly perused and re-perused; they knew them, they loved them, they talked of them as of old friends.

Such were the occupations of these two old maids, and their daily conversations, which the jests of M. Labiche, their neighbor, sometimes caused to degenerate into quarrels. M. Labiche was an honest man, who had not much to do but to pretend to look after his nephew, a gay student; and not being very romantic, to amuse himself with joking his two neighbors. When he entered their room, after the usual compliments, he would inquire, with an air of interest, about the affairs of the hero or heroine, then the order of the day.

One beautiful sunshiny day in spring they went out to take a walk with M. Labiche. There was a crowd on the Boulevards and at the Champs Elysees. Some rope-dancers were performing their tricks in the open air, gipsies were telling fortunes; Punch was attracting the passers-by around his booth; players on the harp, violin and clarionet, and singers with guitars, were parading on the avenues.

"How many mysteries in all these shattered existences!" said Miss Martha, raising her eyes to heaven.

"How many romances!" added Miss Angelique. "How many adventures could these people relate, if they would tell us how, descending from step to step, they found themselves one day, with guitar or violin in hand, on the street pavement!"

"Love may have caused the misfortunes of some," resumed Miss Martha.

"Love or perfidy," returned her sister, "the treason of friends, and perhaps cruel and barbarous parents."

"You are doubtless in the right," exclaimed M. Labiche. "All those personages are romances in themselves. That songstress with the harp, for instance—I will wager she is a daughter of the Great Mogul."

"Why not?"

"This is not a supposition—it is a fact. This young lady has sought refuge in the Champs Elysees of Paris, after having escaped from a convent, in which the Great Mogul, her father, had confined her."

"Convents in Mogul?"

"That is not more extraordinary than to see a Frenchman in China. As for that Hercules

who is balancing a chair on the end of his nose, I have heard say he was the younger brother of the Shah of Persia, proscribed from his cradle for his political principles—a species of Persian Iron Mask.”

“Look!” said Miss Martha, pointing him out to M. Labiche, “see that eternal musician in the alley at the left, loaded with instruments, who with his head, feet, hands and knees plays all at once the flageolet, the harp, the tamborine, cymbals, and another instrument of his own invention, composed of a quantity of bells attached to the two branches of an old pair of iron tongs. Look at that old man,” continued Miss Martha; “what ingenuity! How many piquant adventures does that inventive mind allow us to suppose! How many misfortunes do those wrinkles and white hairs announce!”

“And that great red nose,” replied M. Labiche; “what an incalculable number of bottles of wine drank in times past!”

“You have no soul,” said Miss Angelique.

Martha and Angelique pouted at their neighbor all the rest of the evening, which did not prevent M. Labiche from paying them a visit on the afternoon of the next day. The weather was very pleasant, and the two sisters were at work beside a window opening on the square; the subject of romances had not been alluded to, and M. Labiche was relating some political news, when a female voice was heard, accompanied by the notes of a guitar. The two sisters rose at once, as well as their neighbor, and perceived on the square, opposite the window, a street singer, whose face was concealed by a black lace veil. The voice which escaped from beneath this veil was not wanting in sweetness and a certain melancholy charm. Martha and Angelique exchanged a rapid glance.

“This woman,” said Martha, “with a noble figure and touching voice—”

“She wears a veil, which proves that she dares not show her face,” replied M. Labiche; “she is probably ugly.”

“You are insupportable,” exclaimed Angelique. “On the contrary, I will bet she is young and pretty, and if I dared, I would have her called in.”

“What hinders you?”

“I fear your raillery and your smiles, which might annoy this young person, evidently fallen into misfortunes.”

“I promise not to open my lips, and to keep my face concealed in my hat. But I can do better; shall I go home?”

“No, remain; your word is sufficient.”

The two sisters called their domestic, and gave

her, speaking both at once, orders to go in search of the veiled songstress. An embarrassing silence afterwards reigned in the room. Martha and Angelique were not without apprehensions as to the result of their experiment. From the window they saw their domestic approach the singer and speak to her; then the latter turned towards the window, made a sign with her head in that direction, and approached with her guitar under her arm. When she appeared at the door of the parlor, Martha said in a voice of emotion, “Please to enter, miss, or madame, for we do not yet know which of these titles belongs to you. Enter without fear; you are surrounded with persons who compassionate your misfortunes before knowing them.”

As she spoke thus, she darted a severe glance on M. Labiche, to remind him of their agreement, and recognized with pleasure that the countenance of her neighbor was irreproachable.

“I thank the ladies for the interest they are pleased to manifest in me,” replied the singer, uttering a sigh.

“Believe it is not a simple sentiment of curiosity which animates us,” exclaimed Angelique. “Your appearance—your manners— But first sit down and allow us to offer you some refreshments.”

After having declined for a long time, the songstress at last consented to take a glass of sweetened water. She then raised her veil and showed a charming countenance, which could not have seen more than twenty years.

Martha and Angelique with difficulty suppressed an exclamation of joy; and both cast a triumphant glance on M. Labiche, who contented himself with bowing slightly, as a confession of his defeat.

“Just Heaven!” said Martha, “how happens it that with so much beauty and talent—for you sing like an angel—we see you reduced to your present sad condition? I bless the Providence which conducted you to day beneath our windows; for you will surely not refuse to narrate to us your misfortunes; and I hope that if we cannot put a period to them, we can at least alleviate them by our consolations and our cares.”

The songstress sighed and raised her eyes to heaven.

“Alas! ladies,” said she, “there is, I believe, no person in the world who has the power to render me less unfortunate than I am. But the interest which you manifest in me is too precious for me to refuse a narrative which may touch your compassionate souls. You shall learn the misfortunes of a young girl who is the victim of a barbarous prejudice.”

The two sisters exchanged a look of commiseration, and drew their seats nearer to each other. M. Labiche installed himself comfortably in his arm-chair to listen. Then the woman, after having put her handkerchief to her eyes, commenced thus :

"I have already told you that you see in me the victim of a barbarous prejudice."

"I understand," exclaimed Angelique; "your friends attempted to compel you to take the veil in a convent."

"Not so," replied the singer; "in the religion I profess we have no convents. I am English, and my parents educated me in the Protestant faith. I fear this avowal, made here, and to persons whom I suppose profess the Catholic faith, will deprive me of a part of the interest you have been pleased to manifest in me."

"Why so?" said Martha, earnestly. "We are all children of the same God, and tolerance is the first Christian principle."

"I thank you," resumed the woman; "you revive my courage. You know then that I am English; at my birth the name of Lucy was given me. My father, Sir Thomas Brown, a distinguished officer, having lost an eye in the war, was much affected by it—because being by nature very sensitive, he feared he should not be able to please any lady, and that he would be married only for his money. He therefore swore, being one-eyed, to marry only a one-eyed woman, which proved the elevation of his sentiments." Martha and Angelique testified their approval of this resolution by a murmur of assent. "My father therefore espoused my mother, who, by chance, had but one eye. Nevertheless, I came into the world with two."

"And two very fine ones," observed Martha.

"You are very kind; I have always been told that my right eye was like my father's, and my left like my mother's."

"Let us see," said Angelique.

The two sisters arose at once to look more closely at the eyes of the singer.

"In fact," said Martha, "one is a little darker than the other."

"I will pass over these details. I grew up; a splendid education was given me; and my father, who, it was said, had never done anything at the right time, lost his fortune just as I became of a marriageable age. Nevertheless, a young man presented himself as a candidate for my hand. Arthur Lyons (this was his name) adored me; and, for my part, I was much pleased with his attentions, when he suddenly disappeared, leaving me a letter, in which he informed me that a marriage was henceforth impossible

between us, and that he was going to the continent with death in his soul.

"Pardon my emotion," resumed the singer, wiping her eyes. "After so many years, the remembrance of the flight of my lover is as painful to me as at first."

"That is very natural. But so many years you say; how old are you then?"

"Twenty years, three months and some days; and I was eighteen when my lover disappeared. It is then but two years since; but you know time seems long to those who suffer and sigh. I resume the thread of my narrative: My father, indignant against Arthur, ascended to the garret to take his sabre, which was rusty. He sharpened it, and set out in pursuit of Arthur, taking with him my mother and myself. Judge of the horror of my situation. We traversed all France without finding my lover. At Lyons, alone, we were informed that a man, whose description resembled Arthur, had just set out in the diligence for Marseilles. My father took a post-chaise, and we reached Marseilles at the same time with the diligence. The man whom we were pursuing, left the carriage; he wore green spectacles. My father, blinded by fury, and believing that Arthur had got on spectacles that he might not be recognized, precipitated himself with rage upon the stranger. They fought, and my father received a severe wound in the breast.

"My mother and myself were uttering frightful cries, when suddenly eight or ten men rushed out from behind some rocks, seized the stranger and myself, and placed us in a boat, which carried us to a xebec, anchored at a little distance. It was manned by Algerine pirates, who had carried their audacity so far as to make a descent on the coasts of Provence. The pirates treated us kindly; but I had the chagrin to see my companion, whom I should have said was not Arthur, fall in love with me. 'You comprehend,' said I to him, 'that after the sword-thrust you gave my father, I could not favor your suit; and besides, I am engaged to Arthur Lyons.'

"'Arthur Lyons?' exclaimed he. 'I knew him at Paris.'

"I must tell you that my companion in captivity was a dentist by profession. My lover, when he saw him, had been on the point of setting out on the enterprise of a man in despair. Unable to console himself for my loss, his plan was to go to America, in order to descend alone in a small boat, the cataract of Niagara. 'If I survive,' said he, 'I shall attempt to descend the rapids of the Ohio in a bark canoe, then the falls of the Meschabebe, and by risking myself

thus successively in all the cataracts of the globe, I shall at last succeed in putting a period to a life which has become a burden.'"

"Poor Arthur Lyons!" exclaimed Angelique. "What a romantic soul! But I cannot comprehend how, loving you to such a degree, he could have forsaken you."

"You shall soon learn," resumed the singer. "My grief at this sad intelligence may be more easily imagined than described. I passed my days and nights in tears. But suddenly a ship belonging to the French navy chased us, and, to avoid her, the xebec directed its course towards Egypt, where we were sold to some merchants who were going in a caravan to Suez. The pacha of this city bought the dentist and myself. He was a brutal man, who summoned us to his presence, and learning the nature of my companion's profession, sent for his prime minister, who had a fine set of teeth, and demanded a proof of his skill in extracting one. My companion had his case of instruments in his pocket, and easily succeeded in taking out two of his finest teeth. The poor fellow fled in terror."

"You are a skilful man," said the pacha, to my companion. 'Unfortunately, your talents cannot be useful to me; for I rather need new teeth, as I have long had but one.'

"I can easily satisfy you, my lord, provided I can procure the teeth of a hippopotamus."

"For several days the pacha was in conference with my companion. One evening the latter came in search of me."

"You comprehend, beautiful Lucy," said he, 'that I cannot long remain at the court of Suez, since I have made the prime minister my enemy. I have therefore sought means to fly. The pacha is persuaded that, in order to fulfil my promise to him, I must have the teeth of a hippopotamus killed during the full moon. I shall set out to-morrow morning, with some slaves, to give chase to these animals; and this is my plan: We shall kill a large number of hippopotamuses, whose teeth I shall keep; afterwards, I will escape from the vigilance of the slaves, traverse Africa on foot to the Cape of Good Hope, and there embark for Europe with my treasure, which I now lay at your feet; for I hope, beautiful Lucy, that you will consent to fly with me.'

"It is impossible," replied I. 'After the sword-thrust you gave my father—'

"He grew angry, and loaded me with invectives, which did but confirm my refusal. He set out the next day as he had announced, and it was then, to amuse himself while awaiting his return, that the pacha summoned me to his presence, and after asking me various questions with

regard to myself, announced his intention of espousing me that very evening. Imagine my despair. I went away in tears, and was calling death to my aid, when a slave, who had been attached to my service, approached and told me in the negro dialect, that he was interested in me and would save me, if I would confide in him. He was an old man of sixty, who sometimes played the guitar for the amusement of the pacha. I could not comprehend how he could be useful to me; but the event proved that I was right to trust in him. After dinner the pacha summoned me to his presence."

"This evening," said he, 'I shall espouse you.'

"I was ready to faint at this declaration; but remembering the counsel of the slave, I said:

"I am very much flattered by the honor you intend conferring on me; but in my country we do not marry with so little ceremony—it is customary, at least, to have a little music in honor of the occasion."

"Why did you not tell me this sooner?' replied the pacha. "Let some one go in search of my chapel-master, Solsirepifpan."

"This was the name of the old slave. He presented himself with his guitar."

"Play us something immediately," said the pacha to him; 'and if you do not succeed in amusing me as well as this lady, I will have your head cut off!'

"Solsirepifpan bowed, and after having drawn from his guitar a few chords and graceful preludes, commenced a melancholy air, which the pacha accompanied by beating time with his head and foot. By degrees his motions slackened, and he ended by falling asleep on his cushions. No one, it will be imagined, dared to disturb him, and I returned on tip-toe to my room, saved for this evening, but not without uneasiness as to what might happen on the morrow. In fact, the day following I was again summoned to dinner, and at the dessert I said to the pacha: 'My lord, shall we not have a little music this evening, also?'

"The pacha immediately sent for his chapel-master, uttering the most frightful oaths that he would not suffer himself to be surprised by sleep this evening."

"Solsirepifpan appeared with his guitar, besides, a pair of cymbals which he fastened to his knees. The pacha, who had never seen the like, opened his eyes wide, looking alternately at the guitar and the plates of copper, with whose noise he seemed to be fascinated. Half an hour had not passed away, when, as the evening before, he was overcome with sleep."

"On the third day I was again summoned, and as before, Solsirepippan was sent for at my request. He presented himself with his guitar, cymbals, and Chinese bells on his head. The astonishment of the pacha was at its height when he heard the noise made by these three instruments. As before, he fell asleep. The next day Solsirepippan added to his orchestra a tamborine, which he played with his heels."

"But," said Angelique, "one would think you were describing the old musician we saw yesterday at the Champs Elysees."

"That is he of whom I speak," she replied.

"And how came this man in Paris?"

"That you shall learn in the sequel."

"But," resumed Angelique, "Solsirepippan is as white as you are, and you said he spoke the negro dialect."

"He is nevertheless not a negro; he is a white Ethiopian, who had been taken prisoner in his youth by the troops of the Pacha of Suez. He belonged to one of the first families of Ethiopia, and had been invested at his birth with the dignity of murse, one of the most considerable in the country. But to resume my narrative: On the fourth day, my old friend—for I shall henceforth give the musician this title—said to me, 'I am at the end of my science, for you comprehend that one man, were he twice a murse, cannot play on more than four instruments at once. I have therefore taken measures to flee.'

"'But how shall we escape the guards who surround the palace?'

"He drew me into his room. 'Every evening,' said he, 'I rehearse at this hour the piece that I am to play the next day, and all the guards abandon their posts to listen at my door. It only remains for me to assemble them there this evening, and detain them some time. I have taken my measures for this.' In fact, by an ingenious combination, he had attached his instruments to each other by threads connected with a small cord, which terminated in a large round box, similar to our turnspits. While I was looking at this mechanism with astonishment, he opened a large wardrobe, in which he had had the precaution the night before to shut up the pacha's favorite monkey. My old friend took the monkey and put it in the box. The animal, affrighted, began to move its paws; the box immediately turned, and there was a frightful hubbub of cymbals and Chinese bells. I could not help laughing; but my friend, always full of prudence, raised his finger to recommend silence, and soon murmurs were heard behind the door, indicating that the guards were assembled there. We then descended by a window, opening on the gardens,

and after having cleared a low wall, soon found ourselves without the suburbs of Suez."

Here she paused to take breath, and to drink a glass of sweetened water.

"How many adventures!" said Martha; "and yet there are persons who will not believe in romances!"

Meanwhile the singer, who had just risen and was approaching the window, suddenly exclaimed, "There he is, ladies!"

"Who? Are you speaking of Solsirepippan?"

"No; but look! It is he, below there, on the square."

She pointed with her finger to a young man in a blue spencer, with a piece of black taffety over one eye, who had before him a little table with the paraphernalia of a juggler. The young man having turned at the exclamation of the songstress, hastily folded up his little table, placed it under his arm, put his cups into his pocket, and rushed towards the house.

"Thank Heaven!" exclaimed he, as he entered the house, terrified, and without saluting anybody, "I have found you in time, Miss Lucy, Come quick—let us fly—the danger increases every moment!"

As he spoke thus, he took by the arm the singer, who seemed to have fainted, and attempted to drag her to the door.

"And who are you?" exclaimed the two ladies. "Why are you carrying off this young person? What signifies this violence? Barbarous ravisher, whither would you conduct her?"

The young man with the black taffety swallowed, as if through absence of mind, the glass of sweetened water prepared for the songstress.

"I would conduct her to the Persian ambassador!" replied he.

"We will not suffer it!" exclaimed Martha and Angelique. "Help! Here, M. Labiche! Jeanne Marguerite, shut the door! Help!"

"Stop," said the singer, with a tremulous voice, at the moment she was about to disappear on the stairs. "No noise, or you will ruin me! This young man is my deliverer!"

"What a singular adventure!" said Martha, who knew not what part to take.

The young man re-appeared at the door of the saloon, and whispered mysteriously to the two ladies, "I am Arthur Lyons!"

"It is enough to distract one!" exclaimed the two sisters.

They put their heads out of the window, and saw Arthur and Lucy enter a hackney coach, which drove off at a gallop. It will be readily imagined what was the subject of the conversation for the three persons remaining in the saloon.

"What can this mystery be, and what new danger threatens Lucy? Why has Arthur come here to carry her off, dressed as a juggler, and with a piece of black taffety over his eyes? Shall we never again see this young Englishwoman, and never learn the sequel of her history?"

Nearly two hours had passed away since the abduction, when, to the great surprise of everybody, the young man with the taffety reappeared at the door of the saloon.

"Ladies," said he, "I come to apologize for the hasty manner in which I entered just now; but time pressed. Now, my dear Lucy is out of danger, and I can give you all the explanations which are your due, for Lucy has informed me of your kindness to her; and since you know a part of her story and mine, I hope to be able to prove to you that Arthur Lyons was not born to the humble profession which he is practising at this moment; I am not a common juggler, and if you will deign to accord to me a little of that interest which you have manifested in my unfortunate love—"

"Certainly, Mr. Lyons; we are anxious to hear you. But begin by accepting a few drops of *kirsch*, which will not be too much to restore you after the terrible emotions of this day."

A servant brought the young man a glass of *kirsch*, and he then commenced his story:

"You must not be surprised if you find now and then some incoherences in my narrative; this proceeds from a blow I received in the head in descending the cataract of Niagara in a frail canoe of bark. I loved Lucy, and had obtained the promise of her hand, when I made this painful discovery, that the father of my beloved was a rascal, who had trifled with me. You see why Lucy's delicacy should have prevented her telling you this. My despair at this separation was so profound that it inspired me with the idea of putting an end to my life. I therefore sought death in perilous enterprises. Having passed over to America—after having revealed my project to the dentist, with whom you are already acquainted—I commenced by descending the cataract of Niagara in a light bark canoe. It was its very lightness that saved me. It swam like a cork, and I experienced no other injury than a blow on the hand received from a rock at the surface of the water. I risked my life with the same success on all the rivers of America, and at last becoming more obstinate as I found death more difficult, crossed over to the continent of Africa. One day as I was suffering my canoe to drift down the river Pongoi Pongo, I saw a man running on the shore, pursued by negroes and crying for help. With two strokes of the oar I

reached the bank. The fugitive sprang into my bark, and we regained the middle of the stream. Our boat rapidly descended the river, and was soon beyond the reach of pursuit. But what was my astonishment at recognising in the man whom I had just saved, my Parisian dentist. He related to me the facts you already know, and added that having killed many hippopotamuses, he had attempted to escape from the servants of the pacha, to reach the Cape, and thence pass into Europe.

"This intelligence, as you may imagine, at once changed my plans. Determined to find Lucy at all hazards, I abandoned my canoe and a part of my money to the dentist, and returning by the bank of the river, at last fell in with the negroes, and offered to accompany them to the pacha, in place of the man who had escaped. After a three days and three nights' march, we entered the city, and I was conducted to the presence of the pacha. I found him enraged at the departure of Lucy. He received me with a shower of blows. Forgetting all prudence, I replied sharply. A violent quarrel took place, and exasperated in my turn, I took him by the throat, and as he was about to have struck me with his poignard, wrested it from his hands, and plunged it into his breast. He fell dead at my feet! I seized his clothes, turned his turban over my eyes, and went out with a confident step. No one thought of stopping me, and I was far from Suez before the murder of the pacha was known.

"To prevent being traced by the people, who might have been sent in pursuit of me, I crossed the Red Sea by swimming; then passing through Arabia, Persia and Mogul, returned to France, after having narrowly escaped death twenty times, and practised all trades to obtain a living. I at last adopted the profession of a juggler, for which nature had given me an especial aptitude. By an unexpected chance, I found Lucy, with her faithful musician, on a steamboat which plies between Smyrna and Marseilles. We returned to Paris together, and here new misfortunes awaited us. My family, blinded by the intrigues of an elder brother, who wished to have my property, had proscribed me, so that I am compelled to continue my profession of juggler. The father of my mistress, Sir Thomas Brown, who recovered from the wound he had received, was seeking his daughter to shut her up in a convent. Fortunately the Persian ambassador, with whom I had become acquainted during my travels, offered me his protection, and it was to his hotel, beneath the shelter of his flag, that I conducted my mistress this morning, at the moment when

the agents of the English embassy were about to seize her. Our project is to become naturalized Persians, that we may henceforth live in safety. I will add that the letters of naturalization must be now ready, and are but to be signed. The old chapel-master, Solairepifpan, has installed himself at the Champs Elysees, where you have met him more than once. As for the dentist, he became my friend, though he would have carried off my Lucy from me; he returned six months since, after a shipwreck, in which he lost his whole cargo of hippopotamus teeth, and is selling on the *Place de la Bastille* little packets of Persian powder, which he himself manufactures of charcoal from Yonne."

The two sisters, after thanking the young man for his politeness, and asking him numerous questions, consulted together a moment, and said, "I suppose, sir, that after so many misadventures, it would be a great pleasure for all four of you, the chapel-master, the dentist, Miss Lucy and yourself, to meet. My sister and myself will be happy to be spectators of this re-union, and if you will permit us to invite you to dinner to-morrow, this would be in our eyes the most agreeable conclusion of your narrative."

The young man overwhelmed her with thanks and apologies.

"No excuses," said Miss Angelique. "As Miss Lucy and yourself are this evening to become naturalized Persians, there will be no longer any danger in this dear child's appearing in the street. So we shall rely upon you, and will ourselves invite the chapel-master whom we already know."

"I ought to inform you," said Arthur, "that he is deaf, and that his misfortunes have rendered him cross and crabbed; I think he is somewhat in love with Lucy, though from delicacy he has concealed this hopeless passion."

"Poor man!" said Angelique.

"As for the dentist, I shall myself have the honor to bring him and introduce him to you."

At these words, Arthur saluted them twice in the Chinese fashion, holding his arms and the forefinger of each hand elevated above his head; for which he apologized, saying that it was a bad habit which he had contracted during his travels. He afterwards saluted them properly and went out in the European manner.

"Ouf!" said M. Labiche; "there is no end of that. Do you believe a word of what this fellow has told you?"

"How incredulous you are!" exclaimed the two sisters. "And is there anything in this narrative more incredible than what we read every day in the most celebrated romances?"

"I pass over the story of the songstress, although it is very improbable; but as for the young man, allow me to say that he tells stretchers. Do you believe, for example, that he swam across the Red Sea, as he says?"

"The Jews formerly passed over on dry land. Besides, Sir Arthur took care to inform us that he had received a blow on his head, which accounts for any incoherence in his ideas."

"Parbleu!" exclaimed M. Labiche; "if anybody's head is out of order, I know whose it is."

"Why do you not say at once that we are old fools?" exclaimed the two sisters. "It would be doubtless useless to ask you, who do not believe in romances, to dine with us to-morrow; you would not do us this honor."

"Heaven forbid!" exclaimed M. Labiche; "your stories would destroy my appetite."

"Well, our hero of romance can dispense with the presence of your austere countenance, and I hope they will but eat the better for it."

"Great good may it do them!"

At these words, M. Labiche took his hat and cane, and went out with a furious air.

Preparations for dinner commenced the next morning early. The fine linen damask, the massive family plate, long lying unused in the closets, once more saw the light of day; the kitchen was crammed with provisions, among which was an enormous tart of sweetmeats Miss Angelique had prepared with her hands.

Towards noon, the sisters dressed themselves to go out. Their object was to invite the chapel-master, otherwise the musician of the Champs Elysees.

"We may not meet him," said Miss Martha; "perhaps he will not have come out to-day, and we do not know where he lives."

"In this case," replied Miss Angelique, "Sir Arthur would himself take the trouble to go in search of him."

Their toilet finished, the two sisters took a carriage and directed their course towards the Champs Elysees. It was not without a lively sentiment of joy that they perceived, from afar, the musician in his usual place, and laden with his extraordinary instruments.

"I shall never dare to speak to him first," said Miss Angelique.

"Nor I," said her sister; "this old man inspires me with so much respect; besides, I do not know how to address a muree."

"Nevertheless some one must commence!"

After a long hesitation, Miss Martha approached the musician without quitting the arm of her sister.

"Noble muree," said she to him.

But the hubbub of the cymbals, the Chinese bells and the tongs was such, that the old man appeared not to hear her. Then Miss Angelique touched his shoulder, and the musician turned his head in that direction.

"Noble nurse," resumed Miss Martha, "we are sent to you by old friends, to invite you to come and dine with them this evening."

"What?" replied the musician, with a movement of the body which caused all the bells to jingle; "will they pay for the dinner? Good! I suppose it is my friend the tow-eater who has invited me."

"Yes, respectable old man, some friends wish to dine with you. They will expect you this evening at this address," giving him a card, "at six o'clock. Do not fail to be there, noble nurse."

A considerable number had gathered around these three personages.

"Madame," said an old gentleman to Miss Martha, very politely, "tell us, if you please, what is a nurse?"

Miss Martha had forgotten the explanation which they had given her the night before, but she retained her sang-froid and replied:

"Sir, is it possible that at your age you are ignorant of these things?" And leaving the old gentleman motionless with astonishment, she re-entered the carriage with her sister.

"I confess," said Angelique, "that I was not much pleased with this old man. He seems to me to have contracted very bad habits, and I even thought I smelt wine."

"It is poverty," said Martha.

Reasoning thus, the two sisters returned to the Place Royale.

The guests were punctual to the rendezvous. A little before six, Sir Arthur arrived first, giving his arm to Lucy. Both wore a turban with a crescent, which they took off to salute their hostess. The young man still wore the piece of taffety over his eye. The two sisters embraced Lucy affectionately. She was indeed charming in her turban.

"Allow me to introduce to you our friend the dentist Theogenes," said Arthur; "the destroyer of hippopotamuses and the companion of all our misfortunes. Theogenes, dentist to the prime minister of the late Pacha of Suez!"

As he spoke thus, Arthur pointed to a tall, light complexioned young man, who held in his hand a little leather cap, resembling the coiffure of German students.

"Ladies," said Theogenes, modestly, "my long voyages have made me acquainted with the customs of good company in the five quarters of

the globe. How shall I salute you? In the Ethiopian or Chinese manner? Do you prefer the Caffre salutation or that of the natives of the Sunda Islands, who whirl round three times?"

"In any mode you please, sir," said the two sisters.

"Then I will give you first the Turkish salutation and afterwards the French."

At this moment, a noise as of quarrelling was heard in the ante-chamber. It was the musician, who had arrived, and whom the servant had obstinately refused admittance, because of his long beard and his want of neatness. The ladies went out to meet him and invited him to enter. The old man, surprised to find himself in the midst of persons whom he did not know, looked around him, as if seeking some one with his eyes, and murmured:

"Where is the tow-eater?"

"He is coming," replied Arthur.

Notwithstanding this assurance, the man appeared uneasy and took refuge in a corner. Suddenly returning to his fixed idea, which was to find his friend, he exclaimed in a loud voice:

"Why, then, is not the tow-eater here?"

The two sisters had left the room and did not hear this cry of distress. Theogenes seized the old musician, flattered him, instructed him, and succeeded in quieting him. He was powerfully aided in this enterprise by certain inviting odors issuing from the kitchen. Dinner was announced. Arthur hastened to offer his hand to Miss Angelique; Theogenes followed, giving one hand to Miss Martha, the other to Lucy. The musician came last, asking no more explanations since he had comprehended that they were about to dine. On seeing the table copiously garnished, he began to whistle softly, in sign of satisfaction. Miss Martha looked with astonishment at Sir Arthur, who said in a low tone:

"It is the sacred whistle of the Ethiopian nurses, prescribed by their religion before each repast."

They seated themselves at the table; the cheer was delicate, and the wines choice. The guests complimented the mistress of the house.

"During my long residence in China," said Theogenes, "I ate delicious swallows' nests, but they are not to be compared with this *vol au vent*."

"How, sir," asked Miss Angelique, "have you been in China? Your friend, Sir Arthur, did not tell us that!"

"It was because he had not time to give you all the details of my history; but I have lived in Peking, where they eat broth with slender sticks, which makes me very awkward in using a spoon."

"With sticks?" repeated Miss Angelique, in astonishment.

"That is not extraordinary there, because they bring up their children early to perform tricks. If I had some stocks, it would be the easiest thing in the world for me to show you how they eat broth with them."

Miss Martha, who had a desire to see such a prodigy, said to Theogenes:

"Will knitting-needles do instead?"

"Very well; but it is a pity you had not thought of it sooner, for I have finished my soup."

Sir Arthur rose, and taking his glass, cried:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I drink to sensibility, to that noble sentiment which opens our hearts to the love of our neighbors, and our ears to the recital of their misfortunes! If we are assembled here after so many trials, the noble nurse, the charming Miss Lucy, Theogenes and myself, if we are seated all together at this hospitable table, we owe it to the angelic sensibility of these two excellent ladies. Ladies and gentlemen, to sensitive hearts!"

All the glasses were emptied at once, and even the two sisters, though they were not in the habit of drinking wine, did honor to the toast, with evident emotion. There was then a moment of silence. The nurse seemed entirely to have forgotten his friend, whose absence had at first made him so uneasy. He ate and drank with a sort of enthusiasm, smacking his lips after each draught. Miss Lucy, on her part, though with a modest air, did justice to the feast. Suddenly Miss Martha, to re-animate the conversation, addressed herself to Sir Arthur:

"Sir," said she, "I have not yet learned the reason why you constantly wear that piece of taffety over your left eye. Can you have lost it?"

"I might reply that I had lost it," said Sir Arthur, "but that would not be the truth. If I have hitherto worn this piece of taffety, it has been that I might not be recognized, but now that I am a naturalized Persian, I may show my face uncovered." Then taking off the taffety, he exclaimed, in a tone of solemnity: "Sun, I have too long contemplated thee with but one eye! But there is nothing like having two eyes, whatever the infamous Sir Thomas Brown may say."

"Ah, my friend," said Lucy, devouring a chicken-wing "you forget that you are speaking of my father!"

"I respect that one-eyed man," replied Arthur, "though he little deserves it; but what do I see now that I have my two eyes? It seems to me our unfortunate friend Theogenes is falling into one of his fits of melancholy."

In fact, Theogenes had for some time kept his eyes obtinately fixed on a lacquered tray ornamented with Chinese paintings.

"Sir," said Miss Angelique to him, "why do you look at that tray with an air so sad?"

"Alas," sighed Theogenes, "do not ask me! You re-open the most cruel wound of my heart. Among the paintings on this tray, I see the representation of a young Chinese lady, and this charming figure reminds me— But why recall these sad remembrances amid the joy of a feast! Rather let us imitate this good nurse who does not cease to fill his glass and empty it with equal philosophy. In the name of heaven, take away this tray from before my eyes, if you would not have me expire with grief!"

Sir Arthur eagerly removed the tray, and addressing the two sisters, said:

"To efface the sad impression caused by the misfortunes of our friend Theogenes, and as a substitute for the story of his love which he will relate to-morrow, I will ask these ladies permission to sing them a song."

Permission was readily granted and Sir Arthur gave a song which he had learned of the negroes, and in the chorus of which Theogenes, Miss Lucy and the nurse joined. The latter committed several errors in the words, but he developed a superb bass voice, and accompanied himself by striking with his knife on his glass, as did also Lucy, Sir Arthur and Theogenes. In the midst of this confusion, the door opened suddenly and M. Labiche appeared on the threshold, where he remained for a moment immovable as a statue.

At the arrival of M. Labiche, the chorus suddenly ceased; the nurse alone, plunged in a sort of ecstasy and with his eyes fixed on his glass, repeated with enthusiasm the third couplet, attempting to imitate the negro accent. As for the two sisters, it is impossible to paint their confusion. M. Labiche advanced, and fixing his eyes on Arthur, exclaimed:

"On my word, now that this graceless fellow has laid aside his taffety, I recognize him; it is my nephew!"

"His nephew!" said the young man, with a tragic air; "I am Sir Arthur Lyons, English by birth, as true as that these are Miss Lucy, the daughter of Sir Thomas Brown, and Theogenes the dentist and destroyer of hippopotamuses of the Place de la Bastille. This man appears to have evil intentions towards me, but I place myself under the protection of the Persian flag, and if I am driven to extremities, will embrace Islamism."

"Heavens!" exclaimed the two sisters; "what does this signify?"

"It signifies," resumed M. Labiche, "that my nephew, whom you see there, is no more English than I am the Grand Turk, and that he has been telling you nonsense for two days past, with the assistance of his friend Theogenes, who is called Theogenes no more than you are, and this lady, whose titles and qualities I can guess." Then facing his nephew, he added: "Is this the way you employ your time, instead of pursuing your law studies? How you have abused the sensibility of these two excellent ladies by disgracing yourself as a giggler and telling them a thousand ridiculous stories, and that in my presence! What, you dared assert that you had descended the Falls of Niagara in a bark canoe, assassinated the Pacha of Suez, crossed the Red Sea by swimming, and killed thousands of hippopotamuses?"

"It was not I who killed them, uncle, it was my friend Theogenes."

"Out upon your hippopotamuses!"

"Uncle," said Sir Arthur, "you have exceeded all bounds with Theogenes. He is a lawyer of the highest order and will soon be a magistrate. Your inconsiderate language may cost you dear."

"Three grounds of accusation," resumed Theogenes, counting on his fingers: "First, abuse and disrespect towards a magistrate at table. Second, excitation of hatred and contempt for a class of society, the hippopotamus hunters. Third, damages to the trade in horn snuff boxes."

"Stop your nonsense," said M. Labiche. "As for our Miss Lucy, if I am not much mistaken, her graceful person was represented to us by one of our most celebrated dancers of La Chaumeres, probably Mademoiselle Pomponnette, or Mademoiselle Perce Orcille."

"Neither Pomponnette nor Perce-Orcille," replied Lucy, with a graceful courtesy, "but their rival, the amiable Mouche-a-Miel, if you please."

"Let us leave this barbarous guardian to the bitterness of his evil thoughts," said Theogenes.

"I dare not curse him, but I dare fly from him," said Mouch-a-Miel.

After the departure of his nephew, Theogenes and Mouche-a-Miel, M. Labiche dropped upon a seat, a prey to a fit of laughter which lasted a good quarter of an hour. The two sisters comprehended that they had been the victims of an atrocious mystification. They pouted at M. Labiche for a fortnight. But one rainy morning ennui compelled them to return to their cards, and a game of piquet reconciled them.

THE INTREPID PASSENGER.

BY LIEUTENANT MURRAY.

I TOOK passage from Liverpool on a fine looking English liner, and we hoped to make the run to New York inside of twenty days. It was during the Irish exodus, which was at its height some five years since, and we had at least two hundred passengers of that nationality in the ship, with about twenty cabin passengers. The ship, however, was a large and well found vessel, and I saw no reason, on a casual examination, why she would not prove reasonably comfortable. I had made the outward trip in a steamer, and chose a sailing vessel on my return, for sake of the variety it would afford.

Scarcely had we discharged the pilot and fairly laid our course, before I saw unmistakable evidence that in my choice of a vessel I had probably been unfortunate. From a somewhat extensive experience with the sea and the belongings of a ship, I naturally found myself at the outset inclined to observe the character of the captain, officers and crew to the safety of whose management so large a number of human beings had entrusted themselves. The captain alone seemed to possess a degree of intelligence which his station demanded, while of his mates I saw not one who looked outwardly as though fitted for a station of trust. Indeed, the first officer I was satisfied was three fourths intoxicated from the very outset, and continued so to the end of the voyage.

The crew were honest enough, as such ships' companies go, and under proper lead and discipline would doubtless have done well under any ordinary circumstances. To balance this apparent want of excellence in the crew and officers, the ship itself was a staunch eight-hundred ton liner, of fine model, nearly new, and this only her second voyage. Everything about her worked easily, and she steered like a pilot-boat. Consoling myself with these reflections, I resolved to be watchful and hope for the best, but would much have preferred to be on dry land to taking passage in a ship the skill of whose officers I distrusted.

The cabin passengers were soon pleasantly acquainted with each other, and the time passed agreeably for some eight days in the playing of games, cards, chatting, etc. I was particularly pleased with the appearance of one couple, a lady of some nineteen years, and a gentleman of perhaps twenty-two. From casual observation, I could easily make out a story connected with them. The lady and her father, a wealthy

New York retired merchant, were on their way home after a few months' travel upon the continent, and the young gentleman, also an American, who had doubtless made their acquaintance somewhere abroad, was returning in their company exercised with the tenderest sentiments towards the daughter. Further than this, it was also easily discernible that the father from some cause looked coldly upon the advances that were respectfully but tenderly made by the young lady's companion.

On the passenger list, displayed in the cabin, the young man's name stood plain Mr. Hammond, and without making further inquiry of the other than simply to settle the name and identity of each, we had, with travellers' privilege, fallen into an agreeable intimacy with each other, as well as the rest of the cabin passengers. Young Hammond seemed to be seriously affected in his spirits after a few days of the passage had transpired, evidently on account of the restraint which the father's coolness placed upon his intercourse with the lady already referred to, and who on her part, at least, exhibited the most lively interest in his pleasant attentions. With unobtrusive perseverance, he was still her companion at her morning and evening walks upon the deck, and by his pleasant and intelligent conversation seemed to make himself agreeable at times even to the father.

Mr. Edwards was an individual of much character, evidently proud of his daughter, whose appearance showed her to have been reared in the most aristocratic manner, and I could easily divine that it must be from want of property and position on the part of young Hammond that his suit did not thrive with the father. All this at the time was of course but surmise on my part, but it was true, as I have since then chanced to discover.

It was a very fresh morning on our tenth day out of port, when Mr. Edwards and his daughter finding the weather rather too bolsterous for comfort upon deck, were about to go below. Young Hammond was regretting this, as it would deprive him of the few moments of private conversation which he had anticipated at this period, and which could hardly take place in the somewhat crowded cabin. Captain Goss had for some object gone quite forward, and with one arm resting over the starboard cat-head, was making examination of the ship's "fore foot," when suddenly the cry of "man overboard" started us all, and looking forward to where the captain had just stood, we observed that he had disappeared.

Instead of either of the ship's officers imme-

diately taking matters in hand, there at once arose a Babel of voices, each one suggesting some expedient, and two or three foremast hands jumping into a quarter boat, began to prepare for lowering it into the sea. I hastily looked towards the first mate; a glance was sufficient. He seemed to be *stupid*, either half drunk or feigning it. Perhaps he did not know what to do; if he was as stupid as he appeared, this was the case. I saw young Hammond seize hold of the after booby-hatch, and together we threw it into the sea, while he exclaimed:

"Never fear, Captain Goss. We will pick you up!"

"Let go the gripes of that boat," shouted young Hammond in a tone of command such as we had not yet heard on board. "No boat can live in this sea."

The men instinctively obeyed, and seemed at once inspired by the confidential tones in which they were addressed.

"Cast adrift a dozen of those life buoys," continued he who had thus unhesitatingly taken command of the ship.

"Ay, ay, sir," said a score of ready voices.

"Now lay aloft, one of you, and keep the run of that hatch;" for we could already discover the captain making himself fast to it by means of his neckcloth and handkerchief. "Mr. Reed," continued young Hammond, addressing the first mate, who seemed to partially arouse, "all hands on deck, sir; call up the watch."

"What would you do, sir?" asked the mate respectfully, for spite of the apparent impropriety, he was awed into obedience by the prompt manliness of young Hammond.

"We must work the ship to windward and come down upon him. Brace her sharp up, and bring her close by wind. With a will, sir, with a will—there's no time to lose."

Whether the obvious propriety of these orders struck the mate, I cannot say; but they were instantly obeyed. Young Hammond himself, seizing a deck trumpet, issued the necessary directions in detail, and with that firm and calm decision that inspired every soul with entire confidence. The ship was at the time of the accident under double-reefed topsails, reefed courses, jib and spanker, running at the rate of twelve knots, the wind abeam; consequently, before these orders were accomplished, the hatch on which the captain was floating was nearly two miles dead to windward of the ship, which had drifted to leeward.

As we have seen, the sea was too rough to lower a boat, and the only chance, therefore, of saving the captain was to work to windward of

him; and now it was that our intrepid young passenger exhibited a skill and ability in handling the ship that amazed the oldest tar on board. He accomplished it in beautiful style, while the mates and men obeyed him without a moment's hesitation. Before the ship was hove about, the captain was on the weather quarter three miles distant. We could not fetch him on the next tack by nearly a hundred yards, but as we passed, we could see him distinctly amid the breaking spray, and young Hammond jumping into the main shrouds, hailed through his trumpet:

"Hold on, captain; we'll be back in a few minutes."

Whether he could hear these encouraging words or not, he understood the motions of the ship perfectly, and taking off his tarpaulin which fastened beneath his chin, waved it over his head! Another tack of three miles, and we weathered him.

"Haul up the mainsail," was the brief, prompt order of young Hammond at the appropriate moment.

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Throw the main topsail to the mast now, Mr. Reed."

"Ay, ay," said the mate.

And the ship drifted gradually down upon the captain.

"Range along here, a dozen of ye, on this lee side, with lines and hooks, to grapple the hatch," ordered Hammond.

"Ay, ay, sir," was the intelligent answer of the men.

"Two of you rig a running bowline, and stand by to throw it round the captain. Steady, now, steady all of ye."

He was implicitly obeyed. In ten minutes after, Captain Goss was safely in his cabin, and in a few hours was again at his station on deck.

The moment that Captain Goss was carried below, young Hammond walking towards the first mate, handed him the deck trumpet, to signify, in nautical etiquette, that he once more yielded him the command; but as he did so, there arose from the entire company three deafening cheers for his gallantry and the skill he had displayed, that made the ship fairly tremble in every timber!

"By the heavens above us," said the mate, as he took the insignia of his office, "you are a man, every inch of you, and there's Jack Reed's hand upon it, be ye who you may!"

Young Hammond made no reply, but gently sunk into his former position, and returned to the cabin.

I know not what passed between him and

Captain Goss, but I overheard the end:—"Not ten men in the British service could have saved me, though from the first moment I heard your voice on deck, I knew there was a hand on board that understood what was necessary."

As much as the manliness of young Hammond's conduct delighted me, its result upon Mr. Edwards was to me quite as gratifying. There was no longer any coldness on the part of the father of that beautiful girl towards her new friend. Both father and daughter had witnessed the entire scene which we have so hastily described, and young Hammond was admitted to their confidence and intimacy, as he also became the idol of the whole ship's company.

The confidence thus remarkably inspired ultimately resulted in an engagement which terminated in a most happy and appropriate marriage.

Arrived at New York, after we were dressed for landing, and as young Hammond was handing Miss Edwards over the ship's side, I observed that he wore the undress uniform of an officer of the United States Navy!

A SOLDIER STORY.

During the late Mexican war, the veteran General Riley, since deceased, was ordered to lead the storming party at Cerro Gordo. During the war of 1812-15, Gen. Riley had been shot in the throat, and consequently had a peculiarly strange intonation. He was ordered to storm one of the batteries of Cerro Gordo, and when his command was mustered, was thus addressed by his second in command:

"General, I do not think we can take this work."

"Think! You are not paid for thinking."

"But sir," said Col. B., "we can't take it."

"Can't take it—you have got to take it."

The old general put his hand to his belt, and pulling out a paper, said: "Here, thir, ith General Scott's order in black and white to take the infernal thing."

And they did take it.—*N. Y. Sun.*

GOOD USE OF THE LANTERN.

A conductor of a train on the Indiana Central Railroad, recently, says the *Dayton Gazette*, expecting the approach of another, went forward to give warning. It was night, and his lantern went out just as he heard the train rapidly approaching. As the locomotive came up, he seized a club and threw it, but the missile glanced off from the engine, without making a noise perceptible even to himself. But seizing his lantern, he hurled it at the lantern of the passing locomotive, just as it came opposite to him. Fortunately he hit it. The crashing glass and the extinguishment of the light startled the engineer. A sharp whistle was heard—the brakes were shut down—the train stopped. Everybody was safe, when, but for the throwing of that lucky lantern, scores might have been killed or wounded.

SORROW AND CONSOLATION.

BY W. M. LATIMER.

From the drear, the misty darkness,
Of the night in which I stand,
Listening to the pattering raindrops,
Making music through the land,—

Comes a voice, whose mystic meaning
Strikes my heart with awe and pain;
For I know the light that glimmers
On my path shall fade again.

Nature hath her songs of warning,
Which the saddened heart must hear;
Kindly singing of the shadow,
Ere the shadow draweth near!

Woe are they who take the warning,
Nerving up their souls to bear
All the sorrow, all the anguish,
Stooping never to despair!

Faster, faster fall the raindrops;
Not a star is seen above;
And the great night seems to shudder,
Like a heart shut out from love!

See! the stifling mists are gathering,
Ghostlier, ghastlier than before;
And the wind moans like a Lazar,
Spurned and cursed from door to door!

But I know the dreary darkness
Soon will blossom into day;
Crowned shall be the mists with splendor;
Kissed the night's white tears away.

Then the day shall stand in glory,
Smiling from the orient hills;
On his face such radiant beauty
As a tranquil spirit fills.

Now I list in vain—the voice is
Dead, that smote my spirit so,
And the sunny tides of gladness
Flood me with their golden flow!

I have read night the shadow,
And the voice not heard in vain,
And I trust the light will glimmer
Somewhere on my path again!

THE SILVERSMITH.

BY WILLIAM B. OLIVER.

"THE experience of a human heart!" That would indeed be a history to read in our best hours. So much that is unreal, so much, even of pure and good feelings, are covered and concealed in our hearts' experience, that one who would give truly that experience to the world, would be doing the world a great and incalculable service. Nor can we suppose that the coarser and harder exterior may not sometimes cover the experiences of hearts that are warm in affection, and noble in goodness.

I thought so, at least, when I passed the window of Andrew Elliot's shop, last summer, and heard the soft word and pleasant tone in which he responded to the harsh and uncouth words of his sister, who was arguing with him upon some point of their domestic economy, and upon which she was soon joined by another sister (a duplicate of the former), at whose appearance Andrew seemed mechanically to give up the contest.

Andrew is a silversmith, and has a little unpretending shop, in a most unpretending street. His two maiden sisters manage his house, which is under the same roof with his shop; for Andrew is a bachelor, of some sixty years old, and still he is the youngest of the three, and the two ladies consider that they have a perfect right to manage him as they did, when, as a boy, he yielded to their stern and harder natures.

In his youth, Andrew was a gentle and confiding boy. Handsome he never was, but still, there was a soft and tender nature within him, that shone out of his kindly blue eyes, and gave something of character to features not otherwise attractive.

But when Andrew was twenty years old, the house in which he lived caught fire. His mother, a feeble, sickly woman, was sleeping on the second floor; and Andrew, whose room was above hers, ran down stairs, after all others had forsaken the falling building, and rescued his mother from the flames which had already caught her bed.

His face was deeply scarred, and his hands severely burned in the attempt; and the scars still remained on his neck and brow, a monument to his real bravery and filial devotion, but an enduring addition to his original ugliness of countenance, which can never be effaced.

Judith, the elder sister, was originally very handsome, but the traces of a haughty and imperious temper have marred her face more effectually than Andrew's scars; while Mabel, whose strength of mind consists solely in opposition, wears a fiercer look even than her sister.

Still, the two resemble each other so much, that the very children of the neighborhood can only distinguish them after a long observation, and as I said before, they are really duplicates, being twins, and some two or three years the seniors of their brother.

A few months ago, Andrew became acquainted with a widow lady by the name of Manners. She had one child, a boy of fifteen, who was desirous of learning the trade of a silversmith; and Andrew Elliot was recommended to her, as in all respects a suitable person to take charge of

a fatherless youth like Julius Manners. A few interviews with the mother interested and pleased Mr. Elliot so much, that he was, for once, carried out of his usual modest and retiring disposition, and for the first time in his life he dared to tell a woman that he loved her.

Not without some encouragement on the part of the lady, was he brought to this; but Mrs. Manners was so thoroughly pleased with his calm good sense, his kindness to her fatherless boy, and his evident admiration of her own beauty and lady-like deportment, that Andrew, still dreading the effect of his uncomely scars upon her mind, offered and was accepted, upon the strength of her palpable liking for him.

With a heart overflowing with joy and gratitude inexpressible, Andrew returned to his home to make known his intentions to his sisters. The two grim dragons who guarded his household, were sitting at that moment, in full discussion upon the character and manners of the person who had just given their brother the only glimpse of true happiness which had ever yet brightened his life.

He had entered the room, with his plain and disfigured face almost glorified by the rapture which had lighted up his heart with a strong and holy flame. He was arrested at the very moment of his entrance, by Judith's hard and cold voice, uttering the severest judgment upon the being who had just blessed him with her love. Mabel was opposing her sister, as usual, but while she opposed her upon one point of Mrs. Manners's character, she maliciously alluded to something still more glaring, which Judith had not, in her eagerness, observed.

"It can't be that she likes Andrew," said Mabel, after Judith had expressed her opinion that she *did*, "for I have seen her time and again, go into Mr. Anderson's store opposite, and stand and talk with him by hours together."

"O," said Judith, "she only did that to catch Andrew's eye! Well, I hope he won't be such an old fool as to take up with her. It would be hard times, Mabel, for you and I, if Andrew does go off and get married."

"No danger!" said Mabel, "he is too old to think of such a thing, now."

Yes, Andrew was old, but he had grown old in providing for and maintaining these very people who were now grudging the single ray of sunset upon his declining day, and as he stood there and listened to the ungrateful twain, he felt even that one ray was falling off from his silvery locks, into the dark abyss beneath; and that his last forty years of undiminished toil, and the loneliness which he had ever bitterly felt, he was

to let this drop also, like every hope which he had ever coveted in life. He thought of years gone by, when it would have been sweet to know himself beloved, when he had dreamed of being a husband and father, and rejoicing in those ties, which every one around him seemed capable of drawing to their hearts, while he alone must give them up, because of his uncomeliness.

And now that he was old and gray, and the hand of affection *could* minister to him, and *would* do so in spite of his disfigured countenance, the miserable temper of these women would snatch the joy from him, before he had even learned how sweet it would be to him.

He had so long bent unrepiningly under this domestic thralldom, that he had not the courage to stand under its tyranny, nor to break the chains.

There was a very little shame in Mabel's face, when she was aware that Andrew had heard her; but none in Judith's. Indeed there was a malicious joy there, as if it would be pleasant to her to mar the pleasure which she really believed that her brother might feel at the evident liking which Mrs. Manners had for him.

The old ladies were not bitter from any early disappointment of affection. They had not even that hackneyed excuse; for no one had ever tried to win hearts whose possession could only entail mortification, disappointment and misery upon the unlucky wight who should have been so unfortunate as to have fancied them. They were bitter by nature, and they made themselves more so, by annoying every one whom they supposed was in any degree more fortunate or better liked than themselves.

Hence their dislike to Mrs. Manners. On her part, there was a feeling of reverent love towards Andrew Elliot for his guarding care and strong, almost paternal interest for Julius who was now safely sheltered under the roof of the silversmith, and liking his occupation and his master, with an earnestness and good will that argued well for the future. On Elliot's part, he was greatly impressed in favor of the boy. With the old ladies, it was different. Julius was the son of the woman whom, as the probable wife of their brother, they could not abide.

When Andrew summoned courage to tell them the truth, it was ludicrous to see how they were affected by the discovery. Judith spoke first.

"And aren't you ashamed, Andrew, to come and tell us this thing when you are so old? If you had taken a wife when you were a young man, it wouldn't have been so bad; for then you were only ugly, but now you are old and ugly,

too. Set you up with a wife indeed!—I say again, I'm ashamed of you."

Mabel's attack was different.

"And what do you think of doing with us? I suppose when madam comes, that we shall have to flit away. Well, we can go to the work-house, and no thanks to you either. After we have taken care of you for so many years, to be turned away in our old age!"

And thus, day after day, poor old Andrew was obliged to hear all that his sisters chose to inflict upon him. At last he mustered courage to tell the widow what it was which troubled him.

"Leave them to me," said she, "I will engage to manage them," and Andrew, weary of the many late contests, gladly gave up his responsibility. Mrs. Manners was a wise and sensible woman. She learned enough of the case to know that had Andrew possessed a little more spirit, he would have ruled his sisters better; or at least, that they should not thus have domineered over him. She resolved to hold the ascendency over them, and yet not by violence either.

As the wedding day approached, Andrew feared some violent outbreak on the part of his sisters; and he besought Mrs. Manners to allow him to send for an upholsterer, instead of going herself to superintend the making of the curtains and carpets, but in vain. She would go herself and encounter them openly.

So she went the morning following, and met Miss Judith in the hall. "Good morning, Miss Elliot," said Mrs. Manners, "I have come to make my carpets, and hope you and your sister will assist me in planning them; they are such difficult figures, that I know I cannot do them without your help."

This was a successful opening; for Judith, proud of being consulted, was quite gracious, and showed her into the parlor, where only an hour ago, she and Mabel were consulting to keep her out altogether.

Mabel came in with her malicious looking face, and beckoned her sister away. The widow got up from her low seat, and stepping forward, said:

"O, Miss Mabel, I am so glad you have come, I cannot decide about these curtains, and I want the benefit of your taste."

After all the opinions were given, Mrs. Manners reversed them all, in favor of her own, and that with such tact that they were not at all aware that she had differed from them.

"Stay to dinner with us," said both the sisters at once, "Julius will be so pleased!" And thus entreated, Mrs. Manners staid, and surprised Mr.

Elliot when he came in at noon, by her apparition at the dinner-table.

It must not be supposed that she quelled the dragons at once. Sometimes the old temper would flame out, and they would both throw out something even before her, about their brother's choice not being just to their minds; but generally the way in which Mrs. Manners met their sneers, would send them away pleased with her and with themselves. Mrs. Manners did not keep house, nor had she since her husband's death, for a friend of her youthful days, struck with pity at her desolate lot, had kindly offered her a home. It was not a rich or fashionable home, but it was better. It was comfortable, pleasant, neat—and moreover, it was ungrudging in its hospitality to the widow and her son. Nor was the benevolent owner without her reward, too; for the sunny temper of mother and son brightened and cheered a house, which without them would have been lonely and dull. The transfer of Julius to the house of the silversmith had not been effected without many tears on the part of the mother and her friend Mrs. Wilmot, for he was the life of the dwelling.

And how would Mrs. Wilmot get along without her friend? Poor Mrs. Manners felt really bad about leaving her, even to go to a house of her own; and she spoke to that effect.

"A house of your own, my dear Mary!" said Mrs. Wilmot, "how will it ever be a house of your own, with those two old she-dragons holding guard over you?"

"I have promised Mr. Elliot that I will tame the dragons."

"And you really expect to do that, Mary! Well, you are a bold woman if you do. For my part, I would rather enter the cage of wild beasts than Julius read about the other night, than to encounter those two old women. But when do you leave me, for I must make up my mind whom to adopt in your place?"

"Don't adopt another woman, Lizzie! Take a man next time. He will not be so ungrateful as I am, to leave you alone."

Julius, too, feared that his mother would experience some difficulty with the dragons, as Mrs. Wilmot called them. They had been tolerably kind to him; but he could not but see how they domineered over his poor old master.

There came a night of festivity to the inhabitants of Longville. The old pastor, who for so many years had ministered to their spiritual necessities, was about to receive a token of his parishioners' esteem, in the shape of a donation party. As the little village had but one church in it, of course the whole town was invited to

participate, and people who had not been in any company for the last ten years, perhaps, were getting up their old fashioned finery, and preparing for the pastor's festival.

Judith Elliot declared that for one, *she* would not be such a fool; and out of sheer opposition, Mabel said she would go; and many and various were the old brocades and stiff and scanty old style Florence silks that she displayed to the wondering eyes of Mrs. Manners; who kindly offered her assistance in modernizing the ancient relics. Mabel, for once, yielded, merely out of spite to her sister; and from two dresses which happened to be alike, one of Mabel's and one that she had preserved carefully, as having belonged to her mother, Mrs. Manners manufactured a handsome skirt, large and full enough to please the modern taste.

From a short velvet cloak, which had been also their mother's, she selected sufficient to form a basque; and from the loads of Brussels lace, and fringes and cords, she found plenty of trimming materials. Another set of white laces of a superior quality was made over into undersleeves and collar, which Mabel, herself, starched and ironed with a peculiar finish, such as these modern times are unable to imitate. The cap was Mrs. Manners's *chef d'œuvre*. The rich, old point lace was of great value, and she arranged it beautifully. Those who had never seen Mabel Elliot in full dress before, would not have believed their eyes when they saw this elegantly dressed lady enter the pastor's rooms that evening.

Perfectly satisfied with her own appearance, she felt quite gracious, and she accepted her brother's arm (while Mrs. Manners, dressed in a simple white dress, was hanging on the other), and with a smile on her faded but still good-looking face, she really looked passably handsome.

At least Deacon Hapgood thought so. He had liked Mabel when he was a young man; but her proud temper had prevented him from offering her his hand.

Now, as she came into the room, with such a gracious smile, he thought that she would look well at the head of his table, and he would certainly think of it! And think of it he did, for the next day she received his offer, and I need not add that she accepted it. Old as Mabel was, and withered as she looked, she had a heart somewhere under the surface, and it came right side up on that occasion. Still, I am conscious that, as a true relator of facts, I cannot say that there was a great deal of love between the two. The deacon needed a wife to keep his household in order, and Mabel Elliot would have married anybody, if she thought she could spite Judith.

Judith was provoked enough that she did not go to the party herself. She had no doubt that the deacon would have chosen her had she not refused to go; and she kept poor Mabel awake all night by telling her of sundry talks which she had with the deacon last year, when he half proposed, but she did not encourage him at all!

It is a well known fact that joy beautifies even an ordinary face. It did part of this work for poor old Mabel Elliot. It was joy to feel that she was going to leave Judith; and yet she thought she should miss contradicting her. But never mind, she said to herself, there would be plenty of opportunities for that, by-and-by, when the arrangements were all made, and Judith should come to visit her in her new home.

Andrew's obligations to Mary Manners, for being the means of Mabel's marriage, were unbounded. "Only do the same with Judith," said he, "and we shall be happy enough. Still, one is better than two." And while he was speaking the words, the kindly old man's heart smote him, for were they not his own sisters?

"Well, well," said he, "we are none of us perfect; and I never will say a word against Judith's remaining as long as she pleases, poor, unhappy old girl! Mary's sweet ways must be a benefit to her, I do believe."

Mabel was married first. Andrew said she was the eldest, and should have the right of precedence. She did not quite relish this compliment to her years, and she retorted upon him by saying, "Yes, age before beauty!" Andrew did not care now.

A few days after the deacon carried off his prize, Andrew and Mrs. Manners were married in the little church, by the kind old pastor, who blessed the pair with more than his usual fervency. He felt that it was really a great thing for Andrew Elliot to marry. He had so long been considered as one out of the pale of the holy institution, on account of his appearance, that it was a pleasure to see him lead up the pleasant-looking widow, who looked as if she loved him with her whole heart. And so she did; and as he had predicted, she did his sister a great good, unconsciously to herself. She succeeded in smoothing off the rough angles, and what could not be smoothed, she threw the broad mantle of her beautiful element of charity over, and hid them as much as possible from the outer world. And Andrew, how inexpressibly sweet is life to him now! His step is lighter, his countenance glows with health and pleasure, his whole soul, evidently, has had a renewing from the sweet relations in which he now stands, all the more sweet, because hitherto unhopd for.

CICILY—A BALLAD.

BY WILLIE E. PARSON.

Listen how the linnets sing,
 Cicily, love;
 Mounting, each with airy wing,
 Gaily above,
 Over the meadow and over the wood,
 Over the valley and over the flood,
 Watch how they fly;
 Warbling their matin song cheery and loud,
 Kissing the crimson that fringes yon cloud
 Up in the sky.

Watch you where the lilies look,
 Cicily sweet,
 Into the pellucid brook
 Close at their feet;
 Pensile their white robes, all girdled with bloom,
 Fair as a bride by the side of her groom,
 See how they stand;
 Wooing sweet music from Ariel's group,
 Zephyrs that murmur and sephyrs that droop,
 All through the land.

Listen how the linnets sing,
 Cicily dear;
 Watch you where the lilies spring,
 White and so fair;
 Lilly and linnet remind me of thee!
 Beauty the one hath and one melody,
 Fairest and true;
 The lilies shall be for thy brow to wear,
 The linnets shall sing of the love I bear,
 Dearest, for thee.

THE VENTRILOQUIST.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

SIMON POTTS was an old man, past three-score-and-ten, with a wasted, bended frame, sharp, angular features, deeply sunken gray eyes, and hair which, from a youthful hue of red, had now changed to yellow sear and crisp. He was a miser of the most rigid stamp, and owned more property than people generally thought. He contrived to be taxed for only about ten thousand dollars, and even at that he swore poverty.

The only real sunshine that ever entered the old man's soul, beyond his notes and gold, was the smile of Lizzie Marshall. She was Simon's niece—the daughter of his only sister. She had been left an orphan at an early age, and had lived with her miser uncle about ten years. She was a beautiful creature; kind and gentle; pure and loving; with a heart as tender and sensitive as it was true and noble.

"Tut! tut!" the old man uttered, in answer to a remark his pretty niece had made. "You must not think of the fellow. I will not allow it. He's a worthless, good-for-nothing scamp, and only wants my money!"

"You are mistaken there, uncle," Lizzie replied, with a flushed face, "for he has begged of me to let some other person come and take you and your money, and go with him and be his wife. He can support a family without help from others."

"How can he do it?—the rascal! He has no business at all. Aha—he'd get you away from me, would he?—the dog?"

"But remember, uncle, you bade me do so."

"Silence! I didn't! I have got your husband all picked out for you. Ha! and here he comes. Now mind, Lizzie, this man is the man!"

As Simon ceased speaking the favored man entered the house. His name was Lot Piper. He was five-and-forty by the town register, though he swore he was young. He was a small, hump-backed man, with sandy hair, which stood stiff and sparse upon his nut-like head; his nose sharp and hooked; his mouth large, but lips thin; his chin flat; his cheeks hollow; cheek-bones prominent; brow low; and eyes green, small, sharp and sunken. He was as miserly as was Simon Potts, though not so rich; and in all the town he was the only man who flattered Simon, and upheld him in his crowding of poor tenants.

Lot did his business with the old man, and then turned to where Lizzie sat by the window. He talked with her awhile, and then took leave.

"Oho, that's the man, Lizzie," uttered the old man, after his visitor had gone. "And mind you, you must marry him. I shan't take any refusal."

On the evening of that day, Lizzie Marshall threw on her shawl and went out for a walk—so she told her uncle. The moon shone bright and clear, and the landscape had almost the clearness of mid-day. At a short distance from the old cot (Simon occupied the poorest of all his buildings) Lizzie met Alfred Bodwell. She hastened towards him when she saw him, and the way in which she suffered his arm to encircle her, and his lips to press her own, would seem to indicate that she had the utmost confidence in his purity of purpose. And so she had. She had loved him during many years, as a child, as a maiden, and now with the deepest emotion of woman's love. She knew him well, and she loved him because she knew him.

Alfred was not over four-and-twenty; tall and well formed; with a face of perfect mould, and in every way the real, true man. His love for Lizzie was the deep emotion of his nature, based on the purest thought and the noblest motive.

"Alas!" murmured the maiden, "my uncle will never consent. He is set in his purpose, and he will not relent. He has been a father to

me, and I cannot desert him now that he is old and infirm."

"But, my own Lizzie, must you throw away the whole happiness of the future—must you sink all earthly hopes—just to obey the foolish whim of a foolish old man?"

"Ah, Alfred, the very quality of my soul that would make the faithful wife, must bind me to my poor old uncle. He would be miserable if I were to leave him."

"Miserable!" returned the youth, with some bitterness in his tone. "O, see what misery he makes. Look at the poor old widow Willis: Only last week he would have turned her out of doors had not a friend given her the paltry sum necessary to pay her rent."

"And I know who gave that sum," said the girl, looking archly up.

"Do you?" returned Alfred.

"Ay, I do; and I love you for it, Alfred."

"Well, well—let it pass. I only did what God gave me to do. And then look at poor old Adam Long. He, too, would have been turned out of doors had he not sold some of his furniture to raise the money to pay into the till of Simon Potts. O, what right has he to ask the peace and joy of one like you only that he may waste it in his folly?"

"It is hard," returned Lizzie, after some thought. "O, how I could bless him if he would give his consent. He swears I shall marry with Lot Piper. But of course I shall not do that."

"Let Piper have the money, and let me have you. Tell your uncle to cut you off in his will—cut you off entirely—and let me take you. Will he not do this?"

"Not willingly."

"Then look ye, Lizzie; I will obtain from him by stratagem what I cannot obtain by reason." This was spoken quickly, and with sudden energy.

"What mean you, Alfred?" the maiden asked, in surprise.

"I will tell you; I mean to do what shall be for the old man's benefit, as much as yours or mine. I mean to open his heart. Just look: At present he only makes misery wherever his charity could be of use, and he makes this misery for himself as well as for others. He would blast my joy for life; crush you beneath the weight of lasting torture, and all from mere whim and prejudice. If I am not mistaken he is superstitious?"

"Yes, very."

"He believes in ghosts?"

"Yes."

"Then I will give him a lesson. He has some respect for the memory of his father?"

"Yes. But what mean you, Alfred?"

"You will be secret?"

"Certainly I will."

"Then listen: I am one of the most powerful ventriloquists in the country. You will say nothing of this."

"I will not."

"You do not think it would be wrong?"

"Of course not, Alfred."

Awhile longer the lovers conversed—Alfred learned from Lizzie some of the peculiarities of the old man who had gone, some which he had never seen. Simon's father had only been dead about six years, having lived to be ninety-three years old. He had lived on property of his own: and he died without making his will, so this property all fell into Simon's hands, and it amounted to near eight thousand dollars. Having learned all that the maiden could tell him, Alfred bade her good-night, and took his leave.

It was a dark, drizzly night, and Simon Potts sat close up by the fire. The wind sounded mournfully as it turned the corners of the old cot, and though the season was early autumn, yet the fire was comfortable.

"It's an ugly night, aren't it, Lizzie?" uttered the old man, as he listened to the wind.

But before the girl could answer there came a rap upon the door.

"Ha!" uttered Simon, with a fearful start. "It may be robbers!"

But he was much relieved when he found it was only Alfred Bodwell, though he did not receive the youth with any mark of respect or cordiality. A few remarks were passed upon the state of the weather, and so on, when Alfred thus openly commenced his errand:

"Mr. Potts, I have come to ask you if you will not give me the hand of your beautiful niece?"

"No, sir!" the old man exclaimed, "I will not."

"But," resumed the youth, "you do not realize—"

"Hold, Alfred Bodwell—I realize enough! I want nothing to do with you."

"But, Simon Potts, suppose I should tell you that I had been sent here by a strange dream?"

"Pooh! Nonsense!"

"Very well," returned Alfred, arising from his seat, and moving as though he would leave the house. "If you will not listen to me, then I have no more to say. The spirit can't blame me."

"Hold, Alfred Bodwell! Move not another step if you would live!"

"It is the same voice!" gasped the youth, sinking back into his chair.

Simon Potts started to his feet like one thunder-struck, and then he sank shuddering down again. The voice had come from somewhere—it was deep and sepulchral, and strangely tremulous.

"What was it?" whispered the miser, moving nearer to Lizzie.

"It is a voice I have heard before," Alfred said.

"Ay!" sounded the same unearthly tones again, seeming now to come from somewhere overhead, "and so hast thou heard it, Simon Potts! Do you not know me?"

"Mercy!" gasped the stricken man. "It is my father!"

"Yes, Simon, I am thy father! O, why hast thou thus forced me to leave my resting-place? O, my son! my son!"

"What does he mean?" whispered Simon, springing forward and grasping Alfred by the arm. His face was pale, and he shook at every joint.

"I cannot tell. Last night I heard the same voice, and it said, 'Alfred Bodwell, arise and go to my son. Bid him give thee the hand of his niece—my grand-daughter—and bid him, too, to give back the rent of the Widow Willis, and the rent of Adam Long.'"

"No, no!" cried Simon.

"Hold, my son!" spoke that voice again, more deeply and solemn than before. "You know not yet the tortures of the hard heart and the miserly soul!"

"It is my father's voice!" the old wretch gasped.

"Fool!" resumed the mystic presence, "would ye question the spirit who has come to save you? Go first, yourself, and refund the amounts last paid by the poor widow and the old soldier. Go, and I will be with thee again and tell thee thy reward. Neglect to do this, and thy torture shall be dreadful. Let Alfred Bodwell be here to-morrow evening at this time, and I will appear here again. Beware! Farewell!"

There were a few deep groans, and then all was still as death, save the moaning of the wind. Alfred arose to leave, and in a few moments more the old man and his niece were alone. Simon Potts gazed for a long while into the fire without speaking. Finally he murmured:

"'Twas his property." And he spoke no more that night.

On the following day Simon Potts entered the humble cot where dwelt the poor widow.

"Mrs. Willis," he said, at the same time ex-

tending a ten-dollar note, "when I sent for this money I wanted it. You need it now more than I do. Do not refuse it—do not. If you do I shall suffer."

The widow took the proffered note, and for some moments she seemed confounded by the act. But the deed was plain, and she only knew that she should not now have to starve. She caught the old man's hand, and while the tears ran down her cheeks, she murmured:

"O, God bless you, sir! You will not regret this. Bless you, bless you!"

Simon Potts stopped to hear no more, for he was not used to such kind of talk, and he did not know how to answer. Yet there was something grateful in the emotions which followed this scene; but ere he could fully analyze them he reached the house where the old revolutionary soldier, Adam Long, lived. It was a small, poorly-provided cot, and Simon entered without knocking, and here he performed the same ceremony as at the widow's.

Adam Long took the money, and in a tremulous, surprised tone he asked:

"Why do ye do this, Simon Potts?"

"Because I know you need it; and I ought to give it to you. Don't refuse it."

"Simon Potts, you are a better man than I thought. God bless you for your kindness to me! I am poor, very poor."

When Simon Potts reached his own cot he was buried in deep thought, and but very little was said. At the appointed hour Alfred Bodwell came. He bade the old man good evening, and that was all. The silence was becoming painful, when that same deep, mystic voice came again.

"Simon, my son, thou hast pleased me much. Thou hast made two glad hearts. Even now the poor widow is blessing thee. Thinkest thou a blessing was ever truly thine before?"

The old man trembled, but he did not speak.

"Tell me," added the voice, "have you no reward enough for all you have thus far done?"

"Yes, yes!" uttered old Simon, clasping his hands and trembling.

"Then make another glad heart. Look upon that gentle being who has been so faithful to you these long years past. Can you crush her now? O, Simon, you know not the exquisite tortures of the hard heart and the miser's soul! Had I left my property to those poor, suffering people who need it, I should have been happier than I am now. I cannot visit the earth again for the space of one year. O, my son, your own days are numbered, and the evening of your life is drawing to a close. Be wise, and you will be happy. God weighs the human soul, and among

all the virtues that shine out redeemingly upon the angel's record, none is so bright as charity. Farewell!"

"Father! Father! Will good in the future wipe out the past?"

"It will! Farewell!"

Alfred stopped not long after this; but in a few days afterwards he came and asked the old man once more for Lizzie's hand; and he was told to take her.

When Lizzie was gone Simon Potts became lonely and unhappy. He went to Alfred's house and begged that they would let him live with them. Of course they could not refuse.

Rent-day came around again, and Lot Piper came to get the list of tenants. But Simon told him he need not go any more to collect rents; and Lot went away so angry that he never came back again. Simon went out himself, and when he came to those who could not well pay, he freely forgave them the debt, and bade them live on, and not worry about him.

And that night the old man returned to his new home literally bowed down beneath the weight of his blessings.

The year passed away, and Simon Potts was a new man. He laughed and danced around Lizzie's baby, and of the happy, he was among the happiest. He had seen and understood the secret of true joy, and he had money enough to purchase a great deal of it.

"Alfred," he said, one evening, "is it not just a year since that night?"

Lizzie tossed her baby, and turned away.

"It is!" It was the same deep voice. "Simon, did I deceive you?"

"O, no, no, no!"

"Then listen: I and Alfred Bodwell are one and the same person!"

As Alfred had thus spoken he had allowed his voice to approach gradually until Simon saw the last word come from his lips.

A few moments of rank astonishment, and then all was understood.

"Forgive me," said the youth, taking the old man's hand. "You now know how I have deceived you; but no one else shall ever know it while you live. If you are dissatisfied, I will pledge myself to pay you back all that the experiment has cost you, save this noble, gentle wife."

"Hold," cried the old man. "Say no more. Should you pay me back, then all this happiness would be yours. No, no; I cannot sell it so cheaply. Let me live on where I am, and when I want to make the exchange I'll let you know. But mind, I must have the whole or nothing; so while you keep Lizzie, you must keep me."

THE FLIGHT OF TIME

BY WM. RODERICK LAWRENCE.

The moments past are now beyond recall,
The future we perchance may never see;
The present, it is ours, and this is all;
O, let this solemn truth be learned by thee.
Time's golden sands are falling one by one,
The last for us is moving on its way;
And soon will glisten in the rising sun,
Whose setting endeth life's eventful day.

Each moment bears us nearer to the grave,
And may it also bear us nearer heaven!
Time moveth on, wave follows wave,
Soon breaks the last to fragile mortals given.
Then never let a moment idle pass,
Nor waste the precious hours of life in vain;
The sands are swiftly falling in the glass,
And time when gone can ne'er be ours again.

THE EVIL EYE.

BY RALPH TRYON.

My friend, Henry Winters, was always impulsive, and upon some little points occasionally superstitious. Generous, frank and companionable, well educated, the only son of doting parents, their wealth and position in society gave him a ready passport into the circles of fashion. But in the midst of his convivial moments, I often noticed that a shadow would flit across his brow, followed by a momentary abstraction. I saw that these seasons became more frequent and prolonged. Fearing his friends would observe this, and vex him with questions, I contrived to be with him almost continually during his leisure hours, hoping to be able to shield him from such observation, for I was well convinced that he was the victim of some real or imaginary sorrow.

My intimacy from childhood enabled me to do this, but for some time I was at a loss how to fathom the cause of his intermittent affliction. He could not be suffering pecuniary difficulty, for his habits did not lead him into extravagance, and his resources were ample beyond his desires. After puzzling my mind with a review of all the evils I could think of, which mankind are heir to, I concluded it must be some affair of the heart; without, however, being satisfied with my conclusion, which I had adopted simply because everything else seemed more improbable.

During a stroll we were taking together one afternoon, I broached the subject in a gentle but serious manner, telling him how pained I felt at the change which I could not fail to notice in his conduct, and the want of confidence he for the first time displayed since we had pledged our boyish friendship to each other. He looked sur-

prised and perplexed for a moment, but presently assured me that he was not aware of appearing changed to any one, much less to me, and wondered what in the world possessed me to make such a charge.

"You may deceive others," I said, "but you cannot mislead me. I have known you too long and too well, and do not hesitate to say that some real or imaginary trouble is now perplexing you."

"Upon my word," he replied, "you look so terribly in earnest, that I fear you will convince me, against the evidence of my senses, that I am indeed miserable, when I was just now thinking that I might be excused for considering myself one of the most careless, jolly dogs alive. And you really think I am suffering?"

"I am sure of it."

"You said real or imaginary trouble?"

"Precisely."

"Now in the name of everything ridiculous, what could happen to me, to effect the change you have noticed? if real, that would not have been the subject of general comment; and if simply imaginary, how could it seriously affect me?"

"Therein lies the mystery," I replied; "but there are sorrows hid from human eyes, which are sometimes considered exclusively the property of the sufferer, who, when he closes his heart against the sympathies of his friends, only the more securely locks the demon to his peace within."

"Tell me this is all a joke got up on purpose to tease me, and I will forgive your accusation."

After a prolonged conversation, which it is not important to give in detail, and in which he avoided giving me direct answers, and consequently I could derive no satisfaction, I said:

"Harry, this trifling will not avail. To bring the matter to a crisis, I ask you bluntly, upon the privilege of a sincere friend, are you in love?"

He now laughed naturally and heartily, and I needed not his denial to convince me, that I had shot wide of the mark upon this point, at least.

"No, my dear fellow," he answered; "I assure you, upon my word, that I have never seen the fair one yet who—"

He paused, and suddenly I felt my arm compressed as though in the jaws of a vice. I could hardly stifle an exclamation of pain, for his fingers seemed penetrating the flesh. I turned instantly to see that Harry was fearfully pale, and almost gasping for breath, while his eyes, with a glance almost stony, were fixed upon—could it be possible—a lady, accompanied by an elderly gentleman who was just passing. It must have been them, or rather her, for they were the only persons near us at this moment.

"Poor fellow!" I mentally exclaimed; "this is more serious business than I anticipated; but what motive could he have in attempting to deceive me?"

As she passed, I only caught a momentary glimpse, while she was in the act of letting fall her veil; but I was so astounded with the conduct of my friend, that I could not tell whether she was white or black, much less retain her features in remembrance. Harry soon recovered, but was still pale and thoughtful. I did not question him, for I now knew that he could not avoid an explanation. However, we walked on a little way in silence, when he said, abruptly:

"Walter, I must leave you. Do not question me now, but come to me this evening, and you shall know all, whatever the effort may cost me."

I was nonplussed. Just as I had made up my mind that love had not caused the mischief, and while Harry was in the midst of a denial, which at least seemed sincere, to be precipitated into such an adventure that so completely unmanned him—I could only regard it as a punishment for the falsehood just passing from his lips.

As I entered his apartment that evening, I saw him thrust a book hastily aside. It might have been "Ovid," what did I care? I seated myself carelessly, and coldly answered his salutation, I believe, for he looked surprised and pained, as though unprepared for such demeanor on my part. After offering me a cigar, which I accepted, and proceeded very deliberately to light, for I had nursed myself into the belief that I was actually an injured person, he laid his hand upon my shoulder, and looking earnestly at me, said:

"Walter, I read your thoughts, and they do me injustice, although I cannot much blame you after my singular conduct this afternoon."

I blew out a cloud of smoke in reply.

"You are offended with me?" he said.

"No," I unfeelingly replied; "love will one day make a fool of me, I suppose, in the course of human events."

"Love, Walter, I can plead with a true heart, not guilty."

"Harry, I believe you," said I, extending to him my hand; "forgive me, for I was vexed with you, myself, and everybody, and did you the injustice to think that you had attempted to deceive me with a falsehood. But what then, could have been the matter with you to-day?"

He did not reply immediately, but paced the room nervously. During the silence, my eyes wandered from him to the table where he had so hastily placed the book. A light broke upon my mind. I was prepared for anything he might reveal; indeed, I felt convinced that he had been

nursing a germ of his boyish superstition, until it had, perhaps, conjured up some imaginary demon to torment him. The book he had been reading was "Scott's Demonology."

"Walter," said he, at length, seating himself beside me, "you have a strange penetration for one of your years. When you hinted that I was suffering from some imaginary trouble to-day, you reached my case exactly. I am like that man who was haunted by a demon which he knew was only imaginary, yet its unreal presence pursued him to an untimely grave, in spite of his own reason, and the efforts of physicians."

"I more than half expected as much," I replied, "and knowing your youthful fancies and the demons that I was so often compelled to exorcise, it did not require much penetration on my part to arrive at such a conclusion, especially when I ascertained that it was no everyday affair that had disconcerted you. Pray, what shape does this new phantom assume?"

"That of a pair of eyes. Don't laugh at me, Walter. You have read of the 'evil eye,' and let me assure you, that if ever such a malignant power existed, I have seen it and have been made its victim."

"I have heard that there was witchery in a woman's eye," I said laughingly, "and occasionally a little malignity when she is angry. But for the literal 'evil eye,' with all its old legendary fascination and lightning influence, it will not do for the nineteenth century, notwithstanding its partiality for table rappings."

"I knew that you would laugh at me, but listen, and I will give you the whole story. Some time since I attended a concert, but as the music was not particularly suited to my taste, and the singers rather indifferent ones, I allowed some casual remark of a friend upon spiritual manifestations, to lead me into a train of gloomy reflections, in which I reviewed the supernatural terrors of my childhood, to the total forgetfulness of the place I was in, and the object for which I was present. To tell the truth, I had witnessed some of those so-called spiritual phenomena that very afternoon, and my nerves had not recovered from the excitement I had then experienced. How long I was thus occupied I hardly know, but I saw by the programme, when I had partially shaken off these fancies, that the entertainment was nearly finished. I was gazing about the audience indifferently, when a pair of eyes encountered mine, and I was at once conscious of a strange sensation, but it was very far from pleasure or admiration.

"I had somewhere read of eyes like those, but where? It might have been the state of my

nerves, or the gloomy mood I had fallen into, but the traditions of the 'evil eye' flashed upon my mind in a moment, and I shuddered to think that its glance I had always imagined to be such as I had just encountered. Again I ventured another look, and my blood seemed turning to ice in my veins, so strange was the terrible fascination I experienced. I determined not to turn again in that direction, but curiosity would triumph in spite of prudence, and again my eyes would wander to those fearful basilisks, which seemed sparkling with demon-like malignity and exultation. When I returned home that night, I became possessed with a foreboding that some evil was about to befall me, and all night those eyes seemed glaring at me in whatever position I placed myself.

"The next day I felt somewhat relieved, and to obtain some benefit from the fresh air, proposed a ride out of town to my mother. It was then that frightful accident occurred which nearly cost her life. You remember that the horse became unmanageable from fright of a train of cars, ran with us, smashed the carriage to atoms, half killed my mother, marked me most beautifully as I was sent like an arrow into a bed of small sharp stones, and finished the catastrophe by dashing out his own brains against a stone post. Even in those moments I thought of the eyes, and thanked Heaven it was no worse. Twice since then, before to-day, have I accidentally encountered the same glance, and almost immediately afterwards experienced some trouble or danger. What you will think more strange than all, I have no remembrance of her features—I only saw her eyes. Now, Walter, what do you say to all this?"

"I only say, Harry, that unless you are cured of this phantasy, in less than three months, you will be a confirmed monomaniac."

"And you do not regard the affair seriously?"

"Only so far as the effect it causes upon you; for myself, I can only see a combination of events which are liable to happen in everyday life without any supernatural agency. As for the eyes, I have no doubt but they belong to some fair lady whom we may yet be proud to number among our friends. Be assured of one thing, if she is not a myth, and her appearance to-day did not indicate that species, I will find her out, and make her acquaintance, and so shall you, just to cure your folly."

Harry shook his head as though he thought the thing impossible, and that evening I exhausted all my rhetoric in attempting to divert his mind from the imagination of impending evil which seemed to possess him, but in vain.

Several days passed and nothing unusual happened, and I bantered him accordingly, remarking that his evil-eyed genius had been peculiarly lenient in this instance. We were walking together about a week afterward, and Harry appeared to have recovered his usual spirits. We had been talking about the mysterious lady to whom no clue had yet been discovered, when we heard an alarm given, while the clattering hoofs and the shouts of the by-standers called our attention to a carriage which was being madly dragged at a fearful speed, by a pair of powerful and affrighted horses.

Harry's eyes gleamed with excitement, and I knew his generous nature too well not to feel assured, that if the occupants were not rescued from their perilous position, it would not be for the want of aid from his strong arm. I possessed a cooler temperament, but was prepared in a moment to share the danger of the attempt with him. Neither of us spoke, for each knew what was passing in the mind of the other. Harry, with a discretion which I had not given him credit for, gained the opposite side of the street, thus enabling us, by simultaneous action, each to seize a horse at the same instant.

Meanwhile, in much less time than these lines were written, the carriage was upon us; but it did not pass before the horses were in the hands of those who well understood their natures, though we were dragged some distance before the spirited animals were subdued. We luckily escaped without injury, and the danger being over, the crowd pressed around with that idle curiosity common in such cases; but Harry dashed all opposing bodies aside, and was the first to open the door.

We found a gentleman supporting the form of a beautiful girl, who, in her insensible state, resembled some exquisite work of statuary more than anything human. I saw Harry regard her with a tender interest he had never before displayed for anything in the form of woman, and I could not wonder, for I thought I had never before seen features so classically beautiful. In a moment, scores of officious hands were offering their sympathy in the shape of glasses of water. The gentleman whose noble bearing and unruffled countenance had strongly prepossessed me in his favor, after wringing Harry's hand in silence, tendered to him his fair charge for a few moments, while he stepped from the carriage to my side, and gave audible expression to his gratitude. After we had exchanged cards, and I had given him the address of my friend, Harry was called upon to relinquish the fair form which began to show symptoms of returning conscious-

ness, to the custody of her natural protector. When her eyes at length opened, and the rich tint of life was chasing the pallor from her cheek, I saw Harry start with surprise and grow pale, but instantly checked his emotion, and as he met my inquiring look actually blushed like a truant schoolboy. I noticed also that the beautiful stranger, when her eyes first opened to meet his ardent gaze, seemed to repress an exclamation.

The whole was plain to my mind in a moment. The stately form of the gentleman I had somewhere seen before. It must have been—they certainly were the same persons we met on that day when Harry was so strangely agitated. This, then, was the lady of the "evil eye," who had, very innocently no doubt, committed such unparalleled mischief. Ah, thought I, and is now very likely to be guilty of much more, although in a different manner. Harry will no longer fear to look upon those dark eyes, but they will be, if I mistake not, more dangerous to him than ever. Harry and myself were soon again pursuing our way, after having promised to dine with our new friend at his hotel on the next day.

"Now," said I, "this adventure will, I hope, cure your superstitious infatuation!"

"Do not say one word, Walter, she is an angel, and I have been guilty of the most ridiculous folly, that ever entered the brain of man."

At the dinner which we enjoyed the next day, we learned that our host had passed much of his life on the beautiful island of Cuba, where he had married a Spanish lady of rank, who bequeathed to him in the last hour of her life the infant Julia. There, also, had he amassed that splendid fortune which he now enjoyed.

Our acquaintance did not end here, and Harry especially made the most of it. Perhaps in order to compensate the injustice he had done such brilliant eyes, he allowed them to look into his heart and see the image of their mistress enshrined there. I was not surprised some little time afterwards, when he told me of their engagement. Parental authorities had been consulted, and everything was arranged for an early marriage, which shortly after was consummated.

When a brilliant party were overwhelming the bride with congratulations and good wishes, I took the hand of each and slyly said, "Beware, my friends, of the 'evil eye.'" The words were caught by those near me, and I was pressed with questions as to my meaning. Thinking Harry happy enough to bear almost anything, I related the affair just narrated, and Harry joined in the merriment which followed as heartily as the rest. I need not add that he was completely cured of his visionary fancies.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

The continued success and remarkable circulation of this elegant illustrated weekly, is owing solely to its intrinsic value and the great beauty of its engravings. Richly filled also with original and choice miscellaneous reading, it has become the favorite fireside journal of a vast number of American homes. Its present unrivalled circulation (having a weekly issue of 103,000!) enables the proprietor to beautify it with the finest and most expensive illustrations, and to make it a very elegant work of art. The family circle, to which it is a weekly visitor, must know more of the world, of men of moment, of all that is noteworthy and mentionable, than those who do not have access to its delightful pages.

All notable characters, male or female, are faithfully depicted in its columns, and when one hears or reads of them afterwards they are enabled to recall the features of the party with increased interest. The many American cities, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, are all being depicted from week to week, peculiar European views are regularly introduced, and adventures by land and by sea are here recorded and illustrated. In short, Ballou's Pictorial, is a great indirect and most agreeable instructor, whose influence for good and intellectual improvement can hardly be estimated.

Read the advertisement on our last inside page of the cover, and forward a year's subscription by mail.

VERY OBLIGING.—The proprietors of a cemetery in one of the Middle States, say in their advertisement, that "they would be very happy to attend to any one who may wish for a place for burial." Such *grave* politeness is absolutely "killing."

UNTRUE.—That, in a neighboring town, when a marriage ceremony was about to be performed, and the clergyman desired the parties wishing to be married to rise up, several spinsters immediately arose!

ENGLISH EXTRAVAGANCE.—At a sale of hunting hounds in England, lately, the puppies sold for \$50 apiece. There are some specimens in this country not worth that.

HUMOROUS ILLUSTRATED DEPARTMENT.

The subscribers and readers of **BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY** will observe that with the present number we have added to our Magazine a humorous illustrated department, which will be continued each month. These entirely *original* and laughable matters will be racy and mirth-provoking in the extreme; and we know very well that it will be to these pages each month, that our subscribers will turn *first*. The continued and unequalled success of our "Dollar Magazine" has determined us to add to its value and interest in every possible manner, and this new expense of originating, drawing, and engraving, is cheerfully incurred, to keep pace with the growing circulation of the work. **BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY** can be bought at all of the periodical depots at *ten cents* per copy; but the best way to obtain it, and at the earliest possible moment after its issue, is to enclose us *one dollar*, and become a regular subscriber.

A MODEL ORATOR.—"Mr. President," said an American Demosthenes, "I shall not remain silent, sir, while I have a voice that is not dumb in this assembly. The gentleman, sir, can expostulate this matter to any future time that is more suitable than now. He can talk, sir, of the Herculean revolutions whereby republics is hurled into Antarctic regions, and the works of centuries refrigerated to ashes; but, sir, we can tell him indefatigably, that the consequences therefrom, multiplied subterraneously by the everlasting principles contended for thereby, can no more shake this resolution than can the roar of Niagara rejuvenate around these walls, or the howl of the midnight tempest conflaggerate a marble statue into ice."

FOR THE POOR.—The city of Paris, during the last three years, has paid ten millions of dollars to the bakers, so as to enable those *loafers* to furnish their wares at reasonable prices.

AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY.—This society intends to explore the United States and place a copy of the Scriptures in the hands of every individual unable to purchase one.

MORAL INFLUENCE OF DRESS.

The world pays a great deal of respect to a well-dressed man, and even those oracles of the day, the editors, when they record the fact of a tidy criminal performing a dishonest action, always add, in astonishment, "the villain was well-dressed!" Now it is idle to talk about popular prejudices and popular fallacies, in the teeth of notions that have survived centuries, changes of the earth's surface, revolutions in politics and letters, and all sorts of up-rooting tornadoes and whirlwinds. There is and must be something in this respect for dress, based on an idea. Frivolous caprices do not so long stand the test of time.

The fact is, that dress has a great moral effect upon the wearer. The old adage, "fine feathers make fine birds," is certainly susceptible of a moral application. Any one who has seen a professional actor taken off the stage and set up in citizen's attire, to recite one of his favorite parts before a Lyceum audience, must have perceived a vast difference; Mr. Mullins reciting *King Lear* in a black coat, and Mr. Mullins impersonating the same in the robes of royalty, are two very different persons. The former is quite a vulgar, commonplace individual; the latter is "every inch a king." Mullins forgets himself before the footlights; he catches glimpses of the velvet and gold of his robe, and he rises nearly to the height of the inspired poet, whose burning thoughts he is called upon to render to the audience.

Perhaps it is not very creditable to poor human nature, but it is true for all that, that many heroic deeds of valor, "at the cannon's mouth," have been performed from a consciousness of gold lace, epaulettes and aigulettes. "It won't do to disgrace the uniform." The private, done up in cheap, coarse cloth and worsted lace, conscientiously exhibits a sixpence-worth of valor; but the officer must exhibit several dollars-worth of heroism to justify the splendor of his appointments. What a pitiable spectacle is a moulting bird!—just as pitiable is a man who is not well-dressed. And by well-dressed let us not be supposed that we mean expensively dressed, but, rather, tastefully and suitably attired.

The past century, behind us in so many things, was far beyond us in this matter of appropriateness of costume. Different callings were marked by distinctive apparel; and we have often thought that one of the objectionable features of our day, that of men undertaking things entirely out of their line, and making lamentable failures thereby, was a consequence of the abandonment of the

distinctive principle of dress. The eternal black coat pervades all classes, and so every man thinks he can do a little doctoring, a little legal business, and a little law, without any of the proper qualifications. A hundred years ago, if an accident occurred, you could pick out your doctor in the midst of the densest crowd. He stood confessed by his bush wig, his black coat and smalls, and ivory-headed cane. All rascals were known by their garb. In the black periwig, the three-cornered hat, laced scarlet coat, flashy ruffles at breast and wrist, buckskin breeches and high boots with Rippon spurs, the highwayman stood confessed, even if you did not see the handle of a pistol sticking from his pocket. A man could always choose the company he liked from the dress of his companions.

Every man showed his colors. The gay gentleman wore brilliant hues; the serious man a sad colored suit. The well-to-do merchant was known at a glance; the poet, the philosopher, the student were equally distinguished. Now, all things are confounded. The man who dresses like everybody is apt to think like everybody, and loses all his originality. How many mistakes have arisen from all people dressing alike! Financiers have been known to conduct themselves like burglars—and railroad conductors like executioners. We believe we must go back to the old system—every profession and calling must have its dress, and then will men act up to their professions. Then, when a man wanted to change his calling, he would change his dress; and the garb he wore would be a perpetual reminder of the duties he had to perform.

GOOD HUMOR.—A good conscience, good digestion, and personal cleanliness, are the elements of good humor. A morose person is generally one who has done something wrong, or has the dyspepsia, or exhibits hydrophobic symptoms.

POLITENESS.—Lord Byron did not place an undue weight on the importance of politeness. "Never judge from manners," said he, "for I once had my pocket picked by the civillest gentleman I ever met with."

HEAVY LOSS.—The Russians are said to have lost, in killed, in and around Sebastopol, 86,000 men, while 100,000 perished from fatigue and sickness.

GUTTA SERENA.—This article is coming into universal use. Even the pigeons on the eves are gutter perchers.

PORK AND BEANS.

There is a good story in Northall's "Before and Behind the Curtain," which will bear reproducing. Many years ago, when the "Maid of Cashmere" was first brought out at the old National Theatre, in New York, there were two friends engaged in the orchestra. One was but an indifferent master of his instrument, the trumpet, and was so weak as to be unable to blow a blast sufficiently strong to announce the approach of Chopelas, to proclaim the reward for the head of the unknown. He was therefore under the necessity of applying to his friend, the Trombone, to assist him. Now the Trombone was inordinately fond of pork and beans, and refused to aid the Trumpet unless upon every such occasion he would agree to furnish him with a supper of his favorite dish. This was readily acceded to, and the refectory was applied to and furnished the fare. For the first two or three nights, all went on very well. At the end of that time, the Trumpet began to entertain serious views of dissolving the connection with the Trombone, and of course cutting off the supplies of pork and beans. In a moment of rashness, the Trumpet gave notice to the Trombone of the annulment of the contract, and essayed to give the piece of music unaided. But alas! the first tang-arang was a failure—it was too thin.

"Pork!" cried the Trumpet to the Trombone, and in an instant the two instruments gave forth in unison a beautiful tang-arang.

Just then, the Trombone remembered that nothing had been said about "beans," and suddenly ceased playing.

"Beans!" cried the Trumpet.

"Pork and beans?" asked the Trombone.

"Yes," replied the Trumpet, in frenzy.

"Good!" said the Trombone; "that's enough—here goes!" And he did go, to the infinite relief of the trumpet, as well as to the great delight of the whole orchestra, who were in the secret.

A BIBLE FAIR.—We do not often associate fairs and Bibles together. But at the recent annual fair in Manchester, England, a little stall was opened, and in the course of one day eighty-one Bibles and sixty Testaments were sold.

OPPOSED TO LAGER.—"Men who drink beer think beer," said Dr. Johnson. Perhaps that will account for the muddiness of German metaphysics.

THE COOLIES.—The coolies in Havana are let out for eight years by contractors, at \$180 a head.

SUBURBAN SORROWS.

With all our love for the country—and it amounts to enthusiasm—we advise no one who loves the city dearly, and yet fancies he has a taste for rural life, to go forth and pitch his tent in the environs, fancying that he is sure to find without the city limits a perfect garden of Eden. There are drawbacks to every rustic Paradise. Gentlemen who luxuriate on winter pears by a city fireside at Christmas, have no adequate idea of the trouble of raising them. *Duchesse d'Angoulême* are not necessarily suggestive of boreas and fire-blight; nor are Ribestone pippins associated with caterpillars in the minds of comfortable citizens. Yet in the country you will find they go together. The "shepherd's pipe" is a pretty instrument in Arcadian tales, but in this country a shepherd's pipe is a short "dudhem," wafting on the air the fumes of rank tobacco. Eggs are delicious in the thousand shapes that French cookery gives them; but hens that wont lay and will set are sad trials to one's patience. Cream adds much to the enjoyment of the coffee at Mrs. Haven's; but breachy cattle, saddled with continual damages, do not add much to the *agremens* of your amateur farmer. Then, if you live out of town, you must buy a horse—and if you want to know what that means, get Fred. Cozzens's "Sparrowgrass Papers," and read them. The amount of all this gossip, boiled down to a portable moral is this: that every phase of life has its trials and troubles, and you are sure to meet with them whether you pay your taxes in the city or out of it.

ARCHITECTURAL EXTRAVAGANCE.—The mania for building costly houses in New York city is said to be subsiding. The rivalry among the millionaires in the building of palatial residences at one time menaced ruinous consequences. The most elegant building in New York cost about \$225,000; and there are at least a dozen, the aggregate cost of which was as many hundred thousand dollars. This magnificence made both natives and foreigners stare.

A FACT.—All horses offered for sale are just seven years old. The old Yankee jockey was right when he said "that seven years ago was a most tremendous year for colts."

A WEALTHY PENNSYLVANIAN.—Gen. C. M. Reed, of Erie, is said to own property to the value of five millions of dollars.

JUST SO.—Economy is no disgrace; it is better living on a little than outliving a great deal.

STREET BEGGARS.

Nothing strikes a foreigner more forcibly in his first visit to this country, than the absence or the small number of beggars he sees in our great cities. And the farther he proceeds inland in his journey, the fewer traces of mendicity meet his eye. He sees no robust men extending their bronzed hands for charity, because they cannot get work; for here labor is capital. Far different is it in the over-populated countries and densely packed cities of the European continent, where the frightful contrasts of unbridled luxury and indescribable destitution reconcile the American, who takes personal cognizance of it, to whatever may be the deficiencies of his country in the splendor and arts of civilization. Those sumptuous palaces that he sees about him, those miles of marble columns, those splendid pageants in which royalty and nobility are the actors, are too dearly purchased at the cost of suffering humanity. Beggary is the curse of Italy; it is the curse of Spain; and even in imperial Paris, notwithstanding the vigilance of the authorities, it flourishes—if anything so sordid can be said to flourish.

The street beggars of Paris are the most ingenious persons in the world. They possess amazing tact, and nicely adapt their manner of soliciting alms to the character of those they address, and the quarters of the city they frequent. In the *Place de la Bastille*, when the populace throng about the quacks, the tumblers, and the itinerant musicians, then the beggars reap a harvest. One pretends to be a poor fellow who has lost his sight by the explosion of a mine; another, a carpenter, who has lost both his arms (they are nicely buttoned up in his sack, by the way); another, a tiler, who has lost the use of one leg in consequence of falling from an eight story roof. Charity is no vain word in Paris, nor is credulity an unknown foible; and the laboring man, listening to these appeals, dispenses his hard-earned sous, though at a great personal sacrifice, and though he himself, if work failed him from physical misfortune, would end his miseries by a plunge into the Seine, rather than beg his bread in the street.

In the manufacturing streets of Paris, you meet another class of beggars—old men, with long, snowy boards and wooden legs; and women, surrounded by heaps of ragged, sleeping children. The old man takes off his hat without saying a word, and the woman extends her hand silently, with an appealing look. It is this sort of pantomime which especially touches the sensibilities of the passing operative, whose heart is ever open to dramatic appeals. If he has no

money, he gives half his loaf of bread—he is as generous as he is poor.

On the boulevards St. Martin and St. Denis, mendicity, still dramatic, abandons pantomime and takes to speaking parts. Here you are accosted by a young girl, in a low tremulous tone, who begs a few sous for a dying father; farther on, a tearful mother solicits the wherewithal to buy a coffin for a dead child; while a sham operative will tell you of his having hurt his hand while tending a steam engine, of his being too much crippled to resume his business, and not quite injured enough to be taken care of at the hospital. You will find, even, a poet, who solicits a little help to enable him to finish a work that will eclipse Dante's *Inferno* and Milton's *Paradise Lost*. It is said that some of these beggars own houses, and are very hard on their tenants!

There are well-dressed beggars, too. There is the omnibus-hunter, who haunts the vicinity of the Madeleine. She is an elegantly-dressed woman, who accosts the most respectable person she can find. "Sir," says she, "I have forgotten my purse; and instead of taking a carriage, I'll ride home in an omnibus. Will you have the goodness to lend me six sous and give me your card? I will send the trifle to your address immediately."

There is literally no end to the ingenuity of these begging sharpers; and we most earnestly advise those ladies and gentlemen who will pour over to the continent the present summer, to be on the lookout, and call up all their Yankee shrewdness, if they wish to avoid, while sojourning in the capital of the world, impositions of the grossest kind.

LADIES' MEASUREMENT.—We are curious to know how many feet in female arithmetic go to a mile, because we never met with a lady's foot yet whose shoe was not, to say the very least, "a mile too big for her."

SWALLOWS.—As a proof of the very valuable services rendered by swallows, it is estimated that one of these birds will destroy, at a low calculation, nine hundred insects per day.

CURIOS.—Billiards make a well known remedy for the blues. The player wields a cue, and it makes him a *cuer*.

MERELY A QUERRY.—What's all the world to a man when his wife's a widow?

TOO TRUE.—Folly is always in fashion.

THE TWO HEMISPHERES.

Admiral Sir Edmund Lyons is said to have remarked lately to a French officer, "You and I have seen the last war." We really trust the gallant Englishman was right, and we are not without hopes, in spite of the large share that the belligerent element has in the composition of human nature, that the world, East and West, is beginning to find out that war is not only an unprofitable investment, but a senseless and wanton waste of blood and treasure; and that the pen, the tongue and brain combined, are more efficacious instruments in the settlement of international difficulties than the sword. Certainly the sound sense and sound principle of the age is against war; the terrible conflicts of the present century have served, not to exaggerate the glory of war, but, by contrast, to elevate the blessings of peace.

Yet we live in times so precipitate, so prolific of strange events, that it will not do to be too hopeful or too certain. At the time of penning these lines, the idea of a collision between this country and Great Britain, for instance, seems to have been dispelled; but who can tell what a day may bring forth? Yet it would seem that negotiation might untangle the knot of dispute without resort to the sword. In fact, England, and her ally, France, are engaged in projects too gigantic and promising abroad to think of undertaking the hopeless task of humbling the proud flag of this republic. Tired of contending against each other, these twin European giants are moving side by side to the accomplishment of enterprises similar in character.

England is extending her colonial possessions in Asia, absorbing kingdom after kingdom, rich, fertile, and yielding her an abundant harvest of produce and treasure. France has chosen Africa for her field of colonial enterprise. The military expedition, fitted out in the last days of Charles X. (in 1830), crowned with complete success, gave her a foothold on the African continent, which she has ever since been improving. Her African colonies are in a flourishing condition, and the future promises well for the triumph of her arms and arts in that strange continent, which has witnessed so many vicissitudes of fortune. The eastern hemisphere seems therefore to claim all the attention, all the capital, and all the arms of these two great nations.

We say, therefore, as the United States adhere to their policy of non-intervention in European affairs, we may expect these two powers will forego any idea of interfering with the affairs of this continent, as an unprofitable and even ruinous one. They cannot hope to reap any triumph

from a war with this country, unless waged on some question upon which our countrymen were divided, and divided to the extent of civil war. Now we hazard nothing in saying, that public sentiment in this country is united and impregnable upon the absolute necessity of prohibiting foreign interference on the soil of the North American continent, and its adjacent islands. So long as Cuba remains in the possession of a power so imbecile as Spain has shown herself to be, no authorized attempt will be made to plant the American flag on the ramparts of the Moro. But let it once be whispered that the island were to be transferred to an active European power, and the whole country would demand its acquisition, and rise in arms to secure it. So with Central America—the American sentiment would never sanction the establishment of any European government on its soil.

This continent, at least, will be preserved for freedom so long as there are stout hands and brave hearts to protect it. To the struggling masses of Europe we can give our sympathies—but not our arms. The law of self-preservation dictates this. We must leave the eastern hemisphere to the influences of the progressive spirit of the age, to those of Christianity and education, and hope that despotism may be obliterated even there. But the western world belongs to freedom; and no foreign despot, however powerful, will be allowed to lay a hand on it.

RATHER AIRY.—The New York Sunday Times thinks that in a few years the U. S. mails will be carried by balloons. There is no lack of gas to fill any number of balloons.

A TOUGH QUID.—A man named Thornhill was recently convicted of stealing two plugs of tobacco, in Clark county, Ky., and sentenced to two years confinement in the penitentiary.

IMPORTANT.—The British ministry triumphed, on a motion censuring the abandonment of the right to capture an enemy's goods on board neutral vessels.

MT. AUBURN.—A practical gardener has been engaged to take charge of ornamenting the private grounds in Mount Auburn with flowers and shrubbery.

CANADA.—The crops of Upper Canada were never more promising than now, including peaches and apples.

IRANISTAN AND BARNUM.—Iranistan is to be sold at auction by the first of September next.

JUMPING OFF.

A very popular amusement in these latter days, is that of jumping off a railway train when under full headway. The gymnastic gentleman who attempts this sensible feat, is sometimes killed in the act, leaving behind him the reputation of having committed suicide. It is uncharitable; however, to suspect that such is the deliberate design of those who resort to this method of displaying their agility. It is more rational to suppose that they merely go in for the fun of a contused face or a broken limb. It is so agreeable to limp about on crutches for six months, and to receive the condolences of your friends and acquaintances, and the kind attentions of the members of your family!—and then a scarred forehead and a barked or disjointed nose add so much to one's personal appearance! If you imitate the example of the conductor, and jump in the direction the train is going, you are not so certain of immortality and glory. You may escape injury—though if you have not served an apprenticeship in a circus, the chances are that you will receive some bodily injury. But if you wish to "make assurance doubly sure," then your course through the air must be the reverse of that of the train. If you jump to the rear, you will probably break your neck—or, failing of that, tumble under the cars, and have both your legs cut off. Of course there will have to be a subsequent amputation at the hospital; but that will afford you a fine opportunity for testing the efficiency of anæsthetic agents—chloroform, ether, or snow. As for the loss of your legs, that is a matter of secondary importance—Palmer's artificial leg is far superior to the Angleses, is sold very reasonably, and will afford you an opportunity of encouraging American manufactures. Then, if you choose to wear a half military costume, you can easily pass for a maimed hero of the Mexican war, or, if sufficiently advanced in life, for a veteran of 1812.

But we have not the heart to pursue a vein of levity in speaking of what is the crying national sin of our day—the headlong velocity which characterizes all our movements. In the pursuit of gain we are ready to risk everything—happiness, comfort, life itself. Who will patronize the slow and safe steamer, when the fast and unsafe steamer leaves port at the same time? What horseman is satisfied with a speed short of 2.40? How long does the memory of an awful railroad accident, occasioned by a headlong rate of speed, endure? We scarcely read the record of one of these calamities, unless we have friends or relatives mutilated or killed by them. We blame steamboat captains and railroad conductors for

evils for which we ourselves are responsible. People talk about the horrors of war; but volumes might be written on the horrors of peace, as we employ it. To die in the military service of our country is an honor—to die in consequence of our own headlong haste, is a disgrace. We talk about "fast young men," but we are all fast—men, women and children. Our educational system is fast—our eating is fast—we sleep fast—we hurry with fearful velocity from the cradle to the grave. We crowd the work of centuries into a few years, and with all our great and glorious achievements, we are leaving many sad examples to posterity.

THE ORDER OF THE DAY.

During the siege of Amiens, the inhabitants were forbidden to leave their houses without a lantern. That very night a citizen came out with a lantern in his hand.

"Your lantern!" cried the sentinel.

"Here it is."

"There is no candle in it."

"We were not told anything about a candle."

The next morning an order was issued that no one should go out without a lantern, in which there was a candle. In the evening the same individual appeared with a candle in his lantern.

"Where's your lantern?" asked the sentinel.

"Here!"

"Your candle?"

"Here!"

"But it isn't lighted."

"We were not ordered to light our candles.

Why don't you tell what you want us to do?"

The next morning the citizens were forbidden to appear without a lantern in which there was a lighted candle.

OFFICIAL PRUDENCE.—A regiment being on the point of leaving a country town in England, and having to pass through a wood infested by robbers, the mayor insisted on sending an escort of three constables to protect them.

PULLED DOWN.—The old U. S. building, in State Street, recently occupied by the Merchants' Bank, the corner stone of which was laid July 5, 1824.

NEW YORK.—Broadway exhibits the greatest activity now in the demolition of old and construction of new buildings.

DISPLAY.—Jewellers with plate glass windows take great pains to show off their wares.

Foreign Miscellany.

The Pope has just entered his 65th year, having been born on the 13th of May, 1792.

Mr. and Mrs. Florence, American performers, have been successful in London.

One fifth of the working population of Great Britain is engaged in farming.

The cemetery of Pere la Chaise, at Paris, comprises 155 acres of land.

The expense of crowning the new emperor of Russia is estimated at \$2,500,000.

A copy of the first edition of Shakspeare was lately sold at auction in London for over \$800.

The thirteenth volume of *Theirs' History of the Consulate and the Empire* has been published in France.

Five days quarantine are imposed at Leghorn on all vessels arriving from the Levant, and fifteen days if they have sickness on board.

A Russian squadron, now at Cronstadt, was to leave there in May, on a cruise to North America, under the command of Admiral Warakowitch.

London and St. Petersburg are now connected by telegraph, and a despatch recently passed from the former to the latter place, 1700 miles, in a second.

M. Christopoulos, the Greek Minister of Public Instruction, has ordered the researches at the Acropolis to be resumed. They were discontinued in 1840.

The Empress Eugenie has entered on her thirtieth year. It is a curious coincidence that she was born on the anniversary of the death of Napoleon the Great.

The Emperor Napoleon has invited any industrious Chinese who may be expelled from California, to take refuge in Tahiti, where they will find a welcome and employment.

It is said that one hundred clergymen have, within a short period, seceded from the ministry and communion of the English Church, to join that of Rome—a fact unparalleled since the days of Cranmer.

The waters of the Danube have not been so low for the last twenty years as they are at present, and all the commerce of Upper Austria that looks to this river as a medium of transportation, is completely suspended.

The London Chronicle, after giving a description of the late great review of the English fleet at Spithead, says:

"One useful truth we learn from this review; it shows what we could but did not do."

French loyalty and enthusiasm need regulation. It is for this purpose, we are told in a placard printed in the second arrondissement of Paris, the collectors will be sent to every house to receive the subscription of 25c. for a testimonial to the Empress and the Imperial Prince.

There are in Sweden about 2400 noble families, consisting of 11,000 persons of both sexes—or one in every 316 of the whole population—possessing landed property estimated at 71,000 rix dollars (£5,916,666)—an average of less than \$30,000, or £2500 for each family.

There are more than six hundred places of worship in London.

With much regret we learn from Vienna that the great basso, Staudigl, has gone mad.

An imperial decree announces that the Russian army is to be reduced to a peace establishment.

Paris is fast becoming a place where no one can live unless he is master of a very large fortune.

The Sultan has sent a magnificent present of pearls to Victoria, and jewelled swords and saddles to Napoleon.

A statue of John Wesley is to be erected, by subscription, at his birth-place, Epworth, in North Lincolnshire.

By a late decision of the French government, professorships of agriculture are to be founded in all the principal educational establishments of France.

The States of the Duchy of Meiningen have just decided that no Jew can be an elector, a juryman, a public functionary, an advocate, or attorney.

The pistols which O'Connell used on the occasion of his celebrated duel with D'Esteira, were sold by auction in Limerick, lately, for 2½ the pair.

The Princess Murat, married to Count Rasponi of Ravenna, has just had a monument executed by the Roman sculptor, Gajammi, to the memory of her father, King Joachim.

Two sabres and two saddles of the most glittering and costly character have just arrived at the Turkish Embassy in Paris, as a present from the Sultan to the Emperor Napoleon.

The greatest clothing establishment in the world is that of M. Godillot, in Paris. He employs sixty-six steam sewing machines, and one thousand girls.

The height of Mount Zion is two thousand five hundred and thirty-five feet above the level of the Mediterranean Sea, and about three hundred feet above the valley below.

Marshal Pelissier has been presented with a magnificent sword—a Toledo blade—by the Spanish officers who were sent out to the Crimea by their government to witness the operations of the Eastern war.

Three Parisian sculptors are each at work on a bust of the late Madame Girardin. Victor Hugo in his recent volumes, "*Les Contemplations*," has dedicated some beautiful lines to her memory.

Recent experiments at the School of Musketry, Hythe, are said to have demonstrated the superiority of the English and American breech-loading fire-arms over those of continental manufacture, and particularly the much-praised needle gun of the Prussian infantry.

"Mario" Coutts, the much talked of, infatuated, and indefatigable lady, is now quietly residing in London, greatly improved by her eccentric journeying in this country. She has become a sensible woman, and is about to marry a Mr. Ward, of the Board of Trade, a quiet, goodly youth.

Record of the Times.

One of the New York hotels sells \$40,000 worth of wine per annum. .

In England, during the reign of Henry VIII., 72,000 thieves were hanged.

Reynolds' picture of the "Strawberry Girl" lately brought 2100 guineas at auction.

Two German translations of "Hiawatha" have met with prodigious success.

Lamartine lost his money by an unfortunate speculation in wine.

The oldest paintings in the world are seven frescoes, lately found in Rome.

The Third Avenue cars, New York, lately took \$2000 in one day.

Prussia has refused to take any part in a convention to regulate the issue of paper money in Germany.

The sum set down in the budget for 1856 of the French Minister of Foreign Affairs for Abd-el-Kader and his establishment is 120,000 fr.

Prince Gortschakoff has announced that large quantities of flour and biscuit will be publicly sold by government in the kingdom of Poland.

The constitution adopted by the Mormons preparatory to asking for the admission of Utah into the Union, is very brief and plain, and says nothing about either polygamy or slavery.

Among the late arrivals at St. Louis hotels, is one that reads, "E. Smith and four wives, Salt Lake." The whole party should be rowed up Salt River.

The twentieth year some people say is always too cold to raise corn. It was a very cold season in 1816, and so it was in 1836; and they imagine it will be in 1856.

Hon. James Buchanan, the Democratic nominee for the Presidency, was born in Franklin county, Pa., April 13, 1791, being therefore in his sixty-sixth year.

Miss Lake, an energetic lady, is now on a visit to Philadelphia, with the object of collecting funds to establish a Female Seminary in the island of Hayti.

The wine sales of one of the New York hotels amount to forty thousand dollars a year; and the bar yields, probably, in gross receipts, about as much more; and nearly one half of the aggregate sum is profit.

In five months of 1856 there have arrived at New York 35,345 immigrants—11,367 Irish, 10,173 Germans, 7757 English. For the same time in 1855 the number was 50,049, and in 1854 it was 108,944.

Bearded women have been known in every age; one was seen at the court of Czar Peter I., in 1724, with a beard of immense length. Margaret, Governess of the Netherlands, had a heavy beard.

The news of recent and important discoveries of gold in French Guiana seems to be confirmed, and at last accounts companies of adventurers were organizing in many parts of France, with the intention of proceeding forthwith to the diggings.

The Indians of Florida have recently murdered several white citizens.

Prof. Morse's excellent system of telegraphing has been introduced in France.

Sugar, by a new process, is now converted into loaves in twenty minutes.

A hot air locomotive lately made eighty miles an hour on the Jersey Railroad.

The shops in London are now generally closed on Saturday afternoons.

Great Britain is busy in the process of absorbing nearly all Asia.

One of the shafts for the steamship Adriatic weighed forty tons in the rough.

Mr. Brougham has written a new play founded on Miss Bronte's "Jane Eyre."

Powers, the sculptor, is less than fifty—yet he has achieved immortality.

Grimm, the German scholar, calls English the "universal language."

A gunmaker at Liverpool has made a rifle to be fired four hundred times an hour.

Jullien has been giving concerts at Liverpool with some trumpeters of the Zouaves.

It has been ascertained that the population of Minnesota is 120,000, or more than sufficient to justify her admission into the Union.

During the last four months the sum of \$16,000,000 in gold and silver has been shipped from England to the East.

The Viennese police are in a ferment, from the extraordinary escape of the Count Orsini (a friend of Mazzini's) from the fortress of Mantua.

George Bancroft, the historian, is sojourning temporarily at St. Louis, engaged in investigations connected with revolutionary history.

Bolivia, in South America, has sent a diplomatic agent to the Holy See. This is the first time that this republic has established official relations with the pontifical government.

The fraternity of Franciscan Monks are about erecting a monastery in Allegany, Cattaraugus Co., N. Y. The work is to be commenced immediately. So says the Buffalo Express.

Mrs. Strickland died in Portland, Ct., a short time since, at a very advanced age. In the graveyard where she was buried, she saw the first interment, ninety years ago!

The audience in the Opera House in New Orleans recently called out Madame Colson, the prima donna, in "Lucia di Lammermoor," and presented to her a diamond bracelet and brooch worth \$1000.

Many slaves have been seen around the coast of Upper Guinea, and the brig General Pierce, of New York, is at Loando, having been captured by the Portuguese government, and condemned as a slave. The captain and crew are in prison, awaiting trial.

The Endicott Tree of Danvers, Mass., and the Stuyvesant of New York, have a compeer upon the bank of Charles River, in Cambridge, Mass., equally venerable. It was set by Simon Stone, who landed there in 1635, and whose descendants have owned the spot ever since, till it was sold two years ago to the city for a cemetery.

Merry Making.

Spinsters should remember that Naomi was not married till she was 180.

Laziness, it is said, begins in cobwebs and ends in iron chains.

Did anybody ever hear of a woman's will? A woman's will is "I wont."

A giddy girl said her head was turned by reading of the moon's rotation.

"I speak within bounds," as the prisoner said to the jailor.

"I'm blowed if I do," as the trumpet said, when it was asked to give a tune.

A good housewife hearing Venice Preserved highly spoken of, asks for a receipt to make it.

Unless your wife's name be Ruth, you will be of a cruel disposition—for you will be *Ruth-less*.

"I introduce a bill for the destruction of worms," as the woodpecker said in a *stump* speech.

Soft soap in some shape pleases all, and, generally speaking, the more *lye* you put into it the better.

The thread of conversation is sustained among several persons by each knowing when to take a stitch in time.

Metaphors are unsafe weapons in a controversy. They admit of so many applications, that the engineer is often "hoist with his own petard."

BRIGHT IDEA.—When the mayor of Garratt's daughter lost her canary bird, her father instantly ordered all the town gates to be closed.

Several philosophical gentlemen are puzzling themselves to account for the circumstance that clams have no legs.

Lord Brougham once facetiously defined a lawyer thus: "A learned gentleman, who rescues your estate from your enemies, and keeps it himself."

A Persian poet says: "Night comes on when the ink-bottle of heaven is overturned." Another calls the evening dew "the perspiration of the moon."

There is only one greater nuisance than a trombone player who performs "after tea," and that is a trombone player who performs "before breakfast."

An independent man is said to be one who can live without whiskey and tobacco, and shave himself with brown soap and cold water without a mirror.

A clergyman was censuring a young lady for tight-lacing. "Why," returned the miss, "you would certainly not recommend loose habits to your parishioners." The clergyman smiled.

Mrs. Kinzie, in her work on the early times of the Northwest, states that the Indians say that the first *white* man that settled at Chicago was a *negro*!

A club of unmarried men recently gave a ball in Washington, and called themselves "The Merry Bachelors." *Merry* bachelors! O, pshaw, don't talk nonsense! You might as well say a skeleton is merry, because it grins! It wont do.

What is never an alderman's motto? Dinner forget.

When does a ship commit a crime? When she forges a head.

Can a watch fitted with a second hand be called a second-hand watch.

The horse's coat is the gift of nature, but a tailor very often makes a coat for an ass.

Fences operate in two ways: If good, they are a defence; if poor, they are an offence.

When is charity like a top? When it begins to hum.

To what particular feature of the face should we attribute longevity? To the nostrils—for they dilate.

A man in Kentucky was so enormously big, that when he died it took two clergymen and a boy to preach his funeral sermon.

An old maid was once asked to subscribe for a newspaper. She answered, "No, I always make my own news."

A coquette may be compared to tinder, which lays out to catch sparks, but does not always succeed in lighting up a match.

"What can we do for Italy?" Louis Napoleon puts this question, and Punch makes this answer: "Take your leg out of the boot!"

Why is a man who gets knocked down at an election like the world we inhabit? Because he is "flattened at the polls."

What is the difference between a popular spring dish and a man with the ague? One is a baked shad and the other is shaked bad.

We see it stated in some of the papers that one of the parties—we forget which one—is "changing front." If they should all of them change all over it wouldn't hurt them any.

Mr. —, of the eating house, lost a customer the other day because a waiter called out "Hurry up the boiled Indian!" To hurry the Indian, after cooking him, he thought was adding tyranny to barbarism.

There is a paper printed in Arkansas on a cheese press. It is hardly necessary to say that it does not throw off sheets quite as rapidly as a flea-bitten lodger in a cheap hotel, or one of Hoe's six cylinder presses.

"Zounds, fellow!" exclaimed a choleric old gentleman to a very phlegmatic matter-of-fact person, "I shall go out of my wits." "Well, you wont have far to go," said the phlegmatic man.

One of our most fashionable bakers, upon being shown a specimen of the bread tree, rejected it with scorn, saying, contemptuously, "Call that bread? Pshaw! Why, there's no *alum* in it!" —Punch.

It is beautiful to behold at the wedding the sorrow-stricken air of the parent as he "gives the bride away," when you know that for the last ten years he has been trying his best to get her off his hands.

Spirit is now a very fashionable word; to act with spirit, to speak with spirit, means only to act rashly and to act indiscreetly. An able man shows his spirit by gentle words and resolute actions; he is neither hot nor timid.

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WHOLE No. 21.

THE BEAUTY OF TROLHETTA, AND HER PERILS.

BY EMERET H. SEDGE.

THE river Gotha in Sweden connects the magnificent inland sea, denominated Wenner, with the North Sea, or rather the Skaggreack, which it joins near the town of Gottenburg. This stream, valuable as a means of easy communication, possesses little attraction in point of scenery, flowing as it does through a monotonous and comparatively barren country. Perhaps we should never hear of the Gotha, if it was not interrupted by the celebrated Trolhætta Falls, situated not far from Lake Wenner. Situated close by the falls is the village of Trolhætta, containing a population of one thousand persons, many of whom find employment and consequent subsistence in the busy little sawmills which are built close to the edge of the stream, and overhanging the cataract in picturesque and startling positions. The continued industry of these mills is secured by an unbroken supply of timber provided by the northern and western coasts of the Wenner, transported across the lake by sloops and schooners, and finally brought to Trolhætta through the famous canal of the same name—an improvement planned and carried into effect by Charles the Twelfth. From this village the wood in a new form is taken on the canal past the rapids, and down to the débouchure of the Gotha, whence it is transmitted as the commerce of the country directs.

But we have to do less with the wood than with the sawmills, or rather still, with the owner of a portion of them. Olof Schonung was the happiest man in Trolhætta. He ate unflinchingly

his four regular meals daily, he drank his beer with unrivalled gusto, and smoked his pipe in a state of complacency and quietude which many a richer and better man might have envied; and the indisputable excellence and superior wealth of Olof was celebrated throughout the region. It would not be easy to reckon the little arable patches whereof he claimed proprietorship, though it could be done with suitable pains-taking, as well as to measure the corn and barley and potatoes, which, notwithstanding they grew in broken and limited localities, made a very fair aggregate. Neither will we enumerate his mills or give a hint at their probable value, lest the stupendous result should seem scarcely credible to those who appreciate the difficulties a sawyer must surmount in attaining a competency, an actual fortune in the furniture of his vocation, and lest, on the other hand, it might be superciliously contemned by such persons as are accustomed to compute their wealth in broad columns.

Olof sustained an unpretending a style of living as his less prosperous neighbors, unless, perhaps, his house was somewhat larger than theirs, and surrounded by a greater number of granaries and offices, while the servants were as numerous as the necessities of the establishment demanded. In his own proper domicile, so far as he had the control, were the same rudeness and simplicity everywhere found among the laboring classes. Plenty and cleanliness were in their estimation the highest advantages asso-

ciated with wealth, and it abundantly satisfied his notions of display to see his cottages in their bright coat of red paint contrasting pleasantly with the verdure on the overgrown roofs, and within to find no stains on the deal boards or ceiling, and walls scoured to a marvellous pitch of whiteness, and to crumple beneath his feet the newly-gathered fir-twigs and leaves which strewed the immaculate floor.

Olof had experienced one great sorrow which was evidently sufficient for his spiritual discipline, since he was not likely wholly to outlive its effect upon his heart. Despite his joviality and content, he did not cease to remember in long hours of abstracted thought his faithful, loving wife, the mother of his sweet, laughing girl. She had been dead years, and his little Edna had grown almost to womanhood. Olof did not attempt to contract a second marriage, but remained at ease beneath the housewifely rule of his maiden sister. Miss Margaret Schoning was plump and good-natured, in spite of her decision. She had come to her brother when she heard of his affliction, taking a final leave of the social attractions of Gottenburg, in which city she was living, with some pretensions to fashion, on a small legacy. It was better, in her opinion, to care for Olof and her niece, and to look after the housekeeping, than to spend a life in idleness. Accordingly, she relinquished her meagre gentility and two or three "prospects," of which most single ladies have several, and arrived in a state of bustling importance by virtue of her self-denial—a state she never quite escaped from—at Trolhætta.

Miss Margaret would have found her new home dull and coarse, when contrasted with her Gottenburg experience of pleasure and refinement, if the beautiful little Edna had not won her whole heart and absorbed her interest immediately. The sweet, gay child, with skin of snow, heavenly blue eyes and luxuriant golden curls, diffused about her a cheer like very sunshine; and whether she danced on the fir leaves, or learned to sew, or conned her lesson, or skipped along the streets, she was always the same in loveliness. Miss Margaret was ready to die for her, but there being no fitting occasion for the display of such a proof of attachment, she could only devote her life to caring for the rosebud, and she had her reward in seeing it enlarge and open into a flower which verified its early promise of perfection.

While Edna was no higher than her aunt's shoulder, she was allowed to go to the mills as often as she chose, where she talked with her father in his intervals of labor, watched the un-

tiring saws, played with the moist, fragrant wood, and where, above all, she could see the furious Gotha leaping, surging and boiling in its descent over the Trolhætta rocks. For hours together, she would stand looking from the window of the mill, listening to the unceasing rush of the waters, pleasing herself with sparkling, broken fancies and meditations, such as Miss Margaret never told her, and such as she had never read in books. She must have heard them from the water spirits.

One day when she went down to the mill, she found a stranger there. He was already at work, and her father was teaching him how the labor should be performed. He was still young, scarcely arrived at his full stature, but he was strong, vigorous and capable, and Edna very much admired his agility, his coal black hair which the red cap did not entirely conceal, and his dark, shining eyes, which were not slow in sending beaming, inquiring glances towards her.

Aleck Thune, for that was the name of the stranger, was a Norwegian; and, more restless and ambitious than his brothers, who cared for nothing more exciting than the cultivation of their little farms lying far away to the northward, he had left his home, and after a series of ordinary adventures, had arrived at Carlstadt. There he heard of Gottenburg, then in a specially prosperous condition, and determined to go thither to seek his fortune. He crossed the Wenner with a cargo of timber and came to Trolhætta. The beautiful falls attracted his attention. He must stop to see them and to hear their deep, roaring voice. He must find rare and difficult paths alone to the stream, and gain by dangerous passes and the aid of tough and stunted trees, those high, overhanging projections from which he could look down into the wildest eddies, the maddest rush of the waters. Aleck found in his climbing the greatest exhilaration. Full of daring and hope, he sat down on the sloping edge of the precipice and devised plans for his emolument at Gottenburg. Then he thought himself of his slender, hoarded supply of silver, upon which he relied to take him to that city, and he took it out from his bosom and spread it in his hand to count it over. O, horror! He was slipping forward—could nothing save him? He made a desperate clutch at the rocky point beside him; it did not break, and another effort carried him up to a place of security. But the silver—that tinkled along down the crag and parting the black waters, commenced its perpetual whirl in the stupendous basin which contained them. Aleck caught his breath and looked after his falling treasure.

"That money was my nest-egg, and a pretty nest it lies in now. But I'll not leave it. The window of yonder mill cleverly overlooks my possessions, and perhaps the owner will hire me—who knows?" And thus talking and singing to support his courage, Aleck made the best of his way to test this last seeming possibility.

In less than an hour, he was tugging at the heavy timber in the mill. Olof despised the Norwegians, but his objection to having a servant of that nation was overcome by Aleck's truthful story of misfortune, his clear, honest eye, and a strong arm. And Olof had that very day said to himself: "I am growing old, and I will no longer work as I have done. I will have another good lad to help me. It is enough for me to overlook so many fellows and give a lift at a beam now and then."

Aleck moved the logs and waited for the saw to cut them several hours, and he was already tired of the confinement. Surely this, day in and out, would be no better than digging potatoes; it was even worse, for the blue sky was quite hidden by the black roof. Aleck was forlorn and sighed, not for home, but for Gottenburg, and resolved with new determination to go there as soon as he could earn money enough. At that moment, something bright fluttered before his vision. He looked eagerly and saw such a beautiful, airy figure, that he thought an angel had been sent to console him; but it was only a young girl, who embraced and kissed Olof before she perceived that he was not alone. She gave Aleck a pleasant greeting and stayed to see him work, and after a while she ventured to talk with him, and then she laughed very much at his bad Swedish. She offered timidly to teach him a better pronunciation. Aleck did not work late on that day, but went with Olof and Edna to the house before tea-time. Miss Margaret received him graciously. Edna continued to talk to him, and before he fell asleep that night, he thought perhaps he should always live at Trolhætta.

Olof in a few days so appreciated his able assistant, that he would not have exchanged him for the best Swede he knew. The lovely Edna could not part with her companion, and the communicative Miss Margaret set a high value on a good listener; and the pleasant pictures of Gottenburg produced from the storehouse of her memory made the passing gratification of the young people, but occasioned no emotion of longing discontent in the breast of Aleck. Only Edna, sometimes, enraptured with descriptions of the theatre and parties, handsome shops and the fine English residents, would exclaim:

"I will yet stay a while in Gottenburg."

"And go from us?" Aleck would say, sadly.

"Perhaps you would go also?"

"I might do that," said he.

"And I will stay there long enough," said the gay Edna, "to learn English tolerably well, and get me some foreign dresses which will last me a lifetime for my best, just like Aunt Margaret's. And you will have saved money enough then, so that you could go with me and keep me out of harm, and maybe study with a learned professor, and afterwards rise very high in life."

"I never wish to be higher," said Aleck, "than on the black rocks above the mill, with you for my wise little professor. I know a great many things and Swedish perfectly already."

"No, indeed—no!" exclaimed the laughing girl. "Your speaking is full of faults. You would not be thought at all intelligent among Gottenburg gentlemen."

Aleck did not relish that compliment—and it was but fair to say it was quite unjust, since his mind was as active and retentive as could be desired—and he set off for the mill in bad humor, and commenced working. But Edna was in a provoking mood, and she followed Aleck, not to ask his pardon, but to tease him still further, that she might see his eyes grow black and flash, and his cheeks become red. As soon as she had exhausted every topic of disagreement which her invention very unamiably consented to supply, she said to herself:

"Now before I go to the house, I will give him one good fright, and that will vex him more; then it will be so nice to make it all up after dinner, and watch his eyes turn to a soft, deep brown again, while I oblige him to laugh and coax him to tell a pretty story about the north land."

Edna followed the suggestions of her naughty spirit, and stole out to the end of the old mill, where there was a ruinous balcony overhanging the stream. The rude balustrade was decayed, and the place was considered quite unsafe by Aleck, who had given Edna many a caution.

"In mercy come back, or you are lost!" shouted he, as he saw her go to the extreme end and lean against the insecure railing in defiance.

His cry of distress only excited her perverse daring, and she bent over the rotten support, and letting the wind toss her sunny ringlets in the light, looked back with a gay, mocking laugh. It was but for an instant, however, for the old railing broke beneath the weight of her swaying motion, and she went helplessly down into the deep and terrible water. Only a shrill scream lingered in the air behind her.

A bound and a plunge, and Aleck had made the dangerous descent into the Gotha in time to dash forward and catch the imprudent girl before she was thrown against the rocks. Then by almost miraculous strength he combated the furious eddies, and gained a huge mass of granite in the middle of the river.

The fright and sudden bath completely banished the naughtiness from Edna's heart and dispelled Aleck's irritations, and there succeeded as pretty a reconciliation-scene as one would wish to describe. So thought an English traveller, who stood on the nearest bank in an attitude of affected superiority, with foppish dress and a ferocious disposition of hair. He vowed he would gladly sit on the worst looking rock in the Gotha, with a beautiful girl to kiss his hand like that, if—there were only a bridge to the shore. Meanwhile the crowd rapidly increased, as the news of the strange exposure ran through the village. Olof was the only man whose actions were more energetic than his words. After repeated efforts, he succeeded in throwing a rope to Aleck, who fastened it about a corner of the rock and called for another. The second followed shortly. This Aleck tied about his body, and securely holding his charge and clinging to the first rope, was drawn to the shore.

All rushed forward to receive them, and the Englishman pushing aside the others, even Miss Margaret and Olof, with an insolent freedom attempted to take Edna from Aleck, who still supported her. She shrank back, and Aleck motioned him away. But the stranger, uttering some mawkish compliment, the meaning of which was sufficiently evident to the bystanders, by his tone and the expression of his features, persisted in his rudeness, and with insulting familiarity insinuated his arm about the waist of the dripping girl who, terrified, clung to her preserver. The light kindled in Aleck's eye, and seeming to concentrate his entire muscular force in his right arm, with one stroke he laid the intruder on the ground.

"Rightly served! So much for his impudence!" said the spectators.

Incited by the popular approval, Aleck was disposed to add some further token of his displeasure to that already applied to the person of the stranger, who was hastening to recover his footing and dignity. But Olof securing his daughter, bade his household follow him homeward, and strode on with such rapid steps, that Aleck had only time to shake defiance at his adversary with his clenched fists. As the stranger was sufficiently valorous in this pantomimic warfare against a retreating foe, the contest on his

part was quite vigorous and edifying to behold. —In a little while Edna became a tall young lady, and no longer went to the mill to play. Aleck also grew large and handsome, and almost every day contrived to gain time for a delightful walk with his master's daughter in some of the wild paths about their romantic home. They professed to study botany under Miss Margaret's guidance, and to go abroad for specimens; but the flowers they might chance to find more frequently adorned Edna's curls than a herbarium, and the students appeared to be better satisfied with sitting side by side on the barren rocks overlooking the Gotha, than with laborious searching in moist and sunny nooks for illustrations of their favorite science.

They were on the topmost crag one day, looking alternately at the prospect and in each other's eyes. All were very fine.

"Don't go so near the edge," said Aleck. "There's where I had the good luck to lose my money once, but it isn't worth your while to go after it."

"I shall not fall," replied Edna. "I wish only to reach that extraordinary glistening pebble. If we do not carry some curiosity home, Aunt Margaret will charge us with sloth and carelessness, as she did yesterday."

But Edna did not calculate upon the time-worn smoothness of the rock, and she commenced the terrible slipping which her companion had once tried before her. Aleck sprang to save her and caught her dress. But he also was too near the brink, and for an instant it seemed doubtful if he could recover himself, much more the burden which drew him downward. It was a moment of silence, suspense and agony. An arm less strong, a nerve less determined than the young sawyer's, would have lost all. It was a close conflict with certain destruction, but Aleck won the victory, and he presently stood at a safe distance from the precipice, pale and trembling, and clasping to his heart his palpitating prize.

"I once lost my entire fortune over that dangerous rock," said he; "if I had there parted with my all again, I should have taken up my abode with my treasures in the black whirlpool beneath."

His words brought the bright color and smiles into Edna's face, and as the echo of their impassioned utterance fell on Aleck's ear, the blood, in compensation for its temporary absence, rushed in crimson floods to his cheeks and more than wonted gladness lit his eye. He took Edna's arm within his own and went directly home. They were so engrossed with pleasanter thoughts

that neither remembered to acquaint Miss Margaret with the particulars of their perilous adventure. But nothing on a hill-top can remain unknown, and Olof had seen the whole from the window of the mill.

On that very evening Olof consulted with his sister respecting the means by which he might best testify his sense of Aleck's repeated services that had so happily resulted in the continued felicity of his household. The gratitude of Olof was unbounded, and he studied how to reward Edna's preserver. Miss Margaret's eyes twinkled with delight in anticipation of more than possibilities, and she blushed slightly, being a sensible maiden lady, as she somewhat diffusely hinted at a wedding which would probably be satisfactory to all parties.

Olof's blank astonishment, as he gradually comprehended his sister's drift, grew into towering indignation when her proposition stood clearly before him, and he marched up and down the room scattering the fragrant fir-buds in every direction by his violent footsteps.

"A daughter of mine," he exclaimed, "shall never marry a detestable Norwegian. I hate the whole race, and so did my father. A good Swede always hates them—the Norway men."

"But—but," said Miss Margaret, trying to make prompt headway against a torrent of patriotic invectives which she foresaw, "Aleck has always obtained your approval, and you certainly have no personal dislike to him."

"To be sure I have. Aint he a Norwegian, I'd like to know? and isn't that sufficient?" said Olof, tossing a shower of evergreen leaves towards the ceiling.

"But Edna is so much attached to him—more than to any one else in the world," said his sister, making a bold push forward in the affair.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Olof, contemptuously. "I wonder if she isn't my daughter, and born in Sweden, too!"

At length Olof left the fir-twigs in peace, and sitting down, half succeeded in persuading his sister that the match which she had proposed was wholly absurd and inadmissible, assured her that he would fully compensate Aleck for his gallant behaviour, and advised, to prevent the growth of an incipient regard, that Edna be sent to their old friends in Gottenburg, where she might find some amusements and pick up a few accomplishments. He requested, also, that the direction of everything should be left to him; and as he was absolute in his household, his sister dutifully and submissively acquiesced.

In two hours, he had made a bargain with Aleck, confirmed by papers, signatures and wit-

nesses, by which the young man was to continue in his service during the two following years, and was then to receive certain unusual advantages that would lay a broad foundation for a fortune large enough to satisfy any ambition instructed by Trolhætta customs. Aleck was in raptures, for he viewed this distinction, which his master had bound himself to confer, as a certain stepping-stone to the attainment of his dearest wish. The obligation seemed to be wholly on his side, and he forgot that Olof or his family were at all indebted to him. But he was greatly taken aback when he soon learned that in less than a week Edna would be carried by her father to Gottenburg.

"You know, Aleck, that you are to go with me there," said Edna, with her sweetest blushes and smiles. "I am sure you have earned money enough to make it possible for you to do all those great things we used to talk about, and many others beside."

"I have money which I could use, yet I cannot go." And Aleck gloomily and even angrily explained the terms of his recent engagement.

He was not without penetration, and he remembered a remark of Olof's which convinced him that the present position of affairs was by no means accidental. But he had too much sense to throw away, through petulance or impulse, a certain chance of ultimate prosperity; and hoping for the best, he determined to abide strictly by the terms of the bond and remain at Trolhætta, as the paper required. If he could only have one more conversation with Edna, he would be satisfied; but this opportunity strangely enough did not occur, and he was forced to part from her, receiving such assurances of her affection as her tears and hand-pressure at the last moment might afford.

It is not our purpose to follow our beautiful heroine to Gottenburg, where, introduced by her father's relative into respectable society, she was directly a cynosure of popularity and admiration. Olof soon came back with letters. There was, indeed, no limit to the letters which followed each other home, and which for artlessness and refreshing unconsciousness, might have compared favorably with those of Miss Harriet Byron. There were the parties and the theatre and the various expected excitements, and there was a handsome merchant who greatly admired her, and an ugly count who was at her feet, and a landed proprietor who was ready to die for her on any imperative occasion, and beside, her English teacher who was more devoted and disagreeable than all the rest. She soon became weary of repelling people who would not retire, and of

making conquests whose value was nothing to her, and at the end of half a year, having seen everything worthy of attention, and taken as many lessons in English as she could endure from her pretentious instructor, she petitioned or leave to return home. And Olof by that time was only too glad to grant it, and went for her with astonishing alacrity. Of course she brought with her the foreign dresses and improved manners and a world of sunshine, and nothing could be more joyful than was all Trolhætta on her arrival. So at least thought Aleck, yet I am not sure that all the villagers knew precisely when she returned.

Edna resumed her former habits and occupations, as if she never meant again to resign them, and it supplied employment and happiness for weeks to tell Aleck all that she had seen and learned in her absence. She had also to visit her numerous *protégés*, poor people in the vicinity, who had missed her beautiful countenance more than the charities which she was accustomed to afford them, since her place had been well filled by the thoughtful Miss Margaret.

A poor lame woman lived in a secluded spot, aside from the thickly settled parts of Trolhætta, and thither Edna went often, accompanied by a servant carrying supplies of food and other necessities. One day she made her visit in unusual haste, for her father had been crippled by some injury received in the mill, and was temporarily confined to the house, and she shortened her absence to contribute to his entertainment. She was expected in time for dinner, and Olof, Margaret and Aleck were waiting, when the servant, who had accompanied her, breathless and terrified burst into the room. Her story was told in matches. She was returning with Miss Edna, when a carriage met them, containing a man, who, Miss Edna said, was her English teacher, and the young lady vainly tried to pass him without being recognized; and the man alighted and held a long conversation with Miss Edna, and she shook her head a great many times and endeavored to escape; and the end of it was she was caught up by the man, who sprang into the carriage and drove rapidly off.

This story produced the utmost consternation. Olof jumped up furiously, but sank groaning into his chair.

"In heaven's name! why do you stand there, Aleck?" cried he. "Take the fastest horse you know, and be off with you."

"Only on one condition," said Aleck, coolly sitting down.

"Are you mad? What is it?" shouted Olof.

"That she be mine when I find her," said Aleck.

"The saints help me! She shall not marry a Norwegian," exclaimed Olof.

"I don't wish to parade my merits," continued Aleck, calmly, "but I will say that I have twice rescued Edna at the peril of my life. That will answer for you two; if I save her again it must be for myself."

"Margaret, let him alone," again shouted Olof. "Call some of the men instantly, and send them on after her."

"They are enervated fellows—they'll probably find her!" said Aleck, sarcastically.

Olof groaned more loudly than ever. Miss Margaret here interfered with her eloquence, and labored to convince her brother that Edna was certainly lost as matters then stood; that she might be in a much more disagreeable situation than that of Aleck's bride, and talked so effectively that Olof gave his extorted consent, with only one proviso and one faint hope.

"You may have her, Aleck, if she is willing—mind, if she is willing. I say, if *she* is willing, Aleck."

Aleck joyfully accepted the terms, and having already carefully questioned the servant-girl, in two minutes was flying on the track of the refugees, leaving his master to rave at his broken limb, and make the best of a doleful case. Fortune favored Aleck by breaking down the light carriage of the Englishman.

The young sawyer arrived at the scene of the accident soon after it occurred, where he found his old enemy, the Englishman, by the Gotha, somewhat ingloriously occupied in endeavoring to prevent the flight of his lady and in examining his useless vehicle, without appearing to remember that a good cavalier need not be exposed to the unfortunate chances of successful pursuit while his steed remains. Aleck at first determined to give battle to his antagonist, and punish him severely; but he was too happy to sustain a belligerent temper for any time, and he accordingly changed his resolution, and assisted the miserable Englishman in mending his carriage as well as ropes would do it, and saw him safely started on towards Gottenburg, while Edna stood by almost overcome with hysterical laughter.

Olof soon found that his only hope was without foundation, but Miss Margaret, and Aleck, and Edna were so completely satisfied and happy that it was impossible for him to be long perverse and ill-natured.

There was a wedding in due time after this, and nobody even regretted it—not even Olof, for Aleck was a dutiful son-in-law, and became as patriotic a Swede as if he had been born in Stockholm.

I'M ALL ALONE.—TO —.

BY EVELINE.

I'm all alone—what though the world surrounds me,
If from its crowd thy form be gone?
The world has lost its power to charm, without thee,
Alas! alas! I'm all alone!

I'm all alone—what if affection greet me?
It speaketh not in thy sweet tone;
Love's softest speech availeth not to cheer me,
Thy voice I hear not—I'm alone!

I'm all alone—perhaps by love surrounded,
Thy thoughts, from bygone days have flown;
Or else, perchance, enshined in wo unbounded,
Like me, thou sighest, "I'm all alone!"

I'm all alone—yet thoughts of thee still cherished,
Around my heart a charm have thrown;
This shall remain when all things else have perished,
While this is mine—I'm not alone!

"LET WELL ENOUGH ALONE."

A SKETCH FOR YOUNG MEN.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

ONE of the greatest evils incident to the young mechanics and business workmen of our country is that of frequent change of place and employment. This characteristic is peculiar to Yankees, they seem content only while on the move. This would be well enough if the movement were always onward. But it is not so. The young man who contracts the habit of often changing his business is apt to gain nothing in the end. Not only does "a rolling stone gather no moss," but in time it must lose much of its own substance. And so it is with the rolling portion of our youth—they not only gather no golden moss, but they generally lose some of their previous gatherings. Let a young man gain a good place for employment, and by-and-by leave it for one more flattering, and at length find himself disappointed, and he will be anxious for another change. By the time he has made three or four changes he will be sure to remain uneasy all the time.

Let us not be understood as objecting to all change in this respect. There must be many circumstances under which business changes are necessary. A young man must always look out for that situation which is the most sure, and at the same time most profitable. But the danger is, in allowing fancy to be dazzled by every tempting offer that comes up, without due exercise of the judgment. A simple narrative of real life will explain our meaning.

Samuel Peterson and Henry Willis were both of the same age, and had learned their trade of the same man. They were but a few months past their twenty-first year, and were machinists by trade. Mr. Lot Merrill, their employer, was a staunch business man, understanding every branch of the trade, and enjoying the confidence of the community. He was wealthy and influential, and his word was to all who knew him, as a legal bond. When Samuel and Henry were twenty-one, Mr. Merrill had made them a very advantageous offer. He would pay them a dollar a day for the next year; give them all further necessary instruction; and, at the expiration of that time, if they proved efficient, he would do still better by them.

"You have been my apprentices, boys," he said, "and while you remain steady and industrious I will give you employment in preference to all others who are no better than you are. I will always give preference to those who have learned the trade of me. And more than this, I may have some opportunities to let you do job work, where you may make as much as you can."

So the young men went at work, and for awhile they were both content. Five months thus passed away, and every Saturday night they received their six dollars each.

Some three miles below Mr. Merrill's shop, and on the same stream, there stood a building which had been originally put up for a cloth factory, but none of the machinery, except the water-wheel, and a few shafts, had ever been put in. A new company had bought the establishment, and were busy in putting in machinery. They were going to make a machine shop of it. One bright spring morning the good people saw flaming placards posted up at the street corners, and in the principal stores, announcing that Crafts, Cumfrey & Co. had opened a new machine shop, where "all kinds of work pertaining to their profession could be done cheaper, better, and with more despatch, than at any other place in the country."

A few days after this a man called at Samuel Peterson's boarding place, announcing himself as Mr. Crafts, of the firm of Crafts, Cumfrey & Co., and asked the young man to come and work for him, offering to pay him one dollar and a quarter per day. Samuel told him he would give him an answer the next day.

This was at noon; so in the afternoon, when he returned to the shop, he went into the counting-room and told Mr. Merrill of the offer.

"Well," said the old machinist, "I have no claim on your services after you have given me a week's notice, and I wish you to do in this

as you think best. I cannot afford to pay you more than I now do; only I can assure you that you shall have some jobs to do this summer. You know the advantages you have here. You are sure of your pay; of a permanent place while I live; of as much improvement in the business as you have a mind to grasp; and of increased pay when you shall have become more proficient. Of this new company I know nothing, except that to you they are like 'a bird in the bush.' Yet I will venture one word of advice, for I know how apt young men, just commencing in life, are to be led away by dazzling offers. Before you make any change in your business be sure you are going to better yourself. If you are satisfied on this point, then go ahead."

Samuel Peterson bowed his head, and poked the floor with his feet a few moments, and when he looked up his face had thrown off every shade of doubt.

"I shall remain with you," he said, "for I know what will be my fortune here, and it is as much as I have any cause to hope for."

Mr. Merrill was much pleased with the youth's decision, and he plainly said so. Shortly after this, Henry Willis came in; and he also went to the counting-room. He remained there half an hour, and then came out and joined his companion.

"Sam," said he, with an air of importance, "I've had a new offer."

"So have I," returned Samuel.

"Crafts, Cumfrey, & Co., want me."

"So they want me."

"Ah? But they offer me a dollar and twenty-five cents a day."

"So they did me."

"And have you spoken to the old man about it?"

"Yes."

"And did he come to terms?"

"What do you mean?"

"Why—did he offer to pay you the extra quarter?"

"No."

"Then we'll both work together. The old man won't budge an inch. I offered to stay, if he'd pay me as much as Crafts offered, but he wouldn't do it; so I just told him I should leave. What did you tell him?"

"Why—I'll tell ye, Henry: I have concluded to stay where I am."

"What? Not stay here and work for a dollar a day when you can have a dollar and a quarter there?"

"But that aint the thing, Henry. If that place was equal in every other respect with this—

or if it was even an old and stable establishment, and I could be assured of permanent work there, the case might be different. But what inducement is there now? We know nothing of these men—whether they are responsible or not, or whether they are even honest. They offer us a dollar and a quarter a day now, and we may stay with them six years and get no more. But we know that when we are worth it, we shall receive more than that from Mr. Merrill. I have thought just enough of this to feel assured that I shall be best off here."

"But I aint a going to work here for twenty-five cents less a day than I can have elsewhere, Sam—not by a long shot. What's the use?"

"Well, Henry, I wont advise you, for you are as old as I am; but yet I think you'll take a foolish step if you leave your old place. Here we have the advantage of extending our knowledge of our business, which we could not have in any other place; and we also know just what to depend upon. We have here a plain, straight business path opened to us, and we know we shall do well in it if our health is spared; and we know, too, that we are receiving all our labor is actually worth. I mean in two months, to be able to make and fit and finish a vault door, with locks and all; and in a year I hope to be able to build a steam-engine. No, Henry—I wont leave this place for any such situation as the one we are speaking of."

"Well, Sam—you can do as you please, but I shall quit at the end of the week, and go at work for the new concern. I can't afford to lose this offer. Let's see—twenty-five cents a day. Now between this and next new years there'll be—let's see; three—four—eight months; and that'll be—thirteen and nine—twenty-two weeks. That'll be one hundred and thirty-two days—just thirty-three dollars. Now if we should—you know, Sam, what we've been talking about?"

"Yes—I know."

"Well, if we conclude to be married next new year, those thirty-three dollars will be worth something, eh?"

"Why, yes; but then I look beyond that. If I had no more of life to look for than up to next January, I might run the risk of some change, but as it is, I think I'm better off as I am. At all events, I am contented here, and so were you till this new offer came up. We both felt we were receiving all that we ought to receive, and our ambition was, to merit more. If we remain here we shall surely gain all we deserve, and what we do deserve we shall surely receive."

"O, that all sounds very well, but I say—take the best you can get."

"So do I," returned Samuel; and here the conversation ended.

Several times during the week young Willis approached his companion on the subject, trying to get him to go and work for the new firm, but without effect.

"I see," said Peterson, at the last conversation, "you are getting a spice of excitement into your system. You will one of these days love change for the mere sake of change. You'll be like Tom Packard—one of the best fellows living, but see how he manages. He loves change—change has become necessary to him. Let him have the best business in the world, and he'd leave it for the first new thing that might turn up. Last year he was making money in the express business. He owned four good horses clear, and was doing well. But as soon as Bascom went to him and opened his plan for that new bowling-alley, Tom went right into it. He wanted something new, and he had it; and now, after losing all he had of money, he's gone to peddling. Next he'll be driving a coach, and he always contrives to leave a good business as soon as something else is offered."

However, the week came round, and Henry Willis left his old employer and went at work for Crafts, Cumfrey, & Co., and Mr. Merrill put a new hand in his place, advancing one of the elder apprentices, and taking a new one. Samuel Peterson worked on with renewed energy. He had determined to merit the confidence of his employer, and prove himself worthy of the advancement he aimed at. He often met Henry, and the latter never failed to congratulate himself on the excellent place he had obtained. Samuel was glad to hear it.

Some time in August—near the first of the month—Mr. Merrill called Peterson to his room.

"Samuel," said he, "I have received an offer to put an iron vault, with double doors, into the Merchants' Bank—the inner door to be triple plated, with the middle plate of cast steel. Here is a minute draft of what they want, so far as form and size is concerned. You may take this, and go up and look at the place where the vault is to be placed; and then you can let me know if you feel competent to do it."

The youth thanked his employer, and, then, with a strangely fluttering heart, he took the plan and withdrew. He looked it over, and then went up to the bank, where he received all the information he desired; and that evening he informed Mr. Merrill that he could do it.

"Very well," returned the master. "And now you shall have my proposition. I am to receive twelve hundred dollars for the safety vault.

About three hundred of that must go for the locks, and some for other matters beside stock. I will give you two hundred and twenty dollars to make it, and you may take such help as you need by paying them the same as I am paying them. For instance: If you use Jones, I shall deduct two dollars for every day you use him—and for Smith I should deduct only a dollar. You understand. But you will say nothing of this to the hands."

Some further conversation was held on the subject, and then Samuel was ready for his job. On the following morning he went at it. He kept Smith at work with him nearly all the time, and most of the time he had others to help him. He made all his own plans and draughts, and every bit of the head-work, and in every case the work fitted to a hair. The door was a splendid specimen of workmanship—in fact, both of them were. The outer door, which was of polished iron, was made with stiles, rails and panels, and when it was done not a seam or mark could be detected where the joints were, nor could the heads of the bolts be seen. It was placed in the counting-room on exhibition while the rest of the vault was under way.

At length the work was completed, and the vault set up. Samuel superintended the masons while they set it, and not until it was ready to put the papers into did he give up the keys. He sat down with Mr. Merrill after the work was done, and reckoned up the result of his job. He had worked on the vault forty-seven days. He had had Smith to help him forty-two days, at one dollar per day; Gurney, twenty days, at one dollar and twenty-five cents per day, and Jones, eight days, at two dollars per day. Then there were five dollars to pay for trucking. This added up amounted to eighty-eight dollars, leaving a balance in his favor of one hundred and thirty-two dollars.

"Well, Samuel, you've made a pretty good speculation," said Mr. Merrill, after this result had been arrived at.

"And—a—how much am I to receive?" asked the youth, tremulously.

"Why, here it is, in black and white. I offered you two hundred and twenty dollars to do the job, and you've done it. You've made a hundred and thirty-two dollars—about two dollars and five-sixths per day. But you are not the only one who has done this. Jones has had several jobs of the kind, and Gurney has had three. The idea is simply here: In mechanics, as in the more intellectual professions, the labor of a capable mind is worth more than the mere labor of physical organs, for one mind may find

work for a hundred hands, while without that mind they would be idle. Now perhaps you do not estimate your own abilities high enough. There are ten men in my employ who have had all the advantages that you have had, but somehow they never had a faculty of learning anything but the mere mechanical part. There are men here who have been in my shop fourteen years, and have been faithful and industrious, and yet they could not have made that vault door. With some one else to draw the plans, and give them the dimensions of each particular part, they could have performed the mere work. So you see that in this job you have only received a fair pay for your services, for you have done the work of one good artisan besides doing all the headwork. Henry Willis might have done the same had he remained here, for he possessed an excellent mechanical judgment and taste."

"I cannot express all my gratitude, sir," uttered Samuel, with a brilliant eye.

"O," returned the employer, with a smile, "I am as much benefited as you are, and whatever may be my desire for your good, I at the same time have a selfish inducement for these things, for this very ability on the part of my workmen is of incalculable benefit to me. Now by giving my faithful hands an opportunity to make something by such jobs, they are far more anxious to qualify themselves for the work; and when people know that I have a number of workmen, either one of whom is capable of taking an important work and carrying it through to completion, they will surely bring their best work here. So you see how much I gain by it. And now, if it will not shock your feelings too much, I will tell you something new: Mr. Archer, the president of the Farmer's Bank, spoke with me yesterday, and wished me to let the same man, who built the new vault for the Merchant's Bank, build one for him. Perhaps I might not deem it just to let you have another job so soon; but I shall give it to you and Gurney, and let you share the profits."

From that time Samuel Peterson was one of the best men in the shop. But he had only his dollar per day during the remainder of the year.

One afternoon, after winter had come, and the wind blew cold and cheerless, Henry Willis entered Mr. Merrill's counting-room, with a sad, downcast look. He wished to know if Mr. Merrill could give him employment.

"Have you left Crafts & Co.?" asked the old machinist.

"They have burst up, sir," the young man replied. "Mr. Cumfrey gave us notice that the company could do no more work."

"But you have not lost any of your wages?"

"Not much, sir," the youth answered, gazing down upon the floor. "Cumfrey settled up with us last night. He was owing me twenty-two dollars. He offered me twelve to settle, or I might wait and get my pay with the outside creditors; so I took the twelve dollars and gave him a receipt."

"I am sorry you have lost your place, but I have no room for another workman now. My shop is full. Only let me advise you to secure a good place as soon as possible; and when you once find it hang on to it as long as you can."

The first of January came and Henry had obtained a situation in a blacksmith's shop, at one dollar per day; but the fond hope he had cherished could not be realized. Samuel Peterson on that day became a happy husband. He had explained the whole plan to his employer, and on hearing it, Mr. Merrill advised him to follow it out.

In the spring Henry Willis had an offer to go into a new place, and he took up with it. Near the same time Samuel Peterson had his wages raised to one dollar and fifty cents per day, and the extra pay was the more grateful because Mr. Merrill assured him he was truly worth the price.

And since that time several years have passed away. Samuel Peterson is still with Mr. Merrill, receiving twenty-two cents per hour for his usual labor, and having many jobs on which he often cleared his five dollars per day. He owns a snug little cottage, and he calculates to lay up three hundred dollars per year. He has a wife who helps him well in all his laudable undertakings.

In the meantime, Henry Willis has been tossing about the country—now with work, and now without—always continuing to earn money enough to pay his rent and keep his family in food and clothing. And this propensity for change has become a habit which must cling to him through life. After he has worked a month in one place he becomes uneasy and restless, and the first man who comes along and proposes something new is sure to be listened to.

Now does not the reader call to mind just such cases? They are plenty in our country, and many of the human wrecks which we meet along the rough shore of business have become stranded upon this very shoal. Let our youth steer their life-barks clear of it. Beware of allowing the spirit of discontent to find its way into your bosoms. It is a very homely saying, but yet one of useful application, and may be heeded with profit by those who are commencing business life: "*Let well enough alone.*"

THE UNLOVED.

BY MRS. S. E. DAWES.

I wander round my splendid home,
A sad and sorrowing child,
And oft I wish that I could roam,
To some lone desert wild.
For no one speaks a kindly word
To one they call so plain;
And not a pitying sigh is heard,
When I am racked by pain.

My mother strokes the golden hair
Of my darling sister oft,
And tells her she is very fair,
In tones so sweet and soft.
O, how I long to be caressed,
And told, though plain my face,
That deep within her yearning heart,
I find a cherished place.

They say I'm cross, a stupid child,
A peevish, fretful thing;
They ne'er can know the anguish wild,
Such words as these can bring.
O, why did God my sister give
A face and form so fair?
O, would that I in heaven could live,
For all is beauty there.

An angel whispered soft and low,
Sweet words within her ear,
That made her little face to glow,
And filled her heart with cheer.
"Thou shalt not droop mid human flowers,
Bereft of hope and love;
But fairest in the heavenly bowers,
Shalt blossom sweet above."

MADELINE:

—OR,—

THE LOST DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. MARY MAYNARD.

"Mr dear Frank, that horse will be the death of you yet," said Augustus Eaton to his cousin, the Hon. Francis Carrington, as they met in the Park one fine spring morning; the latter mounted on a magnificent black horse, whose vicious antics almost precluded the idea of his master's conversing with his friends.

"As well die one way as another, Eaton; and if it was not for 'Malice' here, I should have fallen a victim to the blues long ago. The excitement of a dangerous ride is all that has kept me alive this winter."

"Rather a strange confession for you to make," said the first speaker, with a scornful curl of his lip.

"Come, old fellow, you must not be so impatient," exclaimed Carrington to his restive steed; then having conquered the momentary fit of ob-

stinacy, he again came up beside his cousin, and continued: "Why strange, Gus? Is there anything wonderful in a fellow's being wearied to death who has no one to please, no one to think about, no one to admire, abuse, love, caress or tease but himself? Isn't that a fate to be pitied?"

"Yes, very much to be pitied—especially when said 'fellow' is possessed of a princely income, is perfectly uncontrolled, and has been the cause of more 'heart aches' than any other man of his years. You have my pity, most certainly, dear Frank."

Had the speaker said "you have my hatred," it would have accorded better with the expression at that instant flashing from his eyes; but without noticing his looks, the other rejoined:

"You may think I am joking, but to me it is a serious reality. I tell you I am dying for want of something to do—becoming dyspeptic and splenetic—cross, misanthropic, old and ugly,—and all for the want of some reasonable employment. I have danced, and laughed, and chatted away the winter, and now I am going down into B—shire, to get through the summer; of course without any certain aim or end, but trusting to destiny, chance, good luck, or fortune, to give me something to think about, or something to do, which amounts to the same thing with me. And by the way, Gus, I have not thanked you for providing me with such a very superior attendant in the person of Monsieur Louis. He is a perfect treasure of his kind, and I feel duly grateful, although I did hope to have had a little trouble in supplying Pierre's place, just for the sake of the excitement, you know." And with a light-hearted laugh, the handsome young horseman gave the impatient Malice the rein, and in a few seconds horse and rider were out of sight.

"Yes, it will not be my fault if you do not find Louis a 'superior attendant,'" muttered young Eaton, as he cast a glance after the retreating figure of his cousin, in which there was a fearful mingling of bad passions. "My plans must go wonderfully astray if Frank Carrington stands in my path many months longer. To come to me with his affectation and his nonsense about nothing to do! I wonder when the Carrington estates are mine—and mine they shall be—if I shall not find plenty of employment?" And with a low, sneering laugh, the speaker pursued his way.

"And so you leave town to-morrow, Francis?" said Lady Winterton to young Carrington, three days after the above conversation.

Lady Winterton had been a dear and intimate friend of the young man's mother, and he was

much attached to her society, and, in spite of his careless habits, rarely failed to pay her punctual visits. Lady Winterton was a widow and childless; people said she had never recovered the shock of her husband's sudden death; certain it is, that, though a most agreeable, pleasant person, and a favorite with all young people, there was a sorrowful expression in Lady Winterton's deep blue eyes, that to discriminating people spoke of some hidden grief—something not so openly mourned as the death of her husband had been.

We will not say at present what this sadness was occasioned by; it is sufficient to state that Lady Winterton was thirty-one years of age, very wealthy, and delicately beautiful, having been "the belle, the toast, and the fashion" for two seasons before her marriage. Of that marriage much gossip had been made, many people affirming that the parties had been previously united, but on account of the lady's extreme youth and dependence on the will of a guardian, and the gentleman's poverty, they had been unable to announce it publicly. No one knew the facts, and when the youthful captain became Lord Winterton, and presumptive heir to a marquise, and the lady, having completed her eighteenth year, took possession of her fortune, and the two were united with all customary pomp and splendor, there was not much to gratify the peculiar taste of the gossiping portion of the community.

The young couple lived happily together for a year, at the end of which time Lord Winterton died very suddenly of an affection of the heart. His widow, yet in her teens, mourned him deeply, refused all other offers, and at thirty-one was still beautiful and beloved by a very extensive circle of friends and relatives. But we have too long neglected the conversation commenced with this chapter.

"I am going down to Wilmington to try and kill time, if such a thing is possible for me to accomplish," was Carrington's reply.

"My dear Francis, I am grieved to hear you make use of such an expression. Surely, with your fortune and talents, time can be both pleasantly and profitably employed."

"I try to pass it pleasantly," was the young man's rejoinder, "but after a season, every amusement palls. My position precludes the idea of useful employment, in the common acceptance of that term; and if it did not, I should be sorry to occupy any place that would perhaps be filled by one who really needed it. No, there is nothing for me to do but to submit to destiny, and make the best of my aimless existence."

"Why aimless, Francis? Are there not high places in the councils of our land always awaiting the efforts of those—"

"Forgive me for interrupting you, dear lady, but believe me—I am not intended for a politician. No, only one resource is left to me—I must marry in a year or two; and in the meantime I will look out for some one that comes up to my idea of what my wife ought to be. I wish you had a daughter, Lady Winterton; I have an idea that she would have been quite different from the young ladies of the present day."

A painful look passed over the countenance of the lady; but with no visible change, save an increased paleness, she replied:

"I would I had, if only for your sake, Francis. But there are scores of fair maidens, who would rejoice to receive attentions from so very desirable a partner; and I must say, if you have no employment for your time, it is in a great measure your own fault."

"Now you are laughing at me, and I cannot stand that. I would rather be as I am, than the slave of a capricious tyrant, like my brother's wife, magnificently beautiful as she is. My mind is almost made up; I will go down into the country and woo some rustic damsel, who, if she is not as accomplished as my fair sister-in-law, will at least have a heart. One empress in the family is enough. Herbert married rank, wealth and beauty—I shall marry for love."

"And have beauty and station no charms for you?" asked the lady, with a smile.

"Possessing ample wealth, I can afford to marry a poor girl if I please. As she must possess a great many good qualities, she will doubtless be beautiful in my eyes; and rank is immaterial, as no one will presume to question my right to please myself."

"Very fine speaking, my dear Francis; but I fear you will find few to join you in your independent ideas—not but what I think you are right. I could tell you a sad story arising from the prevailing opposition to what are called unequal marriages."

"Tell it to me, by all means, dear Lady Winterton."

"Not now; I do not feel equal to the task; but I will some day inform you of particulars relating to my early days—those mysterious events, that some years ago caused so much to be said relative to myself and husband."

We will not accompany Francis Carrington on his journey; it is sufficient to state that he arrived at his fine old mansion at Wilmington without accident or adventure; that, thanks to

the excellent management of a most estimable steward, he found his affairs in the nicest order, not even a shadow of excuse for busying himself could be found; and with the exception of a few visits among the neighboring families, he was totally dependent on Malice for amusement.

Day after day he galloped over the surrounding country, and having formed an acquaintance with a gentleman farmer, who appeared to derive great satisfaction from his hobby, he actually had some thoughts of turning his attention to agricultural pursuits, when he met with an adventure that changed all his plans, and forever put an end to his complaining of having "nothing to do."

Very trifling causes sometimes lead to great events.

Francis Carrington was destined to prove the truth of this assertion. Augustus Eaton had foretold his death through the agency of his favorite steed; his life was preserved, certainly, but it was undoubtedly true that Malice was the occasion of his losing his heart. Riding one morning at his usual headlong pace, with less caution than the temper of his steed demanded, young Carrington was suddenly brought to his senses by the startled shyness of his horse, and ere he could recover his control, the animal was rendered furious by a blow from some object, thrown by an unseen hand. Tearing madly along the hedge-sheltered road on which they were passing, he soon freed himself from restraint, and his master with the greatest difficulty kept his seat, owing to the mad plunges and starts of the terrified brute.

It was a fearful ride, but soon over. The sudden appearance of a female in the road caused the animal to turn. One violent leap, a dash through the green hedge, and Malice was half way across a field, and his master lay stunned and bleeding on the stones and sand of a rough by-road.

When Francis Carrington came to his senses, he found himself still on the spot where he had fallen. His head was aching fearfully; he was quite unable to move; but he felt that he was not alone. A hand was pressing some cold application to his throbbing temples, and a soft voice whispered, "Don't attempt to move until help comes." And in a few moments help did come, and he was carefully lifted from the earth, and borne to a little cottage not far distant, and then once more all was dark, and he was again insensible.

"I think I had better cut off all these curls at once; his head is fearfully injured," were the first words the young man distinguished, as once

more returning reason enabled him to comprehend his situation. The voice was strange, and he felt the touch of a heavy hand.

"O, I would not cut them off yet, doctor. He may not be so badly hurt as we fear, and it is a pity to destroy his beautiful hair."

"Well, just as you say, little girl; but I am afraid it will be a long time before he will care much about his looks." And there was a very disheartening tone in the physician's voice.

"But he may have a mother, or sister, or some friend who would be sorry; and as I have been the cause of all this, help me, dear doctor, to get him well again."

The sound of a stifled sob touched the sick man's feelings. He felt unable to speak—or as if he had forgotten how; but he held out his hand and clasped the little trembling fingers so timidly laid in it.

As the physician had foretold, young Carrington's injuries proved very severe. For several weeks he raved in the wildest paroxysms of brain fever, unconscious of the attendance of his new friends, or the presence of those whom he loved.

Augustus Eaton had been one of the first to hasten to the presence of the invalid, and it will throw some light on his proceedings to give here a short extract from the letter sent to him by Carrington's valet, five days after the accident. After detailing the circumstances, he went on: "I have watched every day for such a chance; but you must know it was not easy to accomplish. Fortune, however, favored me this time; the horse threw him with great violence, and though not dead, I think there is every probability that he will die. Should he do so, remember I expect my reward just the same as if he had been instantly killed. If he gets better, and all danger is passing, I would not mind risking the last alternative; but in that case you must promise to double the sum. I shall then be able to leave this detestable country and return to my beloved Italy, and you will be in the possession of an immense fortune, out of which my few thousands will scarcely be missed. If it was not for the circumstances, I should feel something almost like pity for your victim. The old steward's distress is quite pathetic at times; but don't fear me; I am true as steel where money is concerned, and as long as you keep to the bargain I will fulfil my part of it."

Such was the precious epistle that induced Augustus Eaton to journey with all speed down to B——shire, to watch in person the progress of his schemes. Other friends and relatives came, but he alone remained, and many were

the comments on his conduct, opposed as it was to his well-known dislike of his cousin.

The owner of the cottage—a widow in humble circumstances—was somewhat at a loss how to entertain her aristocratic guests; but assisted by her niece—the young person we have slightly alluded to—she succeeded in making the invalid very comfortable and in furnishing young Eaton with passable accommodations. Mrs. Myers, herself, took but little thought after a time, so well was all attended to; and even Augustus Eaton, deeply immersed as he was in wicked plots, could not forbear bestowing an admiring glance on the beautiful cottage girl, who passed so gracefully through the small rooms, and looked so different from all his preconceived ideas of rustic damsels. But Lina bestowed no thought on him. The sufferer in the sick room occupied all her thoughts, engrossed all her sympathies, and his fate was the one idea that held place in her mind.

"I don't like that dark, evil-looking man, doctor. I know he has no love for his master, and I feel afraid every time he is left alone with him."

"Just my own thoughts, little girl. There is something bad in his countenance, and I intend to watch him. He wants to act nurse to-night; but if he means harm, he will be disappointed. I have taken a fancy to my handsome patient, and if they are meditating evil it will come home to themselves."

That night, through the old doctor's intervention, Francis Carrington was saved from the murderous contrivances of his foes, and foiled and detected in his plans, Augustus Eaton returned to London, and took with him his wretched confederate.

Under the care of his faithful physician and unwearied attendants, young Carrington gradually recovered. For two weeks he had not seen Lina, but on making his appearance in the cottage parlor, the fair young girl greeted him with smiles and tears, and after congratulating him on his recovery, spoke with deep sorrow of her unintentional share in his misfortune. In convincing her of the folly of distressing herself about so purely an accidental occurrence, young Carrington declared that "since it had made him acquainted with her, he felt overjoyed that it had happened, and considered the suffering as a mere trifle in comparison with the reward," and many other speeches of the same nature, very flattering, very complimentary, just such speeches as he had all his life been making to young ladies (for our hero was not perfection, although very much better than many of his

class); but happening to raise his eyes to his listener's face, he there beheld a look never to be forgotten—a look in which surprise, disappointment and pain were plainly expressed.

From that hour, Francis Carrington never dared to whisper a falsehood in the ear of the simple country girl, who, all unused to compliments and flattery, could yet distinguish the false from the true with unerring certainty. But in that cottage, and in the person of that humble maiden, the young aristocrat found what he and thousands like him have in vain looked for in their own circles, and amid the wealthy and high born daughters of fashion. He found a beautiful and innocent girl, light-hearted and amiable, of tender, loving disposition, totally free from worldly cares, and yet possessed of womanly pride and reserve sufficient to render her an object of respect to the most hardened in iniquity.

But our hero was far from deserving such a character. Faultless he was not, but that good heart of his beat responsive to the voice of nature, and his sensitive mind keenly appreciated and enjoyed all that was lovely and worthy of admiration. It would have caused some of his young lady friends to shed tears of envy could they have beheld the object of so many wasted arts, so many ambitious hopes and fruitless plans, gazing with such evident admiration on a "little rustic" gathering roses in a very small garden with a white-washed picket fence; said "rustic" being attired in a very plain muslin dress, a well-worn gipsy hat, badly-made shoes and no gloves.

Our hero had felt himself an object of intense attraction to numberless patrician beauties; he had looked indifferently on the fairest members of the aristocracy, robed in satin, sparkling with gems, and displaying a thousand graces and accomplishments; and yet it was reserved for Lina, the beautiful cottage girl, to teach him that he had a heart. And Francis Carrington knew he loved her, knew that his happiness depended on her love in return; he banished all considerations of rank or fortune, asked her to be his wife, and was refused!

"I have said all I could for you, sir; but Lina is very firm when she once makes up her mind."

"But, Mrs. Myers, your niece has given me no reason for so positive a denial. I do not pretend to say that I am worthy of one as pure and good as she is, but surely my love demands some slight return—at least the cause of her determined refusal."

"It is not that she thinks you are not good

enough, I only fear my poor child has too high an opinion of you ; but she will not run the risk of some day feeling that you repent having married an ignorant, nameless girl ; one that you would feel ashamed to present to your great relations as your wife. And now since you want to know all the dear child's reasons, I must tell you that she is no connexion of mine, that I do not even know any other name for her than Madeline ; and for aught I can say to the contrary, she may be the child of respectable parents, or she may be descended from very wicked ones. A miserable, starving creature brought her to me while she was yet an infant. The woman died without telling us more than her first name, and my husband and I took the little helpless child to be our own. For fourteen years she has shared my humble home, and while I live she shall never want. You have made her a very generous offer, but I think, brought up as she has been, that her chances of happiness are greater if she remains in a humble station. She has no ambition to live in splendor, and were you a poor man, I think your suit would have been more successful."

Most fervently did Francis Carrington wish he was a "poor man," but being unfortunately doomed to the penalty of wealth, and unable to make the least change in the determination of the fair object of his love, he left the scene of so much pain and pleasure, and by easy stages journeyed to the summer residence of his friend, Lady Winterton.

It was not until he had spent several days at her house that he could summon courage to tell her all the changes and chances that had befallen him since their last meeting. But Lady Winterton was very discreet. She treated his story with all due seriousness, and asked many questions, thus evincing a very flattering interest in the little romance. But little did she dream, while affecting to feel an interest she did not in reality experience, that one simple word would render her almost wild with emotion, and fill her mind with a thousand conflicting hopes and fears, until the state of the disappointed lover was bliss compared with her own.

"You have not told me the name of this divinity, this wood-nymph, this fairy queen of yours."

"Madeline." The speaker was not pleased at the manner in which the question was asked, and answered rather shortly.

"Madeline!"

The young man started at the sudden clasp of those delicate hands on his arm, and the death-like hue of the eager countenance.

"For Heaven's sake! tell me what is the matter, Lady Winterton? What have I said, what have I done to affect you so?"

"That name! that name! O, tell me who she is!"

"Pray be calm; it is no one you can possibly have any connection with. A miserable, neglected babe, she was brought by a beggar to her present home. The woman said she was not her child, but refused to give any further information, save that her name was Madeline. But help! help! the lady has fainted!" And with tender care the young man raised the prostrate form from the ground, and assisted in the endeavors to restore her to life.

Slowly the heavy eyes unclosed, gazing from one face to another with bewildered and unmeaning looks; but as some sudden thought flashes across her mind, with a loud scream she springs to her feet, exclaiming, "My child! my Madeline! O, bring her to me!" and again she lies insensible on the floor.

In the beautiful drawing-room of Winterton House, seated on a luxurious couch, were two ladies, one lovely autumn evening; nearly two months after the time we last mentioned. There was very little apparent difference in their ages, so fresh, and young, and joyous was the appearance of the elder of the two; while the languid attitude, and slight shade of care on the brow of the younger made her look older than she was. Both were extremely beautiful, though unlike; the fair golden tresses and deep blue eyes of the mother (for such in reality was the relationship between them), bearing little resemblance to the brown curls and clear, hazel eyes of her child. Both were gazing on the portrait of a handsome young man, in full regimentals; and it needed but a glance to see how strong was the likeness between the picture and the youngest of the ladies.

The occupants of the room were Lady Winterton and her long lost child; the picture, the likeness of the husband and father, hitherto unknown to one, and long mourned by the other. To explain the appearance of this daughter, we must go back some sixteen years in Lady Winterton's life, when, with the thoughtless impetuosity of youth, she had contracted a secret marriage with the then penniless young officer.

Dependent on a miserly and obstinate guardian, her husband suddenly called away with his regiment to a foreign station, the poor girl found herself most unpleasantly situated, and afraid to acknowledge her imprudence. Without a friend to advise or assist her in her difficulties, she was

forced to make a confidant of her maid, and with her contrivance, effectually eluded the vigilance of her guardian. Commending her innocent babe to the care of this woman, the young lady was forced to play her part with the most consummate skill; but her punishment was not long in coming.

The confidant, after corresponding with her mistress for three or four months, and contriving that she should once see the child, suddenly disappeared; and the secret inquiries set on foot by the mother, elicited the facts that she had been deceived. The woman was of bad character, artful, abandoned, and connected with a gang of thieves and strolling players.

When her husband returned, and they were re-married, every exertion was made to recover the lost one; but disappointment was their only reward, and Lord Winterton lived but one short year to mourn the loss of the child he had never seen. The facts were kept secret; but the mother never forgave herself for sacrificing her babe to save herself; and not until the little Madeline was restored to her in the person of young Carrington's "cottage lass," did Lady Winterton realize the meaning of a "mind at peace with itself."

It was touching to behold her joy—quiet, but heart-felt happiness—that manifested itself in a thousand trifling circumstances; that caused her to hover round the couch of her sleeping child, when all was silent and dark, to make sure that her treasure was safe; that prompted her to keep the young girl ever in her sight, and at times to catch her in her arms with a smothered cry of delight, as if fearful that again she had lost her.

Francis Carrington had left England immediately after making it quite certain that his Lina was the daughter of his old friend. Just before his departure he had called on them, and his last words to Lady Winterton were, "I leave her to you for a short time; but remember that I found her first, and some day I mean to make good my claim."

It was useless to blind herself to the fact that, loving and tender as the child was, delightful as the change in her circumstances had been, there was yet something wanting to complete her happiness, to remove the slight shade of sorrow on her fair brow. But the impatient lover returned. There were no scruples now to overcome, as to inequality of birth or fortune; and when Lady Winterton beheld her beautiful child, with smiles and happy blushes, bestow her hand on the son of her once dearly loved friend, she banished a momentary fit of jealousy, and in her daughter's happiness found her own.

Francis Carrington was never afterwards heard to complain that his life was aimless. True, he did not become a member of Parliament, or mix in public life, but in accordance with his wife's wishes, spent the greater part of his time at their several country residences, and that time was not only passed happily but usefully.

Augustus Eaton, after quarrelling with the villain Louis, was by threats of exposure compelled to pay him a sum of money that ruined him, and in poverty and obscurity he spends his miserable existence in some unknown part of the metropolis. He has not come into possession of the "Carrington estates," and from the blooming, beautiful children who surround our old friend Carrington and his lovely wife, we think it unlikely that he ever will.

SOME NOSE.

Deacon C—, of Hartford, Conn., is well known as being provided with an enormous handle to his countenance, in the shape of a huge nose; in fact, it is remarkable for its great length. On a late occasion, when taking up a collection in the church to which he belonged, as he passed through the congregation every person to whom he presented the box seemed to be possessed by a sudden and uncontrollable desire to laugh. The deacon did not know what to make of it. He had often passed it round before, but no such effects had he witnessed. The deacon was fairly puzzled. The secret, however, leaked out. He had been afflicted a day or two with a sore on his nasal appendage, and had placed a small piece of sticking plaster over it. During the morning of the day in question, the plaster had dropped off, and the deacon seeing it, as he supposed, on the floor, picked it up and stuck it on again. But alas for men who sometimes make great mistakes, he picked up instead one of the pieces of paper which the manufacturers of spool cotton paste on the end of every spool, and which read, "Warranted to hold out 200 yards." Such a sign on such a nose was enough to upset the gravity of any congregation.—*Hartford (Ct.) Courant.*

ADVERTISING OBITUARY.

Died, 11th inst., at his shop, No. 20 Greenwich Street, Mr. Edward Jones, much respected by all who knew and dealt with him. As a man he was amiable; as a hatter, upright and moderate. His virtues were beyond all price, and his beaver hats were only three dollars each. He has left a widow to deplore his loss, and a large stock to be sold cheap for the benefit of his family. He was snatched to the other world in the prime of life, just as he had concluded an extensive purchase of felt, which he got so cheap that the widow can supply hats at a more reasonable rate than any house in the city. His disconsolate family will carry on business with punctuality.—*English paper.*

In private, we must watch our thoughts; in the family, our tempers; in company, our tongues.

WHAT, NOT BELIEVE ME?

BY A. BALDWIN.

What, not believe me?—Is the spell then broken?
 The charm of being in thy heart enshrined?
 Have faithless words from lips of mine been spoken,
 To change the hopes that long have round me twined?
 What, not believe me? O, the bitter anguish,
 That must forever haunt my burdened heart;
 Beneath that doubt love's fervent passions languish,
 And blissful hopes and dreams of thee depart.

What, not believe me? O, why thus upbraid me,
 However gently, with this slight disguise?
 In error's path e'en love hath not betrayed me,
 Nor would the mists of passion dim mine eyes;
 I feel I've sought thee with a vain endeavor,
 A wish to prove thee—a "forever thine;"
 But scattering falsehoods by the way shall never
 Be a device to consecrate thee mine.

I would be thine—though every phase of error
 Should spread a hindrance in my path to thee;
 Through every form and name of earthly terror,
 My steadfast purpose still is thine to be;
 Thy trustful heart is all the star to guide me,
 To lift my feelings to that home above;
 And though the world may tauntingly deride me,
 My refuge shall be in thy cheering love.

What, not believe me? Sure thy gentle spirit
 Hath to some mystic witchery lent thine ear,
 Or some false echo has been wandering near it,
 To lead thy feelings and thy thoughts from here—
 Here, in this temple, where a true devotion
 For virtues such as ever round thee shine;
 No fitful passion—no mere wild emotion,
 Could blend a doubt with worship such as mine.

AUNT MARY'S STORY.

BY MARIE L'ESTRANGE.

"Who would have thought it?" said our Isabel, flinging her sun-bonnet into a chair; "who would have thought that Fanny Dean was such a hypocrite? Only think, aunty, of all her professions of attachment to me, and how many, many times she has said that she loved me next best to her own sisters, and now, O dear, dear!"

Here Isabel's sobs fairly checked her utterance. We all gathered around, anxious to hear the secret of her present grief. Little Jamie put up his lips to kiss off her tears, and Mary threw her arms about her neck; but still the great drops kept falling thicker and faster, and the deep sobs caused her breast to heave as if her heart were struggling to get out of its prison.

"Do tell us, Isa, tell us all about it," pleaded little Mary. "Fanny Dean is a naughty, wicked girl to make you cry so. I'll never speak to her when she comes here, and I hope she'll never come again."

Isabel scarcely heeded her sister's sympathy, so completely was she absorbed in some overwhelming sorrow. In the course of an hour, however, her tears having somewhat subsided, she told us, between her sobs, that Jane Atwood told her, that Maria Snow said, that Sarah Brooks said, that Fanny Dean said to some one that Isabel Brown was the most disagreeable girl she ever became acquainted with; that she was never, in all her life, so disappointed in an individual; that Isabel was very proud and conceited, and very selfish, always talking to the disparagement of her friends when away from them, and manifesting a deal of attachment for them when in their presence; and was, in short, the most artful, designing person she ever knew.

"And now, aunty," said Isabel, after she had finished the recital, and given vent to a fresh burst of tears, "I don't see how I can ever love Fanny any more, or treat her with civility even; we have been so intimate for two or three years, and I have thought her so amiable and true, and such a good friend of mine!"

"Take this seat by me, Isabel," said my aunt Mary, kindly, "and dry thy tears, and I will tell thee a little story of my early life."

My aunt Mary was a member of the society of Friends, one of the kindest, gentlest creatures that ever lived, and, withal, so well versed in the windings of the human heart, so quick to comprehend difficulties, so ready to sympathize with the troubles of us children, and so judicious in counsel, that she came to be considered as a sort of family oracle. We hardly knew whether we loved her or our mother better. She was not our own aunt, either, nor indeed any relation to us; we only called her aunt. She was an early playmate and schoolmate of my mother—was nurtured in prosperity, but suddenly bereft of parents and fortune. At my mother's earnest solicitation, she came to make it her home with us. Enough was left of her large fortune to keep her from dependence, and she always insisted upon paying her board, though by her care of us children, and her kindness in sickness, she earned it a dozen times over.

Isabel was only a baby when Aunt Mary came to live with us, and Aunt Mary had tended her and instructed her, until an affection had grown up between them very intimate and very pleasant to behold. Now, Isabel leaned her forehead upon Aunt Mary's shoulder, so as to hide her swollen eyes, and Aunt Mary laid aside her knitting-work, and began. The story, though addressed to Isabel, seemed meant for us all, for Aunt Mary's eyes were directed by turns to each member of the family group.

"I was only a little girl when I first knew Julia Evans, about as large as Mary, perhaps. Her parents were wealthy and highly respectable, and quite intimate at our house; and Julia and I, being much together, early formed for each other a strong attachment. We were, in tastes and dispositions, much alike, though totally different in person—she being very handsome, tall and well formed, while I was plain, and on account of ill health, quite small of my age. Her eyes were large and deep, and very black; and her curls were like thine, Isabel, only thicker, and perhaps a trifle darker, and clustering more closely about her regal forehead. Thou shouldst have seen her hand, so slender and delicate and white, never disfigured with rings, for her parents, like mine, belonged to the sect that did not believe in outward adorning. I hardly know how they came to permit her to wear her hair in ringlets, but it was obstinately inclined to curl, and Julia was quite determined to dress it so, and she was a great favorite with her parents, and so for once I suppose they let her have her own way. No matter.

"We grew up together, till we were both sixteen; we had the same teachers, pursued the same studies, were almost daily together, had all our secrets in common, formed the same acquaintances, and for a year or two dressed exactly alike. Nothing occurred to interrupt the harmony existing between us; we were more than sisters to each other. We were just sixteen, when doomed to separate. Business called Mr. Evans, her father, to a distant city, and thither he soon after removed his family.

"The night before they left our town, we took a last walk together. O, never shall I forget that moonlight stroll beneath the cedars! Eden never saw a lovelier night. Everything above and around us served to tranquillize our spirits; and though we were exceedingly sad at the thought of parting, and talked much of our anticipated loneliness, we were hopeful, and indulged largely in speculations and wild, romantic dreams of the future. We talked over the pleasure that would transpire during our long visits, for, notwithstanding the distance that would soon intervene between us, we promised ourselves to pass at least two months of every year in each other's society. Then we pledged to each other to write such long letters, and to write so frequently! and thought how funny it would seem for us, who never had half-a-dozen letters in our whole lives, to be getting one by every other post that came.

"How long we walked and talked, I cannot say—the time passed so swiftly and so pleas-

antly. Presently we came upon a clump of trees, whose roots, naked and bare in places, swelling up from the soil, had often served us for seats. There we sat down, alas!—though we little thought so then—for the last time!

"'And now,' said Julia, more thoughtfully and earnestly than I had ever before heard her speak, 'before we part to-night, let us pledge ourselves to be firm and faithful friends, till we die. Let me have one of thy sunny braids, Mary,' said she, opening a small penknife, unbinding my hair, and severing a lock of it.

"'And in return,' said I, 'I shall choose thy prettiest curl—here, this one upon thy forehead. Yet no, it will disfigure thee to lose that; let me have another—no matter which."

"But before I could seize her hand, the curl was severed and laid on my lap. I still have it, and some time will show it thee, Isabel; somewhat faded it is, but still beautiful, and I cannot tell you how dear to me! Never had my sweet Julia seemed so radiant as then. Through the trees a ray of soft moonlight struggled, till it rested upon her clustering hair, and as she raised her eyes to mine, floated over her face.

"'We have pledged ourselves by these locks of hair,' she said; 'let us keep them sacred till we die!'

"Then we kissed each other's lips. There was a short pause; Julia broke the silence. Putting her arm about my neck, and resting her fair hand just where thy forehead now is, Isabel, she spoke:

"'And now, Mary, I am going among strangers; I shall have no one to love, while thou hast many friends about thee. There is Sarah Drake and Ellen Saunders, and a dozen or two more; thou wilt not be lonely like me. Besides, I am to live in a great city, where are no retired walks, no green, waving meadows, no flowers, and thou knowest how much I love all these.'

"'Why, I never thought of that before,' said I. 'The city will be no place for thee, Julia; it will seem a prison. But yet thou wilt find friends enough—none to love thee as I do, but many whom thou wilt learn to love.'

"I thought how her beauty and grace would win for her admiration and homage and love, and then, for the first time, God forgive me, I felt a secret yet unacknowledged fear that she would some day love others better than me. Yet I did not cherish the thought; it only flitted through my brain.

"'I do not easily form attachments, Mary,' she replied, sadly. 'I am inclined, I fear, to distrust; or, rather, I shrink from society in general, and find my happiness in the society of

a very few tried, constant friends. I shall have none such where I go.'

"I spoke cheerfully to her, and drawing her head to my bosom, kissed off the tears which glistened in her eyes. I was about to praise her beauty and tell her of the power it would give her, but suddenly checked myself, for both of us hated everything that seemed like flattery.

"The setting moon reminded us that it was becoming late. We renewed our pledge of fidelity, set the days when we would write each other, and walked slowly homeward. She was to spend the night with me.

"The morrow came and went, and with it Julia Evans, the sunshine of my heart. It was very lonely without her, and for a long time I found my chief happiness in writing to her, and receiving her sweet, simple, artless replies. Six months passed. At the end of that time she was to visit me, but in this we were disappointed, for she was seized with a fever, and consequently detained at home. My father's business prevented him from accompanying me to her, and I was too inexperienced to travel the distance alone. The time of our meeting was therefore postponed. Letters were, however, still very frequently exchanged, and our affection knew as yet no wane. Some day I will read thee some of her letters.

"At the end of a year I visited her, and the interview was truly delightful. Julia looked more delicate than formerly, for the air of the city did not agree with her, but she was not less beautiful. She had grown more affectionate than ever; our conversation was indeed the communion of soul, and I never loved her as when we parted then. In six months, she was to return the visit; but ere that time had elapsed, my father was summoned to England to take possession of an estate which he had very unexpectedly inherited. As my mother was an English woman, and had many relatives there, he resolved to take his family with him, thinking at that time to return in a few months. I wrote a long letter to Julia, telling her where her letters would find me, and earnestly begging her to be prompt in answering mine. Immediately upon our arrival in England, I wrote again. Two months passed, and still I heard nothing from my friend. Thinking her sick, or that my communication or her reply had failed to reach its destination, I wrote again and again, but still received no word of intelligence from Julia. Every possible reason was assigned for her silence, at least so it seemed to me, but when, after being detained a year in England, I heard no word from her or her parents, though I had sev-

eral times written them both, I began to entertain a slight fear that she was estranged from me, or at least had found some one to take my place in her affections. It was a revival of the vague impression which occurred to me upon the night of our walk.

"When, therefore, my father decided to take a tour of Europe, and I wrote her again, with the hope that accident and not unfaithfulness on her part prevented my hearing from her, entreating her to write me at Paris, and still no reply reached me, I began to believe that my fears were true. About this time, a letter from a friend residing near my home assured me that Julia Evans was engaged to a gay, wealthy merchant of the city where she now lived, and would probably be married in a few months. I was then almost sure that new affections and interests had usurped the place formerly consecrated to me, though why she should love me less because she loved her future husband more, I could not see. Bitterly did I weep over the thought that she was so different from what I believed—that the heart I once thought so large and warm, and so true to me, should prove itself quite the reverse. Yet I could not *fully* believe that I had so mistaken her character, so I wrote once more, begging her to tell me if the report of her speedy marriage was true, telling her to direct to Vienna. Our tour was so slow that I thought there would be sufficient time for a letter to reach that city before us. In this I was, however, mistaken. We left Vienna before her reply, had she sent one, could have reached that city.

"We spent the ensuing winter at Florence, and arrived home the following spring, after an absence of two years and a half. We found our quiet village greatly changed. Numbers of those whom we knew best had emigrated to the far West; a railroad had found its way there, and manufacturing interests suddenly started had given a startling impulse to the business of the place. As if by magic new streets had been planned and built up, new buildings substituted for old ones, and so numerous and so various were the improvements, I hardly knew the place of my birth.

"As I said, few who knew us when we left, were there to greet our return. I had been home a little more than a month when a mutual friend of Julia Evans and myself called at my father's. I eagerly inquired for Julia.

"'Have you not seen her?' replied my friend; 'she was in town a week ago. But now I think of it, she made no mention of your arrival. Perhaps she had not heard of it.'

"Impossible!" exclaimed I. "Nearly all our friends had called on us; how could she have failed to hear it?"

"My astonishment was certainly great. That Julia Evans had been in the place without deigning to call upon me, awoke, I am sorry to say, not only my grief, but my pride and resentment. Indeed I could scarcely restrain, for a single moment, my feelings of indignation. My friend went on to comment in lively terms upon Julia's appearance—her brilliant beauty, and her pleasant, agreeable manners and so on, alluding to the common report of her expected marriage in terms which led me to think that she was about making at least a very wealthy alliance.

"When my visitor was gone, I rushed to my room, bolted the door, and wept as I never wept before nor since. It was my first serious disappointment. All along I had cherished the rather improbable hope that our letters had been miscarried or intercepted, and I had, O so many, many things to tell her! I felt almost certain that when I reached home, her silence would in some way be satisfactorily explained. Now all hope of this sort died within me. Julia, I was sure, had ceased to love me. I resolved to write her no more—never, if I could avoid it, to speak of her—and, so far as possible, to banish her from my thoughts.

"Nearly four months passed away, during which time I had come to think of Julia only as a proud, fickle being, whose friendship, even, I scarcely cared to retain. Alas, it seems strange that my own sincere affection could thus be turned into bitterness! yet so it was. I had a proud, unforgiving spirit; indeed, I mentally resolved never to forgive her, should she again seek my favor. I had then, or rather my father had, all the advantages of abundant wealth. He was generally beloved and universally respected, so that we were freely admitted into the best and highest circles of society, though my father was of a quiet disposition and made it a principle to avoid the gaieties of life. Tidings of our present position would, I could scarcely doubt, reach her, and if her character was what I now believed it to be, I thought it possible that she would apologize for the past, and once more seek to establish herself upon terms of intimacy in our family.

"Four months, as I said, passed away, and then I received a letter in the familiar hand of Julia Evans. I was somewhat surprised, but not softened. It contained many professions of regard, though it was rather reserved in tone, and ended by begging me to visit her, or, if that were not practicable, to write her a long letter.

It was a long time, a very long time, since she last heard from me. Why had I not written her since my arrival? Doubtless my large circle of friends engrossed my time; she was aware that society had new claims upon me, but could I not steal one little hour for her?

"I can hardly tell how conflicting were my emotions as I perused this letter. At first, I was disposed to consider it sincere, but further reflection convinced me that it was only a piece of diplomacy upon her part, designed to impose upon my good nature, for I then fancied myself possessing a very liberal, benevolent disposition. The offending sheet was ultimately thrown in the fire, and never answered. Soon another came. Long since I learned it by heart, not by any direct effort, but somehow it stamped itself upon my memory. It ran thus:

"MY DEAR MARY:—Can it be, that thou didst not receive my last letter? Or, in the engrossing demands of a large circle of new acquaintances, hast thou quite forgotten thy old friend and playmate? Being in poor health, I have looked the more anxiously for some word from thee. I long to hear some of the particulars of thy long journey, and much more, Mary, do I long to see thy face, and have a familiar chat about the days 'lang syne.' It is a long time since we last saw each other. Of all the visits planned, when we walked and talked beneath the cedars, only one has transpired. It is four, yes, almost five years since then—eventful years they have been to me, and doubtless to thee also. But I am still too weak to attempt more than a note. May I not hope to hear very soon from thee, if not in a long letter, at least in a note assuring me of thy health and happiness?

'As ever, thy affectionate JULIA.'

"'Strange!' thought I, folding the letter. 'No apology for past neglect—no reason assigned for visiting almost in sight of our dwelling and never calling! Humph! she must be truly anxious to see me!'

"The letter was laid aside. At first, I meditated a haughty, bitter reply; but mature reflection decided me that the matter would sooner end to leave it unanswered. Believing Julia actuated only by selfish motives in writing me and desiring to secure my favor, I felt only a scornful indignation towards her. I made no mention of her letters to any one, not even my parents. Two months more elapsed. During the time, her name had never passed my lips. She was the same to me as though I had never known her.

"One evening a letter from Mary Evans, Julia's mother, surprised me. It was short—containing only the startling intelligence that Julia was in a hopeless decline, a touching account of the progress of her disease, and an ur-

gent invitation to visit them without delay, stating that Julia was very, very anxious to see me.

"This was a thunderbolt to me: I could not resist the appeal of her mother, and yet, at first, I dreaded the meeting. With some misgivings for my past indifference to my former friend, I made immediate preparations for my departure. Already I became aware that I had cherished towards Julia wicked, ungenerous feelings; and as I thought of her as a helpless invalid, soon to die, and recalled her former gentleness and devotion to me, I wept bitterly. Before morning, I had conquered all my late enmity towards her, or rather it had all vanished, and I felt prepared to throw myself upon Julia's neck and embrace her not less tenderly than as if nothing had interrupted our former confidence and affection.

"I found my friend in the last stages of consumption. The meeting with her I will not attempt to describe. She was calm through it all, and only wept when in an agony of grief I clasped her to my bosom, and with many tears and prayers and self-reproaches, besought her to forgive my cruel neglect of answering her letters.

"Had she been in the past my worst enemy, I could hardly have helped loving her, as from day to day I witnessed her uniform sweetness and patience, her confidence in Heaven, and listened to her glowing conversation. How one so beautiful and so young could become so weaned from earth, I could not divine, for then I knew by experience nothing of the sweet fruits of the Spirit.

"She grew daily weaker, but more radiantly beautiful. Her appearance could scarcely be described. Her eyes, though somewhat sunken, were incomparably brighter than formerly—more expressive, for the soul that looked out from them had been purified and spiritualized. With the hectic glow upon her cheek, and the black clustering hair about her forehead, making her complexion appear whiter and clearer than alabaster itself, the brilliancy of her face can scarcely be imagined.

"As yet, no direct allusion had been made to the past. I had, indeed, talked much of my European tour, and all the strange, beautiful things I had witnessed—had seen her eye kindle with enthusiasm as I described the sunny skies and balmy air of Italy and classic Greece, the grand, magnificent, terrible scenery of the Alps, or the noble beauty of the Rhine; but amid it all, no allusion had been made to the fact of her silence. I was already inwardly convinced that she had written me and that her letters had failed to reach their destination, or else that she had never received mine, for her uniform conscien-

tiousness, her constant peace, her look, manner and appearance forbade me to think that there was any act of unkindness in all her life unconfessed and unforgiven. Nor had any allusion been made to the fact of her visiting in our village, so soon after my arrival from the East. There was a mystery here which I felt must be explained before she died. I determined to broach the subject soon. An opportunity presented itself ere I expected, for no sooner had I come to the conclusion, than she called me to sit by her side.

"I am unusually strong, this morning," said she, 'and I have a sad tale to tell thee before I leave thee. Thou rememberest, Mary, that I hinted in my note to thee that the four years past had been eventful ones to me?'

"I nodded assent.

"O," said she, 'the heartaches that I have had, the strange, wild, bitter, terrible thoughts that have agitated me, and the dreadful struggles of soul, ere I attained the peace I now enjoy!'

"And then she related to me the saddest tale of a young heart's best affections all wasted and thrown away upon a vile, worthless wretch, who came to her in the garb of a member of our society, with the specious appearance of piety and worth, but the heart of a fiend—yes, the saddest story, Isabel, that I ever heard. I cannot tell it thee now, for it would alone fill a long chapter, but at some future time, perhaps I will.

"And the name of this man?' I asked, when she had done.

"Samuel Wolcott."

"Samuel Wolcott!'

"Yes, an Englishman by birth. Surely, thou dost not know him, Mary!'

"Was he tall, with large gray eyes and a scar upon his cheek?'

"Yes; then thou hast seen him—thou knowest him! Tell me quick, Mary.'

"He is my mother's cousin. Soon after our arrival in England, he made an unsuccessful attempt to defraud my father of a large amount of money. Upon the failure of the plan, he absconded and was never heard of again in England. Strange he did not change his name, but he hardly expected us to know any one in so remote a city, and probably thought it unnecessary.'

"And now I remember," said Julia, 'that when, soon after my acquaintance with him, I spoke of you, and of our strong attachment to each other, he acted rather strangely. I observed it then, but soon forgot it.'

"The thought at once occurred to me that this

man had borne some part in intercepting the letters that passed between us. He would scarcely desire my parents to know his whereabouts, even though he was beyond the reach of justice. At least, provided he designed to win Julia, as he undoubtedly did, he would wish to keep my family in ignorance of the affair. The close intimacy existing between Julia and myself would warrant a fear on his part that his name should be mentioned in some of her letters. Would it not be policy in him to intercept our correspondence?

"And now, Julia," said I, "I must ask thee some questions. How many letters didst thou receive from me during my absence?"

"Two: one immediately after your arrival, and another some three months after, stating that thou hadst received no answer and begging me to write soon. I did so immediately. I answered thy first letter, but it must have miscarried."

"And I wrote thee no less than six."

"O, Mary, what could have become of them all? How much did I wrong thee by judging thee too much engrossed in the strange people with whom thou wast becoming acquainted, and with the beauties thou wast meeting in thy travels, to think of me! I wondered thou hadst not spoken of thy silence, but as I had forgiven thee, I thought it not best to mention it to thee. Now tell me how many letters thou hadst from me."

"Not one, Julia—not one."

"Not one, when I wrote thee five! What couldst thou have thought? Yes, I wrote thee six during thy stay in England, and afterwards I knew not where to direct. Could Samuel have been guilty of that? No, no, I will not judge him so harshly. He always carried my letters to the office, and used to sympathize so much with me, when I felt so disappointed in not hearing from thee!"

"Each pleaded guilty to having thought the other unkind, though I had much more to confess than Julia, for she learned the lesson of forgiveness years before, while I knew it not."

"There yet remains one thing unexplained," said I. "It is with regard to thy visit in our place. That made me more wretched than anything else. That thou shouldst come so near me, and not even call—"

"O, Mary, how strange—how very strange that no one told me of thy arrival! Can it indeed be that thou wast home then? But I only remained one night there, for most of those I knew had emigrated. I took rooms at the hotel and made very short calls. People must have

supposed me aware of thy return. I should not have visited there had I not been passing through upon a more distant journey. The last that I heard of thee was through an acquaintance, who told me that thou wast to remain another year in Europe."

"Now the matter was clear to me, and years afterward, Samuel Wolcott, when dying in a State's prison, confessed to having intercepted our correspondence, all but my first letters, the two she mentioned, and her first one, which was lost, previous to his acquaintance with Julia. Ah, I had much to reproach myself with! Alas, alas! how bitterly did I repent the past!—how vainly wish to live it o'er! I shed such tears as I hope thou mayest never shed, Isabel."

"And now," said Aunt Mary, wiping her eyes, "my story is done. Some time I will tell thee how, from day to day, Julia grew more like an angel, until one evening she fell asleep in my arms—how, upon that night, the moonlight fell upon her glorious hair, just as it did when we sat beneath the cedars—how her eyes, lit with a glory such as thou mayest have dreamed of, Isabel, but never saw, were raised to mine, till they were diverted (so I always believed) by the angels—how her slender, white, almost transparent hand grew heavy and cold as I held it to my lips, till the glory left her eyes, and, as I said, she fell asleep in my arms."

"O, do tell me now, Aunt Mary," said Isabel.

"Not now, Isabel—do not urge me. I cannot tell thee now, for I wish thee to think why I have told thee this story."

"Yes, yes, aunty," said Isabel, her cheeks all a-glow, "I see it—I know what you would have me learn! I shall not hate Fanny; I shall go at once, and seek an explanation. Some one must have spoken falsely!"

"That's right, darling," said Aunt Mary, kissing her cheek; "that's right. I tell thee, Isabel, there would be much less suffering in the world, if everybody would do so."

INTELLIGENT.

The Austrian police officers lately pounced on a volume of Plato in Greek in the trunk of an American traveller.

"There may be something improper here," said the official Dogberry.

"Impossible!" replied the traveller. "It's the work of an ancient philosopher."

"What of that?" exclaimed the ass. "How do I know he didn't write against the Austrian government?"—*N. Y. Journal of Commerce.*

Politeness is nothing more than an elegant and concealed species of flattery, tending to put the person to whom it is addressed in good humor and respect with himself.

REST.

BY DARK STEEL.

How sweet a word to the weary one—
 What peace to the troubled breast,
 To know his footsteps are nearing home,
 Where he will find a rest!
 Rest from the wearying cares of life—
 Rest from its toils, its sorrowing strife—
 Rest from the grave.

The wanderer o'er life's darksome way,
 Has faint and weary grown,
 And is sinking by the rough wayside;
 Where thorns are thickly sown,
 When with straining eyes he sees afar
 A light—a guide—a glorious star,
 That points to rest.

A rest for the soul, beyond, beyond
 This misty, cheerless vale;
 Where love's bright blossoms in beauty bloom,
 Nor ever droop and pale;
 For no wintry blasts sweep o'er to chill,
 No autumnal frosts to blight and kill,
 For there is rest.

Where the parting tear is never shed,
 And sorrow is unknown—
 There, there is rest for the weary hand,
 Rest for the weary soul:
 Rest from the wearying cares of life—
 Rest from its toils, its sorrowing strife—
 Rest from the grave.

GRACE CARROLL.

BY WILLIAM B. OLIVER.

It was a cold frosty morning in March. All night the stars had hidden themselves from the pale watchers, whom sickness or suffering had forbidden to sleep, and the morning dawned without sunshine, almost without light, for the dark, slate-colored clouds threw shadows over the pathway of the town, and made still darker the streets of the city.

At ten in the morning, a modest, dark-colored, one-horse carriage stopped at the door of a large brick building, in the upper part of the city, and a lady and gentleman alighted.

"Is this the orphan's asylum?" said the gentleman to a lad, passing. The boy explained that there was a special door at the other side of the house, where people who had business must ring; so leading the horse round the corner, and asking the lad to hold it, the gentleman rang vigorously, and was answered by an old woman whose withered face, bent form and sour look did not impress him as being a suitable portress for the bright forms and faces that might sometimes be brought hither. He asked for the mat-

ron, and was ushered into a cold, scantily furnished room, with unpapered walls and uncarpeted floor. A desk and some chairs were the only furniture, and those were of the most meagre description. The matron made her appearance. She was tall and very thin, with harsh gray hair, and harsher gray eyes, and, moreover, she was dressed in gray. Not a trace of warm, human feeling was visible on that cold, stern countenance; no womanly softness, no motherly sweetness. The old apple woman round the corner looked more lovingly after the little ones who did not stop at her stand to buy. She looked as if frozen into stone, and the eye was stony as well as gray; you might have fancied that she was Lot's wife, looking upon the vanished hopes of her youth, and turned into that cold, hard pillar.

Perhaps Miss Cumston never had any hopes to look back upon; surely she could have none in the future, with that hard look. Those thin lips could never have murmured sweet words of love, or sung sweet lullabies to an infant. It was not a face out of which love and music had gone; because they evidently had not been there, to go.

Mr. Carroll thought all this, while he was looking about for some set phrase in which to address her; for his genial nature was chilled, and the benevolent errand on which he came was checked and delayed, by the absence of sympathy in her looks. His wife saved him the trouble of speaking. Already her woman's tongue had found a voice, and she was eagerly inquiring if there were any children in the establishment needing a home.

"Do you wish to take one?" said the thin lips.

"We wish to look at all of them," said Mr. Carroll. "You will please to show us every child in the asylum, and if there is one that suits our purpose, we shall probably take it. But we want, as I said, to see every one of them."

Miss Cumston led the way to a long chamber, where about twenty little ones, of various ages, were assembled, under the care of another person almost a duplicate of herself. The same stony look was distinctly visible, but behind it, there was something a little more human, something that said that the look was acquired by long practice. In the other sister, it was born there. Miss Elinor Cumston appeared to be some few years younger than her sister, and the little ones were more familiar with her. They came around her while they kept aloof from Miss Jane.

"Are these all the children you have?" said Mr. Carroll, for a friend had insinuated to him,

that in these places they do not exhibit the brightest and finest children until some of the rest are disposed of.

"All but one, sir," said Miss Elinor.

"Will you allow me to look at that one?"

The elder sister looked reproachfully at Elinor, probably because she had betrayed the fact; but she had no alternative than to show her charge, and she led the way to another and a smaller room. If the other children had not impressed the visitor favorably, here was one that could not fail to do so. Beside the fire sat a healthy, good-looking Irish woman, and in her arms a beautiful, healthy child of about ten months old. The child was not her own, but she had evidently taken good and sufficient care of it, and it did credit to her kindly keeping.

Miss Cumston seemed unwilling to have this child chosen. It was the healthiest and best fed, the happiest of the whole tribe, and would be taken in preference to any other.

She whispered a while to Elinor, and Mrs. Carroll heard her say, "well, let them have her! nobody will want the others while this one looks so well, and we may as well get her away."

It touched upon Mrs. Carroll's womanly sympathy, this reference to the little pinched and forlorn ones she had seen in the other room; and resolutely closing her eyes to the sweet, laughing, crowing baby, she walked into the long chamber, selected a pale, but intelligent-looking little girl, about two years old, and held her up to her husband for his approval. The child held out her arms to be taken, and Mr. Carroll bent forward and kissed her little violet lips. That kiss sealed the child's fortune. She sprang to his arms, and they enfolded her in a loving clasp.

"Wrap her up well," said he to Miss Cumston. "It is very cold, and I fear she will suffer, otherwise."

There was a hesitation which Mrs. Carroll easily divined. "We will send the clothes all home," she said, and the sisters seemed satisfied. By the time that the books were signed, and all the arrangements entered into on both sides, the child was brought in, dressed in a warm cloak and hood, and clapping her hands with pleasure at the story which nurse had told her of going to ride. For it was kind-hearted Katy, in the little room, who had laid down her own charge, and fitted the little one for her journey, and now stood with a tear falling down her rosy, good humored face, contrasting so strongly with her cold, unmoved mistresses, as to make the Carrolls wish that they might exchange places with her. * * * *

At the door of a handsome house in a country

town, about fifteen miles from the city, two bright, noble-looking boys appeared, to welcome their father and mother who had just stopped in the same carriage that stood in the morning at the door of the orphan's home.

It was now four o'clock, and already the bright lights were dancing in the windows, and the reflection of an ample wood-fire was throwing up broad red glances on the white ceiling within.

"What have you brought, father?" said little Fred, the youngest, as his father alighted with a large bundle in his arms.

"For shame, Freddy," said Willie, "to ask father now, when he is so cold!"

Willie gave his hand to his mother to help her up the steps, and Mr. Carroll followed with his bundle.

"Send Patrick after the horse, Willie, and tell him to give him a good supper."

Mr. Carroll never forgot the comfort of any living thing. As he entered the room the child woke from her long sleep, and looked round upon the boys, with a smiling, satisfied air, while they stood in utter amazement, unable to speak, gazing upon the fairy gift which their father had brought them.

"This must be your little sister, my son," said Mrs. Carroll, "and I hope I need not ask you to be very gentle and tender with her. You see that she is quite small and feeble, and will be unable to play as you great boys of eight and ten years old can."

"Indeed we will, mother! Thank you a thousand times. A dear little sister! Mother, how good you are! What is her name? Where did you get her?"

"Her name? sure enough, she must have a name—not that harsh uncouth name which was hers at the asylum; but some soft, sweet name. What should it be?"

"Let it be Grace," said Mrs. Carroll, after a dozen names had been proposed and rejected. "Grace Carroll! the names sound well together;" and Grace Carroll, the baby was called. That night, as the family sat at their pleasant tea-table, the "one thing wanting" seemed happily supplied, and a spectator might have safely predicted that the little girl would become an important part of the household.

We pass over ten years. Grace is now twelve years old, Fred is twenty, and on his last year in college, and William was quietly settled down as a physician. Fred, who came home only on Saturday evenings, was very particular in his demands upon the attentions of Grace, who waited upon him scrupulously. She prepared for him coming, arranged her music to play to him, put

on her best frock to receive him, and kept the week's news for his special hearing. But after all had been done for his comfort and pleasure, she would draw her low seat beside William, and look up into his face for an hour, without speaking. William would give no other sign of his satisfaction, than a calm smile when she sat down, and an occasional glance from his large volume to her sweet, young face, while Fred would endeavor to draw off her attention in various ways. She would answer him, do whatever he wished, but would relapse into her old habit of watching Willie's face again. Fred would scold or laugh at her for this, and when Fred returned, after four years' travel, during which he had written hundreds of letters to Grace, he came home to find her a beautiful young lady, accomplished, graceful as her own sweet name, and "handsome as a picture," there she was still sitting at William's feet, in the low chair.

"How beautiful you have grown, Grace!" said Fred. "I never expected to see Grace so handsome, did you, William?"

"Is Grace handsome?" said William. "I never observed it; but I suppose she must be, for she is good," and the student relapsed again to his books.

Fred turned impatiently away, and gave a long whistle. Half an hour later, William had gone to see his patients and Fred was teasing Grace to sing.

"Willie does not like that," she said, as he opened to a song which he called beautiful. She would not sing it. Presently he came to one which she called Willie's favorite, and she sang it notwithstanding that Fred declared it hideous.

Mrs. Carroll saw nothing of all this. To her the child was her boys' sister. She never thought of any other feeling coming to either. She must have been blind not to see that they both loved her, and that they never called her sister. Sometimes Grace said "brother" to Fred, but never to William. Mr. Carroll was more observant. He sat by, in his arm-chair, and he made observations occasionally, with which he never troubled his wife. There was no need, "Grace would be our daughter still more truly," he said, and already he saw her as William's wife, as loving, as gentle, as beautiful as now, and bound to their declining days by a new and tender tie.

Mrs. Carroll was not so easy, when she saw that Fred grew jealous of his brother. He showed it now, every time that Grace spoke to William, and he engaged her attention from him on the most trifling pretexts. William missed her from her accustomed seat, but, outwardly, he took no notice. * * *

It was a sweet, moonlight hour, that in which Grace sat by the window alone. The light came in upon her in silvery flecks, between the sprays of honeysuckle and clematis which garlanded the large bay window. Within the room all was darkness. She did not know that some one had come in, and sat there in that darkness, watching the gleams of light as they flitted in the light evening breeze, over her white dress and her beautiful face, made still more beautiful by the sweet serenity that dwelt upon it from the influences of that peaceful hour.

While Grace sat there, Fred came up the long gravel walk. She could not see him, for the honeysuckle lay thickly over the window; but she heard his quick, ringing step, so different to any other, and as he came near, she thought that she heard his hurried breathing.

He dashed into the room, and walked up to that window, where he well knew that he should find Grace.

"You avoid me lately, Grace," he began, "I have not had five minutes' conversation with you for a week. Latterly, you seem to be with William constantly, and I have no opportunity of talking with you at all."

"Don't say that, brother Fred," said Grace; "surely I spend as much time with you as with William. You forget that while he sits here studying, I am often galloping over the hills with you."

"But what chance is there to talk on horseback, Grace? One quiet hour like this, is worth more than twenty such as we spend together every week, because there is no chance for conversation in them."

Grace laughed. "I think we are together as much as most brothers and sisters, Fred, and I do not know what subject we have left untouched. It seems to me that we have gone over everything which comes under the head of conversation, many times over."

"Pshaw! forgive me, Grace, for the word, but surely you must know what I mean. I love you—not as a sister—you shall never call me brother again. You may call William 'brother,' and you may be a sister to him—but never to me. Gracie, you must be my wife!"

Fred's wife! She had never thought of this. Her life had been so peaceful, so beautiful in its relations to them all, that it startled and even terrified her, to have it assume any other shape, even in thought. Loving William as she truly did, watchful as she was of his comfort, she had never dreamed of being anything more to him than she was now. And for Fred, it was still farther from her thoughts; nor could she bring

it near, now that he had presented the idea in words.

Fred's wife! He had to repeat it before she could answer, and when she did, it was with a broken and tearful entreaty that he would not seek to put this barrier between their pleasant intercourse; that he would never again trouble the peaceful current of her calm, sisterly love, with words like these.

There was an hour of stormy grief on his side, and of tearful regret on hers, and then Grace begged him to leave her. He went out into the still moonlight, and tried to still his heart, by walking far and rapidly.

And there, in the shadow, still sat the figure that had staid there through the whole scene. Grace almost fell over it, when she was hurrying to her room, and then she knew who it was.

"William!" she gasped out, "have you been listening to all this? I could not have believed it of you."

"Grace, do not condemn me until I can speak in my defence. I came here, silently, before my brother entered; and Grace, I came for the same purpose for which he came! When he came in so suddenly, I was too much overcome with my own feelings to allow him to witness them. I would wait, I thought, until I could speak to you both, calmly. But you know how he spoke; so suddenly, so impetuously, and after the first words were spoken, I could not have moved for my life. I knew that no one thought of my being here, and had you not fallen, no one would ever have known it. Had you accepted Fred, I must have betrayed myself. As it was, I sat in a quiet happiness, which can only be made deeper and stronger by the thought that sometime I may say to you words which you have heard from another, and that you will answer them differently. Forgive me, Grace! I know how my being here must look to you, how it would look to Fred, but he does not know, and never must know, that I heard it all. He is so proud that it would destroy all love between us as brothers. Will you forgive me, Grace?"

"I do; but this has pained me so much, that I must not talk of it now. Let me go, William, you are cruel to detain me, and hark, Fred is coming back."

She went to her room, but it was to lie waking all night. What had she gained? The knowledge of a love which troubled her heart, and made life, for the first time, seem overshadowed. What had she lost? The life long happiness, up to this time, of that tender, sisterly affection, which she had ever cherished for both. O, if Fred had not spoken! And then this other new

revelation which had come to her from William! It was all inexplicable to her, and she must bear it unshared, too, for there was no one to whom she could give her confidence. How could she meet her father and mother in the morning, with the knowledge of all this pressing upon her? How could she meet any of them, indeed?

It was, for a moment, in her thoughts, to plead illness as an excuse for not joining them at the breakfast table; but she was above any pretext, and she bathed her wet eyes, and went down. Fred was not there! and William was cold and abstracted. Mrs. Carroll noticed the heaviness of her daughter's eyes, and was profuse in her exclamations of regret, begging William to prescribe for them. Every word deepened Grace's confusion, and as she found it impossible to preserve her serenity, she went back to her chamber. Thither Mrs. Carroll followed, after a brief conversation with William, in which he had told her all. It was with a generous disregard of his own happiness that William offered to waive all pretensions to Grace, if she could love his brother; and when Fred returned, pale and careworn, at evening, his brother actually undertook to plead his cause with Grace.

"Loving you as I do, Grace, I would resign you willingly, if you can make it appear that it will be for the happiness of yourself."

"O, no," said she, "let me be your sister again. It is all that I can wish. This is idle, to break up the peace of this happy circle in this way. Only let us be as before."

This could not be, William said; but before he could finish his sentence, his brother came in.

"I see how it is, Grace," he said, mournfully, "William loves you, too, and more than that, you love him. Nay, do not speak. I have long seen it in both. I cannot stay here to see it; but when I am gone away, as I shall soon go, you will be happy together." His eyes filled with tears. They had not known the depth of affection that lay beneath the crust of Fred's careless and apparently reckless disposition. They felt it keenly now. In a few weeks he was gone.

Four years have passed, and Mrs. Carroll sits holding her little grandson, while another climbs on her husband's knee. The gate opens, and up the long gravel walk comes Fred, and by his side a tall, graceful, dignified woman, and she is Fred's wife.

Whoever feels pain in hearing a good character of his neighbor, will feel a pleasure in the reverse. And those who despair to rise in distinction by their virtues, are happy if others can be depressed to a level with themselves.

TO MY LITTLE NAMESAKE.

Dedicated to the Hon. N. T. Rossiter.

BY BLANCHE D'ARTOIS.

Stranger fairy!
 Artless peri!
 Little namesake mine!
 Deign to list me:
 How I'll kiss thee,
 Wert thou truly mine!
 Clasp thee fondly to my breast—
 Guardian of thy guileless rest—
 Owing meanwhile I am blest—
 Little namesake mine!

Home enchains thee,
 Friendship claims thee—
 Come! this heart's thy shrine!
 "Daughter Mary's"
 Loved more dearly—
 Namesake, thou art mine.
 "Blanche!" I bid thee welcome home!
 Peerless fairy—haste and come—
 Hearts and homes have too much room,
 Little namesake mine.

Sing I—praying—
 Song-conveying—
 All my soul to thine:
 While I'm breathing,
 Fate is wreathing
 Crowns, thy brow to twine.
 Sorrow's toils ne'er tangle round thee,
 Doubt nor darkness e'er confound thee,
 Misery's black waves ne'er surround thee,
 Little namesake mine!

THE OBSTINATE HORSE:

—OR,—

WHO'LL MAKE HIM GO?

BY WILLIAM O. EATON.

CRUELTY to animals has well been made the subject of penal legislation, and if horses but knew this, they would grin with gratitude. And when they are ill-treated—as, for instance, when their loads are greater than they should be, or when they are whipped or beaten unjustly by the hand of passionate ignorance—they would neigh aloud to the lookers-on, "*Why don't you take his number down and take him up?*" Coaxing often goes a great way with a horse—but I am getting ahead of my story.

Not long ago an omnibus stopped, against the will of the driver, at the head of Milk Street—cause, an unruly horse. A result was the immediate commencement of one of those Washington Street blockades, or caravans, usual on similar occasions. We will not stop to inquire why the horse refused to propel—whether it was an ailment, indignation at being over-worked,

objection to the character of any or all of the passengers in the vehicle, sheer fatigue, or a vain wish to attract attention; but will merely suggest in this place that some folks account for the obstinacy of horses by supposing that they either stop to think, or see "sperrits" ahead, and are afraid.

The obstinate horse who is the hero of this story did stop, at any rate, from some cause or other, and occasioned a blockade in the street on one side, and a dense and excited and rapidly increasing crowd on both sides of the way. The driver, an exceedingly "hossy" looking chap, after two or three cuts of the whip, remained in his seat inactive, and with great composure lit a cigar and commenced smoking.

"Go on—why don't you?" asked an impatient gentleman through the ticket-hole. "You've stopped forty-four times in this rascally crooked street already!"

"Horse will go when he gets ready," was the answer.

"Baulky?" said the gentleman, noticing the crowd.

"Rayther!" was the dry response of the driver.

This answer induced all to get out of the omnibus, except a large fat woman with a determined expression and a basket of eggs. As the others went out, they heard her mutter something about she wouldn't get out for no horse, "eggs or no eggs."

"Why don't he go on?" said somebody on the sidewalk.

"Better ask the horse!" said a facetious spectator.

"Touch him up!" cried several.

Impatient gestures and not a few highly indelicate expressions were made by drivers of vehicles in the rear, and "Knock him in the head and take the team down Milk Street!" was proposed by one ferocious personage, who had a note to attend to which he feared would be protested.

But most of the throng, as is usual on such occasions, were more sympathetic, and indulged in a display of their horse-knowledge which was more unique than edifying. The sight of obstinacy stirs up the wrath of many, and those present of that class suggested the most violent means to make the horse do his duty; while others proposed coaxing, or a strategic method.

"Lead him and then he'll go," cried a boy, who conceived that nobody else there assembled ever heard of such an ingenious proceeding.

Some who would have tried this plan, and were just stepping into the street to execute it, disdained to accept of any advice from a boy,

and drew back disappointed, for they had flattered themselves upon having a good chance to make a display before a large assembly, with little risk. But the chance was improved by a peaked-looking man, with a silly face, but with no avail.

"*Baa! baa! baa!* Go away, sheep-head! Get out, calf!" were the jeering cries which soon made him hide himself in the peaceful obscurity of the crowd; and even the horse seemed to sneer at him, for he snorted terribly.

The crowd was all the while growing more noisy and excited, while the resolute fat woman, with the basket of precarious eggs, condescended to watch the proceedings through a front window. The driver's coolness seemed to provoke some of the crowd, for they reproached him with indifference to the public interests.

"Don't you see that ere string of teams ahind on yer?" exclaimed they.

"Not very well," said the driver, looking straight ahead.

"What's the matter of that horse?" inquired a simple-hearted by-stander, who had just come.

"Troubled with the *no-goes*," said a quiz, seriously.

"Where?" said the other, willing to be instructed.

"In the legs," was the reply.

Here the driver, to save appearances, condescended to give the beast a lash upon his hind furniture, which caused him to show vivacity in the back-stay, for he executed a series of kick-ups with much enterprise.

"He still lives!" said a political spectator, withdrawing a little, to wipe a discharge of mud from his face.

"Beat him—bang him—*make* him go!" said some. And at this moment an indignant shop-keeper, who felt that the crowd injured his sales, advanced with a window-shutter and spanked the refractory animal a few times, when a brisk young Frenchman stepped forward and interposed with, "*Mon Dieu! mon ami! vous sont un fou!*" and he went to the horse's head to try the coaxing way—the most approved in France.

Patting the foaming beast upon the neck, he endeavored to whisper in his ear; but he was too short, or the horse was too tall, for he could barely reach as high as the animal's ear, and the horse would not allow his head to come down as low as the Frenchman's mouth—perhaps because he did not understand French. But the countryman of Napoleon was not to be easily disheartened, and keeping a tight hold of the reins, when the angry animal reared again, he was carried up with him and managed to get his

mouth to the beast's ear before he came down.—The crowd applauded the Frenchman's tenacity, though they did not all understand what he would be at.

"What's he trying to do?" said many.

"He's kissing his brother!" answered a wag.

"Promising him a feed of oats!" said another.

"No—he is telling him if he don't be still and behave, he will take him up!" said still another.

"Take him up?" laughed another; "he'd better keep him *down* first."

"Why don't the driver use the whip? Driver, pay on, pay on, with your whip!"

This and many other volunteered advices were declined by the phlegmatic driver, with a knowing wink of the eye.

Twice the disinterested Frenchman got his mouth to the horse's ear, but the plunges knocked his hat off, and as he let go to get it, the horse suddenly made a start forward for a rod or two, and amid the derisive shouts of the thankless crowd, the fugitive chapeau was picked up by its owner, all in one grand smash, having been run over by the wheels. With a torrent of *sacres*, and a volley of other rather unamiable French, the discomfited Gaul withdrew in the direction of Noah Greely's hat-store.

Innumerable were the suggestions now offered by the magnanimous spectators, not one of whom attempted to put in force his own proposition, though seriously believing in its probable efficacy.

"Rub his nose kindly; that's the way I have always seen it done!" said a positive man, with a very superintending sort of look.

"Rub his granny!" said a scornful fellow, with a turned-up nose. "Stroke his mane wrong ways—that's the only way."

"My father's horse," advanced another, with a persuasive smile and criticising squint of his eyes, "never would go unless you tickled him over his tail. That will set any horse flying! Will any gentleman please to lend me a rattan? Must be done with a rattan!"

As nobody had a rattan, the experiment was not tried.

"Tickle his ribs with a stick!"

"Squeal in his ear!"

"Twist his ear!"

"Blow in it!"

"Twist his tail!"

"Throw some water on him!"

"What a curious driver! He don't seem to mind it at all!"

The nonchalance of the driver so contrasted with the rearing, kicking, snorting, sidling and foaming of his excited horse, as these experi-

ments and others were severally tried, that he began to be an object of admiration. Some inquired what kind of a horse he was, commonly.

"O, he's a pooty bobbin' sort of a horse, sir," was his reply, very complacently.

"I should think he was all of that. What do you do when he acts in this way?"

"Don't do nothing, generally. Let him feel his oats, if he wants to," said the coachee, lighting a fresh cigar.

"But aint there any remedy? You see how the street's blocked up!"

"Sometimes, when he gets steam up, they put a chaw of tobacco between his teeth."

"Chaw of tobacco! Chaw of tobacco! Who's got a chaw of tobacco, to put in his teeth?" exclaimed the shop-keeper aforesaid, who having failed with the shutter at one end of the animal, was now going to try tobacco at the other.

A huge piece was handed him, and after munching it a little to make it soft and taste good, he went up to the chafing cheval, whose bulging eyes and shaking head announced that the fire was not all out of him yet. Determined to make the dose effectual, the shop-keeper, seizing a favorable moment when the horse's mouth was partly open, thrust his hand away in with a fierceness which nearly cost him the loss of it—for the teeth came down upon his fingers, not, however, with full force, but sufficiently hard to make him swear his repentance as he ran with his maimed digits to the neighboring doctor's shop.

"Rather got *bit*, that time, didn't he?" laughed the driver. "Perhaps that anxious man didn't know how fond the horse is of tobacco. Took *two hands* that time!"

"Sunthin' must be done, and that speedily!" said a puffy, paunchy little man, with a pink face and wholesale-dealerish air, as he surveyed the motley multitude, whose jostling and density made the prospect of half-a-dozen little fights altogether probable. "It's a pity that one horse should thus disturb the peace and quiet. It injures the interests of the city. I'll give five dollars to anybody who'll make that horse go."

People pricked up their ears, and a few more tried in vain.

"Don't want your money, neighbor Punccheon," said a larger and fatter man at his elbow, "you know I've a plenty myself, for that matter; but here's a man who says that if you walk before a horse in this condition, he will follow your lead. I'll try."

"I'll try it myself!" said the little puffy, paunchy man, with the wholesale air. "It's a sacrifice, but I'll do it for the public good!" and

with patriotic condescension he stepped into the street before the horse, with solemn importance, and pulling his hat on firmly, and telling a policeman who had just arrived authoritatively to stand out of the way and not interfere, he faced the horse, as if to let him know who he was, and then turned to the right-about face, and walked slowly on before.

"What's to pay now?" was the question; "who's that?"

"Punccheon, the wholesale dealer, trying an experiment!"

"He'd better not come too near the horse, or he'll be swallowed, boots and all."

Twelve pompous strides and the little man looked back. The horse took no notice.

"You're so small, perhaps he didn't see you," suggested some; "try it again!"

He did try it, again and again and again, and perhaps would have tried it till the present time, in his fervor for the public good, only that, at the fourth trial, the horse made it very evident that he did see him, for as he approached, he reared, and descending, brought his hoofs in such dangerous proximity with the puffy man's head, as to smash his beaver off, leaving him barely time to gather himself forward and save his body corporal. Dismayed and hatless, he retired to the sidewalk.

"Bob," now said the policeman to the driver, "will you, or shall I try?"

"Come up and take the reins," was the reply.

The policeman did so, and Bob got down and spoke in a low tone to the delinquent animal, patting his flank and neck and manipulating his nose. Not a minute elapsed before the hitherto violent quadruped became as docile as a kitten, and Bob remounting with a grin, the policeman still on the box, cried:

"All right!" and bowing to the spectators, drew the reins and the horses went forward as if nothing had happened.

"Nothing like knowing how to manage a horse!" said everybody, dispersing, and the policeman observed the same to the driver, with the remark that he had made quite a sensation.

"Yes," said the driver, "and I didn't care if I did. I might have got him along at the first stop. I knew all the time they couldn't make him go, but there's some folks so ready to interfere, and so sure they know how to manage a horse better than anybody else, that I thought I'd let 'em try. Nobody can make Jerry move in his tantrums but me, you can bet a pile!"

The only praise that ought to be relied on comes from competent judges without temptation to flatter.

AGNA.

BY HARRY VERNON.

Fair as the morning when winged it flies
 From crimson-streaked ocean; fair as the rose
 When its petals expand to the dew of the skies;
 Fair as the spheres when Vesper forth hies,
 Brilliant with glittering of heavenly pearls,
 Is she, the chaste Agna, queen among girls!

Agna, this bright one, first I saw on the lawn,
 Fronting the house of the old village school;
 Here was she romping, romped as a fawn,
 Singing as birds sing, gayly at dawn;
 And as the zephyr blew, laughing it played,
 Tossing her ringlets of bright auburn shade.

Fled have years, many too, phantom-like, close,
 Following me ever, the young beauty elings.
 When the morn dawns, when the eve glows,
 When to the dew opens the red rose,
 Forth springs the lovely shade, soft as a dove,
 Singing as birds sing, singing of love!

THE LAWSUIT.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

ISABEL MOORE sat by the window of her richly furnished drawing-room, half hidden by the folds of beautiful lace and damask that draped it. Everything about her showed, indisputably, not only that the owner and occupant possessed the quality of taste in the highest degree, but also that she had the wealth and ability to gratify it to the utmost.

Isabel was an heiress; and of course, she was a beauty in the eyes of the world. She was more than that; she was intellectual, spirited, and with a dash of sentiment about her, that she unwittingly encouraged, when she should have done her utmost to keep it in check. With all her advantages of wealth, station and character, she was apt to fall into a state of ennui, from which it was difficult to rouse her.

No tie of near and dear family affection had ever belonged to Isabel. Her father and mother dying when she was too young to know their loss, she had been transferred to a boarding-school, from whence she emerged at eighteen, and took up her residence with the family in whose care the house had been left at her father's death.

Mr. Winthrop was a clergyman, and had been a friend of Mr. Moore's. The house had been tendered to his free acceptance, by his friend's will, on condition of receiving Isabel, when she should have finished her education, and remaining with her until she should marry.

Here, therefore, she came; and here she had remained for five years, with every appliance for

making life happy, and yet suffering from a restlessness and dissatisfaction, that could only proceed from a life where she had so little, individually, to achieve, and where all incentives to exertion had been taken away. In short, Isabel was suffering for want of a little wholesome discipline.

The truth was, there was a certain incommunicable quality in Isabel's mind, and a self-contained principle about her, which, without making her absolutely selfish, was yet so apparent, that those who failed to enter the sanctuary of her heart, were very apt to baptize it by that name.

But now Isabel was, as we have said, suffering from a lack of discipline. Her ocean had no roughness, her waves were scarcely ripples; and there seemed to be the danger only, of a flat, dead calm. She had read of noble and benevolent people who were always projecting some great good to society; and in books, she admired them; but in real life, such characters had always been repulsive to her, from other elements that had mixed with their goodness, and were distasteful to her love of the æsthetic.

It was a beautiful morning in May, when Isabel, restless from having nothing to do, sat by the window and looked out upon the busy throngs that passed by. Not a few cast glances of interest upon the stately house that held the pretty heiress, but no one came in, and hour after hour she sat in listless weariness, longing for some change, something that would throw a little sparkle over the rapid sort of life which she owed to herself that she was leading.

Almost she was tempted to go up stairs to Mr. Winthrop's study, and question him of her future life, and how she might be able to throw off this weariness, and come out into better and more harmonious being; but she remembered his endless discussions with others who had sought his counsel, and how little they had interested her understanding or affected her heart, when she had occasionally heard them, and she dreaded to make herself an object of his prosy generalities, as much as she would have avoided any personal dictation from him. She had only got along with these people, by taking and giving the most perfect freedom. Herself, impatient of control, as she had often manifested at school, she was not, like many of that stamp, ready to dictate to others; but gave to all that which she dared to preserve to herself. The result of her thoughts was, not to seek him, but to try to work out her own problem.

She did not have to work at it; for Fate, who always has some reserved ammunition for everybody who has been shooting in the dark, brought her a letter by the post, that suddenly turned the whole

current of her thoughts, and waked her up to an enthusiasm, which would have perfectly astonished those who were accustomed only to the smooth and severe side of Isabel Moore's character. There was fire beneath the surface, but it required a strong current to make it rise to a flame. The letter ran as follows :

"I am sure that I need only appeal to the candor and good sense of Miss Moore, when I ask her attention to some facts which I wish to state to her. Perhaps you will question the right of a stranger to address you thus ; but believe me, I have adopted this method out of strong respect for yourself, and a feeling that you would, in the end, be thankful that I did so. I will state, *en passant*, that I am in the profession of the law, and have examined all the facts which I shall now present to you.

"You are, of course, aware that your father married your mother in a foreign land, whither he went on a secret expedition for the American government. You are not, perhaps aware—indeed I am sure that you are not—that he had a wife living at that time, and that there is a daughter now living, who can claim the whole of the large property which has been, nominally, yours so long.

"I see you are roused by this ; you tremble, turn pale, and would throw this true statement indignantly into the fire. But do not ! Wait and see how best you can escape this misfortune. *Claiming is not possessing*, and it will be difficult to substantiate a claim on the part of this young lady (who is but a few years older than yourself), unless she has stronger proofs than I have yet seen. If you please, I will communicate with you, privately, on this subject, whenever you desire. Forgive me for causing you pain, and believe me yours with respect.

WALTER HAYDEN."

The address was appended to this, showing how she might communicate with him by letter. Isabel's first thought was almost of gladness. Her innocent mind hardly took in the consciousness of her father's guilt in any way ; and the prospect of a sister was somehow, to her lonely situation, rather a pleasant one. Her idea was of a *relation*, coming to live with her, sharing with her the wealth and comforts from which she had perhaps been unjustly shut out for so many years.

She turned it over in her mind, and her idea soon gave place to another, not quite so pleasant. She looked over the letter again, and the words, "the whole of the property which has been yours nominally, so long," looked larger and stronger every time she glanced at them. She began to tremble, but as she read down the page, she assumed more firmness, as the lawyer's implied doubts met her eye.

Should she seek Mr. Winthrop ? No—he was weak and feeble, physically and mentally. She would act, for once, for herself, at least until she

should understand more of the case ; and her father's character was at least too precious to be entrusted to indifferent hands now.

She wrote a hasty note, and appointed an hour in which to meet the lawyer ; a time when she knew that Mr. Winthrop would be in his study and his wife asleep on her sofa. He came punctually, and was shown to her drawing-room, and orders were given to admit no one else.

Walter Hayden entered the room with a start of surprise and almost embarrassment. He had not counted upon anything so imposing as the appearance of the apartments, or the graceful dignity of the occupant. Disdaining the accessories of ornament, Isabel appeared before him in a plain white dress, with her fine hair folded simply in one rich braid around her head. The simplicity of the style was well suited to her face and figure, and no exuberance of ornament or finish could have given such effect to her beauty. She received him with calm and easy politeness, and went immediately into the subject. Her visitor noted every word she uttered, and seemed greatly impressed with the perfect absence of all haste or indignation in her manner.

On her part, she was pleased and interested. He had been so kind and gentlemanly in his statements, and had explained so patiently the various matters which it concerned her to know, that, after their long and exciting interview, Isabel could hardly regret the cause that brought her into contact with such a mind.

Walter Hayden went away with no very distinct idea of his own feelings ; but he knew that Isabel Moore, stripped of all the splendor that surrounded her, would be a greater object of interest to him, a poor and almost unknown lawyer, than the English woman who had come over to take possession, or at least to claim all that Isabel now enjoyed. He had seen her ; and the impression on his mind was that of unmitigated aversion towards her.

It was, therefore, with pain, that the young lawyer turned his steps towards the hotel where the person calling herself Annabella Moore was awaiting him, with her mother. Coming from the refined atmosphere of Isabel's presence, he shrank from seeing the coarse and loud spoken woman who was, he now believed, usurping or trying to usurp her privileges ; and his heart swelled with anger at himself, that he had undertaken her cause at all.

He questioned the mother, and her statement seemed true, although there were one or two points on which she resisted pressing, evidently trying to get away from them as speedily as possible. He then stated to them his conviction that

he should not be able to manage the case on their side, and begged to be set aside; resolving inwardly that his influence should operate on the other side, if he were allowed the opportunity.

Something in his manner decided them to give him up, and he then felt a freedom to advise and assist Isabel, which he did not previously feel. He lost no time in preparing for another interview, and offering his services in all things except by appearing as her counsel.

Day after day he saw Isabel, and having chosen for her the very best counsel, and laid matters in train, they only waited for the case to come on, which, as the English women complained of detention and expense, was done immediately.

The main evidence of the woman rested on the production of her marriage certificate, which certainly seemed genuine enough, and was sworn to by a person who said he was present at the ceremony. Indeed, on this certificate turned the whole point of the case, and on both sides it was justly considered of immense importance.

During the day of trial, Hayden had sent repeated notes to Isabel, to inform her how things were progressing. She would not be present, although he solicited her to appear. His last note merely said, "a little light." He had requested Isabel's counsel to allow him to take the marriage certificate into his hands for a brief examination. He looked at it carefully, whispered to the counsel, and sat down.

Joseph Myrick, "curate of St. Gregory's Church, Leedsfield," was sworn. He deposed that on the night of the twenty-first of April, 1821, he joined in marriage, Elias Moore and Annabella Stanfield; that he had christened a child for them in the course of the following year; that this young woman was the child; that the father of the child came to America, and was well known as the husband of Annabella Stanfield, whom he had deserted, being traced hither by her brother, who was now unfortunately dead; and that she had hitherto no means of getting to America, or making her claim until recently.

The counsel for Isabel rose. "May it please your honors, there is only one evidence which can be brought against this. It is short, simple, and to the point. The marriage of Elias Moore and Annabella Stanfield, as sworn to by the reverend gentleman, was in April, 1821. Unfortunately for his cause, or that rather of his fair friends, I have to state that the paper on which this certificate was written, is of American manufacture, and bears distinctly the date of 1840, traced in water lines upon its surface." A murmur of mingled delight and indignation arose in the court. The "reverend gentleman" tried to

escape, but was secured, and his fair friends with him, to answer to the crime of forgery.

Walter Hayden's face was perfectly radiant. It was he who had discovered the mark on the paper, and suggested it to the counsel, and it was he, also, who was to bear the tidings to Isabel.

She was awaiting him, and his beaming face told the story before his lips could utter a word. Isabel was speechless with emotion, but drawing from her bosom a paper, she handed it to Mr. Hayden. His face was scarlet in a moment. He had missed it soon after their morning interview. It contained words of love to Isabel, which, had the case ended in her poverty, he intended to place in her hands, when he returned to tell her. Should it result in her favor, he was not to offer them to her consideration. Walter was too proud to win a rich bride—but were Isabel poor, impoverished by this trial—he would ask her to share his lot, and trust to brighter times.

"I wrote this to be given in case of your failure to gain your cause, Isabel," said he; "let me call you so this once. I do not dare to press my cause now."

Isabel's heart was beating so loud that she could hear every pulsation. She wondered if the new emotion was genuine or not. She had never known it before, and was doubtful whether it would pass current in the present inflated state of society. She only knew that she would be willing to share her fortune with and devote her whole life to Walter Hayden; that henceforth, his name would be the watch-word to her soul, rousing up all good and generous emotions within her. When she attained voice to speak, she told him this, and, also, that her only grief was, that she could bring him nothing but her worthless fortune, instead of a life full, as it should have been, of good deeds.

Of the English women and their accomplices, they lost all trace. It was supposed that they had friends who assisted their escape from the country, for the three had all fled from the jail in one night, during an alarm of fire.

Mr. Winthrop rallied sufficiently to unite Walter and Isabel, but he was fast sinking into unconsciousness, and his wife, unwilling to burden Isabel longer, had him removed to a pleasant country home, where he was often visited by the newly married pair, over whose home a beautiful halo rests, and around its hearth two beautiful human blossoms nestle at their feet, bearing anew the names of Walter and Isabel.

Honors and great employments are great burthens, and must require an Atlas to support them. He that would govern others, first should be the master of himself.

BID GOD SPEED.

BY MRS. L. S. GOODWIN.

Jealousies are wicked spirits,
 Haunting breasts that give them room;
 Wishes bearing ill to others
 Bring the wisher self-same doom.
 Earth is wide, and life is scanty,
 What of love ye may, O, grant ye;
 Here a man and there his brother—
 Bid God speed to one another!

Does one climb the mount before thee?
 Make him serve thy guiding star:
 Does one weaker struggle after?
 Cheer him with thy tones afar.
 Every path enough is thorny,
 Neither envy, neither scorn ye,
 But let brother and his brother
 Freely "God speed" one another.

THE LIEUTENANT OF MARINES.

BY HORACE B. STANIFORD.

THE United States frigate Pawnee lay at Port Mahon. I call her the *Pawnee*, because there is no such frigate in our navy, and because I am not at liberty to use real names in relating the following little actual occurrence.

Our lieutenant of marines was named John Peabody, or, at least, so I name him. He was a noble-hearted fellow, and one of the very few of our naval officers who have sprung from poor parentage and groped their own way up through hard work to manhood. He was a tall, straight man, and looked every inch the soldier. He had black eyes and his beard and moustache were so beautifully black and neat that the captain allowed him to wear them. The soldier looked at home in them, but our old captain (Bolton—he's dead now, poor fellow,) would not let a sailor come on deck with such appendages. The whisks for them must be bounded by a line from the bottom of the ear.

Peabody was a jolly fellow, but always a gentleman. In his dress, especially when on shore, he was most fastidious, and his handsome uniform was of the nicest cut, fit and finish.

"Mr. Peabody," said old Joe, the landlord of about the only decent hotel in Mahon, as a party of our officers were collected in the saloon, "you don't forget that you owe me a little sum."

"Owe—owe you?" uttered the lieutenant of marines, opening his eyes in surprise.

"O, I didn't mean to ask you for it. No, no. Take your time, Mr. Peabody, I only mentioned it."

"Only mentioned it? But what do you mean?" persisted Peabody.

"Nothing, nothing," returned Joe, somewhat perplexed, for he evidently thought the officer only objected to having been dunned in the presence of his companions.

"But you must mean something. What is it? Out with it old fellow. Do I owe you anything?"

"Don't you owe me?" the host asked, now puzzled in turn.

"Not to my knowledge."

"But," stammered old Joe, "you have had nearly twenty dollars charged here."

"Well, go on. What was it for?"

"Why, for drink, mostly; for wine, opera tickets, and suppers."

"W-h-e-w! Well, that goes a little ahead of my time, old chap," the lieutenant uttered. "For the love of mercy, when did I have all this?"

Joe opened his book and pointed to the account. There it was, in black and white:

MR. JOHN PEABODY—Lieutenant,	Dr.
To 5 glasses and four bottles,	\$4.50
" 4 opera tickets and 4 bottles,	6.00
" 14 glasses and 7 bottles,	9.00

And so the account went on. Peabody read it over. He could not swear that he had not been on shore on those days, though he could swear that he had not had those things there set down.

"My dear pitcher of brass," he at length uttered, "do you mean to say that I have had those things?"

"But do you mean to say that you have not?"

"Of course I have not."

Old Joe was posed. He dared not get angry with such customers, and yet he hated to be thus imposed upon. At length he got a chance to speak with our first lieutenant (Charles Gordon Hunter. He died only a short time since, in New York. He was a good sailor; a noble-hearted man; beloved by all the good men of his ship; but his own worst enemy. God rest his soul now).

"Mr. Hunter, what does the lieutenant of marines mean?" the host asked.

"But did he really have those things?" Hunter asked.

"Why, most surely he did. But," and here Joe lowered his voice to a whisper, "he was pretty well done up when he did it. He always pays when he's sober."

"Ah," uttered Charley, with a merry twinkle of the eye, "then he does tip a little too much when we aint here, eh?"

"Why, yes. He has been here pretty badly off. Twice I have had to put him to bed, but I have never charged him for that."

"Ho, ho; now I understand. Keep mum, Joe, and I'll bring him around. He's good when he knows the truth. I'll break it to him."

As soon as possible, Hunter communicated to the rest of the officers what he had learned touching Peabody's habits when on shore alone. It was "nuts" for them. The lieutenant of marines was very severe in his strictures upon the habits of those officers who got a little "over the bay" sometimes, and now they had a chance to pay him off; but they said nothing until after they had gone on board.

The table was set in the ward-room, and the lieutenants had set down to supper. Hunter led off by a remark about the strange account which old Joe had found upon his book.

"Why, perdition seize his old cabin, where did he get those reckonings?" Peabody uttered, earnestly. "Do you believe the old rat would really try to fleece a fellow like that?"

"I guess not," returned Hunter. "Don't you think it possible that you might have had those things set down when you have been a little over?"

"Over? over what?"

"Why, over the bay; a little the worse for inward dampness."

"Do you mean drunk?"

"Why, it's what some folks vulgarly call drunk."

Peabody thought at first that they were only joking him; but ere long he was sure they were in earnest.

"Ho, ho—'twont go down, Peabody. Now own up. Haven't you done it when you've been alone, eh?"

"No, I have not."

But the others wouldn't believe him; and from that time the officers only shook their head mysteriously when the lieutenant of marines said anything against drunkenness.

When he next went on shore he steered for Old Joe's at once, and he was charged with indignation to the muzzle.

"It's all right; it's all right," the host said, clapping his hand upon Peabody's back. "I made the mistake, so say no more about it."

Peabody turned triumphantly to Hunter and Dod, who accompanied him, and asked them if they were satisfied. They shook their heads, laughed, and said, "O, yes."

"Say, Joe, how is this?" asked Hunter, as soon as he could get an opportunity to speak with the host aside.

"Why," returned Joe, "he came back here the other night and explained it all when I opened the subject. He told me never to speak of

the subject again in the presence of others. That is all he objected to, then."

After this matters passed on for a month, and the only notice taken of the curious incident above set down, was an occasional joke from some of the officers. At length the ship was to sail for Toulon, and the prospect was that she would make a long cruise before she returned again to Port Mahon. On the afternoon before sailing, some of the lieutenants went on shore to have a social game of billiards at old Joe's. The games had been played, and the officers had settled up. Old Joe had been watching our lieutenant of marines, eagerly and anxiously, and as the latter turned to go away the old Dago caught him by the button-hole.

"Mr. Peabody," he whispered, "wont you settle that account now?"

"Account?"

"Yes, sir. You know you told me you would. I have kept still so far; but you are going away in the morning, and I want my money."

"Want your money?" cried the excited officer. "What do you mean?"

"Why," returned Joe, speaking loudly, too, while the rest of the officers gathered round the spot, "here's your account, run up now to over fifty dollars; and you said if I wouldn't say anything more about it you'd—"

"Hold! Why, you lying, thieving, cheating, rascally old land-shark! Do you mean to insult me?"

"No, no. But, Mr. Peabody, you wont cheat me so."

The lieutenant of marines made a spring at Joe's throat, and would have throttled him had not his companions held him back.

"Does he mean to accuse me of cheating him?" gasped Peabody, struggling in the arms of those who held him.

But Hunter soon contrived to restore quiet. He assured old Joe that all should be settled to his satisfaction.

"We'll watch him narrowly," he said to the host, "and when we catch him drunk, we'll explain the whole matter to him."

"That'll do," Joe returned, "I s'pose he don't remember what he does when he's drunk."

It was nearly dusk when the officers went off, and Peabody supposed all was settled. On the following morning all hands were called to get under weigh. Just as the capstan bars had been shipped a shore-boat came alongside, containing a man and a woman. The first lieutenant asked them what they wanted, and the female returned that she wanted to see the "lieutenant of mar-eens." She was allowed to come on board.

She was a pretty girl, stout, fair, and florid, and was recognized as the daughter of an old shoemaker who did the making and cobbling for the officers. She gazed around the deck a moment, and at length her eyes rested upon the poor lieutenant of marines, and with a very energetic step, she reached his side.

"Ah, Mistare Peabodee, you run off, eh? You no marry me! What for you leave me so, eh?"

"Fool!" uttered the lieutenant, starting back. "What do you mean by this?"

"Oho, what I mean, eh? You make love—you say me be your wife—you will marry me right away—very quick—you eat, and drink, and you sleep in our house—you drink all our best wine, and you no pay 'cause you will make me your wife, eh?"

"Why, you miserable she satan, get out of this!"

"Oho! You tell me get out, eh? You tell once—great many times—I be your wife—I be wife of the lieutenant of mar-ee-s, eh? Now you marry me, else you pay for everything you eat, and for all ze wine you drink."

"Good heavens, Hunter!" cried poor Peabody, turning to where stood the lieutenant convulsed with laughter, "will you turn this crazy thing out of the ship?"

"Oho!" exclaimed the wrathful maiden, while her great black eyes snapped, "you very easy say, turn me out—but what you mean when you say you marry me, eh?"

"Marry you, you she devil! Get out of this before I throw you overboard!"

"O-ho-o-o-o," sobbed the girl, spasmodically, "you break my heart. You lie now to me. You did swear you marry me—I should be ze wife of lieutenant of mar-eens. You lay down when you get very drunk, and I hide you away—and now you—O-ho-o-o-o!"

At this juncture old Bolton came out of his cabin, and Hunter cleared the girl out. She was indignant, and swore terribly; but she had to go.

Poor Peabody looked like one sent for. But he swore that 'twas all moonshine. He said there was a conspiracy somewhere to fleece him. The officers did not directly dispute him, but their looks plainly showed that they had their doubts.

The old frigate went to Toulon, where she remained three weeks; from thence to Marseilles, where she stopped two weeks; then to Genoa, and then back to Port Mahon. During all this time, the other officers had watched the lieutenant of marines carefully, but they had not seen him out of the way. There was something strange. But they resolved still to watch him.

The old ship cast anchor once more in the noble harbor of Mahon, and one pleasant afternoon some of the officers went on shore, and the lieutenant of marines was with them. The first place they visited was old Joe's.

"Ah, Mister Peabody," cried old Joe, regarding that officer with surprise, "where you come from?"

"Where?" returned the devoted man. "Why, where should I come from but from the ship?"

"But not just now?"

"Yes, just now. I left the ship not half an hour ago."

"You say you no been here before to-day?" the host exclaimed.

"Ask these men," said Peabody.

"He has not been on shore before since we came in," said Mr. Hunter, assuredly.

"Not yesterday?" asked the host, growing more and more puzzled.

"Of course not."

"But the lieutenant of marines is eating dinner now," said old Joe. "My conscience!"

"Where?" asked Peabody and Hunter in one breath.

"In there," answered Joe, pointing to the door of the eating-room.

And towards that door the officers started. They threw it open, and—sure as the world—there sat the exact counterpart of our lieutenant of marines! The same uniform—the same tall, straight frame—the same black hair, and the same beautiful black beard and moustache!

"Well, my dear friend," uttered Peabody, after he had gazed into the fellow's face a few moments, "may I ask, *who—you—are?*"

But the fellow did not speak. He stood there, trembling from head to foot.

"Ah!" cried Hunter, in an enlightened tone, "I think I see it now. My dear son of a gun, allow me to relieve you of your false colors!"

As Hunter thus spoke he placed his hand upon the fellow's fine beard, and with a quick pull he tore away whiskers and moustache, leaving revealed the well-known features of Mister Dick Lanepier, one of the crew of our captain's gig!

And so the mystery was solved. In New York, Dick had got possession of the uniform of a lieutenant of marines, and taking advantage of his close resemblance to Peabody, he had obtained the false beard, and had thus been enabled to pass himself off for the veritable lieutenant, by which means he had thus far gained good credit, and literally lived in clover, as he was on shore most of the time, always going when the captain went, and generally staying while he stayed.

"Well," uttered Hunter, after they had taken a

good look at the culprit, "you do look very much like the man whose name you have so freely used; but we shall be under the disagreeable necessity of clipping your wings a mite. Your ambition overruns your pocket."

Of course, old Joe understood the whole matter now, and in order that the shoemaker's family might receive the benefit of the same intelligence, they caused Mr. Dick Lanepor to put on his beard again, and then they took him to the house where lived the afflicted maiden. Miss Shoemaker recognized her recreant swain at once, and while the real lieutenant stepped honorably out of the scrape, the false lieutenant received a broadside such as can only come from the tongue of an indignant woman.

Mr. Dick Lanepor was caused to pay up all bills he had contracted under his assumed title; then he was removed from the captain's gig; and finally, he was kept on board the ship, thereafter, until his term of service expired. And, furthermore, the officers had no more occasion to doubt the social integrity of our LIEUTENANT OF MARINES.

AN INTERESTING STORY.

"Shon, mine shon," said a worthy German father to his heir of ten years, whom he had overheard using profane language; "Shon, mine schon, come here, and I vill dell you von little stories. Now, mine shon, shall it be a *dru* story, or a makes pelieve?"

"O, a true story, of course," answered John. "Ferry vell den. Dere vas once a goot, nice oldt shentleman (shoot like me), and he had von dirty liddle poy (shoot like you). Andt von day he heard him schwearling like a young fillian, as he vas. So he went to der winkle (corner) and took out a cowhides (shoot as I am toing now), and he took der dirty liddle plackguard py de collar (dis way, you see), and volloped him shoot so! And den, mine tear shon, he bull his ears dis way, and smack his face dat way, and dell him to go mitout his supper, shoot as you vilt do dis efening."—*German town Eagle*.

STUDYING LATIN.

The New Era relates the story of a farmer whose son had for a long time been ostensibly studying Latin in a popular academy. The farmer not being satisfied with the course of the young hopeful, recalled him from school, and placing him by the side of a cart one day, thus addressed him:

"Now, Joseph, here is 'a fork and there is a heap of manure and a cart; what do you call them in Latin?"

"Forkibus, cartibus et manuribus" said Joseph.

"Well, now," said the old man, "if you don't take that forkibus pretty quickibus, and pitch that manuribus into that cartibus, I'll break your lazy backibus."

Joseph went to workibus forthwithibus.

"THAT BLESSED BABY."

BY CARRIE E. EMERSON.

It was a great day in Benchley—that on which Mrs. Lieutenant Crossman's baby saw the light. All Crossman's naval friends spoke of firing guns in honor of the occasion; but as there was no precedent for the thing, the project died a natural death before night. Not so the baby. It lived, cried, struggled manfully with old Mrs. Tarr, the head nurse, and wrinkled its tiny brow when the lieutenant handled it too roughly.

That baby was a godsend to the house of Crossman, where, heretofore, the fly-trap, as Mary Howitt expresses it, had "hung motionless on the wall," and all was in prim, precise order, emulating the holy-stoned decks of the sloop-of-war in which the lieutenant had passed so much of his life.

Now, what to name that baby, was the first inquiry. Every name in the directory was examined—names that did well enough for ordinary cases—but none that seemed suitable for a genuine lieutenant's baby; a child whose name was to be immortalized, probably, by deeds of valor and courage unheard of before. Old Mrs. Tarr suggested Washington as a dernier resort. The idea was new! and Crossman admitted it for a moment; but recalling to his mind a poor idiot so named, who went by the name of "Washy," he rejected it with disgust. Mrs. Crossman proposed calling it Madison Jefferson; but her husband said the time had gone by for naming after old presidents, and more than that, it sounded too *rhyming*—too much like old Mr. Robinson's family names, given on purpose to rhyme:

"William and Mary,
Becky and Sary,
John, Thomas Jefferson, and Elbridge Gerry."

Everything was suggested, but nothing fixed on. It was too important a matter—so that "blessed" child remained for weeks without even a "*nominis umbra*."

But the christening was too important an occasion not to be soon observed, and as the christening waited upon the name, and could not go on without it, something must be decided on; and as we often go through the woods and pick up a crooked stick at last, the all-important name degenerated, after all, into plain Peter. Mrs. Crossman happened to tell her husband that she had a rich uncle who rejoiced in that simple appellation. Peter, henceforth, was exalted in the lieutenant's ideas, and intertwined

with pleasant associations of future wealth and grandeur, which, as he was only a poor man, looked very bright in the distance. And this is suggestive of the fact, that many people are condemned to go through life with a miserable sort of name attached to them, offending their own sensitive feelings and the good taste of the community, merely because there is some hoped-for Danish shower to fall upon it. It is positively cruel thus to entail the misery of such names upon the Hezekiahs, Jedidiah and Palatiah, who try in vain to avoid it by writing the obnoxious initial only, and taking the convenient middle name, which, after all, does not effect the purpose intended.

But we are running away from "that blessed baby," who grew and flourished in spite of his name, and arrived at the very respectable age of thirteen months, went through the orthodox diseases—teething, whooping-cough and measles—and exhibited occasional fits of ill temper and obstinacy worthy of the first Peter whose history was ever recorded, and in all respects was like other blessed babies.

The lieutenant had a great idea of instructing the boy, even at this early age, in naval tactics—which attempt of course failed; as, notwithstanding little Peter was the son of a naval officer, his tender age might seem to preclude him from having any very definite conception of the duties demanded of him.

People do seem to act differently with an only child from those who have many—and Mrs. Crossman herself did not always exhibit that tact and good sense in regard to the child that one might have expected from her usual habits. Peter, being the sole representative of the family, was suffered to be also the sole recipient of all the cakes, candy and sweetmeats which generally suffice for a whole family.

Neighbors and friends shook their heads over little Peter's future, as visions of the disastrous fate of "only children" came up to their recollection: Peter was destined to disappoint all their predictions. He grew up gentle, manly, handsome and intelligent. What more could he be? good? yes, and good too. He was good to his parents, good to the poor, and good to the unhappy wherever he found them.

At the age of twenty-one he actually did come into possession of the estate belonging to his uncle, so long coveted for Peter, and his first act was to buy for his parents what they never had before—a permanent, comfortable home. Everything which the truly English word *comfort* embraces in its wide arms, he gathered for them in that pleasant abode. And better still, he lived

with them himself. It was beautiful to see the love which Peter showed for the two beings who made his little world.

Choosing the profession of a physician, rather than that which his father had marked out for him—for the lieutenant thought that everything good or great must centre in the navy—the old officer consoled himself that Peter might yet become a naval surgeon.

"Dr. Peter Crossman does not sound very bad," the mother thought; "and then, O, Peter," she said, "how beautiful to think that your homely name procured for us this delightful home!" And the good lady wept tears of gratified pride and love.

And surely Doctor Crossman was a son, of whom any mother might be proud. Contrasted with the shrunken form of the lieutenant, who was small and spare, his son seemed to expand into such generous proportions, that they who loved him felt a sort of protection in his physical strength and overshadowing presence. The sick felt that he was powerful enough to raise them—so much more powerful than little Doctor Den-net, who bustled about in a sick room, skipping here and there with his little dancing-master's feet!

Yes, Peter's physique did wonders for him; and his inner qualities were worthy of the casket. He could draw the most timid children to him by just showing one of his magnificent smiles; and old, gouty men, who had "pshawed" and "pished" at little Doctor Den-net for years, were quite respectful to the noble figure that walked in with such a majesty, and gave his orders with a sort of commanding gentleness that the most choleric patient dared not disobey.

"Dr. Peter Crossman," said his mother one day, as she laid her hand caressingly on the wealth of wavy brown hair that shadowed without concealing his fine forehead; "I think—"

"Call me Peter, dear mother! The name does not repulse me from your lips."

"Peter, then—my own darling Peter, as I used to call you, I have been thinking lately how selfish—how unutterably selfish we are, to live on with you after this fashion and never seem to think that at your age, and with your advantages, you need different society and a more cheerful and younger set about you than your old father and mother! I do believe that you will not get married just because you think we should feel hurt, or that we should feel lonely without you. And indeed we should be lonely, dearest, but that should not hinder you from making a pleasant home for yourself; and the nearer to us, the better."

"Well, dear mother, have you fixed upon any one to share this pleasant home which you have contrived for me?"

"Whoever you may love, Peter, will be loved by me. I shall make no choice for you. I should be very fastidious in a wife for you. I am afraid I should hardly think any one good enough."

"Now, mother, you do set me high. I am glad that the young ladies do not hear your exaggerated praises of me. Well, if you cannot choose me a wife, I must wait until I can find one whom I think good enough. I am going to Mrs. Thornton's, mother; the little girl is sick, and I promised to look in this afternoon."

"Afternoon! why, is she so ill as that, my son? I thought you never called on patients except in the morning, unless in dangerous cases."

"No—that is—well, she has had a bad cold, and—feverish—yes—decidedly there was a feverish tendency last night, I am sure."

Mrs. Crossman looked up to the large, healthful-looking being who stood there, seeming to fill the room with his life-giving presence, and wondered what made him stammer so about a child's illness. He was usually quite clear and decided, she thought, in regard to his patients; and she began to think that little Fannie Thornton must be dangerously sick indeed. She saw, as he dropped his gloved hand from his face that there was a deeper glow than usual on that clear, calm face. She could not make it out, but she feared that he had a difficult case, and that for once, he did not quite understand it. He would not call in Dr. Dennet, she was quite sure, for she did not believe that the little mincing, ambling, bowing doctor could "hold a candle" to the man who stood before her. She knew, too, that a belief in Dr. Dennet's skill was not written in her son's creed. A little baffled by his manner, she allowed him to depart without questioning.

And how do you think the doctor sped on his errand to the sick child's bed? As he entered Mrs. Thornton's parlor, little Fannie called playfully to him from the sofa, where she lay wrapped in a shawl:

"I am all well, doctor! I sha'n't take any of your medicine again. Mother says I need not."

"Where is your mother, butterfly? What does she know about medicine? You shall lie there a week longer. I won't have any interference with my practice. Where is your abominable mother?"

"Gone out. I am well enough, you see, and I made her go out for me. I wanted something

nice. You need not shake your head, Dr. Crossman; you are not going to keep me on water gruel any longer. Fannie Thornton is going to have supper to-night—*real* supper. If you don't believe it, you may stay and see her."

"You shall not have a morsel, little owl!"

"Owl, yourself! Come, Dr. Crossman, you are not going to treat me like a little child. I am ten years old to-morrow, and mother says I am getting to be a great girl; and you need not think I am going to be starved!"

The child by this time had crept from the sofa to the doctor's arms, in which he enclosed her little figure, shawl and all, and sat rocking her, with her head on his shoulder, when Mrs. Thornton came back.

"A very pretty tableau!" she said, as she saw Fannie perched up with the doctor.

"A pretty nurse you are!" said he. "Is this the way you take care of my patients? This child has been raving ever since I have been here. She demands food, and is decidedly in a state of high and unmanageable!"

"Don't believe him, mother! He has been abusing me, on account of the water gruel."

Soon, however, the child, weak and weary from illness, fell into a deep sleep, and the doctor laid her again on the couch.

"Mrs. Thornton," said he—it was quite dark in the room now, for the windows had been shaded for Fannie's eyes—"Mrs. Thornton, my good mother suggested to me this very day that I ought to think of giving her a daughter. I invited her to select one for me, to suit herself, but she declined the task. I wish you would be more obliging, and tell me if you know any one who would accept a man like myself."

Mrs. Thornton blushed. "Indeed, I do not know any one whom I think would be good enough for you, Dr. Crossman. I am unacquainted with many young ladies here, and those whom I know are scarcely competent to take charge of a physician's house."

"Will you tell me, Mrs. Thornton, what you would consider would be required in a lady, to take charge of such a house as I should probably have?"

"That is a question that requires a good deal of consideration. Besides, I do not think myself competent to judge of all that you would require."

Duskier grew the room, and sounder slept little Fannie; and before Mrs. Thornton was aware, her hand was enclosed in another, and a voice whispered:

"Then you must take me yourself, for I must obey my mother, you know."

The imprisoned hand trembled, and then a low, sweet voice said, "I will;" and that was the way in which Dr. Peter Crossman won his bride.

"Well, mother, I have obeyed you. I am going to bring you a daughter very soon."

"What do you mean, Peter?"

"Just what I say, mother. I told you I would, and I did as I said I would—asked some one to marry me."

"But who—who?"

"Ah, mother, there is the point! I am almost afraid to tell you. You need not guess any of the young girls whom you know. I would not have them."

"Well, my son, I will wait just five minutes for you to tell me who she is. If you don't tell me then, I will not take any notice of her for a month."

"Wicked mother-in-law! Well, I will tell you. It is the widow of my dear friend, James Thornton."

"Mrs. Thornton! Why, Peter, she must be too old for you!"

"Three years and eleven months old when I was born, mother, and I have made up my mind to offer those years and months to her acceptance. She is welcome to them, if she will but have me. Don't you like her, mother?"

"As I have never looked at her in the light of your wife, Peter, I cannot give you an answer. Had you asked me before I knew this, I should have said that she was 'altogether lovely.' Her character, her sufferings, her manners, and the beautiful soul that looks out from her eyes, have all had their influence upon me. Seen as your wife, I shall have to take another view before I decide."

"No, mother, look at her straight with your own honest eyes. Do not borrow spectacles—they will deceive you. She is most truly a woman! not an angel; and I don't want an angel, mother. It will be enough for me that she is a woman—'not too bright or good' for me, but true, affectionate, and loving me in spite of those faults which my indulgent mother never sees, but which she, as my wife, will see and forgive."

"Well, my son—"

"Well, mother, you are not yet reconciled, I fear. Speak out, and let me know all your doubts."

"Her child—"

"Her child is an additional inducement. A pretty, sprightly, interesting child, like little Fan Thornton, cannot be any bar to the happiness of a man like Peter Crossman, who loves children,

and who has passed his fortieth year without linking to himself any of the sweet ties of life, except those which nature kindly gave him. Why, mother, you do not reflect that your son is already falling into the sere and yellow leaf. Getting to be an old man, mother! If you did not look so young and pretty and delicate, I should not stand any chance to be thought a young man; but you know that in company, I take every opportunity of calling you *mother*, at the top of my voice. Didn't I see Miss Araminta Johnson smile behind her fan the other evening at the Halle's, when I waited on you? Your Mechlin lace and gray satin made you look young enough to be my wife."

"Foolish Peter! trying by flattery to get his mama's consent to be married to another old lady. Well, as you are of age, I think you must even suit yourself. Do you bring her here?"

"Assuredly. I shall have then only four beings whom I wish to live with, and they must all be under one roof. Besides, mother, you and I could not do without each other, and it will not be long before you will say that you cannot live without my wife. Hard word to learn at forty, mother!"

The old lieutenant put on his most polite manner to the widow, and welcomed little Fan as his playfellow. History does not record any of the usual difficulties which attend the bringing together of two families into one house, in the case of Dr. Crossman's. On the contrary, it is pleasant to state that life seems passing away for them in a very serene and peaceful way. As the two old people are descending gently into the valley, their way is cheered and lighted by the beautiful attentions of her who came to them in the place of the daughter who, like Betsey Trotwood's niece, never was born; and in the lovely boy whose golden curls mingle with their silver locks, and whom they loved with all the proverbial affection of grandparents, they found anew their "blessed baby."

A GOOD STORY.

It is said of a gentleman in this city, that he has a passion for the purchase of second-hand furniture at auction, and that in making "good bargains" he has filled the house with antiquated and almost useless articles. Upon one occasion, his wife took the responsibility, without consulting or appraising her husband, to have a portion of the least useful truck removed to an auction room. Great was her dismay, and extreme her astonishment, when on the evening of the day of sale, a majority of the articles came back to the house. The husband had stumbled into the auction room, and, not knowing his own furniture, had purchased it at better bargains than at the first.—*Boston Transcript*.

WOMAN.

BY WILLIAM ROWLAND, JR.

Be gentle with woman, our heart of hearts,
Who loveth us even while life departs;
O, call her not fickle, nor false, nor vain,
O, touch not so tender a heart with pain.

What woman, the treasure, the gem, the flower,
The star that is bright in the wildest hour,
The bird that comes singing to our stern breast,
O, should we not teach it to love its nest.

Come, then, let us vow that they all are fair,
Let us shout of their virtues to earth and air;
Let us soothe them and guard them, and so repay
The love that they lend in our darkest day.

O, value their gifts beyond gifts of gold,
All you of the sterner and coarser mould;
And learn that their love, amidst toil and strife,
Is the spirit that calmeth and quieteth life.

A NIGHT UP COUNTRY IN CHINA.

BY FREDERICK W. SAUNDERS.

THE natural strength and elasticity of my constitution having enabled me to triumph over and rise superior to the combined attack of a typhus fever and two physicians, I decided to leave my comfortable quarters on shore and once more "pitch my moving tent" on board the ship. We had been laying at the anchorage below Canton, waiting for our cargo, something more than four months, during which time everything that it was possible to do in port, in the way of repairs, had been completed. The greater part of the crew forward, having become tired of inactivity, had deserted; and at the time of my return to the ship, there were, besides the three or four hands in the fore-castle, only the first and second mates on board, the captain only making a flying visit to his ship at intervals of from four to six days.

Our "after guard" consisted of the chief mate, a great Dutchman from Hamburg, with rousing yellow whiskers and an ever present laugh of the most surprising dimensions. He had sailed for many years in the American service, so that his English was unexceptionable—that is to say, he could master everything but the letter "j," which no Dutchman ever can pronounce, always using "y" in its place; as, for instance, his name being John Johnson, he would inform you that it was Yohn Yohnson, whereupon our second mate—a jolly son of Erin, with no end of mischief—would with a sly look finish out the sentence by saying something to the effect that "Yohnny Yohnson, mit ter

yaller jacket, yumped over the yibboom into the jolly boat"—a proceeding which always resulted in a vigorous scuffle. These two, together with myself—a slab-sided Yankee—formed a group which Rory, our second mate, would have described to you as "a bunch of curus divvuls."

It was late in the afternoon when I came on board, and having finished our supper, we seated ourselves comfortably under the quarter-deck awning, to enjoy the cool breeze and the beautiful sunset. Around us lay moored a hundred ships of all nations, English, French, Dutch, Portuguese, American, Siamese—in fact, a representative of every nation that boasts any commerce whatever. On one side, were vast rice swamps of waving green; on the other, the village of Whampoa with its frail-looking bamboo houses, its swarms of boats with their screaming, chattering population, forming an aquatic city. In front, towards Canton, vast lumbering hulks of war junks encumbered the stream, while in and out among them, gay-looking mandarin barges, with sounding gongs and volleys of India crackers, swept swiftly on, impelled by their multitudinous oars. In the distance was a sombre-looking brown fort, and still further, a tall and graceful pagoda rising up against the clear sky. Behind us stretched the broad river, looking warm and rosy in the level rays of the setting sun, while the peculiar-looking eastern trees—a great deal of trunk and a scarcity of foliage—such as I had seen in pictures of tropical scenery in my boyhood, gave me a *far away* feeling, such as I had not experienced for years.

We were all somewhat affected by the beauty of the scene, and remained quietly smoking our cigars until the sun descended below the horizon and the full-orbed moon arose to flood the landscape with her silvery light.

"A delightful evening this!" said Rory, tossing his cigar over the rail and supplying its place with a corpulent "cud" of tobacco.

"Yes, just such as I have seen hundreds of, on the Elbe," responded Johnson, who had evidently been thinking of home.

"O, get out of that, now," responded Rory, petulantly; "there's no such scenery in Holland—it bates the Lippy, aven. But I say, sailors, what are we going to do for amusement? There's no use of sticking so close to the old boat—for all the world like a sick monkey to a lee back-stay. What do you say to taking a tramp up the country to-morrow—just to see what it's like?"

"'Tis a go; the undersigned agrees to that in a minute," replied Johnson, who had somehow got into a way of speaking of himself as though

he were drawing up a memorial. "What do you say to it, Yohnathan?" he continued, addressing himself to me.

"O, I'm resigned to anything."

"Talk enough for the boarders!" ejaculated Rory, as he "executed" a sailor's hornpipe on the top of the hen-coop. "Let's turn in, then, and get some sleep ahead, so as to be ready for an early start."

This latter proposition struck us favorably, as had the former; so selecting a soft spot on the deck, we severally kept a bright look-out for the drowsy god. Now any one who has lain any time at Whampos anchorage, knows very well why we chose the deck for our couch, in preference to our snug state-rooms below; but as it is very possible there may be one, or even more of my readers, who have not passed a summer at that popular resort, I may as well mention for their especial benefit that, aside from the suffocating heat, which is *some*, the place abounds with the biggest, ugliest, noisiest, striped-leggedest and venomousest skeeters, that can be found anywhere between your own residence and fourth of July. I do not wish to be understood as saying that we escaped them altogether by sleeping on deck—far from it; they were plentiful enough anywhere, in all conscience—but upon repeated trials, we had found that by passing the night in that position, we came off with some thirteen or fourteen less bites in the morning than if we had slept below.

Being much fatigued with the exertions of the day, I speedily fell into a doze, and had just arrived at that state in which a multitude of ideas get mixed up in inextricable confusion, without the proprietor of the aforesaid ideas caring a snap whether they get disentangled or not, when I was aroused by a kicking, snorting, slapping, and a sound of muffled cursing from Rory, who was engaged in a skirmish with his tormentors.

"Say, Jack—did they have any skeeters up where you've been?" he exclaimed, with a sounding slap at an invisible foe.

"M—m—m," I grunted in reply, not being a mite too well pleased at being roused; and in a moment more I was in a pleasant dream of home.

"And didn't you suffer a sight wid 'em, being sick?" he inquired in a strong voice, again interrupting my slumbers and knocking my pleasant dream all to pieces.

I was a good deal provoked at being thus unceremoniously deprived of my rest, but as the question was a kind one, I could not well avoid answering; so I growled in no very pleasant tone, "No, no, we had mosquito nets."

"Nets! nets for skeeters! holy sailor! nets!"

I heard him mutter to himself, in a tone betokening intense amazement, and again I dropped off to the land of nod; but my sojourn in that delightful Ælme was to be of short duration, for another volley of slaps roused me sufficiently to hear his melodious voice asking in a more than doubtful tone: "D'ye mane to tell me that up there away, where you've been, they have nets to scoop up skeeters like you would minims?"

"Where've you been to all your life, you double-headed paddy, not to know what a skeeter net is?" interposed Johnson from behind his yellow whiskers; and the last I remember hearing, he was describing the use of a mosquito bar to our wakeful and inquiring friend.

I might have slept a minute and a quarter, possibly a minute and three eights, ere I was again rendered half frantic with anger by Rory's bawling out:

"Jack, Jack, do you think them skeeter net consarns would work here?"

"Yes, yes, yes, of course they would," I returned fiercely, in my most terrific tone.

"Wal, I'm saying, Jack, wouldn't it be a worrald of comfort and convanience to have 'em aboard this boat, just now?"

"Why the deuce, Rory, can't you hold your tongue and let people sleep?" I exclaimed, now thoroughly out of temper.

"Sleep, is it? Can you sleep?"

"Yes, of course I can sleep, if you ever give me a chance with your eternal gabble!"

"Well, well," returned Rory, with an air of injured innocence, "if you can sleep with them murdering, singing, blood thirsty heathen a-screaching about your ears, I don't see why the amusing and enlightened conversation of an intelligent Christian gentleman should break ye of yer rest; it's mighty quare intirely—" and much more to the same effect; but his eloquence was lost upon me, for when I came to my senses again, day was breaking, and the steward was setting the table for an early breakfast.

It would occupy too much space to describe how, after despatching our breakfast, we fortified ourselves with something good to take, and armed our pockets with sundry silver dollars and other smaller twigs of the evil root, in the shape of China cash—eight hundred to the dollar. It would take too much time to narrate how we passed that day—how we wandered through orange groves and gorged ourselves on bananas fresh from the tree, or shrub, or whatever else you may please to call a stout plant a dozen feet in height—how we bargained with, and teased the Chinamen—how we tickled the pretty China girls and complimented them upon their good

looks—and how they replied to us at great length, and with great propriety, no doubt, only neither party could understand a word the other said.

Let the disappointed reader, then, suppose that it is within an hour of sunset—that we, although homeward bound, are twenty miles from the ship, in a somewhat wild and thinly inhabited region, rather tired, very hungry, awful thirsty, and in a particular hurry to get *somewhere*, right off. It was rather queer, certainly; it must have been the bananas and other fruit we had eaten, or possibly the “something good to take,” that induced us to prolong our walk to such a distance, and to such a late hour. But we didn’t mind it much; there had been a good big moon the night before, and there was every reason to suppose there would be one that night—so we trudged along merrily enough, except that hunger and thirst would insist upon keeping us company.

“By the powers, sailors!” said Rory, stopping to take a good look about him; “I wish to Moses we could clap an eye on some sort of a shanty, in this hithen country, where a chap could get a nibble of salt horse, or so, and a gallon or two of beer.”

“The undersigned entertains the opinion that he could make short work of a fried Chinaman, with plenty of beer and an onion, at this present juncture,” responded Johnson, with a hungry look.

“Faith, you’re right, boy; there’s something about this pagan land that makes a chap feel mighty like a cannibal. For my part, I’m that peckish, I could cheerfully make a lunch of my respected grandmother, and think nothing of it. But what in the name of Saint Troublesome is going to come to us now?” he ejaculated, looking anxiously to windward.

Turning our eyes in the direction indicated, we saw to our dismay that a thick bank of black clouds had rolled up above the horizon; and even as we looked, ominous looking soud, of the same sable hue, was drifting rapidly across the heavens.

“Here’s a go!” muttered Johnson, uneasily.

“Here’s another go; I’m off hot fut, to get in sight of somewhere before we get the worst of it. It will be dark as a stock of black cats afore long—then we’ll be lost intirely;” and saiting the action to the word, Rory started into a brisk trot, which we were not slow to imitate, for the chance of being compelled to wander about in a dark, wet night, was no joke.

But although we made pretty good time, and got over the ground at a very respectable rate,

we were no match for the storm king. The dense black clouds slowly but steadily extended, until they completely covered the sky, and the great drops began to patter heavily around us, rapidly increasing to a perfect deluge—raining as it only can rain in a tropical climate. It was as if some one had pulled the spile completely out of the reservoir ^{up} aloft, and let a continuous torrent upon our devoted heads, instead of straining it through a sieve, after the usual fashion. It reminded me of what I had read of water spouts; and Rory expressed serious fears that, in the promise there should be no more any flood to destroy the world, all pagan countries, and this one in particular, had been excepted. By this time, it had become intensely dark; but we still kept on in what we judged to be the right direction, until we could no longer distinguish each others’ forms, when we came to a halt.

The reader is probably aware that in the Celestial Empire, and especially in that portion of the “central flowery nation” which we chose for our ramble, there are no well-ordered and commodious turnpikes for the accommodation of travellers; neither are there railroads, with lightning trains of cars, to annihilate time, space, passengers, and the stockholders’ money. Consequently, it was folly for us to keep on, when, without anything to guide us, we might be fruitlessly wandering round and round in the dark, or worse still, directly in an opposite direction from the one we would take; there was nothing for it but to stop where we were.

“Well, now we *have* done it,” muttered Johnson; “we’re in for an all night job, anyhow.”

“And the shakes and ague,” said Rory.

“And the typhus,” I grumbled, thinking of my late illness.

“And the jungle fever,” chimed in Johnson.

“Well, sailors,” said Rory, with a miserable failure of an attempt at cheerfulness, “there are just two ways we can manage; either coll right down here in our native mud, and take it aisy, or stand on our pins and growl about it. But hello! what’s that, aint it? If there aint a light, I’m a Dutchman! Better be born lucky than rich! Come along, sailors; darkest time of night is just when you can’t see anything, as the old adverb says;” and he rattled away with any amount of nonsense in his satisfaction at a chance of escape from our predicament.

The light which he had seen was a feeble glimmer, apparently at a considerable distance and not steady at that, sometimes disappearing for several minutes and shining out again when we began to fear we had lost it altogether; but

we stumbled along towards it as fast as possible, now tumbling head first into a hole full of water, now breaking our shins against a rock, while the almost smothering rain came down as hard—no, not hard, as easy as ever; it wasn't hard for it to rain that night. Having followed the light to its source, we found it to proceed from the half-open door of a small bamboo house, such as are usually occupied by the poorer classes of the Chinese. We were too tired and wet and hungry to stand upon ceremony; so kicking open the door, we entered.

"Hello, heathen! how's yer health and how are your folks?" said Rory, advancing into the room and familiarly slapping on the shoulder a solitary Chinaman, who was seated at a little table sipping a dish of weak tea.

The "heathen" sprang from his seat as though it had been red hot, and with a countenance expressive of surprise and alarm, he faced our dripping party and ejaculated the national exclamation, "hi-ya-ah," with that peculiar hesitating drawl which in the mouth of one of his nation so well expresses surprise and doubt.

"Well, I reckon they're all in pretty good case; you seem to talk up like it," continued Rory. "But that aint the question; the point we want to settle is an all-fired sharp-pointed appetite. We want something to eat; savey? all the same as chow-chow."

"Hi-yah!" faltered the Chinaman, making an uneasy movement towards the door.

"No you don't, my jolly pagan!" said Johnson, closing the door and placing his back against it; "you don't quit this mansion till we've had supper for three, and champagne for fifty."

"Yes, chow-chow, grub, feed, victuals—pray, anything you're a mind to call it," said Rory, raising his voice higher and higher at every word, as though it only required strength of lungs to cure the unfortunate celestial of his ignorance of the English language.

The poor fellow's eyes, which were naturally set at an angle of forty-five, now became absolutely vertical from fright, and he made another attempt to escape.

"Come, give us something to eat, or we'll eat you!" roared Johnson, grabbing him by the shoulder and making as if he would bite him, snapping his teeth in a particularly ferocious manner. "We are cannibals, we are; or anthropophagi, to simplify the word to your benighted intellect."

Whether it was that he understood the formidable word, or whether Johnson's expressive pantomime let him into the secret of our wishes,

is a question; but without further words, he opened a sort of trap in the floor, and fishing out a large dish of boiled rice and several smaller dishes of meat, placed them on the table before us. It wasn't easy to discover of what species of flesh the meat dishes were composed, but we were too hungry to be critical. Had we been sure of its being dog, cat, rat or any other animal, it would have been all the same at that moment, and we fell to eating with a vengeance. Watching a favorable opportunity, the Chinaman sprang to the door, opened it and darted out like a shot.

"You might have gone before, if you'd only thought to mention it," spluttered Johnson, with his mouth full of supper, as he looked after the flying form of our host. "I only wish we had thought to make the old scalawag give us the keys of his wine cellar, if he happens to have such an apartment; however, we've done better now than we'd any right to expect. It's a wonder he didn't stop to get his pay; we'll have to leave the money on the table. I s'pose it will be all the same to him." And addressing himself once more to his supper, nothing was heard for some minutes save the splashing of the rain outside, and the energetic working of our jaws within.

We had not more than half completed our meal—that is to say, we had not devoured supper enough for more than a dozen men, when we were startled by what appeared to be the hurried tramp of a multitude of men, mingled with an indescribable chattering and gabbling of voices.

"What the djeuce is that?" said Rory, starting to his feet; but before any one could get an opportunity to answer his question, a little million of stalwort Chinamen, armed with stout bamboo clubs, rushed tumultuously into the house and commenced a vigorous onslaught upon us.

For several minutes we defended ourselves valiantly with whatever articles of furniture we could lay our claws on; after that, I have only a confused recollection of receiving a tremendous whack from a heavy club on one side of my head, which sent me to the floor, quickly followed by a rousing kick on the other side of my knowledge-box which sent me to my feet again, then a vigorous punch in front which staggered me up against the wall, and an able seaman's kick that sent me flying through the air like a ball. Upon coming to the floor again, I found myself near the open door, through which I shot, without stopping to shake hands or even so much as to say good-by to our bespit-

able entertainer. Rory, who had been served in very much the same style as myself, was close at my heels, and together we rushed out into the storm and darkness, with no end of infuriated celestials shouting, screaming and yelling, close in our wake. The last we saw of Johnson, he was vigorously defending himself with a table leg, with which he was breaking a head at every blow, and replying to the execrations of his foes with a long string of maledictions in choice Dutch, of which he delivered himself with remarkable fluency.

I thought at the time, and I still think, that it was very cowardly of Rory to run and leave our shipmate in such a predicament. With me, the case was entirely different; although I am naturally as bold and valiant as a lion, and could without doubt have annihilated as many Chinamen as could be brought against me, yet what I had seen of the row had thoroughly disgusted me with such a mode of warfare, and as I have constitutional scruples about fighting where there is no honor to be gained, it was but natural that I should leave just as soon as I could make the necessary preparations for travelling. With Rory, it was different; having no such scruples, there was no excuse for him—he should have stayed and seen it out. I, however, abstained from mentioning anything of the kind to Rory, for not being accustomed to logical arguments, I might have failed to convince him of the true state of the case, or even my motives for stepping out as I did.

We must have run at a break-neck pace something more than three miles, before we dodged our last pursuer and breathless and panting, came to a halt. It had rained as fast as it is possible for rain to descend, and been as dark as darkness can be, before we entered the Chinaman's house; but now it was twice as dark and twice as rainy as before. It was utterly impossible to distinguish any object whatever, and I am confident a fish might have swam about in the rain, or even gone up to the clouds, had he felt so disposed.

"I'd give a shilling to know where Johnson is," said I, when I had recovered sufficient breath to enable me to speak.

"I'd give two and sixpence to know where I am myself," said Rory. "This comes of tramping up the country. If I'd had my way, we'd never started on such a foolish expedition."

"Why, it was yourself that proposed it!" I returned, in astonishment.

"Well, well, s'pose it was; do give a chap something to growl about, can't ye? Here are my two boots just like a pair of force pumps;

they are full of water, and every step I take, it squirts clear up to my ears. But hark a bit; we must be near the river, by the sound."

By listening attentively, we could clearly distinguish the light ringing sound which every one must have observed to be produced by the falling rain on the smooth surface of any large sheet of water, particularly in a calm night—and it was powerfully calm that night.

"Well, this is lucky! We begin to know something about our latitude and longitude now," said Rory. "Look sharp, we're in a jetty, to my thinking."

At that instant, I felt myself falling, and only stopped to bring up at some considerable distance under the surface of the river. Struggling to the top, I relieved myself as speedily as possible from the feeling of strangulation occasioned by the unexpected plunge, and called out:

"Rory, where are you, my boy?"

"Where am I, is it? In the drink, to be sure; where d'ye s'pose? and by the powers of mud, I'm not so clear but we've made a good exchange of it, barring that it came a little sudden like. We are sartinly drier here, than we should be on shore in the confounded rain. But we can't stay here all night. So let's put for the shore, if we can find it. Can you lay hold of anything solid, convenient to ye?"

I had been unsuccessfully pawing about, since I came to the surface, in hope of getting hold of some of the piles of the jetty from which we had fallen, and I replied: "I can't feel anything. What the deuce are we to do, Rory?"

"That's a question of your own asking, my boy. If we had the tools to navigate with, I should advise to crowd sail for Boston; we are as likely to fetch there, as any other port. But mayhap that would be too long a swim for ye, as you are in a feeble state of health, so let's try another way; swim straight ahead from where you are now, and keep jabbering all the time, so that I can take just the opposite direction, by the sound of your voice, and if we aint swimming up and down stream, we must fetch up somewhere between now and morning."

This plan was adopted and followed, until the distance between us became so great that I could scarcely distinguish Rory's voice. Suddenly he ceased his jabbering, and a splashing ensued.

"Have you found anything, Rory?"

"Yes," was the welcome reply.

"What is it like?" I asked, swimming in the direction of his voice.

"I dunno—boat, I reckon. Yes, it is a boat, and I'm aboard of it. Come on."

"Are there any Chinamen in it?" I asked,

feeling a strong distaste for making any new acquaintances just at that time.

"Hold on till I claw round a bit and I can tell you better;" and an interval of silence ensued.

"What say, are there any Chinamen aboard?" I screamed again, impatient of the delay.

"No, come along, don't be frightened."

I was shortly alongside, and clambering over the gunwale, found myself in one of the ordinary, open Chinese lighter boats, over the after end of which was a small bamboo roof, where I found Rory snugly coiled away, and where I soon seated myself beside him. The pouring rain, which still continued with unabated violence, had filled the boat something more than half full, so that in setting down under the roof, although sheltered from the rain, we were up to our waists in water.

It would have been a comical sight—had a sight been possible in that Egyptian darkness—to have seen us sitting there, soaked through, bareheaded and barefooted and half submerged, as we filled and emptied boots full of water through the long, dark hours. While thus occupied, we heard a sound from the shore.

"Chinamen, by thunder!" cried Rory, and we listened anxiously; but our fears were speedily dissipated by a volley of Dutch oaths.

It was Johnson, undoubtedly, but whether alone, or a prisoner to the Chinamen, we of course had no means of knowing. In the event of the latter being the case, it was better to remain silent; but compassion for our shipmate induced us to venture a low whistle. It was immediately returned.

"Is that you, Johnson?" hailed Rory.

"The undersigned entertains the opinion that it isn't anybody else, only there's less of him by about forty or fifty teeth than there was a while ago. Where have ye stowed yourselves?"

I was about to caution Johnson about the river, when Rory, enjoining silence, called out:

"Only out here a few steps, come right along."

A few steps, a heavy souze, and an angry spluttering and swearing soon followed.

"You don't mean to say you are overboard?" said Rory, with feigned surprise; "what a pity to wet your clothes, to be sure!"

"Pretty fellows, aint you, to step out and leave a chap? You should have stayed and seen it out," said Johnson, as he climbed over the side.

"How the deuce did you manage to get away from the cutthroats?" I asked.

"How did I get away? I made them run, every mother's son of 'em."

"Did you indeed, now? do tell us; which way did they run?" asked Rory.

"O, never mind which way; I made 'em run, and that's enough. Have either of you any idea what time of night it is? If it's before twelve, the tide is running out, and would take us away from the ship; but if it's past midnight, the current would set us right up towards Whampoa, if we were to cut the painter."

"My chronometer has run down," said Rory. "It may be ten at night, or three in the morning, for me. All I know is, that it has been a full month since I left the ship."

Another half hour removed our doubts upon the point, for a faint light began to show in the east; so slipping the painter, we made such good use of our oars, that by sunrise we were alongside our vessel. It was lucky for us that we had nothing to do but sleep that day.

GOLD IN CALIFORNIA.

There is gold enough in California to employ the labor of centuries, but it can no longer be obtained as formerly. The time has gone past in that country for making fortunes by the simple pick-axe, spade and pan—by hard labor. Machinery and capital are now required for obtaining the royal metal. The character of California mining is entirely changed since 1850. Shafts have now to be sunk to an immense depth, tunnels run far into the mountains, extensive dams erected, and flumes carried from rock to rock, over deep valleys and extensive ravines. All this requires capital and combined labor. In Nevada County—an extensive field for quartz mining operations—there are sixteen quartz mills in successful operation; five are run by water, and the others by steam and horse power. About \$2,000,000 are invested in this kind of mining. This amount will be doubled in a few years, for it is proved beyond dispute, that quartz veins are not only remunerative but inexhaustible. There is, before our country now, fields of gold mining of boundless extent, and exhaustless produce; therefore, the gold interests of the United States are the greatest in the world, with perhaps but one exception, those of Australia.—*Mining Magazine.*

SECRET OF WEALTH.

Amos and Abbott Lawrence began life poor. They determined that the strictest integrity should pervade every business transaction until their dying hour—and it was so. Among the results are the accumulation of millions of money, the possession of a name for mercantile integrity worth more to them, to their children, to their age and nation, than a title to a dukedom; while they did, during life, and at death, institute charities, which will heap sweet blessings on their name and memory for ages yet to come.—*Transcript.*

Man doubles all the evils of his fate by pondering over them; a scratch becomes a wound, a slight an injury, a jest an insult, a small peril a great danger; and a slight illness often ends in death by brooding apprehensions.

INSPIRATION.

BY IRENE MONTAGUE.

Ye pretty, twin chamols-skin loves,
I purchased at Stewart's last week!
Command ye my muse, pretty gloves,
With digits expressive and meek.
O say, did ye ken, pretty gloves,
On amateur's hands ye would go?
To canter a steed on the roads,
Or trot a muse balky and slow?

Ye pretty, twin chamols-skin loves!
I christen with ink spots your digits;
Just hear, O equestrians, how gloves
Are magic to banish the fidgets.
I roamed away off—for they said,
J'étais très mécontent here at home;
And the while I was absent—muse fled!
And still she continues to roam.

Ye pretty, twin chamols skin loves,
Entice ye the truant jade back!
She'll curvette and dance, but these gloves
Will soon curb her down to the track.
Aujourd'hui, je pense que la terre;
Is paradise fit for the loves;
Dull *cannis* can't make me despair,
While dreaming o'er you, pretty gloves.

Old Sol has just burst from a cloud,
The birds sing melodious strain;
Blithe hope is curvetting so proud,
My spirits are mounting again!
Like rustle of banner unfurling,
Or rippling of waves on the sea,
Young leaflets to breezes uncurling,
Floats music of motion o'er me!

O, give to me wings! I would sail
In a spirit-shalp over the foam!
Mon Dieu! if it blows up a gale,
I pray to be somewhere near home!
No, no! 'tis a courser, I mean!
My riding-cap, whip, and my gloves!
I've not had a race yet this spring,
Ye pretty, twin chamols-skin loves!

THE BLACK CHARGER.

BY HARRIET A. DAVISON.

THE incidents I am about to relate happened many years ago in the south of England, in Hampshire county. Not many of the inhabitants remember the story; but there are one or two aged women, who, if questioned, will give an account like this. The country is so much more thickly populated that I cannot now tell you the exact spot where stood the house of Lord Heatherton, but it was a plain, gray, stone house, built in the Elizabethan style which we who live in the times of the revival of gothic and Italian architecture

would scarcely have called handsome, though in those days it was considered very elegant. The house stood upon a hill which sloping very gradually to the south, formed a beautiful lawn belted with large trees. A few days before the commencement of my story, the household of Lord Heatherton had been thrown into great terror and trouble, for he had started upon a favorite black horse, Gaylad, to go to visit a friend who lived two days' ride distant, and at the end of the third day his steed had galloped riderless to the door of the stable. The horse was reeking with sweat, covered with dust and foam, and the very darkest suspicions were entertained that some foul deed had been perpetrated, for there was the mark of a bloody hand upon the saddle, and deep stains upon the bridle. The old gray-headed Scotch hostler, when Lady Mary, Lord Heatherton's wife, expressed her fears that her lord had been thrown, shook his head as he replied:

"It couldna ha' been his ain black, lady. Na, na, I ken him fu' weel. He wadna do it. O, waur, waur ha' happened my ain lord," and with tears in his eyes he re-entered the stable.

Every inquiry was made. The friend whom Lord Heatherton had gone to see, stated that the second day, late in the afternoon, Lord Heatherton had reached his house, where he spent the night, and early the next day he had started upon his return, apparently in good health and excellent spirits. No; all was mystery. Search where they might, no tidings of the missing lord could be found, and his wife and son mourned for him as one dead. About a week after the sudden disappearance of Lord Heatherton, his son William, mounted upon Gaylad, the black horse, started to go and see the same friend his father had visited at the time of his death. It was early morning when William started, and he travelled slowly along, stopping once to rest himself and beast, and wait until a heavy shower passed over. It was towards the close of the afternoon that he came to a fork in the road, one leading to a small straggling hamlet and the other diverging through a piece of forest. The October sun just then shone bright and warm through the clouds, and William decided upon the wooded road. When once beneath the trees, he loosed his rein and allowed his steed to walk. Becoming wholly absorbed in his thoughts, he was suddenly aroused by the stopping of his horse, and upon looking round was surprised to find that Gaylad, usually so trusty and true, had struck into the woods and was standing at the foot of a tree. He had hardly time to recover from his surprise, when he was yet more astonished by the

strange behaviour of his horse who began to whinny faintly and tear up the turf with his hoofs. For a moment, William Heatherton was undecided what course to pursue. Feeling sure that some mystery was connected with that spot and the horse, he rode back to the road and took a side path leading both away from the road and the spot, and when once well away from the spot he again gave his horse his head, who immediately dashed through the trees and with unerring instinct, reached the same spot at the foot of the great tree and began to tear up the ground with his hoofs. Determined to solve the mystery, William regained the road, and retraced his steps until he reached a little cottage which he had remarked standing at the entrance of the wood, where he obtained the assistance of an old man and his son, and allowing Gaylad to be the guide, they reached the spot, where his horse repeated his strange behaviour.

"Please your honor," said the oldest man, "yer horse knows more than us. There is something underneath the sod the beast wants to get at. Shall we dig, sir?"

William directed them to proceed, and with feverish impatience watched their labors. Not a great while had they dug, when they simultaneously uttered a cry of horror, and looking, William Heatherton saw the body of his father lying in the cavity, with his clothes torn, and a ghastly wound in his throat. Sadly they raised him from the earth and placed him upon their shoulders, the black horse following, perfectly quiet, with drooping tail and head.

"Sure," exclaimed the oldest man, "it's the same gentleman who stopped at my house a week or more ago and asked for a glass of water, and gave my little Molly a bright gold piece; and he seemed very much pleased with the child, and said he would come back in a day or two, and he never did; for little Molly, who is lame, sir, often asks when the kind gentleman is coming back."

William said nothing, though he heard all the man said, for he was busy with his own thoughts. They had reached the cottage, and the remains of Lord Heatherton were borne in and laid on a rude pallet. Night was already closing in, and, resisting their urgent offers to stay, William, after putting a considerable sum of money into the old man's hand, and enjoining upon them perfect secrecy, mounted his horse and rode away. He had come to the outskirts of the hamlet, and began to think he had better have taken up with the farmer's offer, when he came to an inn, before which creaked and hung an old sign. Riding up to the door, William dismount-

ed, and throwing the reins upon the neck of his horse, entered the house. The outside door opened directly into a large square room, which seemed to answer the treble purposes of parlor, kitchen and bar-room. Behind the bar stood a dark-browed, middle-aged man, who was mixing drinks for a few hard-featured, forlorn-looking men, who made off as soon as served. Stepping up to the bar, William asked for somebody to take his horse, for he intended to stay there that night. The bar-keeper apologized for making the gentleman wait, but his hostler was gone; and if the gentleman would be so kind as to wait until he had finished serving his customers, he would take his horse. William went out and led the horse into the stable, then returned to the bar-room to wait till the man was at leisure. The man went out, and after a few minutes returned, looking somewhat pale and excited.

"Please, sir," he said, "your horse seems very vicious, and I dare not touch him. Will you please come and see to him?"

William rose, rather wondering what freak now Gaylad had got into, for he was usually perfectly gentle to handle. He entered the stable and found the horse perfectly quiet, and he called to the inn-keeper, who loitered outside, to come in. No sooner did he enter than Gaylad began to show signs of the greatest rage and fear; he crouched against the side of the stall, trembling violently; his eyes dilated and wild, ears back and nostrils widely distended. In a peremptory tone, William ordered the man to approach and take hold of the horse, but upon his doing so the horse struck at him furiously with his fore feet, and he fell back. In a quiet tone, William spoke of the horse as having vicious fits sometimes, gave the man permission to go into the house, and attended to Gaylad himself. In a few minutes he returned to the inn and ordered supper, which was served by a slatternly servant girl.

When he had finished, he stepped up to the bar to pay his bill, and saying that he must go farther to-night, handed the man a crown to change. In the till there was barely two shillings, so the man drew from under the counter a heavy iron box, which he opened, and William, who was watching every movement, bent forward and saw in the box his father's watch and seals.

"Villain!" he exclaimed; and before the man could recover himself, he had sprung over the counter and knocked him down. The wretch swore violently and struggled to get free; but William was agile and very strong, and he held him there. Finding his efforts all in vain, he ceased swearing and prayed for mercy. Hear-

ing the cries, two stragglers stepped in and helped William to secure the man.

"It's all come of that cursed horse," groaned the man. "I knowed the devil was in him when I tried to catch him in the wood, and he sprang away from me like such a wild thing. If I could have killed him I'd not have been here."

Sadly William returned home with the remains of his father; but with the bitter pain was mingled a feeling of relief that the sad end had been discovered. Before the time of trial, the inn-keeper was found dead, having strangled himself. In after years, when William had won for himself a gentle wife, and merry children played through the halls, there a fond caress was daily given to **THE BLACK CHARGER**.

I DON'T DANCE.

A plain unlettered man came from the back country, in the State of Alabama, to Tusculooosa, and on the Sabbath went early to church. He had been accustomed to attend meetings in school-houses and private dwellings, where each one appropriated to himself the first seat which he found unoccupied. He selected there a convenient slip, and awaited patiently the assembling of the congregation. The services commenced. Presently the music of a full-toned organ burst upon his astonished ear; he had never heard one before. At the same time the gentleman who owned the slip came up the aisle with his lady leaning upon his arm. As he approached the door of the slip, he motioned for the countryman to come out, in order to give place to the lady. This movement the countryman did not comprehend; and from the situation of the gentleman and lady, associated as it was in his mind with the music, he immediately concluded that cotillon, or French contra dance, or some other dance was intended. Rising partly from his seat, he said to the gentleman, who was still beckoning to him: "Excuse me, sir—excuse me, if you please—I don't dance!"—*Tusculooosa Herald*.

HABIT OF COMPLAINING.

"How are you, Trepid? How do you feel?"
"A great deal worse than I was, thank'ee; most dead, I'm obliged to you; I'm always worse than I was, and I don't think I was ever any better. I'm very sure, anyhow, I'm not going to be any better; and for the future you may always know I'm worse, without asking any questions; for the question makes me worse, if nothing else does."

"Why, Trepid, what's the matter with you?"
"Nothing, I tell you, in particular, but a great deal is the matter with me in general; and that's the danger, because we don't know what it is. That's what kills people, when they can't tell what it is; that's what's killing me. My grandfather died of it, and so will I. The doctors don't know; they can't tell; they say I'm well enough when I'm bad enough, and so there's no help. I'm going off some of these days right after my grandfather, dying of nothing in particular, but of everything in general. That's what finishes our folks."—*Charcoal Sketches*.

AN EXTRAORDINARY STORY.

A merchant appeared in the commercial walks of Liverpool, where, deep in the mysteries of cotton and corn, a constant attendant at church, a subscriber to local charities, and a giver of good dinners, he was much respected. The hospitalities of the house were gracefully dispensed by his niece. But at length it became whispered that his speculations were not successful; and it was necessary for him to borrow money. This he did upon the security of property belonging to his niece. A certain amount of secrecy was necessary for the sake of his credit, and the Liverpool underwriters readily assented. He insured her life with at least ten different merchants or underwriters for £2000 each; and the same game was again played over. The lady was taken ill, the doctor was sent for, and found her in convulsions. A specific was administered, but in the course of the night he was again summoned, but arrived too late. Next morning it was known all over Liverpool that she had died suddenly. The body lay in state, and the merchant retained his position, and bore himself with decent dignity under his affliction. He made no immediate application for the money and scarcely alluded to it; but he had selected his victims with skill. They were safe and honorable men, and he duly received his £20,000. From this period he appeared to decline in health, and was recommended a change of climate. He went abroad, and with him his clever partner, who possessed the wonderful power of simulating death, and deceiving the medical men.—*Anecdotes of Insurance*.

THE LEOPARD'S ATTACK.

The power of a leopard is wonderful in proportion to his weight. I have seen a full-grown bull with his neck broken by the leopard who attacked it. It is the popular belief that the effect is produced by a blow of the paw. This is not the case; it is not simply the blow, but it is the combination of the weight, the power, and the momentum of the spring which renders the effect of a leopard's attack so surprising. Few leopards rush boldly to the attack like a dog; they stalk their game and advance crouchingly, making use of every object that will cover them, until they are within a few bounds of their prey. Then the immense power of muscle is displayed in the concentrated energy of the spring; he flies through the air and settles on the throat, usually throwing his own body over the animal, while his teeth and claws are fixed on the neck; this is the manner in which the spine of the animal is broken, by a sudden spring, and not by a blow. The blow from the paw is, nevertheless, immensely powerful, and at one stroke will rip open a bullock like a knife; but the after effects of the wound are still more to be dreaded than the force of the blow. There is a peculiar poison in the claw, which is highly dangerous. This is caused by the putrid flesh which they are constantly tearing, and which is apt to cause gangrene by inoculation.—*Eight Years' Wanderings in Ceylon*.

It is useless to recommend to people a course which they have not judgment to pursue.

THE MAGNOLIA.

BY MRS. M. W. CUNYNE.

Lovely flower, whose beauteous bloom
Fills the air with sweet perfume,
Dreams of beauty thou hast shed,
From thy grassy, verdant bed,
Erat of leaves bereft and sore,
Rising from cold winter's bier,
From the snows and frozen rain—
Mantling all the dreary plain.

Spring time gave to thee new life,
With bright hues and fragrance rise;
Leaves and heaven-tinted flowers
Sweetly gild the fleeting hours.
Thou wilt fade—the fadeless never:
Flowers immortal bloom forever;
These are found where angels dwell,
And all the flowers of earth exal.

If our earth is lovely here,
How must brighter worlds appear?
In immortal verdure drest—
By no mortal footstep pressed.
There, all-healing leaflets grow,
And pure crystal waters flow;
There, celestial flowerets fair
With their fragrance fill the air.

There, no chilling grasp of death
Stills the heart or clogs the breath;
Change may not come in that bright land
By the life-giving sephyr fanned;
There, cherished hopes are realized,
With the dear ones so fondly prized;
Yet, brightest dreams of life can ne'er
Picture that world so wondrous fair.

SIM LANGFORD'S CHOICE.

BY ELLEN ALICE MORIARTY.

"How on airth Sim Langford came to like me is more than I ever could tell," said Mrs. Langford, pausing a moment from her work, and giving, as it were, a searching glance into the past.

It was an unsatisfactory one; the great secret remained unpenetrated; and her eyes turned again to the meadow, back of the house, where her husband was busy with the mowers. He had just passed the window, and my involuntary expression of admiration—for Simon Langford was as fine a specimen of manhood in its vigorous prime as any one would like to see, and be the better afterward for seeing—had aroused the old inquiry in her mind to be as yet unanswered. In truth, she was not the only one who wondered when Simon Langford took for a wife one of the smallest and plainest girls in Weston—and Weston was famous for its pretty girls—who, besides

the happy consciousness of being cherished by him, as only a noble heart knows how to cherish an affectionate and faithful wife, had the pleasing gratification of being mistress of the finest farm in Norfolk county.

"If I have not a talent for investigation, Mrs. Langford," said I, "I confess a weakness for anything mysterious. Let me hear all about the courtship, and we may arrive at some conclusion. Two heads are better than one, they say."

"The courtship! Bless your heart, child, there was no courtship at all. Or if there was, it wasn't like all other ones. I don't mind telling you if you don't let Sal know it; for it was an orful disappointment to her when Sim married me."

Sal was a maiden sister of Mrs. Langford, a tall, bony woman, with a sour, sallow, discontented looking visage.

"You see," she continued, "when Sal was a young gal, she was a rale beauty. Tall and straight, with as bright an eye and red a cheek as you'd see anywhere. There were five sisters of us, and all were pretty excepting me; and mother used to say how I was the very picture of Aunt Jerushy, who lived and died without ever having a feller arter her. Well, Sim came down to his uncle's, when their boy, Nathan Standish, went to Bosting, and the first night he came to singing-school he began to make up to Sal. She was e'en a-most tickled to deth at the notice he took on her, and when her old feller, Silas Green, came to go home with her, she tossed her head with sich a look, and 'I'm engaged, sir,' sez she, and taking hold on Sim's arm, off she walked. Poor Silas looked as if all the blood in his body dashed right up in his face; and there he stood staring arter them, while the gals and the fellers snickered right out. Arter that, nothing was talked of but Sim and Sal; and the gals, as they always are, were mighty jealous; for Sim took the shine out of every feller completely, and even my sisters, that were allers good-natured, turned agin her, and there was nothing but snapping and scolding in the house from morning till night. I can't tell how it was, but there was such a way about that Sim you could not help loving him, and wishing that he cared for you. He was sich a han'sum feller; and then his voice went through your heart like music. Lawr! I used to be all over in a tremble whenever he spoke to me. I was no more than sixteen when he first came, and if my heart did not go right out to meet him, and if he hasn't got it yet, my name aint Mirandy. Whenever Sim was at the house, our gals, to plague Sal, would never go out of the room, but would sit

there all dressed out, and hardly let Sim have a chance to talk to her. One night ma'am came in, and says Sim, to please her:

"'Mrs. Cole,' says he, 'I don't wonder that your gals are so han'sum when I look at you.'

"'Wall,' says ma'am, tickled of course at his fine speech, 'that's mighty kind of you, Mr. Langford. The gals are purty good to look at, excepting Mirandy. She's the perfect picture of Aunt Jerushy, who never had a feller in the world.'

"'How unkind in your mother, Mrs. Langford,' I exclaimed. 'Were you not greatly mortified? And before him, too.'

"'Well,' answered the good woman, with that charming simplicity that I am certain won for her the love of Simon Langford, 'ma'am was used to saying it; it came kind of natural to her. The gals burst out a-laffing, and Sal the blindest. Sim colored up. I could see that he felt for me, but he didn't know what to say. So sez I:

"'Laugh away, gals; 'tis well for ye to have me.'

"'And why so?' sez Sal, her quick temper firing up.

"'For the same reason, Sal,' says I, 'that makes dad, when he wants to show off his best dows, put that ugly, crooked-backed Millie among them—to make them look better for the contrast.'

"'And you are not ugly or crooked-backed, Mirandy,' sez Sim, springing up and catching my hand in both of his. 'And if I was a woman, I'd ten thousand times sooner be ugly and crooked-backed with a disposition as good as yourn, than a beauty with a bad temper.'

"'Lawr! he didn't mean Sal, but she took it to herself, for she was rale passionate; and bursting right out crying, she flounced out of the room. If crooked-backed Millie had broke in through the winder, pitched Sim over her head and cleared out agin the way she came, he couldn't have looked more surprised.

"'She thought you meant herself,' sez Becky, giggling; and it was rale mean of her to say so, because it let Sim know what a pecky cross thing Sal was.

"'But lawr! Sim didn't care, and the next day they were as loving as ever.

"'Who should come down but Uncle Thaxter soon arter this, and when he was going home to Bosting, he said he'd carry Sal with him to see the sights. If Sal wasn't tickled! and off she went, promising to be allers thinking of Sim, and all that kind of nonsense—cos it is rale nonsense when folks don't mean it, and Sal, for one,

didn't. Somehow, Sim never liked the other gals; he seed they were all jealous of Sal, and whenever he came to the house to hear about her, he allers asked for me. Now when a gal cares for a feller, and he likes some one else, she can't close her heart agin him on that account. She keeps on loving him, without any hope to be sure, but still loving him, and I sint the only one that can tell you that. 'Twas just the way with me. I knew as well as I knew my A B C's that Sim didn't care the pod of a pea for me, but still I couldn't help a-lovin him. One night, sez he, 'I'm a-going to Bosting to-morrow, Mirandy.'

"'What on airth is carrying you there?' says I. 'To see, Sal?' And if the words didn't stick in my throat, and all I could do couldn't keep the tears from rushing into my eyes. We were standing at the gate, for he came from the singing school with me. The moonlight was shining full on my face, and when I looked up Sim was staring pretty sharp at me.

"'Here are the gals,' says he.

"'And sure enough, Becky and the rest of the gals were coming down the road.

"'Yes,' sez I, 'and their fellers with them.'

"'Never mind, Mirandy,' sez he, 'you are worth the hull on 'em.' And afore I could say a word, he caught me in his arms, gin me a hearty kiss and cleared off across the fields.

"'He meant that for Sal,' sez I to myself, but somehow, that night, my heart wasn't a sad one.

"'About four days arter that, dad was going to Bosting with some prime butter that ma'am made, and he allers was fondest of me, so he took me along with him in the wagon. We started early in the morning, and got to Bosting in the arternoon. We were driving along one of the streets when, all on a sudden, dad catches my arm and busts out a-laffing.

"'Look, Mirandy,' sez he; 'if that gal aint for all the world like a peacock with its tail spread out!'

"'On the sidewalk in front of us were a fellow and a gal. He was like the rest of the city fellers, rigged out like them every day in go-to-meeting clothes, and swinging a little painted twig in his hand for a cane. But the gal. O lawr! I'd thought I'd die looking at her. She had on a red and yaller striped muslin dress, that swept the walk as clean as a broom, a blue and yaller shawl, and a white bonnet stuck all over with flowers. Lawr! it was not the way she was dressed so much as the way she walked that made me laff. 'Twasn't walking; 'twas a kind of wriggling along, as if all the conceit in

creation was packed up in her individual body, and it was a trying to get out. Dad made Andrew Jackson—our horse—walk slow, so as to keep up with them, and suddenly dad sez, 'If there aint Sim Langford!'

"I saw Sim coming agin us a few minutes afore dad spoke; but my heart got into such a beating spell at the sight of him, I couldn't say a word.

"He'll be sarting to know the wagon,' sez dad.

"The wagon was a green kivered one, with red wheels, so 'twas easy for him to know it; but he never looked at the wagon, but walked past the feller and the gal, stepping out as he went by 'em as straight and as stiff as a militia man on a training day.

"Something aint right with that feller,' sez dad. 'He's got a heavy heart, and is trying to hide it. Look here, Mirandy, if ever you see a feller walking along as if his backbone was converted inter a poker, and a look in his face as if he thought that this ere round world was a football made on purpose for him to kick at, you may be sure to know, gal, that 'tis all for show, gal. And if that aint rhyme!' sez dad, chuckling and rubbing his hands. 'But lawr!' sez he, stopping and getting downright mad, 'if that ere peacock and her feller aren't a making fun of Sim!'

"There was the feller pinting his cane arter Sim, and laffing; and the gal turned round laffing too—and if she wasn't Sal!

"'Tis Sal!' sez dad. 'No it aint,' then sez he. 'My gal wouldn't make a walking show of herself,—and going with that feller! Look at him! Lawr, he's a slander on human natur!'

"Never mind 'em, dad,' sez I; for it was Sal. And as we were passing, I kind of moved between him and them. Now dad was allers as kewrious as any old woman, and when we were a-going past, he peaked over my shoulder; and the yell he let out when he seed Sal! If it didn't make Andrew Jackson stop right up, and the folks in the street run around the wagon, as if there was some orful work a-going on in it. Afore I could stop him, dad jumped clean out of the wagon on to the sidewalk, and grabbed Sal by the arm.

"Who is that feller?" sez he, pinting at the feller, who kind o' slunk back agin the railing of the Common.

"O, Mr. Cole, don't you know me?" sez he. 'I'm Nathan Standish!'

"You Joshua Standish's son?" sez dad. 'Lawr! you're the feller that came to Bosting and went a-doing wimmik's work, selling yards

of ribbon and spools of thread behind a kounter, because you were too lazy to work like a man. And you, you tarnal, conceited, stuck up critter, you had the impudence to laff at your cousin, whose old clothes are too good for you. Git out!' sez he, 'do they starve you here, you yaller-looking skeleton? And now for you,' sez he, a turning to Sal, who looked as if she was ready to drop intew the ground, she was so ashamed of Nathan Standish and the folks, and so afeard of dad. 'Was it for this,' sez he, a taking hold on her gown and holding it out, so as tew git a better view of it; 'was it for this I give you money to spend in Bosting? Lawr! if the colors aint like fire and brimstone; and there's a meaning in that, considering your bringing up you ought tew understand. Git inter the wagon, and sit behind Mirandy.'

"Sal began to cry, but she got in, and dad arter her; and while the men laffed and the little boys hollered, he turned Andrew Jackson's head toward home. And home, sure enough, we went, without even going to Uncle Thaxter's arter Sal's clothes. We hadn't been home more than a week when Sim comes back, and though they went to the singing-school, and used to meet rale often at quilting frolics, and apple bees, they didn't take the smallest kind of notice of each other; though I guess Sal would like to make up if she could. But taint for a gal to make the first advances any more than it is for a soldier to be the first to retreat.

"Things went on this way for all that winter, and somehow Sal, with all her good looks, could not raise another feller. They all kept shy of her. Mother used to keep me at home to help her, and it made dad allers mad when he seed them going off to have a good time, and me a staying behind.

"Come gals,' he'd say, 'taint fair in ye to have Mirandy staying at home allers.'

"Mr. Cole,' ma'am would say, 'never you mind. Mirandy isn't taken any notice on wharver she goes. Nobody knows whether she goes or no.'

"It was more than a month since I seed Sim, and one day I asked Becky if Sim Langford was a making up to any gal yet.'

"Did Sal tell you to ask that?" sez she.

"No, she didn't," sez I.

"Lawr! he's gone off, no one knows where or no one cares!" sez she. 'There's ma'am a calling you.'

"I was glad to get out of the reach of Becky's sharp eyes, for I felt just like crying, and I did cry that night, when no one saw me, to think that Sim went off without caring to say good-by

to me. A few nights arter that, the hull on us went to Marthy Standish's wedding. Sal was going to stand up with her.

"Nathan aint a coming," sez Marthy. "He can't git away from Bosting, so Enoch (that was Martha's feller) has got some one else to stand up with him."

"Lawr! who is he?" sez Sal.

"O, some one who likes you jest as well as you like him," sez Marthy, laffing. And then her mother kem up to say that the minister was come and the folks were all a-waiting.

"So we went down stairs, and who should be below to stand up with Sal but Sim Langford. And if he wasn't dressed to kill; and if he didn't look rale splendid.

"Somehow, Marthy was married afore I knew it—I was so taken up a watching Sim. And I never had sich bad feelings in my heart, and never want ter agin, as when I saw Sal all the rest of that night a-hanging on Sim's arm, jest as if he belonged to her; for they made up right off. Lawr! if I didn't feel then how it went agin a gal to have an ugly face! And it is an orful hard thing when a gal is homely to have her be sartin' of it. I never could git over feeling that. I never talked to a feller but I allers felt that he was a thinking how ugly I was.

"Sal has cotched Sim agin," sez ma'am, coming over where dad and I were sitting.

"I don't believe that," sez dad. "That feller's brains are not made of soft soap, Mrs. Cole. He knows that a gal who was ashamed to own him when he wasn't rigged out in his go-to-meetings, don't desearve to be his wife. And she wout be—mark my words for that."

"Lawr!" sez ma'am, "they ought to send ye to Congress." And off she went in a huff; but afore tew minutes she kem a running back, her hull face as red as a beet. "Squire Libbey's sold his farm, and got fifteen thousand dollars for it! And who d'ye think bought it?"

"I haint an idear," sez dad.

"Guess," sez she.

"I haint an idear," again sez dad.

"Sim Langford," sez she; "and he's got ten thousand more in the bank!"

"Fudge!" sez dad; "where could he get so much money?"

"He's had it for months," sez she; "and he never let on about it to any one. When he went tew Bosting last fall, his cousin, a rale rich man, died, and left Sim twenty-five thousand dollars. But what puzzles me is, why the feller didn't at once make a show with it."

"Coz the feller aint the fool you take him to be," sez he. "There's sich a thing as loving a

man for his money, Mrs. Cole. And I reckon as how Sim is cute and knows what's what," sez dad.

"Wall, I'm rale glad," sez ma'am, "that Sal made up with him afore he told about the farm."

"Sim went home with Sal that night, and I was the only one of our gals that hadn't a feller going home with her. Next day Sim comes to our house dressed out in a complete new suit, and told ma'am that he was going to give a house-warming, and he would be very much obleeged to her if she would see to all the fixings. Ma'am said to be sure she would, and then Sim asked the gals to go with him to a circus that was exhibiting in the village; and as they worgoing out, he turns round and sez to me:

"Aint you a-coming, Miss Cole?" He allers called me Mirandy afore.

"I can't spare her," sez ma'am.

"And without another word, he goes off with the gals.

"Mirandy Cole," sez I tew myself, when I went up-stairs and stared straight intew the looking-glass, "are you a natural fool to think that Sim Langford ever cared for the owner of that ugly face, with a mouth big enough to swallow him? O dear! O dear!" And I burst out a-crying.

"Every day, three or four times, Sim came to our house, and at last everything was ready for the house-warming. Ma'am said there wasn't a more comfortable house in the hull State.

"Lawr, Sal!" sez ma'am, when Sal came down all dressed out to go, "that ere conceit of yours came a near taking Sim from you."

"She aint got him yet," sez dad.

"Ma'am gin him a look, and jest then the rest of the gals came in in their new dresses.

"Wall," sez ma'am, "I reckon we'd a better be on the start."

"Hurry up, Mirandy," sez dad.

"Me, sir?" sez I; "I aint a-going."

"You aint?" sez he; "maybe you aint!" and swaring right out. "Then I be skinned," sez he, "if one of those ere wimmin stirs a foot out of this house unless you go tew! Go and put on your new fixings."

"I haint any, dad," sez I.

"Mrs. Cole," sez dad, turning round to mother, "if I warn't a church-member, I'd swar!" sez he; "I'd swar all night—I would! I'm so riled up! Never mind, Mirandy, gal; come in your go-to-meetings."

"I didn't want to go, but I darsn't refuse dad, coz when his temper was riz, 'twas no use going contrary to him; so I went up-stairs, and in less than no time came down ready to go.

"When we got tew the house, Sim was at the door tew meet us; and I thought how he had a smile and a welcome word for all but me; and he even took my hand to shake jest for all the world as if it was a stick without any feeling in it. Every bit of the house, from top to cellar, had all new furniture, and we went over it; and though the gals had seen it all afore, they examined it as much as ever. Soon the company began to come, and soon the house was full. And then if Sal didn't put on the airs—set on to do it of course by ma'am. And law! if the hull of the gals warn't furious agin her; and the way the Green gals, the Tappan gals, and a score of others, turned up their noses at her when she wasn't looking! I saw it all. Then there were plays and dances; but I sat by myself in a corner, no one caring to notice me; and come to think of it now, it was purty much my own fault that I was treated so. There were gals there as homely as I was any day who had fellers around 'em all night; but law! I'd a cut off my head afore I'd try as hard as they did to get 'em.

"When it got about nine o'clock they all went intew the dining-room tew supper—for Sim did the thing rale fashionable—and I of course was left without any one to take me in. There I sat all alone, a-hearing them a-carrying on in the next room, until I could stand it no longer. I went up-stairs, put on my things and left that house, detarmining never agin to enter it—even if Sal was its mistress. When I got out, I thought I was smothering, I felt so. I walked as fast as I could until I got out on the road, and then I stopped and turned round. From where I stood I could hear 'em laughing; and I thought 'twas Sim I saw standing by the window, and Sal side of him. That was too much! I threw myself down beside the fence and cried, I don't know how long. I thought my heart was breaking. Law! you may think me silly; but I was only a young gal, without any eddication, or any one to show me how foolish it was to be repining, or wishing for what I never could hope to get; and there I remained crying till the rale passion of my grief had kind of passed away. It was like a stream whose course you'd want tew stop. The waters keep a gathering till at last they burst over their barrier and sweep everything afore 'em. So it was with the grief that had been a-swelling in my heart all night.

"When I got quiet, I rose up and leaned agin the fence. It was a lovely night, and somehow, as I stood there, with the beautiful moonlight a-falling over me, I thought of the night afore Sim went tew Bosting, when we were a-standing

together in the moonlight, and he left a blessing upon my cheek. And it was a blessing to me; for I felt better and kinder toward every one whenever I thought of it. All on a sudden something kim atween me and the moonlight. I looked up, and screamed out, for there was a tall man standing side of me. But afore the scream was out of my lips, I knowed Sim; and that minnit he ketched my hands, and sez he:

"'It's me, Mirandy.'

"I snatched my hands away from him afore he knowed I was a-going to, and moved back—jest for all the world as if he wos a sarpint; while all the time I'd ha' gin everything else I knowed or keered for if I could only ha' thrown myself intew his arms and cried on his breast.

"'Mirandy,' sez he, agin, moving a leetle closer to me; 'Mirandy,' sez he.

"And it wasn't the way he ever said it afore, or the light, laughing tone he used to have a talking to Sal. I kind of felt him a saying it, more than I heerd him, and somehow I began crying agin.

"'Where be you a-going?' sez he.

"'Law! if wimmin aren't queer critters! I stopped crying; and though I couldn't keep the trembling out of my voice, I said mighty cold and proud-like:

"'I'm going home, Mr. Langford.'

"'But what made ye be a-crying, Mirandy?' sez he.

"'Because I wanted tew,' sez I. 'And good night; I'm thinking your company will be a looking arter you.'

"'And I hope they'll be as long looking arter me as I was looking arter you, Mirandy,' sez he.

"'And why did you look arter me?' sez I, arter a little while.

"'Because I wanted tew,' sez he, smiling, as he repeated my words; 'and I looked arter you for the same reason that you cried, Mirandy,—I looked arter you because I couldn't help it; and now come back with me.'

"'No, Sim,' sez I, bursting right out crying agin; 'I aint a-going back there.'

"'And why not?' sez he.

"'Coz I aint wanted there,' sez I.

"'And who don't want you there?' sez he.

"'You, Sim Langford!' sez I, all the pride I had been freezing my heart with melting away afore my love for him and the orful thought I was a-going to love him forever.

"'O, what a thundering lie!' sez Sim, a-ketching me in his arms. 'You aint wanted there? You aint wanted in the house I bought on purpose for you, and so you could live near your

father, who is the only other one of your family I'd keer to own!" sez he.

"O, Sim!" sez I, 'you aint in earnest, be you though?'

"Aint I?" sez he. 'And there if you aren't a-crying agin.'

"Coz I'm so glad," sez I, 'and so sorry to think I aint good enough for you.'

"You're a thundering sight too good for me," sez he; 'and it was a-knowing it made me love you. And now maybe you'll come back?' sez he.

"You may calculate I didn't refuse to then. We went back to the house, and when we got to the door, says Sim:

"Mirandy, do you remember the night afore I went to Bosting? Wall, I took something from you that night, and as there is a law agin stealing, I have been rale uneasy, and wishing ever since for a chance to return it. Though aint it strange, Mirandy, I never once regretted taking it?"

"A taking what?" sez dad, opening the door, and laffing. 'Mirandy Cole!' sez he, 'aint you ashamed of sich actions? And Mr. Langford, your company are a wondering where you are,' sez he.

'Sim went intew the parlor, and dad gin me a kiss and a hug, saying he knowed all about it, and I had better go up-stairs and get the sign of crying off my face afore I came into the room. I wasn't long up-stairs afore Almiry Tappan came to fix her hair.

"You here, Mirandy," sez she? 'I didn't see you afore to-night. Come and fix my hair; coz you're first-rate at it.'

"Aint you a-coming down?" sez she. 'O, now do, Mirandy. 'Tis oful hard to go intew a room alone, and have 'em all a staring at you.'

"So I went down with her; and who should be standing at the door but Sim and Sal? I didn't dare tew look at him while I was passing, but he stretched out his hand and stopped me; and he sez to Sal:

"Mirandy's a party good girl, aint she?"

"Sal could afford to be generous where I was consarned, so sez she:

"Yes."

"She'll make some one happy one of these days, I guess," sez he.

"Sal laffed, and when I was moving away I heard her saying:

"O, lawr! no, Mr. Langford; we never expect tew see her married."

"You don't? Now aint that tew bad?" sez Sim.

"That night, when we were a-going home, if

dad didn't act as if he left his senses behind him; and none of 'em knew the reason but me. I sat on the front seat of the wagon with him, and every minnit he'd be giving me a hug and a kiss; and he'd whistle Yankee Doodle, and gin me a poke in the side, and say, 'Mirandy Cole, aint you ashamed of yourself?' And then he'd laff. And ma'am, sez she:

"Lawr! what's got intew the man?"

"And dad sez, 'Find out, Mrs. Cole. Maybe you'll know in the morning.'

"Next morning at breakfast, sez dad to ma'am, 'Some one asked me last night for one of my gals.'

"You don't say!" sez ma'am, looking so tickled. "Wasn't it Sim Langford?"

"Nobody else," sez dad.

"Lawr, Sal!" said Becky, who was almost bursting with rage and envy, 'you needn't put on sich airs all at once. I wish he only knowed what a wild cat you are.'

"Sal turned up her nose, and sez she, 'Don't you wish you had him?'

"Look here, Sal," sez Martha Ann, 'when you're married, you've got to buy me a breast-pin for that one of mine you lost.'

"Yes, and my sash she stole out of my trunk and carried to Bosting along with her," sez Miss Lavingy.

"And what do you want, Mirandy?" sez Sal, turning round tew me.

"Aint you a-counting the chickens afore they are hatched, Sal?" sez I.

"Good!" sez dad, giving me a slap on the shoulder. Lawr! it was kind of bad in me, but I couldn't a-help saying it.

"Lawr! if she too aint mad coz she couldn't get him!" sez Sal. 'The beauty!'

"Look here, Sal," sez dad, 'don't you call Mirandy names.'

"Beauty aint a name," sez Sal.

"Wall then," sez he, 'with all your beauty and your fine airs you couldn't ketch Sim Langford. What do you say to that?' sez he.

"O lawr!" sez ma'am and the gals, while Sal turned as white as a sheet.

"Mr. Cole," sez ma'am, facing dad, 'didn't you say Sim Langford asked you for Sal?'

"I didn't say Sal," sez dad.

"Lawr!" sez she agin, while the gals stared at each other; 'and who was it then?'

"Find out, Mrs. Cole!" sez dad, getting up and walking out of the room, and then thrusting his head in at the door, and laffing and pinting at me. 'Ask Mirandy,' sez he; 'maybe she can tell ye.—He's a-coming, he's a coming. Mirandy, gal! Here is he,' sez he.

"I saw Sim coming to the house, and ran out to meet him, leaving dad to git out of the trouble as well as he could. But here is Sim himself."

"Please, Mr. Langford," said I, as he cordially welcomed me, "excuse an impertinent question: Why did you marry Mirandy?"

"Because I loved her, to be sure," was the laughing reply.

"But she has never found out why you loved her."

"Haint she though?" said he, still laughing and rubbing his hands; then folding his arms and regarding the little woman with an expression of tenderness pleasing to see, he heartily exclaimed: "Lawr! she was sich a good critter, I couldn't help it."

An imaginary object at that particular moment riveted my attention on the meadow, and through the stillness I heard a familiar sound. It was not the rustle of the oak leaves, as the branch swayed before the window, or the chirp of the robin fitting through the labyrinth; but what it was, in the language of Samuel Lover, "I leave you to guess."

THE OBSTINACY OF WOMAN.

A tailor having amassed a fortune by trade, cut the shop, and removed to the country to live in dignified leisure. His wife was a bit of a shrew, and apt, as all wives, to find out her husband's weak points. One of these was a shame of his former occupation, and she harped upon the jarring string until the poor wretch was nearly beside himself. Her touch-word, "scissors," spoiled his finest bon mots, and embittered his grandest entertainments; it was flame to tow. He stormed and wheedled; the obnoxious instrument was constantly brandished before his eyes. They were walking one day on the bank of a river bounding his grounds: "You observe," said he, "the delta formed by the fork of the river; its beauty decided me to close the contract."

"Very probable, my dear—it reminds one so much of an open pair of scissors."

One push, and she was in the water.

"I will pull you out, if you promise never to say that word again," halloed the still foaming husband.

"Scissors," shrieked she, and down she went.

"Scissors," as she rose again. The third time she came to the surface, too far gone to speak—but as the waters closed over her, she threw up her arms, crossed her forefingers, and disappeared!—*Boston Post.*

"I live according to right reason," says the Stoic; "I live to seize the pleasures of the passing days," says the Epicurean; "I live to contemplate the unchangeable truth," says the Platonist; and all three live but in a vain squirrel cage round of vanity.

TO MAGGIE.

BY S. M. ACHESON.

I'll not leave thee yet, love, too fondly I prize
The bright, sparkling glance of thy love beaming eyes;
Too fondly, too dearly, I love thee, to part
From the bright one whose image is fixed in my heart.

I'll not leave thee yet, love, too great is the bliss
To press thy warm hand and to feel thy warm kiss;
To sit in the sunshine thy presence has given,
And feel in my soul 'tis a foretaste of heaven.

I'll not leave thee yet, while my arms can enfold
The only loved being they e'er wished to hold;
While thy faith and thy truth are still pledged to me,
O whither, dear maid, should I wander from thee?

I'll not leave thee yet, while the fair moon shines bright
In the high arch of heaven, as she marshals the night;
While the stars sparkle out mid the firmament blue,
So long are my thoughts and affections with you.

I'll not leave thee yet; while the ocean's waves roll,
So long is your image impressed on my soul;
So long as the tide bears the bark to the shore,
So long will I love thee, "Acushla Makore."

Yes, dear as the shrine to the pilgrim band,
Or water to him who lies parched on the sand,
Are the light of thy eyes and soft accents to me—
O, why should I wander, my loved one, from thee?

A MATRIMONIAL ADVERTISEMENT.

BY S. M. WOOD.

"SARAH, who's that?" said I, as a young lady who was passing, looked up to the window and bowed. There was something very attractive about her; not that she was regularly beautiful, but there was an airiness and grace in her little figure, a freshness and archness to her fair bright face, as it was upturned to the window, with its large, dark, laughing eyes, waving hair, and ripe, full lips, that was very charming. "Who is it, Sarah?" I repeated, "she's a perfect little fairy."

"It's Mrs. Robertson," said Sarah, "Nellie Bird, that was, she's the most charming little creature! and by the way, Sue, did I ever tell you about the way she came to be married to Mr. Robertson? It was the oddest thing! so romantic!"

"Delightful! do tell me about it. There's nothing like these romances in real life, and people generally go and get married in such stupid, hum-drum ways. So, Sarah, my dear, suppose you should make yourself agreeable, now, and tell me about it. I'm all attention."

So I poked the fire vigorously to make it look bright and cheerful, folded up my work, settled

myself in a most delightfully lazy attitude on the lounge, and in short gave Sarah to understand that I was preparing for what she knows I like better than anything else, one of her long stories.

"Really want to hear it?" said the provoking creature, as though she didn't know that I was waiting for her to begin.

"Of course I do."

"Well, I'll tell you about it."

So she went through divers performances by way of "fixing herself" comfortably, and fidgeted round, putting up her work, setting back the work-table and putting the poker in its place, which I had left on the floor, and was so long getting ready to begin, that my patience was quite exhausted. At last, however, seating herself in the large rocking-chair, she began:

"This was the way of it, Sue. Nellie Bird and I went together in New York to Mrs. Lowell's boarding-school, and we roomed together and Nellie always told me all her secrets, so I knew all about the affair."

"What affair?" said I.

"Why, her marriage, of course! I wish you wouldn't interrupt me, Sue, it puts me all out. Nellie was forever getting into some scrape, but she was such a merry, artless, bewitching little creature, that I took a wonderful fancy to her. One day—you've seen those matrimonial advertisements in the New York Herald, Sue?"

"Yes," I replied, thinking the question very inappropos.

"One day we were sitting in our room, Nellie and I, Nellie reading the Herald, when all at once she broke out with:

"Sarah, lend me a pen and sheet of Bath post, will you? I'm going to answer this 'Matrimonial,' in the paper."

"What do you mean, Nellie," I exclaimed, 'you're not in earnest?'

"To be sure I am, 'twill be such sport. Let me read it to you."

"I am not sure I remember it exactly, Sue, but I believe this was about the way it ran: 'A young man of twenty-five, of good family, moderate fortune and fine education, wishes to enter into a correspondence with a young lady not more than twenty years old, with a view to matrimony. She must be attractive in appearance, amiable, intelligent and refined. Address A. R. CLIFFORD, Philadelphia, Pa.'

"There, Sarah," said Nellie, 'I'm going to answer that, just for the fun of the thing, and see what he'll write back. I shall come near enough to his description of what Mrs. Clifford ought to be, shan't I? I'm only eighteen, and I'm sure I'm attractive in appearance, now ain't I, Sarah?'

"And the little creature put on such a fierce expression, by way of looking attractive, that I laughed in spite of myself. Well, of course, Sue, I said what a proper young lady like myself would be expected to say on such an occasion. I didn't think it would be right, as she wasn't in earnest, but she only laughed at me, and took her own way, as she always did. So she wrote the letter, signed it ELLEN VOGEL (the German for bird, you know), and directed it according to the advertisement."

"I wonder what she said in it?"

"O, she described herself in it, and very wittily too. 'Twasn't more than a week after that, that Nellie danced into the room, all out of breath, holding up a letter in a bold, gentleman's hand. After capering round with it in her hand, teasing me with it, and finally singing what she was pleased to call a 'triumphal chant,' over it, she tossed it into my lap for me to read. It was really a capital letter. He told her that he liked her answer exceedingly, and proposed that they should keep up the correspondence till they could appoint a place of meeting. And so they did, and Mr. Clifford seemed to enjoy it amazingly, and I'm sure Nellie did, 'it's so piquant and funny,' she said.

"After it had gone on in this way about three months, he wrote that he should probably be in New York in about six weeks, and requested her to name a time and place for an interview. In the meantime he was sorry to say their correspondence must be suspended, as he should be absent from Philadelphia, and could not tell her where to direct her letters. Nellie demurred at first, but finally curiosity got the better of her scruples, and she wrote to him to meet her on the thirteenth of the next month (December), on Fifth Avenue, opposite—I forget the place now, Sue, it's so long since I was in New York, but no matter—he was to be at the place she mentioned just as the clock struck three. She would wear a blue silk dress, and throw up her veil (which should be blue), and bow just as the clock struck. He was to wear a narrow blue ribbon in his button hole, and raise his hat, which should be a white one, just as she threw up her veil."

"Very boarding-school-girlish, wasn't it?"

"Yes indeed! I teased Nellie unmercifully about it, but she didn't care a fig. She meant to go the whole figure, she said. The first three weeks of the time she was all impatience for the day to come, but the last three were vacation, and she spent them at her aunt's and saw a great deal of company, so her mind was taken up with other things. I asked her one day if she really meant to meet that Mr. Clifford?"

"To be sure; why shouldn't I? If I don't like him, I shall just tell him so, and there will be an end of it."

"But if you do like him, what then? do you mean to marry him?"

"I really don't believe she had seriously thought of that question before. She colored and didn't answer for a moment, and then turned it off with a toss of her little head."

"Pooh! she shouldn't like him, dare say he was a fright, had red hair likely as not, and she wasn't going to throw herself away on a man with red hair, no indeed!"

"One day, the first part of vacation, she came to Cousin Mary's where I was staying, to see me. She had been to a party the night before, and such a magnificent time as she had, 'and was introduced to such a splendid person; he was all the rage, they said, and the most fascinating man that ever was, Sarah, so handsome and talented, and the most perfect gentleman,' and he had asked permission to call on her next day, 'just think, Sarah! and his name was Mr. Robertson!'"

"And so she ran on, going into such raptures over him, that my curiosity was wrought to the highest pitch to see him."

"I think it was about time for Mr. Robertson to make his appearance," I remarked.

"For the next three weeks," continued Sarah, without noticing my interruption, "I heard of nothing but this Mr. Robertson all the time. Their acquaintance certainly did get on famously. He called on Nellie, I couldn't tell you how many times, lent her books, and took her to ride. I began to think that the matter was getting to be very serious; more than a mere flirtation. One night we both were going to a party where he was to be, and I was in such a state of anxiety to see him, for I felt, though she herself had never breathed it to me, that Nellie's feeling towards him was one far stronger than mere liking."

"Was he really so fascinating?" I asked.

"Yes, I was very much pleased with him. And after observing him narrowly during the evening, I felt sure that he was truly passionately in love with Nellie. And no wonder. She did look so charming that evening, all in white, her dark eyes all full of expression, the most delicate flush on her cheeks, and an unwonted gentleness and thoughtfulness in her air, for which I could readily account, and which gave an additional charm to her face. A beautiful girl is never so beautiful as when truly in love, Susan."

I assented and Sarah went on with her story.

"All this time Nellie seemed to have forgotten about Mr. Clifford, till one day, I reminded her

that the next day was the thirteenth, and by way of drawing her out, observed that she must be very glad. She changed color.

"O, what should she do? she had entirely forgotten it, she couldn't bear the thought of meeting that hateful Mr. Clifford, and what would Mr. Robertson think if he knew of her folly? 'Why, Sarah, the other day some one was speaking of a matrimonial advertisement she had seen, before him, and you have no idea how disgusted he looked at the mention of such a thing.'"

"At first she almost determined not to keep the appointment, but afterwards came to the conclusion that she was bound in honor to do so, and that it was only just punishment for her imprudence. If that Mr. Clifford was at all what he seemed in his letters, she should tell him how displeased with herself she was for her insincerity in writing to him, tell him her wish that the affair should end at once, and they should exchange letters and forget that either of them had been so foolish."

"I was amused with her plan, but said nothing, for I knew it would be of no use."

"If I thought there was any chance of my meeting Mr. Robertson at the time I appointed to meet that Clifford," said Nellie, disconsolately, "I should almost die, but I know I shan't, for I heard him tell aunt to-day he had an engagement to-morrow at three, and I think it's so lucky."

"Late in the afternoon of the next day, Nellie came to see me in such a state of excitement."

"O, Sarah," she exclaimed, "it was Mr. Robertson!"

"Who was Mr. Robertson?" said I, all in the dark as to what she meant.

"Why, that Mr. Clifford I went to meet, and that I've been writing to so long. Clifford is his middle name. I was so surprised; and O, Sarah—!" and here she stopped, blushing as red as a peony."

"I suspected it was going to turn out so," I exclaimed, "wasn't it nice? so romantic!"

"Of course you knew how it would come out," said Sarah, looking provoked. "I never told you a story yet, but you always said so, but I haven't finished yet."

"After awhile Miss Nellie made out to tell me, with many blushes and much stammering, that Mr. Robertson had offered himself and she had accepted him; both of which highly interesting events I was of course prepared for, as soon as she told me of Mr. Clifford's metamorphosis into Mr. Robertson. Her account of their meeting amused me very much. She was walking slowly up Fifth Avenue, having nearly reached the

place agreed upon, and the clock only wanting just a minute of three, when she saw Mr Robertson coming as slowly down the street. Not another white hat could she see anywhere; and her consternation at seeing him was only equalled by her fear lest she should have to wait for that Mr. Clifford.

"Before she had quite made up her mind to turn back, and give up the interview, for fear Mr. Robertson should see and recognize her, they both met and the clock struck. Just imagine her surprise, her utter amazement, Sue, on seeing the blue ribbon in his button hole! She had just presence of mind enough to throw up her veil and then he saw who it was.

"Sarah," said Nellie to me, 'you never saw such a look of bewilderment in your life, as he gave me at first, and then all at once his face lighted up so. He didn't say one word except "Miss Bird!" as though he was too astonished to say anything more, and then he saw how pale I was—I was trembling all over, Sarah—and felt pale as death, and he gave me his arm, and we walked on a little way without either of us speaking and then—he said—you know the rest, Sarah,' Nellie said, turning her face away from me so that I shouldn't see her blushes. 'And O, Sarah, I'm so glad;' and so, by way of showing how glad, I suppose, she burst out crying."

"I'm sure that was natural enough," said I, "but I don't understand how Mr. Robertson came to put that advertisement in the paper, it was very queer, certainly."

"He put it in for the same reason that Nellie answered it, for the oddity of the thing, and to see what would come of it. He came to New York in hopes of getting some clue as to who his fair correspondent might be, but had been disappointed. As his interest in Nellie increased, so did his vexation with himself for doing anything so foolish, and his desire of getting honorably out of the scrape, but, like Nellie, he saw no other way but to go and have the dreaded interview. They have had many a laugh over it since. Nellie says she is glad that he did one foolish thing in his life, she wouldn't like him to be quite perfect. While he asks her occasionally, if she ever knew a Miss Vogel that carried on a correspondence once with a gentleman she didn't know anything about, even whether his hair wasn't red."

Here Sarah stopped, leaned back in her chair, and looked as if she had an idea of representing the picture of "finis" in old-fashioned books.

"Well, but Sarah," said I, "how about the wedding? who ever heard of a story's ending without an account of the wedding?"

"O, in six months, as soon as Nellie was out of school, I had the honor of standing up with her as bridesmaid, and she did make the prettiest little bride I ever saw. As for Mr. Robertson he looked, as of course bridegrooms are always expected to look, "like an embodied joy." They live in Philadelphia, and seem to be very happy in each other, as I have no doubt they are. The last time I was there, Sue, Nellie showed me among her treasures, a narrow piece of blue ribbon and a blue veil, which she said she wouldn't lose for anything."

And Sarah got up and went to bring in the lamps, leaving me to indulge in delicious reveries in the twilight.

VIEW OF TEMPERANCE.

"Intemperance," said Mrs. Partington, solemnly, with a rich emotion in her tone, like an after dinner speech, at the same time bringing her hand, containing the snuff she had just brought from the box, down upon her knee, while Lion with a violent sneeze, walked away to another part of the room; "Intemperance is a monster with a good many heads and creeps into the bosoms of families like any conda or an allegator, and destroys its peace and happiness forever. But, thank Heaven! a new Erie has dawned upon the world, and soon the hydrant headed monster will be overturned. Isn't it strange that men will put enemies into their mouths to steal away their heads?" "Don't you regard taking snuff a vice?" we asked, innocently. "If it is," she replied with the same old argument, "it is so small a one that Providence won't take no notice of it, and besides, my oil factories would miss it so!" Ah, kind old heart, the drunkard's argument! and he who casts stones at his frail brother must first see if there be not something at home to correct before he presumes upon his own infallibility. Like all the while was watching Lion, as he lay growling in his sleep, and wondering if he was dreaming about him.—*Evening Gazette.*

NONSENSE FOR NONSENSE.

Suvaroff, the half-mad, half-savage Russian general, used frequently to ask the young officers and soldiers the most absurd questions, considering it a proof of smartness on their part if they gave a prompt reply, and hating above all things "I don't know" as an answer. He one day went up to a sentry, and, as the man presented arms, Suvaroff said, "Tell me how many buttons there are on the uniforms of fifty thousand men?" "I can't say," replied the soldier, very naturally; upon which the marshal, according to his custom, began to abuse him and rate him for his stupidity. The soldier, however, knowing Suvaroff's character, took courage, and said, "Well, sir, perhaps it's not every question your excellency could answer yourself; for instance, there are my two aunts—would you please to tell me their names?" The man's quickness atoned for his impudence in the eyes of the general, and the soldier was made a corporal the next morning.—*Records of the War.*

A FOURTH OF JULY FAILURE.

BY FRANCIS P. PEPPERELL.

It once chanced to be my miserable fortune to be in a lively, half-country, half-city town on one of those luckless anniversaries of rowdies' freedom to act as they please and everybody's else bondage in discomfort. At precisely twelve at night, six meeting-house bells sent out a terrific peal by means of six ragged little boys who, for the sum of "nimepumpse," dangled at the bell-ropes, frightened to death, till that moment when all other people. After one or two faint cries of "Fire!" by certain barbarous Benedict Arnolds, they might scare the ghosts, as I am sure they did who had forgotten the approaching date, the ringing gave over just to allow one time to drop off and be suddenly pulled up by another tug at the bell-rope, which I have no doubt was many times wished to be round the ringers' throats, instead of the bells.

At last grown accustomed to the bells, with my head securely wrapped in impenetrable folds, I had entered Elysian realms, where Horatio Augustus Miffin, the slender swain with light hair and no eyes in particular, was gracefully kneeling in nankeens and pledging eternal faith to his pocket-handkerchief, though he meant it for me, when a great cannon, with a noise like thunder, threw its wad into my chamber through the open window. Thinking perhaps the Turks had come, or the Millerites had made a mistake in their calculations, I got up and dressed myself. This act being accomplished in a state of profound silence meanwhile, suddenly, as if in honor of the event, not one, but twenty simultaneous cannon went off as though they never intended to come back; but return they did, with redoubled vigor.

I took an arm-chair by the window, and soon, by a flash from another powder-mill explosion, perceived it was exactly ten minutes past twelve. The bells had rung, I had had five or six naps, Horatio had almost proposed, the cannon been fired, my toilet completed, the Fourth inaugurated, and all in ten minutes.

After endeavoring to be patriotic, by putting my head out of the window and hallooing "hurrah!" I put it in again and endeavored to be vigilant for the nation's welfare by picking my eyes open and trying to hold them so. But I think I scarcely succeeded, for I have faint ideas of dreaming about falling into Horatio's arms at the end of his declaration (which he probably resumed) when I was conscious of Horatio's be-

coming a variety of objects at once: now a glass of foaming beer, which I was eagerly trying to drink, now a fine sputtering and broiling egg, then, with a thousand blushes, metamorphosing himself into any innumerable quantity of bad fire-crackers, with which I burned my fingers to blisters; and finally, through a raw, dull twilight, in a half-drizzling rain, two young men under my window, with muskets that fixed and hissed alternately, without any violent noise in the damp air; this was a Fourth of July serenade.

As burnt powder was not too delightful a scent, I opened the door, and from among a number of boots set out for the morning operations in Day & Martin, at Mr. Smith's Vulture Hotel, selected the heaviest pair, and stealing back to my window, threw them with all my force at the heroic serenaders, one of whom happened to be the veritable Horatio Augustus Miffin. I followed up this charge of foot-soldiery by the contents of my water-pitcher. At this, the young gentlemen, after a short consultation, thinking they had found the wrong window, withdrew to one some yards distant, occupied by a testy old bachelor. In a very short time I heard the possessor of single-blessedness blundering around, and saw the dodging young gentlemen withdraw to another, where I presume they met with equal success in archery, for after one or two more efforts, they went off dispiritedly, to return their fowling pieces, which had met nothing but *foul* play.

By this time, the rising sun had dispelled rain and sleep, and ushered in the Calathumpians—a band of male individuals dressed as absurdly as possible and designed to bring together ridiculous scenes which only succeeded in being ridiculous failures; I noticed a great many young men endeavoring to represent his satanic majesty, by means of hoops, tails and horns of black leather, who would have been much better representations probably, entirely undisguised. After this the dressing bells, and breakfast bells rang, and all the meeting-house bells as well, and all the cannons and muskets popped prodigiously, and breakfast was ready.

Breakfast consisted mostly of a clean tablecloth (in honor of the day), and some of the water with which the dinner dishes had been washed yesterday, warmed up, sweetened, and called coffee. After this a variety of floral processions, where patient young ladies displayed their broiling beauty, and sons of temperance, walking savagely straight, took place; and then I concluded to visit a fair. Dear male reader, do not fancy I was contemplating an invasion of your monopoly of visiting—no fair

young scraphess with languishing ringlets was my fair; but a place where quarrels are given away, and whited-sepulchral impostures, in the shape of pincushions and embroidery, are vend- ed; so tying on my bonnet, I went out. After running a gauntlet of saucy little boys with matches and fire-crackers, and escaping miracu- lously unhurt though I twice lost my slippers and had to go back for them, I reached the hall door. The Babel within was deafening, the shrill voices of females in division and derision rising like clarions above the tumult. Neverthe- less I was assured that as the noise is in propor- tion to the good will and merriment, there would have been considerably more clamor if the ladies of the parish had not fallen out about whether the price of admission should be a dime or ten cents. The first object that struck my eye on entering, was Mr. Miffin ogling a young damsel behind a stall, and sucking his cane in the intervals. I must say I was rejoiced when he went off, the purchaser of a smoking cap that dropped its tassel on the floor and ripped off its embroidery on the button of his coat pocket as he thrust it therein; and was equally so, when the minx, who had extort- ed the sacrifice from Horatio, let fall the pieces of silver on the floor. Part of them she recovered, but I saw one young Autolycus pocket the bal- ance, and spend it at a soda fountain, and I on- ly wish he had got the rest.

Meantime Horatio was negotiating for a pin- ball stuffed with Indian meal, as I was led to in- fer from the fact, that having placed it in his hat, his head soon presented the appearance of a fat leg of veal dredged with flour and ready for bak- ing (indeed malicious gossips were always in the habit of declaring Horatio was only half-baked). I now devoted myself to a limited course of gas- tronomy, and was there again finished by behold- ing Horatio in the clutches of a female raven who gorged both him and herself in a way frightful to behold. I now bought a doll for a juvenile ac- quaintance, and was not at all surprised to see her a few moments afterwards, dangling by one disjointed arm, a small heap of rags, and leaving a track of bran behind her as she walked. Just as I was leaving I obtained one last glimpse of Horatio, who seemed distracted to spend his money, and having paid two bits for a turn at the grab-bag, had fished up a Gibraltar, with which last expression of despair he disappeared. On my way home I was twice knocked down (in one of which evolutions, somebody's kind feel- ings prompted them to relieve me of the load of my purse), once run over, three times addressed with a "stop thief!" and had four spaces ex- tracted from my shawl.

Sitting down by a window to read in the lull of the noise, I was awakened from the sorrows of Werther, by those more tangible, feeling rather warm; in fact, a roguish boarder underneath, had fixed a lighted bunch of crackers to a broom- stick and thrust them up to my window till my dress had caught, and I had a prospect of flames far more ardent than those of Horatio. Throw- ing myself on a Turkey rug, I succeeded in suc- coring myself; but a bath, a fresh toilet and a new frock was necessary. Before I was en- tirely ready, the bells rung for dinner, whose chief entertainment was announced to be young lamb, green peas, strawberries and ice-cream. The vegetable dishes, when I reached the table, were slightly colored, but there was nothing in them.

I was indeed helped to young lamb, but unless judging from the vertebrae, I should be unable to declare it fish or flesh, since there was so little on the bone. Strawberries looked much more like lightning than themselves, and ice- creams were decidedly milky enough to be placed among the constellations in the galaxy. The dessert was further enlivened by a cart passing, full of men who had been killed and maimed at the cannon during the morning. After this ap- parition of dinner, as all nature seemed to be tak- ing a nap, except of course, the little fire-cracker gnomes, I would have followed their example, but was forestalled by loud murmurs growing nearer and nearer till they finally developed into a row, a successor of the morning's entertain- ment at the fair; Yankees Germans, Irish, Scotch, "Eye-magis" and Indians, all uniting their exertions. This, resulting in the police and some talk, at last gave way to dark and fireworks, which did the usual amount of damage, and the Fourth of July was over. I believe I make a mistake though, when I say so, for the grandest fire-work came off a few hours later, when as every one was audibly snoring their "Horatio," the house was found to be on fire, and continued so, though the inmates, if I remember rightly, escaped with life and the property of a few barns.

Since this Fourth of July, I have regularly made a practice of going, three weeks before the day, among North American savages, or to the most distant corners of the earth, to avoid patri- otic celebrations, rows, fairs, fire-works and civilization.

There is something inexpressibly sweet about little girls. Lovely, pure, innocent, ingenuous, unsuspecting, full of kindness to brothers, babies and everything. They are sweet little human flowers, diamond dew-drops in the breath of morn.

THE HOMESICK CHILD.

BY MRS. B. T. ELDRIDGE.

O, take me hence: the flowers that blossom here
Are not so fair as those my mother loved;
No other spot can ever seem so dear,
And when I turn my longing eyes above,
E'en the fair blue sky seems not so bright and clear.

O, take me home!

O, take me home! the dew gems on the flowers
All look like little tear-drops, trembling there;
I yearn to see my own dear, favorite bowers,
Where opening flower buds scent the morning air
Where wild birds sing through the bright summer hours.

O, take me home!

O, take me home! where my dear mother's sleeping,
In the old churchyard 'neath the willow-tree;
A cold sensation through my heart is creeping,
O, how I wish my spirit could be free.
My heart is sick, and I'm tired of weeping,

O, take me home!

O, take me home! where my sweet mother died;
I feel I know I shall be happier there;
She'll linger near me when my heart is tried,
The flowers she loved will seem more bright and fair;
My heart will break—I must not be denied—

O, take me home!

KATY DARLING.

BY RICHARD CRANSHAW.

"WELL, Katy, the cold word *must* be spoken, and maybe it's better now, than waitin' till the mornin' and only givin' fresh sorrow to our hearts. I'll say good-night and good-by; and may all the guardians of the innocent protect my Katy, till I return and claim her for my own true wife. God bless you, Katy! God keep and watch over ye!"

And as he spoke, Dermot O'Neil took the half-fainting girl in his arms, and pressed her gently again and again to his heart.

"It may be long years will rowl over both our heads, before the time arrives when I return, with joy in my heart, and gold in my pocket, to wed the girl I've pledged my troth to; but, Katy, dear, be sure of one thing, my love for you can never change, or grow cold; and while that bright, winkin' star above our heads looks down upon the earth as it does now, so long will Dermot O'Neil be true to the girl of his heart. Kiss me once again, darling, and then unloose your own dear arms from about my neck, while my manhood holds its strength, and before I become little better than a child."

Summoning all her fortitude, she released him, and stood erect by his side, only continuing to rest one hand upon his shoulder, as she gazed up into his honest face.

"Go, Dermot, dear, go! You say true, it is better that we part now. You've a stout heart and a ready hand, and with these in the new land where you're goin', thousands have succeeded before, and why not you? Go, thin, Dermot, and remember there's a fond prayer from a lovin' heart goin' up to Heaven for you every night you are away; and while I sit in solitude and silence, and watch that same bright star, be sure I'm thinkin' of you, and of the last time we gazed on it together and pledged again the vows never to be broken only by death."

"That's my own Katy; you give me new strength seein' the hope that's bearin' you up in this way. Partin's not quite so hard now. There, once more good-by, and once more, God in Heaven keep you till I clasp you again within these arms!"

And so parted the lovers, he to toil in a strange land for the bread he could not earn upon the soil of his birth, and she to count the days and hours when once more his footsteps should be heard, and the sound of his voice send a thrill of joy to her now so sadly desolate heart, more desolate still from the fact of her being both fatherless and motherless, living among strangers, and dependent almost upon the hand of charity for the shelter of a roof.

James Carrol, a young man filling the situation of lodge-keeper or porter on the estate of a gentleman whose mansion overlooked the village of Dunmeary, was at one time one of Kate Clennon's most assiduous suitors, but as the affection existing between her and Dermot O'Neil manifested itself, he appeared gradually to withdraw his pretensions, and now treated her no more than as a friend, appearing to be satisfied that she never could, towards himself, show any other feeling than that of friendship. She saw him but rarely, and then it was but to exchange a passing remark and each pursue their own way.

The days and hours flew by, and now nearly two years had elapsed since the departure of Dermot O'Neil for a foreign land. His betrothed heard from him with the greatest regularity, and his letters breathed everything of increasing fondness and remembrance. He was doing well, he wrote, and had even begun to turn his thoughts towards returning to the land of his birth, and upon his re-embarkation taking her back with him to his pleasant home in the new world. It was James Carrol that brought these letters over with him from the post-office in the market town, and considering that he was himself a disappointed wooer, she thought this very kind and considerate of him, and proceeding from the most disinterested of motives.

After these letters had been received with the greatest punctuality for all this length of time, they now, strange to say, began to arrive somewhat more tardily. The delay between each became more lengthy still, and finally, to her terror, they ceased altogether. She would sit as she had been used to do, and watch at the cottage window for the sound of James Carrol's cart rattling along the road, and then, upon its appearance, unable to control her anxiety, would rush out and demand of him whether he yet brought the long-wished-for letter. The usual reply, accompanied by a sorrowful shake of the head :

"No, Katy, there's no letter this time for ye; but never mind, there'll be one to-morrow without fail. Keep up your heart, Katy—keep up your heart!"

She was seated in the same, green spot where she had parted from him now two years ago, and as she sat there she thought of that interview, and of the holy promise he had made to her, that while the star she gazed on should shed its light upon the earth, so long would he be the same true and faithful lover to her that he ever had been. She would believe him—she could not make her mind up to do otherwise. He might be ill—dying!—who knew what might be the matter? But untrue to her after that solemn assurance? never! A step by her side startled her from her meditations, and looking up she beheld the figure of James Carrol.

"Good evening, Kate, a kind good evening." She thought his voice trembled as he spoke.

"I did not see you pass by the cottage to-day, James. I suppose you had not time to go up to town to-day?"

He hesitated a moment before replying.

"Yes, I did go, but—"

"O, don't say the word that I dread to hear. Another day and still no word."

"I don't know, Katy, dear, what to say;" he took her hand gently as he spoke; "I wint, an—an I *did* get a letter!"

"O, give it to me—don't keep me a moment longer in suspense! I'll die if you keep it from me, James Carrol!"

Still he hesitated, as though he had some information to impart, but scarcely knew how to break it to her.

"Why do you hesitate, James Carrol? Sure it's cruel to torture me in this way. Be the news what it may, I can bear it better than this delay."

"The letter, Katy, is from Dermot O'Neil, but it is not directed to you."

"Not to me! why, how—what do you mean? O, I know, it's ill he is, an' he thought to break it more gently to me by sendin' to another first,

an' tellin' him to break it to me by gentle degrees. Dear Dermot, he would not give me one pain that he could avoid."

"No, Katy, it's not that—"

"Then speak, James Carrol!" said she, starting up vehemently; "tell me at once all you have to say, or you'll see me mad before you. My heart and my brain have been already taxed beyond their strength. Be it what it may that ye have to tell me, I must hear it now!"

"Katy, the man you place so much confidence in, is not worthy of your love. He is no longer true to you."

"How dare you say that to me? You stand before me with your pretended honesty, and tell me what you know to be false as your own evil heart! It is useless. I'll not believe Dermot O'Neil to be untruthful, any more than I'll doubt that grass grows or water runs!"

"But av I show you the proofs, Kate Clennon, of what I've tould you, you *must* believe. I know it's hard, and why Dermot gave it into my hands to break the news to you, I know not. But av you know his handwriting, just look at that letter, and you'll maybe own that you've done me wrong."

As he spoke he handed her from his breast a letter directed to himself, and in the handwriting that she knew so well. The beams of the moon gave just enough light to allow of its being read, but she essayed in vain to make anything of the characters; for there was a swimming within the brain, and an indistinct mist before her eyes, that rendered it impossible for her to read. In a husky voice she murmured forth:

"Tell me what it is he says there; read me the letter, and as you hope for peace on earth and rest in heaven, don't deceive me in a line."

"He says here, that he could not summon the courage to break to you the news that he felt he ought to tell; but that he hopes I'll do him the friendly service, and as well as I know how to inform you of all, and break to you the news as gently as I can. When I should get the letter he would be already—calm yourself, Katy—already tied to another, a young woman, the daughter of the man in whose employment he is, and right well to do in the world. He hopes you'll soon forget him, and take from those left at home a husband who will thrait you kindly, and in whose arms you'll forget him; and that he'll ever think kindly of you as long as he lives. And so he finishes."

He looked down towards her as he finished reading, and wondered that she sat there so calm and motionless. The light of the full moon fell down upon her face, and he saw that it was

quite white and death-like, and that her eyes were staring straight out before her, fixed upon vacancy. He felt alarmed and touched her upon the arm.

"Katy! Katy!"

Still she moved not, nor looked towards him.

"Katy! Why don't you answer? Shall I take you home?"

She slowly lifted her eyes towards the stars, and fixing her gaze upon one, pointed with her finger towards it.

"Look, it's there to-night as it always is, it's waiting with me for Dermot's return. "O, it's the beautiful little star, and smiles and winks at me as I look up at it in the still and quiet of the night, as much as to say, 'wait only a little longer, he'll be here soon, and keep the oath that he took upon that night, when he called upon me to bear witness to his words, keep waitin' patiently, Katy, but a little while longer!'"

James Carrol lifted her face towards his own, and as he caught the full gaze of her eye, he saw that the heavily taxed brain had at length lost its power, and that sweet "Katy Darling" was a smiling, harmlessly gentle idiot, idly plucking the wild-flowers and the grass at her feet, and tossing them listlessly away to be borne off upon the soft breath of the summer's breeze.

Close by the outskirts of the village ran a rapid stream, beside whose banks, many a time had the former lovers wandered hand in hand, or seating themselves beside it, planned bright pictures for the future in store for them. Scarcely a week had passed, when some of the villagers discovered, lying upon its banks, the well known hood and scarf that Katy Darling was always seen to wear. Nothing had been seen of her for some hours, and the sad conclusion presented itself to all, that poor Katy had either by accident or intention precipitated herself into the stream.

They noticed, too, that the brow of James Carrol had become lined and his cheeks hollow and thin, and though he had never before been much of a favorite with the people of the country round, yet now, as they saw him pass slowly by and saw these traces of feeling upon his countenance they looked one towards the other, and said in low tones, "poor fellow, he takes it much to heart. James Carrol was a better man than we ever gave him credit for."

The dead body of a woman was found soon after, floating in the river at the distance of some miles from the village of Dunmeary, and after an inquest at the spot where it was picked up, it was claimed by the inhabitants of the village and by them decently interred.

The kind-hearted neighbors, not content with

merely providing it with a resting place, put together their small means and over the mound of grass-grown earth raised a little white stone bearing the simple inscription of "KATY DARLING;" and as the stranger passing by inquired the history of it, they told him the affecting tale, and it rarely happened that both narrator and listener had not tears in their eyes ere it was concluded. One evening a stranger alighted at the village tavern, and leaving his horse to the care of the hostler, took a stroll in the direction of the little grave-yard wherein stood the grave of poor Kate Clennon. As he walked slowly along, he began speaking low to himself and the subject of his communings was somewhat in this wise:

"I could not help coming once again to visit the old spot, though it is painful to look upon the scenes of once happy hours. Had she but remained constant, how different might it have been."

He had by this time reached the little grave-yard, and undoing the simple wicket-gate, he entered and began glancing over the inscriptions. He paused before several, and as he read them, murmured forth:

"What! another gone? Well, well, we shall all lay thus one day, and what matter that one is gone a little while before the other?"

The new white stone next caught his eye, and he glanced toward it. As though a bullet had been suddenly fired from an unseen quarter and had struck him to the heart, he could not have received a greater shock.

"*She dead! she dead!*"

This was all that his trembling lips could utter, and he repeated the words again and again. A footstep by his side startled him not, and it was not until a voice addressed him that he turned and found a lad standing by him.

"You'll maybe be luckin' at the ground that covers Katy Darling, sir?"

"Yes—can you tell me anything of her death? Speak!"

The boy at once entered into the story of the unfortunate girl's death, and as he proceeded, could not but perceive the palor that overspread the stranger's face, nor the trembling that had seized his limbs as he told him all he knew.

"And so, sir, she was buried there as you see, and all of us as we go by her grave drop an Ave Maria to the rest of her poor soul. But you're ill, sir—will I see you to the tavern?"

"No, no; go—leave me. I would be alone—alone with the dead. There, go."

And placing a piece of money in the boy's hand, he was soon left to himself.

"And so you're dead, Katy, and 'twas I that killed you! I, that would have given my life—

O, how willingly!—to save yours, darling! But"—and as he spoke his teeth were set hard together—"the earth shall not hide that viper from me! If James Carrol is above ground, he shall feel my vengeance! O, Katy! Katy!"

And the tears gushed forth from his eyes, and fell on the sod beside which he now was kneeling.

"To think that I should have been such a vile fool as to believe the words that that scoundrel wrote to me—that I should have ever dared to doubt the truth of her who was truth itself! O, Katy! Katy!"

And he fell upon the turf and buried his face in the rich grass that flourished upon its surface. A gentle voice aroused him.

"Who is it that calls upon the name of Katy? See, she is here. Who are you that asks for her?"

He looked up in fearful agitation, for the voice was a well-remembered one—O, *how* well-remembered!

A female figure stood by his side, gazing vacantly upon his face. Her hair hung in dishevelled masses upon her scarce covered bosom, and her feet were shoeless and bleeding. The face was fearfully emaciated and pale as the snow upon the mountain's top. Was this some dream of his excited imagination? or was there really truth in the old superstition of spirits revisiting the scenes of their earthly sojourn? This face was that of—he could not be mistaken—that of Kate Clennon!

"I am tired of waiting for his return. From my cave upon the mountain, I look out at night and see the star that's watching with me. But it seems to be growing weary too, and its light is ever becoming still paler as I look towards it."

Hesprang to his feet and seized her in his arms.

"Katy! Katy! O, what is this? Don't you know me? 'Tis I—Dermot O'Neil—that thus clasps you in his arms! Speak to me—let me once more hear your voice! O, what fearful mystery is hidden here?"

She looked at him still listlessly, while he went on rapidly.

"I never was untrue to you, Katy, but I have kept my oath, and it is you, my darling, that are the victim of a vile deception from one you took to be a friend. Don't you know me yet? Don't you know your Dermot?"

He paused, and gazed with fearful earnestness into her face. Was he right? Yes—there was a ray of intellect beaming forth from her eyes.

"Look, Katy. There above is the same star that looked down upon us on that night when we parted. See! it is shining brighter than ever! It knows full well that I am here the same as when I left you. It's smiling upon me now, and

sure the star could not do that and me telling you a black lie before it."

The ray of intelligence grew brighter, Her eye expanded, her cheek glowed as she listened.

"James Carrol told you all that a villain could conceive, and I heard it all to-night for the first time from the lips of a village boy. He wrote letters to me purporting to come from you, and to you he read one that he said was from my hand. Katy, *he lied!* And only let me see you look into my face with one of your own old glances, and if the wretch is to be found, he shall suffer the fate he so richly deserves. Don't you know me yet, Katy Darling? Don't you hear my voice? and doesn't it remind you of the happy times of old?"

The bright ray of soul had grown still brighter, and as he ended, her white lips parted to murmur forth in natural tones the well-remembered name of "Dermot!" as she sank into his arms and gave full vent to a flood of gushing tears.

He bore her tenderly forth, and in a very short time she was in the hands of those who would watch over her with tenderest care; and in the meantime the news had flown like wild-fire through the country-side that Katy Darling was not dead; or drowned, and that Dermot O'Neil was not the black-hearted villain that they had for so long a time supposed him.

And James Carrol? A few fearful sentences tell the remainder of his history. A band of resolute-looking men had collected together and formed the determination of securing him before the opportunity should present itself of his escape. Their fiercely-knit brows and compressed lips augured but little for their moderation should he show the least resistance. But their labor was in vain, and they were spared, perhaps, the crime which might have hung upon their consciences. Arrived at his house, he was not to be found; and a strict search ended in the discovery of his body suspended from the limb of a tree hard by his dwelling. The news had reached him somehow, and driven to despair, he had committed suicide by hanging himself.

From such fearful thoughts we turn away in horror, and seek once more the gentle Katy's side.

Did he not watch over her with the loving kindness of a mother? And was it not in his arms that the tender and bruised flower found a resting-place, after all the storms that had swept so fiercely over it? It is blooming once again as fresh as ever, and around the parent stem a cluster of little gentle buds are putting forth the first delicate hues of their young presence, one by one, and adding still further joys to the overflowing cup of their parent flower.

THE POWER OF WEALTH.

BY EDGAR R. TALBOT.

Sweet Nelly was a merry sprite,
A blithesome, happy creature;
Her laughing eye was full of light,
And joy lit every feature.

Her hair was of an auburn hue,
Though many called it red;
She wore it twined in graceful braids,
Around her pretty head.

Her rosy cheeks were full and fair,
Where dimples loved to dwell;
Her step was light and free as air—
Such was our laughing Nell.

Alas, for Nelly, she was poor!
Though many called her fair,
They sued not for her pretty hand,
Because she had red hair!

Dame Fortune smiled on her one day—
Her purse, which had been empty,
Was filled with bright and shining coin,
Which brought her beaux in plenty.

That fancied whim about her hair,
Now vanished like the dew;
Tone of the softest, fairest brown,
Just tinged with auburn hue.

Her lovers knelt and sued in vain;
She frowned, and they grew bolder;
Sly, roguish Nell smiled at their pain,
Her looks grew sterner, colder.

"What power wealth has," exclaimed fair Nell;
"Twill even shield a frown;
'Twill make the face look doubly fair,
And change red hair to brown."

When Nelly breathed these cruel words,
Such in a passion started;
They all are fortune-hunters now—
Not one died broken-hearted.

THE VILLAGE ATTORNEY.

BY JOHN THORNBERRY.

SAUTTING himself up in his office, and waiting patiently and alone for customers to come in, Mr. Mark Holden thought to be a very wretched way of earning his bread and butter, and hardly less wretched a means of liquidating the relentless bills of his honest but needy washerwoman. He had read his books pretty thoroughly on that day, and tried in a measure to fortify himself against the insidious assaults of impatience and peevishness. One foot was up against the table, and the other rested on a vacant chair. His eyes ran over the handful of books that comprised his library, while within his heart some dissonant

being seemed to ask him if he believed he should ever have much, if any, need of them. Among nearly all the probabilities and possibilities of the future he had sought to explore, if by some means a new hope might turn up somewhere in the rubbish of his plodding life, and brighter days might be found approaching.

As yet, his business had amounted to little or nothing since he opened his office door in the village; and he began seriously to ask himself if it was possible, by remaining longer, to attract that to him which in reality did not exist. A quieter people no young lawyer could have settled amongst—sedulously employed about their own business, and, even if engaged in interference with others, taking care to transgress no statutes in a way to become related to indictable offences. They were outwardly too peaceable to furnish a limb of the law with the salt for his porridge. Not that they were not fond enough of attending court in the innocent capacity of spectators—but they were a thousand times averse to being called in as litigating parties.

The morning was pleasant and fresh, and the sun shone out bright and clear. Coming down the grassy street was a female of middle age, dressed with exceeding plainness and care, who bent her course in the direction of Mr. Mark Holden's little law office. She climbed the stoop before the door, and threw across the office floor a shadow that startled our legal friend from his dumpy dreams in a moment. He took down his feet and sat bolt upright in his chair.

The woman offered him a hasty but somewhat timid salutation, and immediately took the seat he politely handed her. Each sat silent for a few moments, apparently anxious that the other should begin.

"I've come to engage you," finally observed the visitor, impatient of this delay; "I have some business that I wish you would do for me—and 'tisn't for me, either, but for a person that I'm particularly interested in." And here she paused to collect her thoughts previous to setting out on her statement.

"What is the character of the business?" inquired the lawyer, eager to get at the heart of this godsend.

The woman still hesitated.

"My niece, Miss Mary Pease, wishes to bring an action for a breach of promise of marriage," finally answered she.

"Against whom, then?" he inquired, his eyes betraying his astonishment.

"Mr. John P. Martin, of ———," said she, naming a particular city not a hundred miles away.

The attorney was still more astonished. He knew Mr. John P. Martin, and knew him to be a wealthy young man, who had already passed some idle time in that particular neighborhood, and of whom report began to predicate several sorts of stories in connection with Miss Mary Pease. And to learn that this was the nephew of them all!—well might another person than Mark Holden, Esq., have been astonished.

But in view of the nature of the business and his professional connection with the same, Mr. Holden proceeded to put away wonder, and to solicit from his visitor a plain and candid narration of the whole affair. She thereupon began her story, and he sat and listened with an interest and a sympathy that was, on the whole, quite extra-professional.

"I will undertake this suit for her," said he at length, rising from his chair. "There is good ground for it, and I believe it is possible to recover large damages. I will engage to do the best I can for her, madam."

"She could ask no more," replied his visitor. And shortly after, she left the young attorney to himself.

This, for Mr. Mark Holden, was going to be no ordinary case. It came to a man whose ambition was high, and whose business energies were yet to make themselves understood before the world. Heretofore his clients had been few indeed—you could count them on your fingers. But as soon as these things changed, it was not going to be so easy to tell what sort of a man he would be likely to make.

To the study and preparation of this important case, therefore, Mr. Mark Holden addressed himself with all imaginable assiduity. He held frequent and protracted conferences with Mary Pease, coming in a short time to form a close acquaintance with her, and persuading himself that she was a girl of downright solid qualities. It is a fact that the deeper he got in his lawsuit, the more he was ensnared with its fair projector.

Mary Pease was a poor girl, but not the less to be considered for that, though; and if any one in all the village was entitled to the palm for simple, fresh beauty, it would be hard to tell who could fairly bear it away before her. In an unguarded hour, she had yielded her rich affections to this dashing young stranger, believing that he loved her in return; but it was a frail reed on which her hope had leaned, and she discovered it when it was too late. She was deceived, and most cruelly. Her heart was wrung with grief and mortification. It was an instance of confidence such as passes before the notice of the world every day.

It was not from any desire of her own that she brought this suit, but only at the instance and after the repeated urging of her aunt, whose indignation would not permit her to let the matter rest until some proper steps had been taken to testify to her awakened feelings. That Mary had been cruelly wronged, they both believed. They felt the sting of the recollection every day. When they passed the neighbors and looked them full in the face, it was with a dark suspicion, flitting like a bird of ill omen across their minds, that the terrible story was known to them all, and that they were ready to make a mock and a derision of it at every opportunity. This was anything but happiness. It was anything but comfort, or ease, or quiet for their feelings. To go about branded like felons, was more than true female hearts were willing to submit to.

After a most industrious and protracted preparation, the case at length came on for trial. The court was held in a distant town, where already a gathering had signalized the approach of that and other related events. Mary was there with her aunt; but Mr. Martin was thoughtful enough to stay away. His counsel took care of him, and with that he was fully satisfied.

Mr. Mark Holden introduced his case to the attention of the court and jury with a deliberateness of statement, and a clearness of narration, that appealed instantly to the feelings of all. Nor indeed did the spectators seem less interested, either. All voices were hushed into silence, as he laid before the court the matter that he stood up there to represent. First, the great injury done his client; secondly, the enormous wrong of which the unprincipled defendant had been guilty. And he wound up his statement by asking that, after listening to his testimony, the jury should consent to award his injured client such damages as should be exemplary in the minds of the community.

The testimony was offered, piece by piece. On the other side, it was adroitly met by such rebutting circumstances, colored to suit the special purpose in hand, as could be gathered together for the occasion. The defence had little enough to offer, every one could see; and the most was made of the whole of it. It amounted to nothing more than a slurring over of what the prosecution had already established, and a persistent endeavor to slight and render it ridiculous. The spectators were convinced that the lady's was the strong case, and made up their verdict for her long before the jury had thought of such a thing.

Young lawyers are not apt to slight good op-

portunities to bring themselves out, and Mr. Mark Holden did not. When he arose to address the jury, after the evidence was all in, it was with the weight of a great responsibility upon his heart. Yet he was perfectly self-possessed and calm.

He began by calling attention to the statement he had originally made, and by averring his determination to convince the jury, on a review of the testimony just offered, that his pledge to make his case a good one in their eyes had been amply redeemed. Next he descanted with minuteness and rigor on the several parts of the evidence, commenting freely and at all times with a great deal of feeling. Then he branched out into an expression of such sentiments as moved the hearts of every one who listened, and as he said, belonged peculiarly to his own.

Rising gradually with his theme, and warming with the manly emotions that endeavored to find expression at the door of his lips, he struck off in a strain of true and unaffected eloquence, that both surprised and delighted the whole auditory. Not an eye but was fixed on him—not an ear that did not drink in eagerly his glowing words—not a heart that failed to respond to his passionate sentences. Once launched on this swelling tide, and he drove swiftly on. Once exalted to this lofty height, and he soared away almost unconsciously. His form erected itself to that of proud manliness. His countenance was lighted by a strange expression, as he depicted this poor girl's wrongs. His eyes fairly burned in his head. His gestures were most strikingly earnest and impassioned.

It is enough to say, in conclusion, that his effort proved eminently successful in all points; for the jury were not out long in consultation, before they made up their verdict for five thousand dollars damages for the injured plaintiff. The result was hailed with applause by the spectators, whose sympathies had been with the young lady from the beginning.

As for Mr. Mark Holden himself, it was a day of triumph for him. He made an impression that was not so readily to be effaced. From that day his professional success was established.

Time brought about its usual changes. Mr. Martin married a fashionable lady before long, and they devoted themselves to the ordinary pursuits of fashionable folly. In this vortex of excitement they were swallowed up. Life in its true intent and meaning—life in its large and broad relations, they knew and cared nothing about. The whole of their existence consisted in the labor of trying to hurry through with it as fast as they could.

Mr. Holden, finding business inclined to grow upon him, not long after removed his office to the same city where Mr. Martin lived with his lady. Clients came thick and fast. Funds poured into his treasury. His labors were doubled and trebled in a short time, and friends accumulated as rapidly as his funds.

It was said very commonly of Mark Holden that he would become, if he lived, one of the foremost men at the bar. Already he had won universal respect and esteem, both by his talents and his conduct. He bore the character of an honorable, high-minded gentleman, whose promise at that time very much outran all his past performance.

But though some men may be once wealthy, whether by inheritance or not, there is no reason known why they are certain always to remain so. You cannot say that the rich man of to-day is to be the rich man of to-morrow too. Circumstances change. Risks intervene. Temptations often destroy the fairest hopes, and overturn the most stable calculations.

By a course of living such as almost any reader can easily imagine, Mr. Martin suddenly found himself standing, with his eyes open, staring poverty and ruin in the face. His wealth had all been fast slipping between his fingers. Fast living, gambling debts, ventures in fancy stocks, fleet horses and reckless companions, had in a few years made a wreck of Mr. John P. Martin's handsome estate, and left him, like a splendid ship stranded high and dry on the sand. He saw his fate, but he showed himself a coward in meeting it. For, unable to hold up under the accumulated weight of his calamities, he foolishly used the name of one of his acquaintances to a piece of paper, obtained the money on the same, and resolved to make one desperate venture in the way of retrieving his fortune. He was certain that he should be able again to take up the note before its maturity, and so avoid the consequences of exposure. Nothing to his view seemed easier.

But fate stood in his way. His last hazard failed him utterly. He staked all, and all was lost. There was nothing left him now but immediate exposure and lasting infamy. He thought of his former self, of what he might once have been, of his present reduction, and of the anguish of his trusting wife when she should be made acquainted with the truth, and he knew that it was more than his spirit was able to bear. So he resolved on a hasty flight, and on keeping his purpose a secret from every one.

But his resolution was taken too late. His guilt was discovered before he seriously thought

of the possibility of it. An officer paid him a most unwelcome and unexpected visit one evening, while he was fondly dreaming of nothing but present security in his own house, and the former gentleman and man of fashion was escorted to a felon's cell to pass the night alone. A more terrible blow could not have fallen on the head of his wife, because the matter was still involved in a mystery that she was not able to explain.

When, however, the appalling fact became known to her, it seemed as if her reason must be dethroned. Such extreme suffering it was a very rare thing to witness. She raved like a maniac, shrieked and tore her hair, called on God to take her life at once, and wished a thousand times that she had never been born. It was pitiful to witness this overwhelming change in the poor woman's feelings. Could her husband have seen her, he would have cursed the hour that drew him into his last and fatal crime, and prayed to die. No man of a manly nature could have passed through such a terrible ordeal.

She went frequently to his cell to see him, but came away always less reconciled than before. Now she saw him poor, desolate and friendless. Every one forsook him. None of his old acquaintances cared where he was, how he fared, or whether he lived or died. She alone remained to him, devoted to the last.

Wild with excitement, she scarcely knew what to do with herself. She walked her apartments by the hour, and finally ended by walking the streets. By the way she traversed the stony walks, one would have thought her almost insane. That flushed cheek, that pale forehead and those white lips, the strangeness of that eye—these told sad tales of what had already been suffered, and what might soon be to come!

She overtook a little girl in the street one day, whose appearance at first sight interested her exceedingly. Stopping to look round in her face, she was struck with its expression; there was something there which she had not been looking to see.

So absorbed became she in the child, who could not have been more than eight or nine years old, that she asked her name, took her gently by the hand, and suffered herself to be led along wherever the child seemed disposed to go. A few steps took them to the door of a modest and humble residence, where the girl went in. Totally without purpose or wish, the despairing lady followed her.

Arrived in the inner room, she found a young looking woman seated at a table engaged in sewing. She was still handsome in her face, but

her features betrayed too plainly the lines of deep and silent suffering. She half rose at the unexpected entrance of a stranger, but the latter lifted her hand in protest, and she kept her seat.

"Whose child is that?" said the lady. "Is it yours?"

"Yes," replied the mother, her mind swiftly revolving thoughts of abduction that made her restless in her chair.

"And your name; then, if you please, is—" she went on.

The mother hesitated. But the look of anguish that settled on her visitor's face hastened her determination.

"Mary Pease," was her frank answer.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the stranger; and raising both arms above her, knelt at the astonished mother's feet.

When both found themselves in a measure composed, after this sudden excess of emotion, the wife narrated her story. Mary listened, and the tears trickled down her cheeks; for the guilty husband, the father of her own child, was still dear to her heart, from which he had never yet been a complete exile. When, therefore, she came to hear the distracted wife tell of her despair for her husband, and brought herself to think that he might yet be consigned to the state prison for a term of years, her heart refused the prudent counsels offered it by her head, and she declared that whatever she had should be contributed freely to the purposes of his defence against the crime charged upon him. She had not much money, but she begrudged none of it at a time like that.

"O, you are too kind!—you are too generous!" exclaimed the wife. "I cannot repay you!"

"It was once his," was the answer. "I took it from him for—for—you know what. He shall not want for any part of it now."

The interview between these two women was protracted and exciting. When it drew to a close, the wife embraced the unhappy mother with great tenderness, kissed the child, and promised to call again on the ensuing day.

Next day they went together to the prisoner's place of confinement. On entering the room, the overpowered man grew suddenly blind with what he saw, staggered and fell to the floor at their feet. No description of his wretchedness would be at all adequate. He beat his temples with his open hands, tore his hair, begged and begged again to be forgiven of the poor girl he had wronged, and upon whose life had always since rested that dark shadow, and wondered if Heaven had any more of its judgments in store for him. The three were together an hour. It

was a strange meeting, fraught with a deep experience to each one of them.

Mary Pease shortly after found her way to the office of her old friend, Mark Holden, and there laid the whole matter before him. She was not willing to believe the prisoner a downright criminal, and asked to engage the lawyer's services. Well known as a criminal lawyer in the city, he did not hesitate to undertake the poor man's defence; for which services Mary promised to see that he was abundantly paid.

The case was called on. The court-room was filled. Among the rest was the prisoner's wife; she believed in him to the last. Mr. Mark Holden made an effort that was fully worthy of his reputation; and so successful was he in setting forth the extenuating circumstances before the jury, that they finally brought in a verdict of "not guilty." It was a great triumph for him, but a far more joyful event for his anxious client.

Thus was he free; and by the efforts of the same man whose professional abilities had once before been called to bear against him, and through the friendliness of the woman at whose door he had laid a monstrous wrong. God willing, he resolved that the rest of his life should be only a perpetual expiation for his sin. Together with his wife, he vowed to labor in the future for poor Mary Pease as one of his own unworthy household.

EZEKIEL AND DANIEL WEBSTER.

On one occasion, when Ezekiel was on a visit to his brother in Boston, after rising from a sumptuous dinner, Ezekiel turned to his brother, and said, with great solemnity, "Daniel, do you think we shall live till morning?" "Why? what do you mean?" said Daniel. "Don't you remember," said Ezekiel, "how, when we were boys at a certain time, we had no meal in the house, and could get no corn ground, and our mother fed us on potatoes and milk; and after the first supper, going up to bed, you turned around upon the broad stair and asked, with great seriousness, 'Ezekiel, do you think we shall live till morning?' 'Why?' said I. 'Only think what stuff we have been eating.'"—*Christian Freeman.*

REMARKABLE CONDUCT OF A HORSE.

Mr. Israel Abrahams, in the vicinity of this town, has a horse that will of his own accord, pump a sufficiency of water for all the other horses on the farm. We have witnessed him, when turned loose into the barn-yard, go directly to the pump, take the handle between his teeth, and throw the water with as much force, and almost as much regularity as a man would, until he would pump enough for his companions and himself, when he would drink and deliberately retire. No pains were ever taken, or means used, to learn him a business which proves a great accommodation to himself, and relieves his owner of considerable labor.—*Centreville Times.*

LA NINA.

BY FRANCIS W. BUTMAN.

THE city of Fiesole, in the great duchy of that name, was, at the time of which we write, the chosen resort of all the musical amateurs in the world. Whatever wars were freely waged in other quarters, here all were harmonious, or had been, till the prima donna of La Scala Theatre began to show signs of a waning voice and thin elbows. Then the merry signors, whose delight was in the opera, and the merry ladies, whose delight was in the signore, commenced murmuring so loudly that they quite drowned the weak notes of Madame Retz, and rendered the distracted *tenore* inconsolable. Affairs were in this state, when one day as the manager came out, his sleeve was twitched by a small girl who led him down an alley to the river-bank. Sitting on a stone, dipping her long, brown hair in and out of the water, was another child, although somewhat larger, and as she drew her hair up and down, she warbled, in enchanting accuracy, the most difficult scales of the manager's repertory of themes. Signor Morello stopped thunder-struck. A voice like that in Fiesole, and never before heard by him? A tone like a bell, deep and distinct in the lower notes, and clearer and sweeter in the higher range than Madame Retz had ever attempted, a compass of more than three octaves! That must be attended to. Who had taught her? Cimeriso. It could not have been any one else. That day the child was in the school for a few last exercises, but, probably, lest the city should learn of his treasure ere he was ready to produce it, was as quickly withdrawn and instructed in private, and one year afterwards our story commences.

Flaming placards were everywhere up on public walls and squares, announcing the debut of La Signora Florence, a new prima donna assoluta, in the great opera of the Miracle, upon the Monday of the next week. Oriers sung it round the streets and musical counts congratulated the *beau monde* on an acquisition who had been as yet utterly secluded from the gaze of every eye. The old maestro Morello kept his jewel hidden (after having suffered her to sing with his school a few hours a year ago), in some obscurity which not even *Oedipus* could discover.

"What do you say, signor marquis, to a voyage of discovery concerning this golden fleece?" cried the Count of Esporo to a tall, handsome young man, the Marquis de Napoli, who, leaning against a pillar, heard indifferently the eloquent tirade of Esporo.

"With all my heart," said he, and tightening his sword-belt, he bowed in the lowest possible bend to the rest of the company, and strode out with the count.

"A silent gauche!" remarked one gentleman, as he left.

"Not he," said a lady beside him. "There is no more graceful man in Florence, nor one of better parts."

"He hath an eye like an eagle," cooed another.

"And his lands are broader than an eagle's flight!" interrupted the gentleman, with a laugh.

"Were he not so silent, one could learn a thousand things of his life past and present, though to be sure, being so young, there cannot be much of the former," said the first lady. "How delightfully troublesome is this partial mystery!"

"I assure you," said the gentleman, "he makes no mystery of himself. He has been taught in the college at Rome till his nineteenth year. After that, five years' travel with his uncle, the cardinal; a year on his estate on the Arno; and here he is!"

Meanwhile, the object of these remarks was striding along with his companion, outside the city wall. They had wound a silent way for about a league, the sunset was gorgeous above, when a shriek and cry for help caused them to run rapidly forward to where a coach had been upset in the ruts, and some highwaymen, taking advantage of the opportunity were already busying themselves with its contents and threatening the life of its female occupant. The contest was but momentary ere the road was empty of obstructions, the highwaymen (for there are no more cowardly race of beings than Italian bandits) put to flight, and the coach righted.

"La Nina!" exclaimed the marquis, as coolly wiping his sword blade, he sheathed it, and kissed the fair hand of the rescued lady. "What chance brings thee here?"

"What chance bringeth my lord marquis to save me?" answered the lowest, sweetest voice in the world.

"Some angelic guidance. I shall see thee in the city?"

"Next Tuesday I receive company at the Palazzo Fiorini!"

"Not Monday? La Nina must not miss the great joy we expect. La Signora Florence, the new singer at La Scala, Monday night."

"I shall attend the opera; but under a rather different escort," she answered, with a haughty smile, and thanking her preservers, bade the coachman drive on, while she sank back from their sight within.

"Por Hercule! We came out for a golden fleece," said Esporo, "and we have a whole mine of jewels. By my sword! I never saw so perfect a loveliness in so small a compass in my life! Is't not?"

But the marquis, considerably mortified by the last haughty rejoinder of the lady, did not reply.

"Where didst meet her?" continued Esporo. "Eh? What if she have more friends than one, can you not say a word? Where did you first meet her?"

"Ah—" said the marquis, as if waking up. "She was left in charge of my aunt, the cardinal's sister, at my estate on the Arno, and I saw her frequently for about six months."

"Bah! and were not ennuied?"

"So? Not I. Books, poesy, draw, dance, drive, hunt; everything but music. The charming thing never could sing or play a note!"

"And you were there constantly all that time?"

"O, much longer! Not regularly though. My aunt, the cardinal's sister, insisted always that I should begone, the first half of every day, on my place a few miles further up the river; then frequently I took a run of a week or so, that she might miss me, wish me back, grow pale, or something."

"And did she?"

"Not she. The same smile, the same indifference. La Nina scarcely could have known my heart, and her coolness was exasperating. At the end of the time that I saw her, I neither knew her station, parentage nor whole name. My aunt always called her La Nina, and I took it up, and the servants added a marchesa on their own responsibility. And now thou hast it!"

"Come!" said Esporo. "We have strayed far enough. What care I for any prima donna assoluta? Is not La Nina before all the world?"

The eyes of the marquis flashed fire. Esporo laughed, and taking his arm they sauntered back.

Monday came. The day so longed for and counted upon. Every box in the theatre had been sold long since. No words were spoken but in reference to the evening. The ladies met and arranged most exquisite toilets; the gentlemen bought most superb bouquets; the jewellers' shops were ransacked; and even the grand duke and his whole train were to be present. Such a night had not shone over Florence for a hundred years; and when at last the sunset gun was fired, and the stars breathed themselves out large and radiant, the air was as clear as on a mountain top. Even a street-sweeper's song was sweet to-night, how sweet then must be the

voices of that singer, whose equal Maestro Morello swore Italy had never dreamed of. The street was blocked up with carriages at an early hour, and only as each one disgorged its brilliant contents, could the next find room. Curtain after curtain of the boxes was drawn aside, and beauty after beauty flashed on the accustomed gaze of others. The great chandeliers hung more like blazing concentrations of the solar system than anything else, and crimson, gold and diamonds dazzled the bewildered sight. At last the grand duke and his courtiers thronged the royal boxes, and the orchestra burst forth in music. Though waiting with such eager impatience, the audience had sufficient appreciation to applaud the overture; that master piece of the mighty composer of the *Miracle*, and the great curtain quivered, parted and swept aside, as was then the custom. Of course they knew they should not see the new prima donna till the opening of the second act, and were quite prepared to see Madame Retz in her decade old attitudes, and hear her thin, cracked tones drawl, and render immortal beauties of conception into dreary platitudes, but with solemn patience they endured it, and only broke out in subdued hisses when the dissonance was more than usually unbearable. How different the enthusiasm, false though it was, which she had inspired ten years before. The Marquis de Napoli and his friend Esporo, was in the box with Madame Avanez, and after scanning every group present, Esporo whispered his belief that La Nina was not anywhere among them, of which remark Napoli took no notice, having already satisfied himself on the point some time before, and biting his lips and cursing the wretched performers, he became resigned to fate, and waited for to-morrow when he might see her.

At last the act was finished without one applaud, and the curtain covered the stage again. The silence was breathless in the interval, the suspense unbearable; ladies leaned forward; cheeks flushed vivid with expectation; even the grand duke stood up uncovered, awaiting; even the most indifferent person present felt his moustache and watched the curtain. It waved, separated, rolled away. On one side great dignitaries appeared seated, the other side was yet vacant; from its distance advanced a group of snow-clad handmaidens, who, separating, disclosed the long vista of a purple porphyry and white marble colonnade. They waited, the audience, they would testify nothing till they were sure. The orchestra played an *adagio* movement. A white hand appeared from behind the last column, a white foot, a long, black robe, and with a slow, flowing

motion, the prima donna assoluta seemed fairly to swim up the distance; from her parted lips seemed to sigh a sound like the far-off warble of the nightingale, which, as she drew nearer, swelled till like a mighty volume of melodious music it broke on the ear as a wave does on the shore, and clearly and sweetly with a solemn force, rose flight after flight, trembled like the wings of a bird far up in blue air, and died away among the clouds as if at the gate of heaven; while standing full before them, her soft, brown hair flowing over her black robe, lustrous gilded-brown eyes up-raised, perfectly moulded hands and arms crossed over her bosom, she awaited their judgment.

A moment, as if to regain the breath they had lost in amazement and admiration, dead silence held, then, like thunder in the Apennines, the audience rose with one accord, shouted, applauded, showered flowers and jewels, waved handkerchiefs, smiled, and for some time rendered it impossible to proceed. Stooping, from among the collection, she took a single flower flung by the grand duke, which appeared to be a lily with the dew on it, but, as the weight instantly taught her, formed all of gems, and fastening it in her girdle, bowed and turned away.

"La Nina! La Nina!" cried the wonder-struck Napoli.

She moved slowly to the right and made the marquis an obeisance with the most bewitching smile, who, thus singled out before the house, neither smiled nor blushed, but only bowing, looked steadfastly upon her.

"Brown hair," muttered Esporo, "flowing outline, dainty foot, La Nina herself!"

"Be silent!" whispered the marquis, in a hollow tone, while grasping his arm as if in an iron vice; Esporo winced and did as he was bid.

With the same solemn pathos as it began, the scene ended, the trial was over, and Madame Retz again appeared, only to be hissed till she was joined by La Nina, who, covering her companion's deficiency, lending her an ornament or two from her own abundant stock of expressions, and marvellously executing the most difficult and impossible things, as if she were only breathing, won the respect as much as the admiration of her hearers. The action proceeded and the last scene arrived. Behind a prison grate, resting her cheek on her hand, sat La Nina. The prison bells sent out heavy tollings, the voice of La Nina, deep and rich, mocked their jangling, till, melting into a hymn, it clashed and chimed like an organ; honey dripping from the rocks was not sweeter, and powerful and clear as it was in its deep tones, it fell as lightly and accordantly on the ear as the ringing of hollow, silver bells,

so exquisitely was it tempered. The cell filled with the officials of death, and still chanting, she paced out with them. They bound her to the stake; already the torch was applied and little flames leaped up around, while the house, completely carried away, was utterly still, when the withes shrank and broke; the black robe fell down; the white arms were lifted up; shining wings unfolded themselves on her shoulders; long, light drapery floated curvingly around her as she slowly rose above the stake, her voice echoing like reality the air with which she had first appeared. From far above, two-angels fell as slowly down to meet her at last, encircling her in their arms, and calmly and beautifully she floated up above the heavens, with her voice swelling and subsiding till it was lost in the upper darkness of her flight, and only a silver echo died, with delicate reverberations, away in the height. So wrapt had the audience been, with their eyes fixed on La Nina, that the stake and fagots with the painted flames and real torch had not received an instant's attention, and the supernumeraries, whose business it was immediately to quench the torch, were equally absorbed. Thus, when a mighty cry of "Fire! Fire! La Scala burns!" went up, and the scaffolding and curtains were already wreathing in tiny flames, judge of the terrific panic and confusion that ensued. Some shouted that the prima donna, who was still above, should be saved, a dozen young nobles indeed made the frantic exertion, others only struggled to extricate themselves. Esporo leapt upon the stage and leapt back again, at an angry word from above, to the side of Madame Avanes, while Napoli rushed wildly forward and shouted her name.

"I am here, signor," answered a voice overhead, coolly, and looking up he saw her sitting on a beam round which she had tied a rope. He ran to mount where she was.

"It is impossible," she cried, "Retz has hidden the ladders, I saw her. Hold this rope, signor," and she flung the other end down to him. He caught it, and instantly clasping it above in her little hands, she threw herself forward from the beam, swung a second, and then slid down beside him, the skin of her hands remaining on the rope. Taking her in his arms, Napoli rushed from the place and gained the street by the stage door. Hardly had he done so, when he was waylaid by another person.

"Whom hast thou?" questioned this last.

"Fare thy ways," returned Napoli, "thy highness must not play the robber with thy subjects!"

"Put La Nina down."

"I shall not be disobeyed if I dare to disobey,"

and Napoli strode onwards leaving the duke behind. At last she stood on her feet in the balcony of his palace.

"Why did La Nina conceal her identity from her friend?" he asked her, reproachfully, and putting his hands on her shoulders with strange familiarity, he held her there till she answered him.

"Il maestro forbade," she murmured.

"And hast thou no will or strength of thine own?"

"As for my will, do not let it concern thee, my strength thou confessest, and beyond these, I owe everything to Morello."

"Didst thou not love me, Florence, when we were together by the Arno?"

No answer.

"I know thou didst. Why then conceal it? Why never blush, never sigh, never be weary, never kindle with my presence, or pale at my absence?"

"I, the singing girl, might never aspire to the Marquis de Napoli's love."

"But thou mightest! thou shalt. Thou hast it!" Still nothing more. "Dost thou love me, La Nina?"

"Ay," and she lifted her brown eyes tremblingly towards him. Suddenly an arm, not his, encircled her, a form was between them, a dozen soldiers drew their swords before her; she was borne off struggling, by the duke and his guards before Napoli could lift his arm. Down the lawns and out into the crowded streets they went, picking their way in the turmoil, lighted glaringly by the burning theatre, to the ducal palace.

"Rest there, pretty dove, sweet singer!" said the duke, as they left her in a high, latticed room, and wound down into the street again.

She ran to the lattice, it was forty feet from the ground; there was but one door, it was fast locked. No flags, no panels, nothing but this comfortable, matter-of-fact prison. She had counterfeited this once to-night, it came in the force of reality a little too soon. If all the dainty ladies, who had envied her triumph to-night, could but see her now, where would their envy be? True, she remembered, there were very few who would refuse the fate now apparently thrust on herself. She tore violently at the lock and at last wrung her tender hands in despair.

A clang of quick steps on the stairs became audible; a dozen heels in the hall; a bunch of keys rattled without the door, one after another was inserted, suddenly the lock yielded, a small band, masked and armed, entered, and she was again seized and borne off.

"Trust me," whispered Napoli. "I pass for the duke. He was seen to leave here two minutes since, he is supposed to have returned, and now to be taking his prisoner to some securer place," and they were again in the thorough-fares.

"Halt there!" cried a stern, harsh voice, and a short, unarmed man alone, confronted Napoli, and laid his hand on La Nina's head.

"Move on!" commanded the marquis. "Stand aside, Maestro Morello!"

"Nay," pursued the little stranger. "My child, where art thou going? Why leavest thy loving master? Hast thou forgotten thine obligations, thy promise. Wilt thou break thy engagement at the theatre?"

"The theatre is destroyed," said La Nina.

"Miserable quibble! Tush! there are a thousand other places till it is rebuilt. El Domo for one."

But she still clung closely to Napoli.

"Thou wilt not? disgraceful girl! Then know that I force thee to leave him, and follow me, by the command of thy father!"

"My father?" asked she, wonderingly, repeating his words with a frightened air, and looking quickly up.

"Ay, child, thy father! If thou never knewest of him before, know it now. Thine own father. Come!"

She slid to her feet and followed him, leaving Napoli grinding his teeth at the sudden reprisals of the night, and the ill-luck that attended them. After an hour's walk in silence, La Nina and Signor Morello found themselves within the Palazzo Fiorini.

"Now," said she, "you will tell me all this that you long since ought to have informed me of. Art thou my father?"

"Nay, he is dead. I am his agent. La Nina, thou art in thine own thought naught but the singing girl of Fiesole. Yet listen. Fifteen years ago, a grand duke was our ruler here, whose equal earth never saw, whose superior heaven alone holds. He had one daughter five years old. One day, suddenly our dear lord died. The child disappeared, was said to have been drowned. Indeed the attempt, although supposed at the time to have been successful, was frustrated by some worthy peasants, whom we know, and she was preserved in secret albeit. The duke's brother took the coronet and now rules. Her existence came to my knowledge; her voice was miraculous. I knew of no way to restore her to her rights other than to perfect her musical education. Florence! Grand Duchess of Fiesole! I will bring thee to thy throne, but La Nina must bide my time!"

She waited an instant, and then said, "I am afraid of greatness. Even if all this is true, I do not desire it. Rather give me the quiet years of happy, Christian life you have just snatched me from!"

"The present duke is a tyrant," said Il Maestro; "he opposes the people, he slew thy father. Hast thou no wish to avenge him? no burning at thy heart to uplift these down-trodden races?"

A long time he thus harangued, setting the merits of the case before her, and promising her stores of greater happiness than she had ever dared wish for, and when at last he left her, La Nina was as determined to obtain her ducal crown and to redress the wrongs of her people, as any Jacobin alive could wish; and in order to accomplish this, was still to continue as the prima donna at another theatre under Signor Morello's management, and her appearance there was shortly announced.

Meantime the Count Esporo was sitting at the feet of Madame Arvanex in a consultation more barbarous than amorous. It will be sufficient to give the end at which they arrived.

"See!" said madame, "how Napoli loves her! how he starts and flushes. It must never be. We cannot lose him so. What will become of our faro tables, our banks, our billiards? It must never be!"

"I cannot forget," muttered Esporo, "his unspoken rebukes to me. His hauteur and overbearing lordliness, nor his insolence. By heaven, I can endure no rival! Yes, let the revenge be quick and deadly!"

"She sings again Thursday at the Domo. We will be there. Do you bring me, when you come, the two bunches of violets. At the last moment, I will impregnate one with the drugs; that one she shall smell, Retz will make sure of that; the other I retain. She will die, as others have died before her!"

"I shall not fail!" and he did not.

When the promised Thursday arrived, the same scene, even if not a more eager one, of impatience and admiration was enacted, and when the noble music of Iphigenie had been rolled off with the classic elegance that only a pupil of Cimeriso could attain, as they all declared, the Signora Florence was called before the curtain. She obeyed the call, but attired in so superb and singular a costume, as to excite the astonishment and admiration of all; but before her appearance it will be necessary to relate a scene of a minor melodrama that passed in the presence of Madame Avenex.

The Marquis de Napoli had stood half hidden

behind the drapery of his own box, and now, leaning slightly forward looked round the house. His gaze turned upon Madame Avanez and Esporo in the box opposite. He saw, as he stood, that madame held a bouquet a little lower than the public view, and from a tiny, perforated casket of gold was saturating the beautiful blossoms with what Napoli did not doubt was deadly poison. When Esporo had bought the two bunches that morning, the marquis had accompanied him, and in the freak of the moment, had bought a similar one, which he now held. Knowing it would be useless to endeavor to warn the prima donna, he lost not a moment in seeking the box of Madame Avanez, and saluting that lady just an instant before La Nina appeared before the curtain, in her dazzling apparel, and gracefully leading Retz to share the applause. The poisoned bouquet lay on the cushion before Madame Avanez, and as the marquis apologized for passing before her vision that he might gain the station at her left, he most adroitly, and entirely unperceived, substituted his own in its place and dropped that upon the floor. Madame Avanez's face was feverish and her eyes blazing, as rising with her cavaliers, she joined in the acclamations of the house; Esporo's countenance expressing a bitter hate joined to a sarcastic sense of power; and a triumphant smile playing round the lips of the Marquis de Napoli.

Bending forward Madame Avanez uttered a laugh so peculiar as to be quite audible and to catch the attention of Retz. This done, she lifted her hand and tossed the bouquet to the stage. Catching it ere it fell, Madame Retz, smiling and throwing back her head, presented it to the unsuspecting singer, who gaily smelled it, and bowed to the donor. Madame Avanez had expected to see the ghastly rigidity of a corpse; here were smiles and life. She stared immovably at the stage a minute, then glanced at Esporo and sank back in her seat. Napoli stooped and picked the poisoned violets from the floor.

"Madame," said he, bowing and holding them out at arm's length, "I must beg forgiveness for the substitution of my own flowers in the place of yours. La Signora Florence did not use the bouquet you intended for her. May I dare prescribe it for yourself?" and placing it on the cushion where he found it, he left the box.

Whether overcome by rage and terror, or by the already penetrating aroma of the subtle drugs, Madame Avanez fainted; and upon being carried into the open air which quickly revived her, was never again seen in Fiesole. Esporo returned to the theatre. The disposition of affairs had undergone a slight change during his absence,

but had an earthquake rolled at his feet, he could not have been more overwhelmed. On the front of the stage stood La Nina, as he saw her before in flowing robe and train of white satin and green Genoa velvet. On her head was a magnificent crown. True she was thus arrayed, and as he thought singularly, before he went out; six giants of the royal guard stood behind her; the little maestro, with the lord chancellor of the duchy were rather in advance, and the Marquis de Napoli, holding her hand, was by her side. Retz and the other myrmidons had vanished. An expression of joy and amazement was on the countenances of the thousands who thronged the place, and the grand duke was standing in his half-deserted box, purple with rage and trembling. The little maestro's voice rang like a trumpet as he rehearsed the circumstances with which the reader is already acquainted, with a particularity impossible of admitting a doubt, and called up witness after witness. At last the duke seemed able to command his voice and a word sprang to his lips.

"It is naught," he roared. "Where are my guards? Seize the liars! the impostors!"

But the cunning little maestro, too well used to deploying his theatrical forces, and to obtaining a thousand things by stratagem alone, had not left a single guard free to obey the duke's command.

"Is this naught, thou usurper?" cried Morello; and taking from the hand of La Nina a scroll of parchment, he unrolled, displayed and read a mandate from the pope, sealed with the golden bull, and declaring Florence the rightful and only ruler, Grand Duchess of Fiesole.

The grand duke bent forward, white, where just now he was purple, a red stream flowing from his lips; his demoniacal passions had slain him, and apoplexy had taken off its victim. He was dead.

"My people!" said Florence, no longer La Nina, advancing a step with Napoli, while the others fell back, "although my father was your duke, not without your own will and election will I take his place." And all the assembly hurraed, and the words were taken up by the surging populace without, who had already heard the intelligence.

"Long live our prima donna! Long live Florence, Arch-Duchess of Fiesole!"

Thus it came that the nightingale sitting on an olive spray, together with the noble arms of the Napoli, were quartered on the escutcheon of the oldest and greatest of Italian houses.

Fragility is founded on the principle that all riches have limits.

MY FIRST LOVE.

BY ELISA F. MORIARTY.

My heart is thrilled with tender joy,
Which nothing now can mar,
Communing with its love-born thoughts—
Most blessed thoughts they are;
For she is near, my soul's first love,
Its heavenward guiding star.

She's modest as the violet,
And gentle as the dove;
Her noble mind and sympathies,
Her trust, her truth, her love,
Her patience and humility
A beauteous soul do prove.

Her name's the first in memory's book,
And ay, 'twill be the last,
Her love-smile glids the present time,
It sanctified the past,
And round my way its influence
Forever will be cast.

And I have seen her dear eyes weep,
Blest privilege of mine;
I kissed her falling tears away,
The while my arms would twine
Around her neck in mute caress,
Our love seemed half divine.

I gazed upon the azure skies,
That tell the heavenly goal,
And look into her sweet blue eyes,
They half reveal her soul;
Her God he sees the inner light,
The beauty of the whole.

My heart is filled with holy joy,
No clouds its hopes o'ercast,
In fancy's eye the future glows,
In memory's the past;
While she is near, my mother dear,
My first love and my last.

THE HEART'S RESOLVE.

BY OPHELIA M. CLOUTMAN.

On the banks of the beautiful Clyde was the home of Jeanie Grahame; the sole idol of aged parents and the pride of the entire hamlet. In all Scotland, the eye could not have sought a more lovely resting-place than upon the charming Scottish hut, whose latticed windows were nearly screened from observation by the thick-spreading ivy, overrunning in many places the low flat roof.

But in truth, the loveliest feature of our Highland picture was none other than Jeanie herself. Her eyes of liquid blue contrasted most beautifully with her own rose-tinted complexion and wealth of golden ringlets. Arrayed in a closely-fitting kirtle of blue, which served only to set off

to advantage her somewhat slight and girlish figure, one might have thought her the noble descendant of the unfortunate Queen of Scots, rather than the humble peasant girl she was.

On the opposite bank of the river rose to sight the old ancestral castle of the once illustrious Montaine family. But two members of that distinguished line of royalists now survived; the young Lord of Montaine, who had seen some twenty-five summers, and his sister, Lady Montaine, some two or three years his junior. A most imposing appearance this fine old castle presented by moonlight, with its gloomy looking front of massive granite, and its spacious courtyard. Then, too, it was situated far distant from any other royal residence of the kind, and being on a slight elevation of land, leading up from the river, it seemed like a giant tower frowning upon the low and vine-clad huts of the surrounding peasantry.

The parents of Jeanie Grahame were the tenants of the Lord Montaine; and they of course looked up to their land-holder with the same awe and reverence that the meanest subject of royalty looks up to its Supreme Ruler. As for the young lord, but little that is commendable can be said of him, save that by his generosity and good humor he had won the hearts of a greater part of his tenants. During the winter season, he spent most of his time in Edinburgh, where he indulged in a continual round of gaiety and dissipation, so that for at least six months of the year, his sister was left sole mistress of the ancestral abode. This lady was exceedingly aristocratic, and prided herself greatly upon her noble birth and family; and there was about her manner a degree of haughtiness and reserve which chilled even the warm heart of "fair Jeanie" (as the peasantry termed her) whenever she was sent, as was frequently the case, on an errand to the castle.

At the time of which I write, Jeanie had just entered upon her eighteenth year, and though merry and blithesome as a lark, she was never mirthful to excess; and there was something in the high brow and finely chiselled mouth which bespoke firmness and determination far beyond her years.

I have said that Jeanie was the idol of her parents; and well might that aged pair have cherished her tenderly, for death, that untimely destroyer, had snatched from their grasp child after child, until none but little Jeanie was left to them. She was so kind and gentle—an ever ministering angel to their wants and comfort—that one who did but once look upon her could not fail to love her. In short, she was ever a

general favorite with both old and young; and if the Scottish lasses sometimes envied her the beauty she possessed, and the admiration she excited from the other sex, they could not but feel within their hearts that it was all richly deserved.

But of the crowd of admirers that followed in her train, there was but one on whom the fair maiden bestowed more than ordinary marks of favor. And this was Donald McAlland, the son of a near neighbor, and likewise one of the tenantry. To many this unassuming youth would have offered but slight attraction, for he was not rich, nor even well-to-do, in the world's goods and chattels; nor was he particularly fair in person.

Many wondered what there was in him Jeanie saw and admired; and there was some jealousy manifested by the Scottish lads when on any little festive occasion, at which Jeanie was always the acknowledged belle, she permitted him to be her chevalier and escort. The parents on both sides could not fail to notice the daily growing intimacy of the youthful pair, which was fast ripening into love. And I need not say that for a time the matter was highly approved of by the old people.

There were times, however, when Mrs. Grahame would say with a sigh, as she beheld the youthful pair strolling arm-in-arm through the fields, "It's a pity Jeanie was not born a queen"—so ambitious is a mother's love! And then she too would wonder that one who had ever been idolized and cherished from her earliest infancy could look with favor upon one who seemed so much her inferior.

She did not know that Jeanie had discovered beauty far beneath the surface which *her* eye had failed to discern. Yes, Donald was the happy possessor of as noble a soul and as manly a heart as were ever implanted in the breast of mankind! And Jeanie loved him for his sound mind, his generous heart and noble energy of purpose, rather than for any outward charm he possessed. He did not flatter or seek to dazzle her eyes with the sordid gold of the world; for of wealth he had but little—and of flattery, still less. No, it was for *himself* alone that she lavished upon him her sweetest smiles, and tuned her heart in harmony with his.

And Donald, plain and honest heart, the envy of his sex, and the fortunate possessor of Jeanie's best affections, how did he love her! With the whole strength of his noble nature; he worshipped her as the pagan does the saint, in sculptured niches. Yes, she alone was the god of his idolatry. And yet in her presence he could not

but feel reserve at times, for it seemed to him that she was lifted far above him in all that was beautiful and truthful; his superior in intellect and mind as well as in person. The days and weeks passed swiftly by to those two loving hearts; for as yet no cloud had interposed to darken with its shadow the sunshine of their happy hearts.

It was quite early in the fall when the carriage of Lady Montaine drew up before the humble cot of Robert Grahame. All were not a little surprised at seeing so unexpected a visitor, who hastily descended from the carriage and prepared to enter the house. Old Mrs. Grahame dropped her knitting and hastened to open the door, for she knew that it must be some important matter that could thus call abroad the lady of Montaine Castle at so early an hour in the morning; for when the young lord was home, he was ever wont to come himself on affairs of business.

With an air of aristocratic dignity, she coldly took the proffered chair from which Jeanie had just risen, and proceeded at once to communicate her errand.

"I have come, Mrs. Grahame," she said, "to obtain the loan of your daughter for my dressing-maid and companion. Unexpected business has called my brother to the city much earlier than usual; and as he intends passing the winter in town, as is his custom, I am determined never again to pass so lonely a winter as that of last year. The castle is so large and gloomy that without the aid of society it is enough to give one a settled melancholy, if not to make them a confirmed misanthrope."

"Has the young lord gone so soon?" asked Jeanie. "Why, it was but yester-morn that I saw him talking with my father near the bridge which spans the river."

"Yes, and it is to my brother's suggestion that you owe the honor of this visit," said the lady, with a toss of her fine oval head. "He has eulogized so much the beauty and charms of Jeanie Grahame that I have thought best to make you the above proposition."

Jeanie blushed deeply at the cold flattery of the last remark, and a shade of anxiousness passed over her face as she awaited her mother's reply to the proffered offer.

"For how long a time would you require her services?" asked Mrs. Grahame; "for she is very dear to us, and is the sunlight of our home."

"I should like, if possible, to have her come at once, and remain during the winter months, if agreeable to herself," she said.

"I will go, but with one condition," said the girl; "which is, that I may be allowed to return home at nightfall; for it would grieve my heart to feel that I was entirely isolated from my dear parents, and shut up, as it were, in the depths of yonder dreary castle."

Just then she caught her mother's reproachful glance, and feeling that she had spoken too hastily, she said, with a low curtsy, as Lady Montaine rose to depart:

"I will consider the matter, and bring you word on the morrow."

It was of course a source of regret to Jeanie to leave parents and home; for it was the first time that she had ever thought of absenting herself from them, even for a single day. And then, too, she would be deprived of Donald's sweet society, in a great degree; but she could in part compromise the matter if the favor of returning home at night should be allowed her. And so after much thought and long talking upon the subject, it was decided that Jeanie should go to the castle in the capacity of lady's maid.

The morrow found Jeanie at the castle gate; not in her usual high spirits, however, for she dreaded the thought of seclusion within its pillared halls and Gothic chambers, into which the sun's rays seemed never to penetrate. The Lady Montaine received her with more than customary graciousness; and her proposal of returning home nightly was willingly acceded to by her.

Donald, too, felt not a little downhearted at the idea of even so trivial a separation from his heart's idol. But Jeanie playfully bantered him upon his lack of gaiety, and bade him not wear so long and puritanical a face on the occasion of her going so short a distance, and for so short a season.

"What would you say, Donald, if the broad ocean were to separate us," she said, "instead of the river banks? Then indeed might each heart have cause for grief."

Alas! she little knew then that those words, so thoughtlessly spoken, were prophetic of what the future was seen to bring forth.

Jeanie Grahame was soon established in her new quarters, and as she had determined to make the best of her condition for the time being, she soon entered upon her duties with earnestness and zest.

After all, there was much within that old building which well accorded with her tastes and feelings; for Jeanie was at times not a little thoughtful, and she often loved to indulge herself in day-dreams of the olden times when "brave knights and fair ladies" mingled with pleasure

in the animated sports of the chase, and the too often dangerous joust or tournament.

Her time was spent mainly in the boudoir and apartments of her mistress, who being somewhat fond of retirement, was never so happy and contented as when listening to the glowing eloquence of Jeanie's words, as clearly and beautifully she read aloud to her the thrilling romances of the olden time; or poured forth in one continual burst of melody the Scottish ballads of the immortal Burns. She saw but little company at the castle; for as the winter crept on, the city friends began to fall off; and if perchance an occasional visit was made by a friend, the reception was always attended with so much formality and ceremony that Jeanie had no desire to become a participant in its cold enjoyments. As the severity of the weather increased, Jeanie found it impossible to make such frequent visits to her home, and with the sweet society of her books and flowers, and the daily correspondence of Donald, she became quite content and happy in the once gloomy old castle.

The Lady Montaine herself became conscious of a growing attachment for the fair maiden, whose society and intercourse had become so indispensable to her happiness. But it was evident to Jeanie that there were still certain bounds of propriety and etiquette which even then she might not overstep; for there was at times a chilling and freezing reserve manifest in the presence of her mistress, which seemed to check and restrain for the time any sudden gush or burst of feeling which her loving nature might betray or exhibit.

It was early on one cold, frosty morning in December, while performing her lady's toilet, that the porter handed to Jeanie a slip of paper, on which was written in a hurried hand the following words:

"Come down to the court-yard, my own dear Jeanie; for I have sad news to communicate."
"DONALD."

Hastily excusing herself, she descended with a beating heart and trembling limbs to the court-yard; for as she had not been home for more than a week, she was fearful that something had transpired there, the disclosure of which was entrusted to Donald's care.

Her first glance at the anxious and troubled countenance of her lover only served to confirm her fears. In vain she tried to speak, but her very tongue seemed cleaving to her mouth. With a sudden effort she gasped "My mother!" and but for the strong and manly arm of Donald she would have fallen powerless to the earth.

"Calm yourself," said the devoted youth, as trembling and agitated he folded her to his breast. "All—all is well at home!"

These words seemed to revive her instantaneously, and placing in her hands a newly opened letter, Donald bade her a hasty adieu; for he could not bear to witness the effect which the words there penned would have upon his loved Jeanie. Already he felt his heart-strings giving way, and quickly he turned from the spot.

Quickly those eyes of deepest blue scanned the burning lines before her, which were from a rich uncle of Donald's—a Scotch quaker, who had long since emigrated to the New World, and was at that time a resident of Philadelphia. Having accumulated an immense fortune by great industry and thrift in the mercantile trade of that city, he proposed to relinquish his business to his favorite nephew, Donald. And as he was a steadfast bachelor of long standing, he would of course become his sole heir at his death; for he had no near relatives in the New World.

For a few moments Jeanie stood like one transfixed to the spot; then carefully folding the letter and placing it in her breast, she ascended to her lady's dressing-room, apparently as composed as if nothing unusual had occurred. But when once escaped from the society of her mistress, she threw herself upon her couch and wept bitter tears at the thought of entire separation from her lover. And then hope would regain the mastery in her heart; for surely Donald could not think for a moment of leaving home and her for so uncertain and hazardous an adventure, and at such an unpropitious season of the year, when old ocean seemed ever frowning upon the traveller, and tossed the ship upon its surface madly about, as if it were but a mere bauble in the air.

That evening Jeanie despatched a note to Donald, for him to meet her at her father's home; which interview was willingly granted. It now became Donald's turn to struggle with self, and keep up his hitherto unflinching courage.

"Jeanie," he said, with composure, "I have not decided upon the course to pursue, without having first given the matter serious and weighty consideration. 'Tis true I may not tell you how much and deeply I shall regret leaving those dear parents of whom I have so long been the stay and comfort, and whose days seem fast waning; but I am satisfied that it is my duty to go, though my heart be crushed and my spirits bowed down at the thought of leaving all that is dearest on earth behind me. I am poor, and have parents dependent upon me for their daily support and

maintenance; shall I then, my own Jeanie, let pass unheeded so bright an opening as that which the future spreads before me?"

He paused for a reply; but as he got none, he continued:

"If I stay here, I may not hope even for wealth; for living under such a system of government, I see not how I can ever rise to be other than the servile tool of the proud and wealthy landholder. No, Jeanie, I will go to America," and his eye flashed strong determination as he spoke; "there I will toil until death, if it must be, to secure for you, my betrothed, a home of affluence and ease, and a station in society befitting your pure and intellectual soul. There no one will deem the beautiful and accomplished wife of Donald McAllan the once lowly peasant girl—the serving-maid of the haughty Lady Montaine." And the excited youth spoke with a tone of dignity more fitting a king than a serf.

"Go, then," said Jeanie, smiling through her tears, "and may God's blessing follow and prosper you; for your pleading eloquence has changed my heart, and I can meekly bear my portion of the sacrifice which must indeed be made."

"Since duty prompts, the sooner you leave, Donald, the better it will be for both," she said, as with a kiss of sacred love upon her pale brow, the youthful lover bade her "good night" at the castle gate. "You remember, Donald, my idle words a few weeks since—'what if oceans divide us, instead of the river banks?'"

"I do. Alas! how strangely true and prophetic!" he said, as he turned to retrace his steps homeward.

The time for Donald's departure was soon fixed; and with many pledges of eternal fidelity the lovers parted for months—years—perchance forever!

Time flew by, and with the approach of spring, Jeanie anticipated with joy her coming release, but still the Lady Montaine held her prisoner. So very essential had she become to her naturally dull household that she had half a mind to adopt her as her own child; or rather make her the protegee of the high-born and wealthy mistress of Montaine Castle; but to this she knew the aged parents would never consent, while living.

"My brother will soon be here," said Lady Montaine, one morning, entering her boudoir, and addressing Jeanie, who was busily engaged upon a piece of delicate needlework; "for here is his letter, which says 'you may expect me in two weeks; when I expect to see my sweet little Jeanie duly installed as one of the household.'"

At these words Jeanie Grahame's blood boiled

within her. How dare he call her so familiarly his "sweet little Jeanie?" "No," thought she, "I will no longer stay at the castle to be made the subject of his rude jests and undue familiarity." And then she told the Lady Montaine of her anxiety to return home, so long had she been absent. To this the lady would not hear at first, but Jeanie's strong will triumphed; and she made her preparations to return home within the space of ten days.

"Thus," thought she, "I will elude his grasp, heartless fop as he is!" For rumor had brought strange reports of the young lord's extravagance at the capital, as well, too, of his entire lack of morality.

On the morning previous to Jeanie Grahame's proposed departure for home, she arose very early; for she wished, as it were, to take farewell of all the scenes, both in nature and art, which for the last few months had been so dear to her heart. After passing through the conservatory, where even the flowers reposed with folded petals and drooping heads, as if not yet awakened from their sleep, she passed out into the spacious court-yard, where all was still and silent; for at that early hour not one of the inmates of the castle were stirring. She had but just gained the centre of the court-yard, when the sound of approaching wheels arrested her attention, and ere she could divine their import, a loud knock at the gate startled the porter from his slumbers in the lodge. In one moment the master and lord of Montaine Castle stood before her.

Approaching her quickly, he said, "Thus do I kiss the dew from off thy leaves, sweet flower," as bending low, he placed upon her damask cheek a rude kiss.

"Sir!" said Jeanie, drawing up her graceful form to its utmost height, "your boldness is unpardonable."

"My dear Jeanie," he said, very sarcastically, "words cannot express the joy of this unexpected morning surprise and welcome."

"You flatter yourself greatly, Lord Montaine, if you think my appearance in the court-yard was otherwise than accidental," said Jeanie, coldly; "for I believe your sister did not expect you for some days yet."

"I doubt it not," the young lord said, in a most gracious tone; "but really, I am very happy at the thought of having such a bright and charming companion as yourself to help beguile the dull monotony of rural life. But laying aside all flattery, Jeanie, I must tell you that I have not seen in all Edinburgh so fair a face and fine a form as yours."

"I assure you, Lord Montaine, that your heart-

less flattery is quite uncalled for and unheeded, as I trust that the morrow's setting sun will find me re-established and once again in my own home."

"Not so soon, my little maid!" said the imperturbable lord, following the maiden into the hall.

"I will at once arouse your sister," said the now provoked and insulted Jeanie, as she sprang up the broad stairway. "She will doubtless give you a most cordial welcome."

The following day Jeanie prepared for her return home; and although her mistress was still unwilling to part with so cheerful a companion, no inducement that was offered could make her remain longer. As she was about to depart, the young lord stepped forth, and, politely handing her into the coach, begged leave to accompany her home; but with a haughty bow, she declined his kindly offer.

Never were parents so happy as old Mr. and Mrs. Grahame were at their child's return; and never seemed that lovely home one half so bright and beautiful to Jeanie's admiring eyes as on the morning after her arrival. Bright and beautiful seemed the dawning future to that young heart; for she had received a letter from Donald, assuring her of his safe arrival and the brilliant prospects in store for him.

She was skilfully engaged in twining a wreath of laurels, interspersed with fine white flowers, and warbling with her bird-like throat that sweetest of Scottish songs, "Mary of Argyle," when a gentle rap at the door announced the presence of a visitor. She lifted the latch, and started as she again beheld Lord Montaine; but he, with a low bow, respectfully asked for Mrs. Grahame—though, in truth, Jeanie herself was the magnet which had drawn him to that humble hut. She, glad of a chance to escape, quickly ran to call her mother; nor did she again appear until after the young lord had taken his departure.

Day after day was the lord of Montaine Castle a visitor at the hut of Robert Grahame, and in looks and actions strove to win the heart of the beautiful maid to himself. The rarest of flowers were daily sent her from the conservatory, and fair jewels were his proffered gifts, thinking thereby to dazzle and attract her eye. But to all his protestations of love she turned a deaf ear, much to the annoyance of her mother, who felt not a little vexed at her entire refusal of his suit. In vain she told the lord that her heart and hand were long since given to another; and not even the wealth of the mines of Golconda could cause her to relinquish her deep and holy love for Donald.

"Out of sight, out of mind," he would say to her; "and if prosperous, Donald would more likely forget his old love, and take to himself a bride of high birth and station in America; and then, when it was too late—she deserted and rejected—would regret having refused his noble offer."

Thus to accuse Donald of such injustice and cruelty was more than Jeanie's sensitive nature could bear; and with the well-aimed arrow still rankling in her breast, she bade him leave her presence forevermore, nor seek to taunt her with his insolent proposals.

Of Lord Montaine's offer and constant addresses, Jeanie informed her lover in her letters to him; and but for the implicit faith and confidence which Donald reposed in Jeanie, he would have had much cause for alarm.

A year passed by, and still the Lord Montaine lingered in his castle, and not even the amusements of Edinburgh could offer him any attraction. 'Tis true he loved the beautiful Scottish maid with all the ardor and affection of which his soul was capable; but it availed nothing! Wealth and position could not buy the heart and hand of the constant and faithful Jeanie.

Vainly her mother strove to coax and induce her daughter to yield her consent to marry the young lord, as she placed before her eyes the heavy silks and jeweled caskets, which were the unnoticed gifts of Lord Montaine. But no! the jewels of her heart far outvalued in purity and beauty the snowy pearls within the silver casket.

"Take them and him forever from my sight!" she cried; "for nought on earth can dissuade me from my purpose—to marry Donald!"

Ah! woman's faith, more greatly art thou to be desired than all the wealth of India, or the gems of the ocean depths!

Two years from the time that Donald left home and native land, his feet pressed once again the shores of his much-loved Scotland. Towards the home of his birth the young man first directed his steps; and there an unexpected surprise awaited him, for Jeanie had known of his coming, and had kindly gone over to assist Mrs. McAllan in arranging some little luxuries for the comfort of the traveller. And there she was, the same dear Jeanie as of old, save that time had only served to ripen and mature those charms of person which were but the external covering of greater beauty within.

Now that Donald had indeed prospered, and was become the sole heir of his uncle's extensive property (whose decease took place a year after Donald left for America), the old folks could not of course do otherwise than give their con-

sent to the speedy union of the devoted pair. At the end of one short week the rustic church of the little hamlet was the scene of a lovely and imposing ceremony—the union of Donald and Jeanie.

Beautiful looked the bride in her snowy robe of muslin, and her veil of delicate lace falling about her like a fine mist, fastened upon her golden curls only by a wreath of myrtle. And Lord Montaine was there to congratulate the too happy bride; for deeply as he had felt the sting of her refusal, still he could not find in his heart to dislike Jeanie—though, it must be said, he envied not a little Donald McAllan his lovely prize. And even Lady Montaine seemed to have lost somewhat of her native coldness in the warm and heartfelt pressure of the hand she gave to Jeanie.

It was Donald's intention to have taken the parents of both himself and Jeanie to America with them; but old Mr. and Mrs. Grahame declared themselves much too old to undertake so long a journey to the New World; for, to their weak and dimmed eyes, heaven seemed nearer to the view! So Donald was to provide for them a more comfortable home in their own loved Scotland.

The happy wedding party, consisting of Donald and his charming bride, together with Mr. and Mrs. McAllan, the aged parents of the former, were soon on their way to the city of Philadelphia, where a beautiful home was awaiting them, resplendent with all the luxury that wealth could procure, and over which the beautiful Jeanie McAllan is now the presiding genius.

THE BEST TIME TO FRET.

Two gardeners had their crops of peas killed by the frost, one of whom, who had fretted greatly and grumbled at his loss, visiting his neighbor some time after, was astonished to see another fine crop growing, and inquired how it could be.

"These are what I sowed while you were fretting," was the reply.

"Why, don't you ever fret?"

"Yes, but I put it off till I have repaired the mischief."

"Why, then, there's no need to fret at all."

"True, that's the reason I put it off."—*Saturday Evening Post.*

GENUINE COURTESY.—True courtesy, genuine politeness, is the offspring of good nature and a kind heart. It is as far removed from the artificial stateliness of fops and coxcombs, as the sun is from swagger and bluster; as far removed from arrogance and overbearing authority, as is the centre of the globe from its circumference. A true gentleman is a true man, no matter who his father was.

MARY.

BY E. T. HERTON.

Hard by a rippling fountain, where the waters love to play,
Where the fairest flowers that blossom are opening thro'
the day,
In a vine-clad cottage dwells sweet, laughing, bright-eyed
May.

O, I wish that you could see her, with her step so light
and airy;
For I know that you would love her, she is such a win-
some fairy;
Sometimes we call her darling May, and sometimes our
sweet Mary.

Could you seek the vine-clad cottage at the starry evening
hour,
When the tiny dew-gems glisten on each weeny, drooping
flower,
You would see sweet Mary kneeling in her own dear favor-
ite bower.

Should you see her in the morning, in her robe of purest
white,
With a few sweet wild flowers woven mid her tresses long
and bright,
You would long to call her darling, and whisper your
delight.

She's no stranger to caresses nor affection's beaming smile,
May the brightest angels guard her, for she is a petted
child;
Loving, smiling, and caressing, may she never dream of
guile.

MY AWKWARD FRIEND.

BY MRS. N. T. MUNROE.

GOOD Mrs. Harrison had seen "better days;" she had moved in the "best society;" her husband had been rich; and she, as the wife of a rich man, had been thought a good deal of by others—and, it must be owned, by herself, too. But one day Mr. Harrison died, and, as is not unusually the case, it was ascertained that he was not as rich as had been expected. He had lived well, and had he not died, it is probable he would have continued to live well, by means best known to himself; but his decease was a most unfortunate thing for his family in a pecuniary point of view.

To be sure, Mrs. Harrison had a little property of her own; but then she could not live as she had lived; she could not keep her carriage, nor her half-dozen servants; she could not keep up the grand establishment she had been keeping; she could not entertain company every day, could not set her table with all the luxuries of the season, nor indulge herself and daughter in all those little extravagances and follies which women so delight in;—in fine, she could not live

on a thousand a year as she had been living on six or eight thousand.

It was hard for a proud, high-spirited woman like Mrs. Harrison to economize and retrench in the face and eyes of the fashionable world in which she had once moved with such a keen relish of its delights. How could she ever consent to see her daughter eclipsed by the proud Misses Carr, or herself looked down upon by the supercilious Mrs. Dunn? So Mrs. Harrison, after her husband's death, bought a pretty house, situated in a small town of an adjoining State, and packing up all her earthly goods, left the city where she lived in such splendor and station far behind.

So we make our acquaintance with Mrs. Harrison in the little town of B—, where she was enabled, by means of her small property, helped along by genteel methods not beneath her to practise, to make quite a respectable appearance. Yet she and her daughter never forgot what they had been, and many were the comparisons drawn between their present style of living and that to which they had been accustomed.

It was indeed a fall to come down from six servants to one; from one's own horse and carriage to plebeian cars and omnibuses; to be obliged to save one's silk for Sunday and company wear, and don de laines and muslins for every day; and, the most unkindest cut of all, to renounce the "best society" of the city of Y— for that of a country town, whose inhabitants, though intelligent, and kind, and social, had never moved in good society, were unversed in its conventionalities, and in company had even been seen to eat with their knives and pour their tea into their saucers.

Delia Harrison was really a fine girl. She was interesting and intelligent, could talk well, had read a great deal, and had an original and superior mind. Her personal appearance was also very prepossessing; she was ladylike and graceful, without being commonplace and uninteresting. But yet the family weakness clung to her, a love for the forms and ceremonies of fashionable life, and the thought of what they had been and the position they had occupied, was to her, as to her mother, a source of never-ending regret.

Mrs. Harrison had one spare room, and so, like the Widow Bardell, of Pickwick memory, she advertised board for single gentlemen. Tom Stebbins and myself had been college chums, and were great friends. We were in search of a boarding-place to pass the summer and pursue our studies. We saw the advertisement, called upon the lady, found the terms satisfactory to all parties, and took the room.

Tom was a close student, a fellow of fine mind, decided talent and no little genius. He was a man to make his mark in the world, and I was always proud of Tom wherever we went—that is after people got acquainted with him, for at first he was not prepossessing. He was not bashful; no, Tom had been in good society—though perhaps a stranger might doubt it—he was not bashful, he did not think enough of appearances to make him bashful, but he was—yes, he was—awkward; that is, awkward in some things—in his attitude and in his person. He was careless of his appearance, and paid no regard to the customs and conventionalities of modern society. If there was a word in the English language the student did not seem to comprehend, that word was etiquette, and if there was one he was utterly regardless of, it was dress.

But he had a great, generous soul beneath this rough exterior; he had a love of the true, the noble, the good and the beautiful, and he was as warm-hearted and glorious a being as ever walked the earth. Yet he was not awkward in all respects—Tom *could* talk; yes, Tom could talk splendidly; and after he had committed some glaring offence against the laws of good breeding, that caused even the most polite to smile, I used to think, "O, if you could only hear him talk, you would know him better."

He could talk, too, on all subjects—literature, science or metaphysics; he was at home in all. His awkwardness vanished when he spoke—no one thought of it; his form seemed to dilate, and his face to be perfectly radiant; and there was a grace and fascination about his conversation, too, that charmed one. I don't know whether it was the tones of his voice, which were full, deep and rich, or what it was, but such was the fact.

So we were settled at the widow Harrison's. We had a nice room, everything comfortable and pleasant about us; and Tom set himself down in good earnest to his studies, while I, less studious, seated myself at a window looking out into a pleasant flower garden. There I saw Miss Delia Harrison sitting in an arbor with a book in her hand. She looked very pretty; her auburn hair was smooth and soft, and arranged in the most approved fashion; she wore a loose, white morning robe, which flowing open, disclosed an elaborately wrought under-skirt, and from beneath this peeped a little foot in a Cinderella-like slipper. The hand that held her book was very white and delicate, and so of course was the other, which lay against her soft cheek.

"Tom," said I. He looked up from his book. "Have you looked into the flower garden?"

"Not this morning."

"Some new flowers have made their appearance."

"What are they?" asked he, in an absent manner.

"O, tulips, ladies' slippers, lilies and roses, all on one stalk."

"That is curious," said he, starting from his seat; for Tom was of a scientific turn, and always ready for new discoveries. With one long stride he reached the window. "Where?" said he.

"There in the arbor," said I.

Tom looked. "Pahaw," said he; and then added, laughingly: "A fine specimen, truly."

"How should you class it, Tom?"

He shook his head. "Magnificent, isn't she? What a hand! what a profile! what a complexion she has!"

Now I knew Tom was looking at and admiring her, just as one looks at and admires a new and exquisite flower; he wasn't one to fall in love with a pretty face and figure. Well, dinner-time came, and then we met our divinity of the garden, who presided at the table with infinite grace.

I have said before that Tom was awkward; he was peculiarly so at table; he never seemed to notice how other people conducted. He had a way of his own of doing everything, and it was as unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. He had no ready tact to accommodate himself to the company he was in; when he was with the Romans he never heeded what the Romans did, but preserved his individuality. Tom clung with tenacity to his old habits of eating with his knife and drinking out of his saucer, totally unaware that it was ungenteeled.

Indeed, eating and drinking was with him so little a matter of thought, he gave himself no concern about it other than to get over it as soon as possible. So in his own peculiar and awkward manner he seated himself at table with the fastidious Mrs. Harrison and her daughter. As it was plainly a matter of impossibility to eat soup with a knife, my friend took his spoon, and the first course passed off very well. Then came the roast, and Tom being very hungry ate away with a good relish, the odious knife making very expeditious trips from his plate to his mouth. I saw Mrs. Harrison look at her daughter, and I saw the daughter's blue eyes dilate, and her lip curl just a little scornfully; but my friend still kept on with his meal. I began to pity Tom, for I was afraid he would see the la-

dies were remarking his lack of good breeding ; but I might have saved myself the feeling ; he was as blind as a mole to any such thing—his thoughts were far different. Then came the pudding, and the knife having been removed by the servant, Tom accommodated himself to circumstances, and made the spoon answer all practical purposes.

Now the business of dinner was finished, and, leaning back in his chair, I saw that Tom was ready for a talk ; and as he always talked well after dinner, I hoped that he would retrieve himself in the eyes of the ladies. So with his own peculiar grace in conversation, so different from his awkwardness in everything else, he commenced, and at the first words that passed his lips, I saw he had attracted their attention ; the look of contempt passed away from the beautiful face of Delia, and her blue eyes sparkled with delight. Then she joined in the conversation, and I saw that Tom was interested and pleased with her remarks, and we had a very agreeable after dinner conversation.

So matters stood for some time, my friend daily offending the refined taste of the ladies by some staring breach of etiquette, and again fascinating them—or at least the younger—by his talents, his fine literary taste, and brilliant conversational powers. Tom was a lover of poetry and a very fine reader, and it was delightful to sit and listen to his fine musical voice ; and it would have been still more so could you have listened without seeing the awkward position he was sure to assume while reading.

The more I became acquainted with Delia Harrison the more I liked her. I found she was possessed of many excellent qualities ; she was amiable and warm-hearted ; but she had been brought up by her mistaken mother to attach too much importance to appearances, to forms and ceremonies. They were too superficial in their views of life and humanity.

Delia had a natural love for the beautiful and the graceful ; anything awkward offended her delicate tastes ; she allowed the forms and hollow shows of fashionable life to have too much weight with her, so that they fettered her fine mind, and blinded her mental vision to any good thing in those who were heedless of these forms and customs. So every day her taste rebelled against my poor friend on account of his awkwardness and disregard of etiquette, while her finely cultivated mind—and I began to think her heart, too—bowed down before his superior intellect.

Poor Mrs. Harrison became really alarmed, and I knew she heartily wished my friend and

myself had never crossed her threshold. When Tom and Delia held long conversations, which they often did, or when he read to her some poem, if it was a possible thing for her to interrupt them without appearing actually impolite, she was sure to do so ; and I know she often spoke to her daughter in an exaggerating manner of poor Tom's awkwardness and ill-breeding.

Well, Tom and I pursued our studies—that is, we studied when we chose, and walked, and went fishing and shooting when so disposed. I argued it was best to enjoy ourselves while we could ; we should have to work hard enough by-and-by, when Tom was to enter at the bar, and I was to go—I didn't know exactly where. But I began to find about this time that I was often obliged to walk alone, or fish alone, or study alone ; for Tom was out gathering flowers in the woods with Delia, or else he was in the parlor reading aloud, or if he was in our room, he was more absent-minded than ever.

One evening I sat by my window smoking my cigar, and looking down into the flower garden. It was just growing dusk, though there was still light enough to distinguish figures, and I saw the outlines of two in the little arbor. There was no mistaking the awkward figure of my friend Tom, and the graceful one of Delia Harrison. He had been reading to her I supposed, and now they were talking upon some book or other. And I began upon this to think what a queer fellow Tom was ; and then it passed through my mind that if his graces of person only equalled those of his mind, what a splendid husband he would make for Delia Harrison. But as it is, she could never abide him. She is truly a splendid girl ; I don't know but I should have fallen in love with her myself had it not been for—but no, this has no connection with my story.

By-and-by Tom came in ; the room was quite dark now, so that I could not distinguish his features, but there was that in his step, or in the way he came in, which seemed to say that something unusual had happened. He didn't speak to me as usual, but went and stood by the other window, looking out.

"Tom," said I, "what were you and Miss Harrison talking of down in the arbor ?"

"I don't know what right you have to ask such a question."

I went up to him and put my hand on his shoulder.

"No right, Tom, at all ; and please forgive me ; I didn't mean to offend you or hurt your feelings."

He took my hand and pressed it hard.

"I have been a fool," said he. "I thought she might love me, and so—and so—I offered myself and she refused me."

"But can you imagine, Tom, what made her do it?"

"Why, she didn't love me, I suppose, and that was reason enough."

"But that is not the reason, Tom. I think she does love you."

"Does love me, and yet not accept my hand? You are mistaken, sir."

"Not at all. I am going to speak plainly to you. Delia Harrison is polished and elegant in her manners; her taste is refined and critical; the slightest breach of decorum or etiquette is in her sight a glaring fault. Now Thomas Stebbins is a fine man no doubt, but then he is not a polished gentleman; he often does things which offend the fastidious tastes of Mrs. Harrison and daughter; he is ignorant of the hundred and one rules of fashionable life; if Delia should drop her handkerchief, he would not think of picking it up. He is no lady's man; he often reads in company; has been seen to sit with his chair tipped back against the wall; many a time and oft has he eaten green peas with a knife; and when his coffee has been too hot has he poured it into a saucer. To be sure, he is learned and talented, and can talk well upon occasion; but not all his good qualifications can make up for his innumerable breaches of etiquette and offences against good taste. Now, my good friend, you may believe me or not, but this is the head and front of your offending. Would you only cultivate the graces, be a little more careful in your dress, and still more careful of your manners, believe me, there is no person Delia Harrison would like better for a husband than yourself."

Now I suppose this was the first intimation my friend had ever received that he was not perfectly passable in genteel society. A man's clothes, a man's manners, the way he should set at the table, what he should eat and how he should eat it, were among the last things thought of by the dear honest soul. He looked beneath or above all these. I don't believe he could have told, to have saved his life, the color of a single dress Miss Delia Harrison was in the habit of wearing; she was beautiful to him in all; he only thought of the mind and the soul; and as to the picking up of her handkerchief, or the helping her on with her shawl, I question whether he would have known one garment from the other. So it is not to be wondered at that when I ended my long speech he stood like one confounded. I had thought best to speak plainly upon the subject—it is my way so to do.

"What are you going to do, Tom?" said I, at last, as I found he had no idea of saying anything.

"I shall leave to-morrow."

"Where are you going?"

"Home."

"The best thing you can do, Tom."

Well, my friend started for home the next day. I pitied the poor fellow, and when he took leave of Delia I saw her cheek grew pale; but she stood it pretty well, and tried to smile and look unconcerned. But when poor Tom, in making his farewell bow, awkward even to the last, struck his foot against a chair, and came near falling at her feet, instead of smiling as once she would have done, she turned away her head, and I actually saw a tear in her eye.

I had no idea of leaving Mrs. Harrison's comfortable home just then, for I had not been jilted; and as I had engaged board till the autumn, I thought it best to stay. I had the gratification to see—and it was truly a gratification—that Miss Delia grew sad and thoughtful. And I saw, too, that Mrs. Harrison was relieved at Tom's departure.

"I think," said she, one day, at dinner, "you said your friend had gone home. Where is his native place?"

"In the State of New Hampshire."

"Ah," said she, "I judged he came from that part of the country. A very fine man he is, but not much used to society, I should judge." And she tossed back her head self-complacently, and adjusted her cap.

"You are mistaken, madam," said I. "Mr. Stebbins has been much in society, and in good society; but he is eccentric. Genius is allowed that privilege, Mrs. Harrison; no one thinks any the less of my friend for his few peculiarities."

"Ah, indeed," said she, somewhat mollified; the sentence sounded well to her. "Was he distinguished in college?"

"A better scholar never graduated than Thomas Stebbins. He is destined to shine in his profession. He has already gained himself a name and stands high in literary circles, where he is known and appreciated."

"What a pity," said she, "that he has not a little more polish!"

"Mama," said Delia, who was drinking in every word, "you forget you are talking to his most intimate friend."

"No, my dear," said she, "I speak not disparagingly; but certainly, any one can see that Mr. Stebbins lacks a certain grace and elegance that would sit well upon one of his mental attainments and culture."

"But," said I, "we ought not to expect everything in one poor human being. Some have the gift of making a handsome bow, some of dancing gracefully, some of singing well; some study etiquette, manners, and perfect themselves in those accomplishments; some are graceful naturally; there are others to whom nature seems to have been niggard of gifts of person, but she has given them instead graces of mind—she has given them souls beautiful and true, and powers and capacities of intellect above what she gives to common men; but she has linked them to physical developments far from prepossessing or graceful. To the ceremonies and conventionalities of life they pay no heed, and sensible, right-judging people see them as they are; the mighty soul, the mighty intellect find their true places among men, and are always appreciated, despite physical disadvantages. And such a man is my friend."

After delivering this most profound, philosophical disquisition, I left the mother and her daughter, and returned to my room. I knew this was presenting the subject in quite a new light—the eccentricities of genius was quite another thing, and sounded much better than a lack of refinement, a want of polish, or a shameful ignorance of the rules of good breeding.

I don't know how it was, but every day Delia and myself grew more intimate, and I began to see how it was possible for a poor fellow to get over head and ears in love with her before he knew it, that is if he were not protected by—but to my story. She was remarkably kind and gentle to me; we walked together, we sat together, and we talked together. I knew I could not begin to talk as well as Tom; but then, as the next best thing, I talked of him, and I think she was well satisfied.

Just about this time, when Delia and I were getting along so nicely, who should come along but a cousin of Delia's—a Clarence Herbert—a perfect gentleman, with splendid mustache and unexceptionable whiskers, pearly teeth, hands white and handsome, a faultless figure—a perfect love of a man, the pink of politeness, the soul of etiquette. How gracefully he sat at table; how well the silver fork became his white hands; how he waited upon the ladies, offering them this, and begging their acceptance of that; charming Mrs. Harrison, and throwing poor I quite into the shade. How he followed Delia, setting a chair whenever she seemed inclined to sit, and standing by her if she preferred to stand. How gracefully he turned the leaves of her music if she played the piano, and almost held her book for her when she read. He was her most

devoted servant; he seemed willing to be her very slave. He was evidently used to the best society—one could see it in the cut of his coat, the swirl of his mustache, and the tie of his cravat; it was written on his patent leather boots, and the fact was wafted to your senses in every wave of his white cambric handkerchief. There was not a rule of etiquette he was not familiar with, not a problem of politeness he had not solved and extracted its very essence.

And this most polite and delectable specimen of humanity followed Delia like her very shadow; he was in love with her—or thought he was. Mrs. Harrison was pleased, but I sometimes saw a look in Delia's face more contemptuous than ever poor Tom's failings had called up, and more than once a sharp retort was on her lips at his unmeaning compliments, which was only checked by her nice sense of politeness.

Well, he offered himself at last, setting in the self-same arbor where poor Tom had made his first attempt at love-making. Sure, it was a fated place, for he was refused. Delia sought me and told me all about it; she had grown very sisterly and confiding of late.

"And why did you not accept him, Delia?" said I, mischievously. "Your mother likes him, and surely you could not find fault with him, for he is the most perfect gentleman, in appearance, I ever saw."

"Why," said she, "I didn't love him. Isn't that reason enough?" And she looked up in my face and smiled.

"The best reason in the world," said I. "I hope you always have as good a one when you refuse your lovers."

She looked down and blushed.

"I don't know," said she, hesitatingly. "The time has been when, perhaps, I should have accepted Clarence, and thought I loved him, and been contented as his wife; but that time has passed—I am wiser now." And her voice grew very sad.

"What has changed your mind?" said I.

"An acquaintance with nobler and better men, who live for something more than dress and show, and every day material life."

I looked at Delia, and I thought I never saw her look so lovely; and had it not been for that other face that came before me at the moment, I don't know but it might have been dangerous sitting so near her. I saw that the poor child was longing for somebody to whom she could open her heart, so I thought I would give her the opportunity.

"Delia," said I, "I am going to speak plainly to you. When you had the offer of a heart no-

bler and better, why did you cast it from you?"

It was a hard question. She covered her face with her hands. I was thinking only of Tom's happiness then.

"Say, Delia, you cast away a heart that loved you, a soul good and true, for a mere girlish prejudice, a weak, foolish pride; you saw and loved the good that was in him, and yet for a little roughness in the jewel, which love surely ought to overlook and soften, you cast it away."

She leaned her head on my shoulder, and said, "It is too true, Frank—too true."

"And now," said I, smoothing her soft hair with my hand and speaking very soothingly, "you are sorry; like a little child you weep for what you have carelessly thrown away; you would give worlds to have Thomas Stebbins speak the words he once spoke to you." She said nothing, but sobbed on. "Now do you expect, Delia—for he is a proud man—that he will offer you his heart the second time?"

"No, no! I am not deserving of this."

I pitied the poor girl as she thus wept; but by-and-by she lifted up her head, and as she smiled through her tears, her face became perfectly radiant.

"I am not often so foolish, Frank; but once in a while I yield thus and lament my own folly. But do not think me weak. I am trying to make myself better, to rid myself of foolish prejudices, so that if I should ever again meet your friend, he may see that I am not the poor weak creature I am afraid he now thinks I am." O, she didn't know what a high opinion he had of her!

That night I wrote a long letter to Tom, and I told him this conversation; and more than this, I told him to be sure and be at my boarding place as soon as possible, for I was going to leave, and must see him before my departure.

As I expected, Tom came—Delia, of course, knew nothing of his coming. As good luck would have it, Mrs. Harrison was away and would not be at home till late. Delia and myself were sitting in the parlor, when the bell rang, and in came Tom. He passed by the parlor and went up-stairs to my room. Delia knew his step, and she grew pale as death, and would have left the room, but I held her fast.

"It's only Tom. come to bid me good-by. I am going away to-morrow. Don't you want to see him once more?"

She trembled from head to foot, and tried to free her hand from my grasp, but I still held her fast. "Let me go," said she, faintly.

"Now, Delia," said I, "don't for a mere girlish weakness throw away a whole lifetime of happiness."

The color went and came, as hope and fear alternated in her heart. "He will think me so weak," said she.

"He thinks you are perfection."

"But he does not care for me now."

"He loves you yet, you foolish girl."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes. Shall I call him?"

I still held her hand. She still hesitated, and Tom still waited up-stairs.

"Say, Delia, shall I call him?"

She gave me such a look with those blue eyes of hers I had a great mind to take her myself; but I resisted the temptation, and called out, "Tom! Tom!" And when I heard his foot upon the stairs, I led Delia back to her seat, and passing out, met Tom, and pressing his hand, wished him good luck, and went into my room to—pursue my studies!

I never heard any very correct report of that meeting. All I know is that it was very satisfactory to both parties; and when, the next day, Mrs. Harrison was told of Tom's sudden appearance and the consequences, she was quite astounded. However, she made the best of the matter, made due allowance for the eccentricities of genius, and found in time that she had really quite a respectable son-in-law.

Mr. Thomas Stebbins verified my prophecy concerning him. He rose to eminence in his profession, and was respected and beloved, and moved in the best society. Delia never repented of her choice; her fine taste imperceptibly softened and smoothed down his rough manner, and she found that he made a much better appearance as a husband than as a lover, and she never saw the day or moment she was not proud of him.

Delia and myself were always the best of friends. She says she has much to thank me for; for had it not been for me, she might never have been what she is—the Hon. Mrs. Thomas Stebbins.

ROYAL ETIQUETTE.

Louis XIII., desiring to hold a private council with his minister and master, Richelieu, was obliged to visit him in his bed-room, where he lay dangerously ill. But as a subject, though dying, could not be permitted to receive the king in bed, except the king was lying in bed also, Louis was wheeled in on a *chaise longue*, and they both thus lay in state to discuss the affairs of the nation. Louis XIV. observed the same form when he went to visit the wounded hero, Turenne. —*N. Y. Mirror.*

An Hibernian observing over a store door in New York, a sign, "General Finding Store," entered recently and inquired for a lost umbrella!

PROGRESS.

BY WM. RODERICK LAWRENCE.

He who looks cannot but see
 Progress stamped on every age;
 What the future race will be,
 Seem in vain fair history's page.

Let us boldly strive and win,
 Ours the work to plan and do;
 Till the nations gathered in,
 Claim the race and victory too.

Ever looking upward, higher,
 Nerve the soul for any strife;
 To the distant goal aspire,
 Ne'er give o'er while there is life.

Let us nobly strive to win,
 Nobly plan and nobly do;
 Till the harvest gathered in,
 Ours the crown and victory too.

THE SEASIDE IN SUMMER.

Talk of old ocean in the winter season, and it sends a shudder through your frame. It is well enough to sit by the cosy grate, or, what is better and healthier, though costlier, a blazing fire of oak and walnut, and read the romance of the "dark and deep blue ocean," but as for "going down to the sea in ships," in December and January, the idea is only to be entertained by a candidate for a lunatic asylum, or a business man, whose duty compels him to disregard the weather. But when the parching heats of summer come on, when the sun looks fiery down, when the sidewalks scorch your soles, when—even in the country—the brooks are dwindled to narrow threads of silver, and the corn looks drooping and yellow in the fields, and the foliage by the roadsides is dry and dusty, then memories of the great deep in its glory and beauty, and freshness and grandeur, crowd back on you with the force of a first love, and you are ready to rush into almost any spot where you are sure of meeting its cool embrace.

There is no monotony about old ocean. "From morn till dewy eve" its colors play through all the tones of the chromatic scale. It is alternately purple, azure gold, crimson and green. Even in the night, when the mists creep over the distant horizon, and the light houses come out like stars bursting on the firmament, one by one upon their rocky station points along a far extent of shores, all is not darkness in the waves that sink in music on the beach, or are shivered like glass upon the pointed rocks. A thousand phosphorescent stars, the seeming reflex of the firmament above, glitter in the surf. And then how grand, how tragic, is the deep in the roused fury of a

summer storm; when the clouds press downwards in black battalions, and the crested waves, like plumed warriors, rise to do battle to the storm! How in the sudden uprising of the tempest, the white wings of the vessels in the offing suddenly disappear, as they take in sail to meet the startling emergency!

But in all these phases, we have but a distant acquaintance with the ocean, after all. To know it we must plunge into its heart—we must feel the exhilarating joy of the strong swimmer that lays his hand upon the tresses of the raging billows, as the lion-tamer strokes the mane of the lord of the desert. There is joy and health in thus sporting with the brine. Then the thought of moonlight rides along the sea beach, of hearing poetry recited by lips we love on the margin of the deep, with the running accompaniment of breaking ripples, like musical bells chiming into the melody of the verse—it is enough to make an editor forswear inkstand and desert his post.

But for the proper enjoyment of a fit of genuine laziness, commend us to a nook in the rocks, with a volume not too pleasant or engrossing, the shadow of a tall cliff over us, and a good lookout upon the broad expanse of ocean. What then to us is the strife—the angry passion of the fretting world! We find its type is the incessant war of wave and rock; and there is enough of excitement in that endless combat. How senseless to us seems the fierce pursuit of gold and of the "bubble reputation." We watch the white sails dipping and disappearing below the horizon, and imagination goes forth with them to tropic climes, to islands in the Pacific, to the haunts of the Nereides and the homes of the Fayaways. From such dreams, peopled with "creatures of the element," we go back to the routine of daily life refreshed and invigorated. No one is worse for a brief sojourn by the seaside in summer.

THE NORTHMEN AT MONHEGAN.

We some weeks since noticed the fact that Dr. Hamlin, of this city, who visited the island of Monhegan in quest of curious figures said to exist upon rocks there, was successful in his investigation. He took casts of the inscriptions in plaster from the face of the ledge in which they appear. Fac-similes of these casts will be sent to the Archaeological Society at Copenhagen. Drawings of the same have also been sent to Rev. Dr. Jenks, a distinguished antiquarian of Boston, by whom they were at once recognized as Runic characters, but their translation will have to come from the Copenhagen Society, which possesses the means to give it.—*Bangor Journal*.

Time is the only commodity or gift, of which every man that lives has an equal share.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

CONVERSATION.

There are very few good talkers, though there are plenty of orators in the world. When a man is a good talker, neither too deep, too prolix, too witty, too humorous or too grave in his conversation, he achieves a lasting reputation—like Sydney Smith, or Theodore Hook, or Samuel Rogers. Yet there is more in the manner, the tone and the expression of face of a good talker, than in his matter. When we read any of Rogers's sayings, we are surprised at the impression he made. An anonymous writer has said, It would appear that to a thoroughly good talker something is required of the talents of active life. Lord Bacon, Selden, Cicero, Burke, were all men of action. Napoleon said things which tell in history like his battles. Luther's table-talk glows with the fire which burnt the pope's bull. Nearly all great orators have been excellent in colloquy, and—which is a kindred fact—a very large proportion of actors likewise. If we take the conversational men of letters, we shall find that they were either men fit for action, but kept out of it by accident, like Dr. Johnson, or at once men of letters and men of action, like Swift. If we take the conversational poets, we shall find them among those nearest to men of action in their natures, like Byron, and Burns, and Scott. The best sayers of good things have been among statesmen, diplomatists, and men of the world. In short, we think the essence of the quality lies as much in the *character* as in the *intellect*. It is an affair of the emotions, of the animal spirits, as well as of mental gifts.

La Bruyere said the art of conversation consists much less in your abundance than in enabling others to find talk for themselves. Men do not wish to admire you: they want to please. And so Lord Bacon—The honorablest part of talk is to give the occasion. Another writer—we believe Hazlitt—said that "talk all wit would be as disagreeably monotonous as a dinner all champagne. When a man is always witty, it is a proof that he has no other quality equally conspicuous, and the person who is spoken of as *par excellence* 'a wit,' is a second-rate conversationalist. 'He was so well drest,' said somebody to Brummell, 'that people would turn and look at him.' 'Then he was not well drest, replied

the great master of the art.' We venture to apply the doctrine to table-talk. It should not want wit; but it should not exceed in it; the epigram should be sprinkled over it with the natural grace of daisies on a meadow." Certainly, if there are few good talkers, it is not for want of rules and illustrations. But the art of conversation is, we fancy, after all, a sort of special gift. There are many men who, do their best, will never make good talkers.

SHERIDAN'S FORGIVENESS.

Sheridan once said in company that he never harbored resentment. Speaking of a person who had published a pamphlet against him, "I suppose Mr. A. thinks I am angry with him, but he is mistaken, for I never harbor resentment. If his punishment depended on me, I would show him that I can rise superior to all vindictive feelings. Far should I be from wishing to inflict capital punishment upon him, grounded on his attack on me. No, gentlemen; yet, on account of his general character and conduct, and as a warning to others, I would merely order him to be publicly whipped three times, to be set in the pillory four times, to be confined in prison seven years, and then, as he would enjoy freedom the more after so long a confinement, I would have him transported for life."

CURE FOR DESPONDENCY.—Set about doing good for somebody; put on your hat and visit the poor; inquire into their wants and relieve them; seek out the desolate and oppressed, and tell them of the consolations of religion.

SLANDER.—It is a poor soul that cannot bear slander. No decent man can get along without it—at least, none that are actively engaged in the struggle of business life.

ROMANTIC.—Dickens has purchased a cottage of Queen Anne's time, near London. The rising ground on which this cottage lifts its head is Gads-hill, famed by Shakespeare as the haunt of Falstaff.

SAYE.—Buffon said that to every goose hatched there were twenty hands ready to pluck it—or if he didn't say it, he ought to have said so.

RETOURTS ON LAWYERS.

Lawyers generally have it all their own way when they are browbeating witnesses—an amusement with which the court very rarely interferes. Sometimes, however, they get as good as they send, when they happen to "wake up the wrong passenger." In the traditions of the English bar, some of these hits are preserved, though they may not be found "in the books." Sergeant Cockle, who was a rough, blustering fellow, once got from a witness more than he gave. In a trial of a right to a fishery he asked the witness, "Do you like fish?" "Ay," replied the witness, with a grin; "but I don't like *cockle sauce* with it." The roar of laughter which echoed through the court rather disturbed the learned sergeant. A somewhat similar anecdote is related of Sergeant Davy, a great lawyer of the last age. A gentleman once appeared in the Court of King's Bench to give bail in the sum of £3000. Sergeant Davy, wanting to display his wit, said to him, sternly: "And pray, sir, how do you make out that you are worth three thousand pounds?" The gentleman stated the particulars of his property up to £3940. "That's all very good," said the sergeant; "but you want sixty pounds more to be worth three thousand." "For that sum," replied the gentleman, in no way disconcerted, "I have a note of hand of one Mr. Sergeant Davy, and I hope he will have the honesty to settle it soon." The laughter that this reply excited extended even to the bench; the sergeant looked abashed, and Lord Mansfield observed, in his usual urbane tone, "Well, brother Davy, I think we may accept bail." Every one remembers how the barrister got bothered in seeking to confuse a clownish witness from Yorkshire.

"Haven't I seen you somewhere?" said he.

"Very likely," was the reply; "I often go there."

"Answer me one question, sir," said the lawyer, sternly. "Are there as many fools as ever in the West Riding?"

"No, sir," replied the witness, promptly. "We have enough on 'em—but not so many as when you were there!"

Dr. Brodum, a notorious quack, was once under examination by Mr. Abraham Moore. "Your name is Brodum, I believe?" inquired the counsel. The doctor nodded assent. "Pray, how do you spell it—Brodum or Broad-hum?" On this there was a loud laugh in court, which was not diminished when the quack replied, with admirable self-possession: "Why, sir, as I am but a doctor, I spell my name Bro-dum; but if I were a *barrister*, I should spell it Broad-Hum?"

Dunning, while examining a witness, asked him if he didn't live at the very verge of the court. "Yes, I do," was the reply.

"And pray, why have you selected such a spot for your residence?"

"In the vain hope of escaping the rascally impertinence of *dunning*," was the retort.

A witness with a Bardolphian nose coming in Dunning's way, he said to him, "Now, Mr. Copper-nose, you have been sworn; what do you say?" "Why, upon my oath," replied the witness, "I would not exchange my copper nose for your brassen face!"

A MONSTER GUN.

A tremendous piece of ordnance in the shape of an iron gun has just been completed at Liverpool, the forging being done by Messrs. Horsfall. In the first place, slabs of iron were welded together until a solid lump was formed, weighing about twenty-six tons. Forty men were at times employed upon it, and the forging hammer used weighed nine tons. After being roughly shaped, it was bored, and the metal was found to be perfect, exhibiting no brittleness or imperfection. The net weight of the gun, when completed, was found to be 21 tons, 18 cwt. Its diameter at the muzzle is 27 inches. With a charge of ninety pounds of powder it is expected to throw a ball of 301 pounds weight a distance of five miles. The Pacha of Egypt being desirous of procuring one of these pretty but dangerous playthings, has been informed by the manufacturers that they will make him one cheap—that is to say for \$24,000. If he gets it, it will ruin him in powder. What a gun that would be for Fourth of July salutes! It must "speak loud," as the boys say. In the elegant phraseology of the day, it must needs be a "stanner."

APPROPRIATE.—One of the French ministers of war under the Bourbons was named *Tonnerre*—meaning thunder; a significant appellation for such an official.

STAGE DANCERS.—There are no more irascible people than stage dancers, and they have often occasioned trouble. Their *hops* brew mischief.

A QUERY.—Does the world go forward, or move in a circle so large that it seems a straight line?

CAUTION.—If we all had windows in our breasts we should take care to keep the blinds shut.

A FINISHED GENTLEMAN.—One who has fallen in a duel.

FACING THE MUSIC.

There is no quality the world admires so much, applausé so much, and rewards so richly, as courage; and when a man is ready, in our popular phrase, to "face the music,"—that is to meet any emergency, moral or physical, with resolution—there is scarcely any honor in the gift of his fellow-citizens to which he may not aspire. It was the rare combination of the different kinds of courage which finally crowned the career of Gen. Jackson with complete success through the severest trials of political opposition. To few men is it given to unite all the attributes of courage, and to face moral responsibilities with the same equanimity as physical dangers. Nay, a man may even be brave in one sort of physical danger and timid in another. Frederick of Prussia could face a battery, but was afraid to snuff a candle with his fingers. Many a naval hero, who has trod the gun-deck fearlessly amid the roar of battle, has trembled like a leaf when put astride a horse. One of Napoleon's bravest marshals was so frightened at the idea of going up the side ladder of a frigate, that he had to be hoisted through a port-hole by a rope. More than one soldier who has led a charge upon the battlefield, has entirely broken down in an attempt to address a popular assembly.

One of the finest exhibitions of true, calm courage on record was that of Louis Philippe, King of the French, on the 22d of July, 1835—the fifth anniversary of that revolution which had placed him on the throne. On that day he had determined, accompanied by his splendid staff, and surrounded by his three sons, Nemours, Orleans and De Joinville, to review the National Guard and the regular troops. All business was suspended—all Paris was in the streets. It seemed one vast camp. Wherever the eye glanced banners waved in the sunny air, and the tall stone buildings gave back continually the stormy roll of hundreds of drums and the blare of hundreds of trumpets. The boulevards, from the Place de la Bastille to the farthest extremity of the Champs Elysees, were lined on both sides with National Guards and regular troops, cavalry, infantry, and municipal authorities. The king, with his sons riding beside him, and surrounded by nearly all the general officers of France, rode along between hedges of bayonets, polished like mirrors. Every window was crowded with spectators, as well as the balconies, the roofs, the very chimneys. Shouts of applause welcomed the monarch at every point; for he was still in the height of his popularity. All at once, as the glittering group entered on the Boulevard of the Temple, an aw-

ful explosion was heard, and in an instant the pavement at the king's feet was drenched with blood and strewn with the dead and dying—the assassin Fieschi had fired his infernal machine.

The king was on that occasion "every inch a king." He raised his hat to show that he was unhurt and to dispel the fears of the people. He next sent an equestrian to the queen to announce the safety of her husband and sons. Then, though tears gushed from his eyes at the sight of his slaughtered and mutilated friends, at Mortier, an illustration of the empire, lying dead before him, he gave the order to move on. It was a gallant and glorious effort that by which he mastered his feelings. He continued his march and went through with the review, leaving faction no opportunity of triumphing over a single moment's weakness. It was by such acts of dauntless courage that he retained his position eighteen years. What a pity that the lustre of his character was dimmed by grave mistakes, and that he could not have remembered that he held the throne in trust for his people, and not for the advancement of his family!

NAVAL NOMENCLATURE.—Since the last war, ships in the United States navy are named after States; frigates after American rivers sloops of war after State capitals and other cities; brigs after some noted deceased naval commander; and revenue cutters after members of the cabinets. Collins steamers are named after oceans and seas, and the Cunarders after countries.

CURIOUS SUPERSTITION.—The fishers of Aberdeenshire, Scotland, have a singular dread of being counted, of which the mischievous boys of Aberdeen were wont to avail themselves by crying, as the fisherwomen passed:

"One, two, three,
What a lot of fisher-nannies I see."

PROMOTION.—Seventeen private soldiers in the French army, during Napoleon's time, raised themselves to the following distinguished stations: Two became kings; two, princes; nine, dukes; two, field marshals, and two, generals.

A GOOD TOAST.—The Ladies—The only enduring aristocracy who rule without laws, judge without jury, decide without appeal, and are never in the wrong.

QUAKERS IN THE UNITED STATES.—There are at the present time in this country 716 churches belonging to the Quakers, and the number of attendants is estimated at 283,000.

TRAITS OF MENDICITY.

We remember very well reading an anecdote of a sturdy beggar which if not true was quite good enough to be true. A supplicant for charity took a gentleman aside in the lower mall, showed him flaunting rags and hollow cheeks, and begged him to give him something to enable him to purchase a mouthful to eat. The gentleman handed him a three-cent piece, which happened to be all the change he had about him.

"What, sir!" exclaimed the mendicant, with great animation, "is this for me?"

"Certainly—take it," said the dispenser of charity, endeavoring to hurry away.

"No, sir," rejoined the beggar, drawing himself up with all the dignity of Edie Ochiltree in the Antiquary. "Take back your money, sir."

"I thought you asked me for money."

"So I did, sir," said the beggar. "I asked you for charity. But three cents! A paltry three-cent piece! What can I do with such a sum as that?"

"Keep it and give it to some poor person," was the sharp retort.

But in the tricks of the trade of beggary, it must be confessed that foreign beggars beat us all hollow, and of foreign beggars, that those of Paris lead the entire world in ingenuity, impudence and mendacity. St. Giles can't hold a candle to them. One of the very latest dodges is the farce of debtor and creditor. It is performed after this fashion:

A man with an honest countenance, dressed as becomes respectable penury, with a threadbare suit, and shiny, napless hat, is accosted in the street by an individual of commonplace appearance and brutal manners, who demands, with a gruff voice and ruffianly air, the payment of a certain amount of money owing to him. The passers-by become curious, and the idle gather round. The creditor talks louder; the debtor casts down his eyes and stammers. He is confused and despairing, and implores his rude persecutor to spare him this public humiliation. But it seems that the wildness and misery of the debtor only increase the rudeness and ferocity of the creditor. He heaps insult upon insult, and finally seizes the unhappy man by the collar. The wretched debtor lifts his eyes to heaven, and tears, genuine tears, are seen to dim their lustre. The crowd naturally takes his part—multitudes always sympathize with distress,—but the creditor stands upon his rights, like Shylock.

"It's no use to talk, gentlemen. He shall pay me, or I'll know the reason why. I'll drag him before a public commissioner in spite of his whinings."

Violent murmurs now rise on every side; the pity of the spectators is at its height, and sometimes a rich and benevolent person in the crowd produces the amount claimed—which is never more than about twenty francs—and gives them to the pitiless creditor. If this generous financier is not to be found, a confederate proposes a general contribution, setting the example, and the money comes down in a shower. Instead of the twenty francs demanded, he gets thirty or forty. The creditor is paid, the debtor freed, and the trick succeeds, the whole crowd having been handsomely "sold" by this ingenious application of the principle of confederacy.

PRIVATEERING.

Talking about a war with England, privateering, Yankee daring, and matters of that sort, the other day, a friend of ours from the good old town of Plymouth, related the following as a matter-of-fact: A ship carpenter, by the name of Darrel, during the second war with Great Britain, enlisted on board a little privateer brig, called the Vengeance, 180 tons, and mounting only six light pieces. Darrel took the lead among his messmates from his utter fearlessness and recklessness. They cruised off the Banks, and were on the lookout for a British merchantman, laden with silks and brandy. One morning they saw her looming through the fog, and bore down on her, ready to board and capture her, when, as they came near, she suddenly yawed round, her starboard ports flew open, and she showed by her teeth and her colors that she was a British man-of-war. The privateer had the American ensign at her peak, so that each party knew the other. A council of war was instantly held on board the Vengeance, and Darrel's opinion first asked. "Fight her of course," was the reply, and notwithstanding the imminence of the danger there was a roar of laughter at the perfect gravity and good faith with which the reckless advice was given. "Of course" there was no fighting, but an immediate surrender, as the only means of escape from destruction. The prisoners were speedily released, however, for peace had been declared, but "Fight her of course" stuck to Jack Darrel as long as he lived.

SENSIBLE.—"This is what they call a fellow-feeling for a man," said a loafer, as a watchman was groping for him in the dark.

A WISE MAXIM.—The Prussians say, whatever you would have appear in a nation's life, you must put in its schools.

ONE IDEA.

It is just as bad to cling to one idea as to use only one kind of exercise: no man can hope for a well-balanced mind without it is a many-sided one. The mind is so nicely balanced that, unless all its parts are kept in motion, are properly exercised and properly employed, the whole fabric becomes disordered and paralyzed. Nearly all lunatics are monomaniacs. No man ought to have only one hobby-horse—he should have a whole steed of them and ride them by turns, unless he wishes his racing-jacket to be changed into a straight-jacket. A love of horses, for instance, is not incompatible with a love of loftier things; Alfieri was passionately fond of them. But there is all the difference in the world between Alfieri, the poet and lover of liberty, and young Noodle, who almost lives in the stable, and talks nothing but horse, morning, noon and night. Noodle estimates a man, not by his moral and intellectual qualities, but by his weight. Is he light enough to back a three-year old? Would he do to ride the bay filly for the thousand-dollar stake? Put him on the box of a stage-coach with the "lines" in his hand, and he is as happy as a king upon his throne—much happier, if all tales told out of school be true.

Noodle's friend, Jinkins, is another monomaniac, with a different crotchet in his head, or "bee in his bonnet," as the Scotch say. The military is his hobby. He walks, or rather marches, as if he had a drill sergeant before him. He asks you, when he meets you, if you know how many buttons there are on the sleeve of the new regulation uniform, and if you can't answer him, pities your ignorance from the bottom of his heart. Then there is the nautical monomaniac.

"The sun was white and red the morn
The noisy hour that he was born;
The whale it whistled, the porpoise railed,
And the dolphin bared his scales of gold;
And never was heard such an uproar wild
As welcomed to earth the ocean child."

He dresses in a blue jacket and white pants, chews tobacco voraciously, and frequently refers to his "top-lights" in a very mysterious manner. He sneers malignantly at "land lubbers," and, like Long Tom Coffin, "can't see the use of having any land, except to hold an anchor-fluke or raise a few vegetables and potatoes." But this hapless monomaniac was never afloat—not he. He is a sailor only in imagination. He once went to Nahant by steamboat, but was so awfully sick that he has patronized the railroad ever since. Yet he is the victim of one idea—"the sea, the sea, the open, open sea." The prize-ring, the stage, politics, have all their representative men of one idea; and the worst lack

we can conceive of is to be compelled to listen to one of these individuals for an hour as he chants the praises of his favorite hobby, and fairly "runs the thing into the ground."

INGRATITUDE.

One of the most striking instances of ingratitude—in this case it was the result of avarice—that we ever met with is related by Dr. King, in his "Anecdotes of his own Times." Sir William Smythe, of Bedfordshire, was his kinsman. When he was nearly twenty, he was persuaded to be couched by Taylor, the famous oculist, on an agreement that the operator should receive sixty guineas if he succeeded in restoring his patient to any degree of sight. Taylor accomplished his task, and Sir William was able to read and write without spectacles for the remainder of his life. But no sooner had the operation been performed, and Sir William seen the good effects of it, than, instead of being overjoyed as most people would have been, he began to lament the loss (as he called it) of his sixty guineas. His contrivance, therefore, was now to cheat the oculist. He pretended he could not see anything perfectly, and for that reason the bandage was continued on a month longer than the usual time. By this means, he obliged Taylor to compound the bargain and accept of twenty guineas; for a covetous man thinks no method dishonest which he may legally practise to save his money. In our opinion, Sir William Smythe, baronet, of Bedfordshire, was an unmitigated rascal.

ALGERIA.—Twelve hundred tribes now acknowledge the French authority in Algeria. Louis Napoleon talks of erecting it into a kingdom: so that if he should be obliged to walk out of the Tuileries some fine day he will have a place of refuge to go to. Nobody will think of "carrying the war into Africa."

POPULATION AND BIBLES.—The population of the United States is now over 25,000,000, making nearly 6,000,000 families; of these, it is believed more than 1,000,000 are without the Bible.

DON'T BE AFRAID.—As an old woman was lately walking through one of the streets of Paris at midnight, a patrol called out, "Who's there?" "It is I, patrol! don't be afraid!"

MUSIC FOR THE MILLION.—A writer in the New York Tribune states that 4382 hand organs are daily ground in the streets of that city.

STRONG PRACTICE.

We remember hearing a self-educated healer of the sick, who hung out his shingle in a certain town of Louisiana, give an account of his practice with a coolness that made us shudder: "Stranger," said he, "the wust fever we hev here is the onremittin'. It's purty tight—'cause it's apt to hang on long, but it aint nothin' like ekal to that *die-gestive* fever that they dies on over in them Mills. I, in general, mostly uses it up in a couple of days. I gin a 'mettick in the fust place; then, half an hour after that, five or ten grains of 'Samson,'—that's the short name we hev here for *calumny*. Wall, then when the case looks right, I give about a wine-glassful of *ile*—and the next day the nigger is fitten for *que-nine*, and the day after he can walk into the pork and make the hoe fly. It's seldom I has 'em in longer than I tells you on. Sometimes, in the very beginning of the attack, I bleeds 'em; but it wont do, stranger. When the eyes look big and glassy, old Samson in five grain doses, in every half an hour, fur about five hours, is jest the thing—they is more people killed by bleedin' at the wrong time, than they is by Old Death himself!"

A FOOL'S ANSWER.—One of the learned professors, rambling in the vicinity, encountered a simpleton, not a "motley fool," however, to whom he propounded the following question: "How long can a man live without brains?" "I don't know," drawled the suburban, scratching his head. "How long have you lived yourself, sir?" No more questions were asked.

THE VERY BEST.—Perhaps the very best pun on record was that made by the Marquis de Bievre. Louis XVI. asked him for a specimen of his wit. "Give me a subject," said the punster. "Take me," said the monarch. "Pardon, your majesty—a king is no subject."

RELIGION IN FRANCE.—It appears from official returns that the number of persons in France belonging to the Roman Catholic religion is 35,931,032; Calvinists, 480,607; Lutherans, 267,826; Jews, 73,975; other creeds, 30,000.

ASTONISHING.—It is a singular fact that women, after a certain age, never grow older, but often younger. It is next to impossible for unmarried women to get over forty.

A BRIGHT HOPE.—Mrs. Hope, an American lady, lately wore at a London party a diamond bracelet that cost \$75,000.

HELP.

Some housekeepers complain that it is a bitter satire to call domestics in this country "help." We dare say that when Mrs. Col. Freemont did her own housework in California, she got along a great deal better than she has done since with servants to oversee. An English nobleman once had a French valet reply in person to his advertisement for a servant. The applicant produced his credentials, and enlarged on his accomplishments. He was then asked what his terms were. "Three hundred pounds a year," answered the valet. "Zounds! fellow," exclaimed his lordship; "make it guineas, and I'll wait on you!" A nobleman once found Fontenelle in very bad humor. "What is the matter with you?" he asked. "The matter!" replied Fontenelle; "I have but one domestic, and I am as badly served as if I had twenty!"

SUCCESS OF THE MAGAZINE.—We should be wanting in feeling not to acknowledge with thanks the vast patronage which is being extended to BALLOU'S DOLLAR MAGAZINE. We have placed our mark at one hundred thousand for its circulation at the close of the present year, and we are fast approaching that number. This is unprecedented, and shows that its excellence and cheapness are being understood far and near.

NEVER HEARD OF HIM.—A regimental chaplain, in preaching to his military auditors, spoke of the general deluge. "Who's he?" whispered a soldier, nudging his comrade. "I thought I knew all the great commanders of Europe, but I never heard of General Deluge."

A GOOD DAUGHTER.—A good daughter! There are other ministers of love more conspicuous than her, but none in which a gentler, lovelier spirit swells, and none to which the heart's warm requitals more joyfully respond.

METALLIC ALLOY.—A London artist has secured a patent for a new alloy of metal, composed of copper, zinc and magnesia, which bears a strong resemblance to gold in several respects.

A QUESTION.—We often hear of a man "being in advance of his age," but who ever heard of a woman being in the same predicament?

A HIT.—Peter Pindar it was who said that the booksellers drank their wine in the manner of the heroes in the Hall of Odin, out of authors' skulls.

Foreign Miscellany.

The potato crop has proved a complete failure throughout Portugal.

Baron James de Rothschild has given forty thousand francs to the sufferers by the late inundations in France.

The increase of government expenditure in Great Britain during the two years of the recent Russian war was £53,688,000.

There are now no less than three hundred and sixty-four churches in Rome, while the population is considerably less than two hundred thousand.

It is said to be the intention of the Russian government to establish a journal in London similar to the "Nord" of Brussels.

Sir George Grey, governor of the Cape of Good Hope, strongly recommends the encouragement of immigration.

M. Mazzini announces his intention of withdrawing altogether from politics, and emigrating as a private citizen to the United States.

Some searching mind has discovered that the city of Paris consumes daily some two billion cups of coffee!

Munich has decreed that the graves of Sennefelder, the inventor of lithography, and Gabelberger, the inventor of stenography, shall henceforth be carefully kept.

The pianos annually manufactured in France are worth 40,000,000 francs. "France plays," said M. Veron recently in the Corps Legislatif, "while the rest of Europe dances."

The present year completes the first century of the existence of the Swedenborgian doctrine. A great commemorative gathering is to be held in London, in June of next year.

It is proposed to add the £20,000 remaining of the large sum voted for the funeral of the Duke of Wellington, to the £5000 appropriated for a monument, and erect another colossal one to the hero of Waterloo.

Up to the 10th of May, 55,000 French, 9000 English, 7000 Sardinians, and 10,000 Turks had quitted the Crimea; and there were still on Russian territory 25,000 French, 40,000 English, and 9000 Sardinians.

The emigration from Norway to the United States is very considerable this year, and the emigration fever in some parts of the country is so great that the value of property has fallen considerably.

A flute made of gold is on exhibition in London. The gold was brought from Australia. The weight of the flute is 14 1/2 ounces, the value being estimated at about \$650. The workmanship is exquisite.

The locomotives in Germany are hereafter to be covered with a casing of glass, which will permit the engineers to survey the whole country, and at the same time protect them from the wind and cold.

The steeple chase on the Prater at Vienna was a dead failure. A trough had been laid across the road so as to represent a river, but the horses, instead of clearing it, drew up, and began in the coolest manner to drink out of it!

The new ship building at Millwall, Eng., is an eighth of a mile long.

Louis Napoleon is proposing to establish an order of Algerian nobility.

A census just taken in Greece shows the population to be 1,043,153.

Austria is contented with the future intentions of France and England toward Italy.

Collections continue in England for sufferers in France by the inundation.

The fountains of Sydenham Palace have been opened. They excel those of Versailles.

Sir Edward Lyons is to be raised to the peerage for services in the Black Sea, being the only peerage manufactured from this war.

Gen. Williams, the brave defender of Kara, upon his arrival in England, was the recipient of many complimentary demonstrations.

The streets of London extend in length 1730 miles, the paving of which cost £44,000,000, and the yearly cost of keeping the pavement in repair amounts to £1,800,000.

The trustees of the British Museum have recommended to the Lords of the Treasury that a grant of £5000 should be made for decorating the interior of the new reading room.

A subterranean railroad is now being laid down in Paris, in the middle of the Boulevard du Sebastopol. It will connect the halles or markets with the extramural railways.

The English Royal Yacht Club, which is only one of many such, numbers 173 members. They own 91 yachts, measuring rather more than 11,000 tons, which gives an average of not less than 120 tons as the measurement of each.

Rossini has received an ovation at Strasburg in Germany. All the performers of the theatre, recruited by a number of musicians, assembled under his windows by torchlight, and gave him a serenade.

The disease is again prevalent in the wine districts of Portugal. The potato crop is a failure, and there will not be half a harvest; so that large imports from the United States and from England are looked for.

An expedition is fitting out at Hamburg by a Russian American company, to sail shortly for Russo-American territory. The expedition is of the nature of a new colony, numbering five hundred persons, including artificers of all kinds.

The baneful ribbon system is prevailing extensively on the northwestern counties of Ireland, especially in Donegal and Sligo. Owing to instructions from government, the constabulary are making great exertions to break up the confederacy.

The Austrian party at Rome, which is already more powerful than the French, is daily increasing in strength; but Pius IX. himself has as strong a dislike to the German element as he had when he first seated himself in the chair of St. Peter.

The Dublin Nation announces that Mr. Charles Gavan Duffy, the late proprietor of that paper, is to receive a present of £10,000 in Australia, for the purpose of giving him a qualification to enter the Legislature.

Record of the Times.

Col. Samuel Colt (of revolver fame) recently married Miss Elizabeth Jarvis, of Middletown.

Actors should remember that applause is often elicited by their words, not themselves.

The most inconsiderable men are usually of the most eminent gravity.

The public libraries of New York city contain 36,290 volumes.

The town of Dunee, Scotland, with 4000 people, has no public house.

Mazzini, the Italian patriot, intends to emigrate as a private citizen to this country.

A second Calvin Edson has appeared in New York. He is five feet six inches in height, and only weighs fifty pounds.

At the late annual meeting of the New York Association, two new churches, one French and the other German, were received.

Le Verrier, director of the Observatory at Paris, has named the last new planet, the fortieth of the series discovered by M. Goldschmidt, "Harmonia," in honor of the conclusion of peace.

Rev. Archibald Maclay, D. D. having resigned the presidency of the American Bible Union, Rev. T. Armitage, D. D., has been elected his successor.

The Russian Government is having considerable quantities of silver, which it has bought up in England and Germany, melted down into bars at the Frankfort Mint.

The pig population—four-legged—of the Mississippi Valley is estimated at between forty and fifty millions—nearly two pigs apiece for every human being in the United States!

Charles F. M. Garrett, of Richmond, Va., now chief engineer of the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad, has received the appointment of chief engineer of the Don Pedro Railroad, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, with a salary of \$15,000.

The editor of the Perth (C. W.) Standard states that those fashionable and airy articles of ladies' underclothing, hooped skirts, are now being used by female Canadian thieves for the purpose of concealing stolen property.

There is now scarcely a single State in the Union but what has an asylum for the insane, and some of the States have several. Even in California, a large and expensive hospital has been erected for the insane, as one of the first objects of attention in that State.

The editor of the New Lisbon (Ohio) Aurora gives as one reason for the non-appearance of that journal in twenty-three days, his working in the garden and lifting (though not all at once) more than fifty tons of ground, and another, that his assistant type-setter has got married and gone West.

The British Government, it is said, lately made large contracts for Sharpe's rifles with some of our manufacturers, and the manufacture of them by American mechanics at Edgefield, England, is now being carried on under a tremendous press of steam, to supply the army as soon as possible.

The number of Germans or their descendants in the United States is rated at four millions.

Mr. Samuel Watkins has given the city of Nashville ten acres of land for a park.

John Adams's father said, "I couldn't make him a shoemaker, so put him to learning!"

A teaspoonful of mustard, mixed with warm water, is an antidote for poison.

In raising grapes, always preserve three or four leaves beyond each bunch.

If you must find fault, do it in private, if possible, and briefly.

Some of the Mormons are said to be on their way to the Eastern States for machinery for a steamboat, to be used on Salt Lake.

The application of towels, wrung out in hot water, to the forehead and temples, is represented to be an efficacious and speedy remedy for headaches arising from neuralgic affections.

In the tenth century, to eat out the same plate, and drink out the same cup, was considered a mark of gallantry and the best possible understanding between a lady and gentleman.

Miss Lake, an energetic lady, is now on a visit to Philadelphia, with the object of collecting funds to establish a Female Seminary in the island of Hayti.

The loss by fire in the United States for the last six months is set at \$8,782,000—not including any fires by which the loss was less than \$10,000!

There is a man in the New Jersey Penitentiary who has had twenty-three wives, two of whom he married within two hours of each other.

During the month of May last, two thousand six hundred French Canadians had left Montreal for the United States, whither they go for employment, and with the intention of becoming citizens.

All the towns in Minnesota are crowded with emigrants. Boarding and provisions are high in consequence. Since the spring opened, the emigration to the territory has not fallen short of one thousand persons a day.

It is reported that the Rothschilds, of London and Paris, have entered the sugar market. By purchasing supplies when everything could be had cheapest, whether in Havana, Brazil, East Indies or elsewhere, they would be enabled, on an advance in prices, to realize large profits.

The ocean, according to geographers, is contained in five great basins—not mere "nutshells." They are rather sizable dishes which hold the Atlantic, the Pacific, the Arctic, and the Antarctic Oceans! We may add that they are all earthen basins, and that the Eastern is contained in a China one!

The voluntary contributions of the people of the United States to religious and benevolent institutions are among the most gratifying evidences of modern enlightenment. The receipts of nineteen of the great Christian organizations for the year ending in April last, were \$1,840,823 48, being an increase of \$207,943 87 upon the receipts of the previous year.

Merry Making.

Many literary "effusions" proceed from water on the brain.

Why was the nose put in the middle of the face? Because it's the *scenter* (centre).

Why is an awkward fellow like a pine tree? Because he is evergreen.

So many people "cut a dash" with money that it is highly incorrect to call it "blunt."

What sort of trees will best bear removal and transportation? Axle-trees.

"Papa, have guns got legs?" "No." "How do they kick, then?" "With their breeches, my son."

What animal has the greatest quantity of brains? The hog, of course, for he has a *hog-head* full.

"Massa, one ob your oxen's dead—todder too—was 'fraid to tell you ob 'em bof at once, 'fraid you couldn't bore it."

What Scripture character would you mention in ordering away an untruthful person. Ans.—Goliath. (go liar.)

Did you ever buy a horse? If so, you have doubtless been struck with surprise at the very great number of horses just seven years old.

"I am afraid you will come to want," said an old lady to her daughter. "I have come to want already," was the reply; "I want a nice young man."

One of our exchanges has the audacity to say that French stocks rose considerably upon the birth of "that blessed baby," and were decidedly *boy-ant*.

Mrs. Fly was asked if she kneaded her dough, or beat it up with a stick. "If you can find anybody that 'needs the dough' more than I do," said she, "pity take mercy on 'em!"

The largest angel we ever read of was seen by Mahomet in the third heaven, which the Koran says had two eyes seventy thousand days' journey apart.

The Hopeful Son.—Mother.—Did I not tell you not to trouble those pies again? *Hopeful Son.*—I aint had no trouble with 'em; I'm a eaten 'em as peaceable as can be.

Chesterfield having been informed by his physician that he was dying by inches, congratulated himself that he was not so tall as Sir Thomas Robinson!

"Well, Pat, which is the way to Burlington?" "How did you know my name was Pat?" "O, I guessed it." "Thin, be the holy poker, if ye are so good at guessing, ye'd better guess the way to Burlington."

An editor asks, in talking of poetry and matrimony: "Who would indite sonnets to a woman whom he saw every morning in her night-cap, and every day at dinner swallowing meat and mustard?"

A gipsy woman promised to show to two young ladies their husbands' faces in a pail of water. They looked, and exclaimed, "Why, we only see our own faces." "Well," said the gipsy, "those faces will be your husbands' when you are married."

"Stirring times," as the hasty pudding said to the spoon.

A little girl describes a snake as "a thing that's a tail all the way up to his head."

What Roman general do the ladies ask for in leap year? Marius (marry us).

The quickest way to acquire a knowledge of "tanning," is to insult a prize fighter's wife.

The only medicinal herb for a "mind diseased" is proverbs.

What man is there who, had he a window in his breast, would not speedily pull down the blinds?

A woman advertising for a husband wants him to be not only "strictly religious, but of good character."

"Excuse me, madam, but I would like to ask why you look at me so very savagely?" "O, beg pardon, sir—I took you for my husband!"

In Canada they boil everything for greens, beginning with mullen leaves, and leaving off with the window blinds.

If "cleanliness is necessary to godliness," the morals of the New York street inspectors must be at a very low ebb.

Why is the young Prince of Algiers like the hind quarter of a beef? Because he is the least bony part (least Bonaparte).

Ladies are like watches—pretty enough to look at—sweet faces and delicate hands, but somewhat difficult to "regulate" when set "a going."

It is thought that the Brutus who slew Cæsar was some relation to the Crow Family, for in his speech to the populace he opens with, "Hear me for my *causes*!"

A fellow just returned from a fight, in which he came off second best, was asked what made him look so sheepish. "Because," said he, "I have been and got *lammed*!"

The Boston Gazette propounds the following spirited con.: "If I owed a man five dollars, what liquor would I resemble? Ans.—*Eau de vie* (owed a V)."

"Zounds! fellow," exclaimed a choleric old gentleman to a very phlegmatic matter-of-fact person, "I shall go out of my wits." "Well, you wont have far to go," said the phlegmatic man.

"My dear Coleridge," said Charles Lamb once to his old and dear friend, "you are one of the very best men in England; you have but one infirmity, you always fail just when you happen to have a duty to perform."

"Here," said a dandy to an Irish laborer, "come and tell me the biggest lie you ever told in your life, and I'll treat you to a whiskey punch." "An' by my sowl," replied the Hibernian, quickly, "yer honor is a gentleman."

One of the miseries of human life is being a compositor on a newspaper, and having to insert the marriage of the girl you love with a man old enough to be your father—he is rich and you are poor.

A young fellow having been charged with getting drunk the night before, and wishing to justify himself, declared "he never was drunk, and never meant to be; for it always made him feel so bad the next morning."

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WHOLE No. 22.

THE HEROINE OF BUNKER HILL.

BY GEORGE H. BURMAN.

On the old road from Boston to Medford, there stands a lofty dwelling, whose spacious gardens and cultivated groves bespeak the presence of wealth and elegant taste. With little change from what it now is, more than seventy years it stood, overlooking the little village of Mystic on the one hand, and the panorama of hills which crowded the prospect towards the city when Gage and the British flag held compulsory dominion.

Weld House was justly celebrated as the abode of hospitality and refinement. Its owner, a West Indian by birth, claimed kindred on one side from an old English family, some of whose members had been of note in the history of the mother land. But in the veins of John Weld also flowed colonial blood, from a stock long eminent in New England for the sturdy virtues of patriotism and persevering resistance to tyranny. Thus connected, Judge Weld was influenced by two opposing forces, which combined to prevent him from open action, either for king or congress. It was not that he needed courage, wisdom, or determination, in thus remaining neutral. His course was, in a great degree, the result of such a foresight as few men of his strong predilections possessed. His prejudices were decidedly those of birth and rank. An aristocracy, governed by throne and court, and a subordinate people, obedient and submissive to their hereditary condition, were themes congenial to his habitual thought. His spirit chafed at the rebellious efforts which he deemed

subversive of venerable and praiseworthy principles.

All this, however, did not prevent him from perceiving that the power of England over America was about to undergo a peril whose final result might be that of disaster and defeat, quite as possibly as that of triumph. He foresaw that, in setting himself against the patriotic tide, he would put to risk the comfort of his family to an unusual degree, in that the means of sustaining themselves in society would be instantly swept away on the event of revolutionary success. Wealth, rank and honors were very dear to John Weld, and he took such a course as, in his mind, seemed most likely to secure their retention.

Nor was the judge by any means an evil or selfish man. Determined in his opinions and his prejudices, unchangeable in his will when once his mind was fixed on a course such as he felt that prudence would approve (and he was careful to make no choice without consulting that), he nevertheless inclined, in all things, to humanity and what he considered a just regard for the rights of others. To sum up his character, he was a proud man—kindly dispositioned in many things, but always jealous of his position, ever heedful of the social respect which was his due, and a man not to be flouted with impunity, either at home or abroad. He had now been several years retired from legal office, but when he sat on the judicial bench, it had been said that no one of his compeers brought

to his place such a dignity of personal bearing as was manifested by himself. There was certainly that in Judge Weld's appearance which would have impressed itself on the most inattentive observer. He possessed a noble form, features firm-set and massive, an eagle eye, and a step like that of a lord. Judge Weld was one of nature's noblemen.

To his masculine qualities, the character of his lady presented an admirable foil. In her youth she had been toasted as a belle, and years had not effaced the beauty of features which still continued attractive, although they had long faded from their lustrous rose and white. Her mind, which in early life, had been somewhat romantic in tendency, had been tempered by experience, so that without losing aught of its finer qualities, it had gained the matronly stability so desirable in that middle age which she had now attained. But her character, though modelled by circumstance, was not radically changed, and exerted on her only child an influence of which she herself was hardly conscious.

In Florence Weld, her mother's comparatively passive susceptibility was vivified by the inheritance of her father's energetic will and a goodly portion of his physical vigor. She would weep at night over a leaf of Richardson's stilted novels, or feed with eager eye on some favorite poem, and on the morn be none the less ready to push her gallant steed at a wall, or a ditch, such as few provincial beaux would have liked to attempt. To this class of admirers, indeed, Florence was for the most part an object of equal dread and admiration. She dealt not in pretty nothings—she was not beautifully weak and vapid. On the contrary, her ardent disposition rendered her too little apt at concealment of likes or dislikes—too willing to point the keen arrows of her wit against coxcombs of mind or manner. In these stirring times, when the sound of cannon and the call to arms were in all men's dreams, there were not many of the neighboring youths who chose to act the gallant's part, and bask in lady's bower; and those who did so choose, were not the ones most likely to attract her regard.

Florence, therefore, obtained the reputation of a proud, disdainful beauty, who had no intention of giving herself to a man of middle station. She aspired, so it was said, to wed with lofty rank—to join herself to splendid fortunes and a titled name. Gossip went so far, indeed, as to point out the favored suitor, who was declared to be a promising young officer belonging to one of the British regiments then stationed in Boston. Major Allerton was the son and heir of

Lord Allerton, of Oxfordshire, England. He had met Florence at a ball given in Boston nearly two years before the time of our story's commencement. Strongly attracted by her beauty and piquancy of manner, the young officer procured an introduction which he lost no time in following up. His name and station readily opened to him the doors of Weld Hall, so long, at least, as he was able to avail himself of his right of entry, and the welcome which its owner right freely extended.

In the eyes of Judge Weld, a noble name, good personal appearance, wealth, a manner gentlemanly and polished almost to extreme, joined to talents not at all contemptible, certainly warranted his approbation of the young officer's evident intentions. But the major's attentions were not so well received by the daughter. As a visitant, she received him with a proper respect. She conversed with him civilly, but never unreservedly. The slightest advance, on his part, was instantly repelled by a frigidity of manner totally opposite to her usual demeanor.

At length the young officer, impatient of delay, and determined not to receive the ill omen which lurked in the maiden's ways, ventured on an open declaration of his attachment. His suit was at once declined—so decidedly, too, on his further urgency, that the humbled and incensed gallant forsook the house forthwith, hardly knowing which was more justly the object of his indignation, himself, or the capricious country girl who had presumed to reject the offers of Major Henry Allerton, the favored child of fortune, the pride of fashion's circle, whose foot had been always welcome in lady's bower, and whose self-complacent regard had hitherto ever basked in the sunlight of beauty's smiles. Weld Hall was henceforth deprived of his presence. The judge presently took alarm at his continued absence, and was not long in arriving at a pretty correct suspicion of its cause. On questioning Florence, the truth was elicited. The judge lectured her severely on what he termed her whimsical and unreasonable conduct. He even went the length of declaring his intention to recall the young major, provided that intention could be accomplished in a manner consistent with propriety. The peremptory admonition of the judge was met with a firmness which he had not prepared himself to expect.

"Father," said Florence in reply, "if you choose to give special invitation to the major, as you would to any other guest, I certainly can make no objection to your purpose. But if you propose this in order to give me opportunity to change my mind, I must say that your scheme

will be altogether in vain. Were it possible for the major to make a second trial, he would find that what I have said once, I can readily say again."

Her father regarded her for a few moments with a stern countenance. His black, bushy brows settled down over his eyes, which glowed with a more piercing light from the very shadow which sought to obscure them.

"Girl," he said, "this would never have taken place without a cause. You have given no decent reason for rejecting a man every way worthy—one whom most maidens would have accepted with very little urgency. How is it? Have you, then, picked up some gallant of your own choice—some knight paladin—whom of your own free will you have endowed with all impossible perfections?"

Florence, who had received her father's reproofs with tolerable calmness, heard his final question with some agitation. Her discomposure but increased with the reiteration of the question.

"I cannot deny that there is, in some measure—"

"Name him!" said the judge, hastily. "Will you obey me?" he continued, after waiting a moment for her reply.

The harsh tone in which the command was uttered, summoned up her spirit afresh. She lifted her face, brilliant with the very flush of excitement; she met the gaze fixed upon her with a countenance deprecatory of anger, but still unshaken, save when the mobile lips were unable to restrain the lingering fear which trembled in their undulating jointure. So beautiful did she appear, that the chagrin of the judge gradually yielded to the mollifying influence, and when he again repeated his demand, it was in a milder tone than before.

"William Andrews," replied Florence, in a low voice. And as she spoke, her face was half averted, her eyes sought the floor, and her whole form seemed instinct with apprehension of the consequences which should result from her unwilling avowal.

The judge could hardly credit his own ears.

"William Andrews! William Andrews!" he exclaimed, slowly repeating the words, as though to assure himself that he could not have been mistaken. "It cannot be; else you are more mad, even, than I had supposed that you could be. Have I heard aright? A young man of no birth, unpolished in manners—what is there, pray, to make him so attractive to you? Let us have no more of this folly," he added, rising from his seat and taking up his riding-gloves preparatory to going out on his morning's bus-

iness. "Have nothing further to do with this young Andrews. Discontinue, at once, whatever acquaintance you have with him, however slight, and recollect that, though I have seldom laid on you a positive command, yet when I find occasion to do so, it must be implicitly obeyed."

As Andrews was at this time absent in New Hampshire, where he was like to remain for several months, the judge had no fear of his commands being at present infringed. He considered the affair, furthermore, as a girlish caprice, which was most absurd in itself, and which needed nothing more than the exertion of a little straightforward authority to be at once stifled. He was perfectly satisfied that there could not be, in the nature of things, any enduring attachment between Florence and the unpolished rustic, as he termed the most unwelcome rival of the elegant and accomplished Major Allerton.

Andrews was the son of a farmer resident some fifty miles from Boston. Having, when a mere boy, been taken by the village lawyer to do the errands and common drudgery of his office, the boy's capacity was so evident, that his master, after a year or two, entered him as a student of law, and assisted his early struggles with such money loans as his necessities required. He had nearly finished his course, when an accidental meeting brought him acquainted with Florence Weld. Her intuitive keenness, and not less than this, her slight regard for the arbitrary boundaries of social rank, almost instantly led her to appreciate the genius of the student, and to feel an admiration and a sympathy which opportunity only increased. On his part, Andrews was even more readily attracted by the beauty and generous frankness of the high-spirited maiden, and was not slow to improve himself in her good graces—that is to say, after he had taken sufficient care to assure himself in the outset of the nature of the ground on which he ventured. For the young lawyer was sensitively alive to the difference between his own position and that of the high-bred Florence, and naught but a genuine sentiment, which was in a similar measure returned, would ever have induced him to overlook the distinction while that distinction existed. Nevertheless, being ambitious, he hoped that time would do much to lessen the intervening space, and so to time he hopefully trusted.

In a few weeks, the quarrel between the government and its rebellious subjects arrived at its height. The battle of Lexington in a moment kindled the fire of patriotism to a fervid flame. The whole country rose in arms. Boston was literally besieged by a raw militia, leavened by a few veterans who had fought the French and In-

dians under the very flags, possibly, which floated over familiar faces—faces of those who, companions in arms, had now by the fate of civil war, become their bounden enemies. The undisciplined army was officered as best it might be; and men of little or no experience often received promotion to places of responsibility on no other grounds than that of natural capacity. Andrews, having returned from New Hampshire (where, indeed, he had been engaged in some matters pertaining to the present crisis), was appointed to a captaincy in a regiment stationed not far from Weld Hall.

It may well be imagined that, neighborhood and opportunity favoring, it was no long time before Florence and the captain met again. Florence, with praiseworthy resolution, though with the deepest grief, declared the necessity of mutual forgetfulness. This severe decree was naturally met with earnest remonstrance. The result was, that after two or three interviews, a discovery took place at the hall. Florence was bitterly reprimanded by the judge, and she was closely confined within her own chamber for several days. What success this procedure found, will presently be seen, and whether the quality of locks proved better than in other cases of similar nature.

The story of the 17th of June, 1775, is probably more familiar to the New Englander, in all its minuteness of detail, than that of any other national event which has occurred in past time. The monument which overtops the city of Charlestown is reared upon the corner stone of his liberties; and when we come to speak of what it commemorates, we have little need to refresh the memory of our readers with regard to the current of events which on that day took place. We have only so far to mention them, as they are directly connected with the course of our narrative.

The company of Captain Andrews was stationed for the most part at the rail fence which ran along the most exposed portion of the American lines. A few of the privates, only, were protected by defences somewhat more secure than those of their fellows. The nature of their position made it necessary for the company to exert themselves to the utmost in order to strengthen their frail works, as far as possible, before the approach of the enemy. The continued labor began to be felt by all, especially by the more youthful who were not inured to manual toil. Andrews had noticed two or three, whom, in his own mind, he declared more fitting to remain by the family fireside, than here, mere

boys, to be acting the part of full grown soldiers. The thought had hardly passed through his mind, when it was re-echoed by a stout, iron haired officer, who touching him on the shoulder, accosted him as follows:

"How goes it with you here, captain? D'ye think your lads will be able to stand fire?"

"I'll warrant them, general," was the reply.

Putnam gave a quick, eager look with his blue eyes along the ranks before him. Then turning again to his companion:

"Some of your company would hardly come up to regulations, captain, if we were to be particular in such matters. For instance, I fancy that were I the mother of one smooth-faced youngster whom I have just seen, I would have taken his gun from him and set him to sweep the kitchen, instead of permitting him here. But never mind. It shows the right stuff—the right stuff!"

And the general passed on. There was a transient sadness in the expression of his voice which communicated itself to the mind of the young officer, as the latter listened to the cannon of the British fleet sending forth their iron shower, premonitory of the storm soon to burst upon the rustic and untried army of the Americans. A vivid picture of mangled bodies and desolated homes, rose in the fancy of the thinker. But such thoughts were only momentary. The requirements of duty, the excitement of expectation, the thrill with which the sound of battle stirs the soldier's heart—all these allowed little chance for sentiment. Every one was busied in making preparation for the masses, which, forming into line at the shore, began to move forward with steady step towards the summit. Onward and onward, till from the rude mounds a sea of flame burst forth and tore the proud array asunder, as does the whirlwind the ranks of shining grain. Again and again death levelled the advancing lines in bloody swarths along the declivity of the hill. They fled, they rallied, and again, with desperate resolution, nerved themselves to fresh attempt.

But now the faces of the brave defenders are clouded with sullen gloom. They see their foes moving up to the bloody boundary where a heaped line of dead bodies show an ominous warning. But cartridge-box and pouch are empty, and as the exulting Britons pour over the low bulwark, musket stocks and stones are the weapons which keep in check the fatal bayonet. The Americans retreat slowly and sullenly, face to face with the foe. But the rail-fence is still manned. Its holders must needs devote themselves to cover the retreat of their mates. One

more volley; the assailants for a moment fall back; they push forward again; but the object is gained, and Andrews and his gallant companions follow the retreating army. But their numbers lessen fast; one by one they fall before their exasperated enemies. Even now, a slight and youthful form sinks with a despairing cry to the earth. The countenance of the poor boy is turned aside with hopeless terror. It is seen by Andrews, and a thrill of horror shoots through his frame as he springs forward and throws himself on the bayonet of the soldier.

"Hold!" he cried. "It is a woman whom you seek to kill!"

Then sight and feeling fled, and all was blank. Immediately after the battle was over, it was deemed advisable that one of the subordinate generals should proceed to Boston for oversight of certain hospital arrangements. General Munro took it upon himself to attend to the business, and was proceeding from the western portion of the intrenchment to take boat across the river, when he came directly upon the lovers, who still lay as they had fallen, a little within the line of intrenchment. Something in their appearance arrested the attention of the general. He dismounted, and bending over, carefully examined the features of the captain, which were somewhat disfigured by an ugly cut on the forehead. With only a cursory glance at Florence, for such the reader discovers to have been the disguised companion of the wounded officer, the general ordered some of the soldiers to convey them both to his boat. His hearers, wondering at the agitation which he displayed, readily obeyed; and were accompanied on their errand by Munro, who, pacing slowly by their side, showed the most intense regard of their charge. Having passed from the Charlestown landing to Gray's Wharf, he accompanied his companions from thence to his own quarters, where Florence and her friend, by this time much revived, were placed in adequate care. Their host then hastened away to attend to the business with which he was entrusted.

It was some hours before he returned, when he found his patients thriving admirably. Florence, who had suffered more from the effect of extreme emotion than from any other cause, and who had received no serious injury, was in the chamber assigned to her by the general's lady. To the latter, Florence, at the earliest instance of opportunity, confided the secret of her sex, and the imprudence of which she had been guilty in flying from her home-prison to enact the part of an Amazonian heroine. She trembled and shed tears, when speaking of the battle and her part in it.

"I found," she said, "how little I had known of the horrors of such a scene, and how much I had over-estimated my own courage. I have been taught, to-day, the lesson that woman can never with impunity overstep the boundaries of her natural character. I trust that the suffering which I have experienced will be found a sufficient punishment for my folly."

Lady Munro, notwithstanding the sympathy which she felt for her charge, could not help smiling at the maiden's story, and the unconscious simplicity with which it was related.

"Do not grieve yourself so much about the matter," she replied. "I fancy that your romantic adventure will not, after all, meet with any very serious consequences. And I am glad to find that you have a very just sense of propriety, notwithstanding a little eccentricity such as a soldier's wife, like myself, will find small difficulty in pardoning."

"Make yourself easy on the score of your family," she said to her, some time afterward. "The general will send a messenger to the opposite lines, and your father will be duly informed of your being safely bestowed in our keeping. When he arrives, I think we shall show him sufficient reason for overlooking the past."

Florence regarded her hostess with a curious air, perceiving that the emphasis with which she spoke had its origin in a cause as yet unknown to her hearer. And when, on the following day, she met the general and Captain Andrews at breakfast, she observed that they both manifested an occasional abstraction of manner. She even endeavored to be offended by her admirer's want of attention toward herself. But the attempt signally failed; and she was fain to wait as contentedly as might be till the fancied mystery should receive solution.

It was somewhere in the latter part of the afternoon, that a carriage stopped in front of the house. Florence, glancing through the half-closed shutter of the window where she sat, saw the occupant of the carriage alight and approach the doorstep. Turning pale, she rose and moved away.

"He has come!" she said; and clasping her hands, cast an irresistible look of entreaty on the worthy general. The latter smiled, and pointed to the door of an adjoining room.

"We will excuse you for the present," he said, "till we have succeeded in making terms for your capitulation to the proper authority. Go there; there is not much fear, I think, but that we can manage it."

Florence retired, and the servant, throwing open the parlor door, announced the visitor.

The latter, with a low bow, passed through the doorway, but drew back with an indignant look on seeing Captain Andrews before him. The general laid his hand upon the judge's arm.

"Respected sir," he said, "be composed, I pray you, and listen to the intercession which I wish to make for these young people. But first let me introduce to you my son, William Munro."

As he uttered this with a wave of the hand towards the captain, the judge fixed on the general and his guest a look of the most profound astonishment. But he made no answer, and his glance travelling quickly around the apartment, returned with an expressive anxiety to the countenance of Munro.

"My daughter!"

Florence sprang from her concealment, and threw herself, sobbing and trembling, into her father's arms. The general waited till the ebullition of feeling had subsided, and then, conducting the judge to a comfortable arm-chair, and establishing the young lady by his side, proceeded to further explanation.

"You have, my dear sir," he said, "manifested a very natural surprise at the assertion which I have just made with regard to a certain youth here present. If the evidence of its truth, however, shall be as satisfactory to you as it is to myself, I think that you will need no proof beyond what I am able to afford. It is now about twenty-five years since, that I was stationed, with a troop of soldiers under my command, at a fort then recently erected near the mouth of the Kennebec River. My wife, a tender young creature, with an infant only a few months old, had so earnestly remonstrated against being separated from her 'dear Henry' (as she was pleased to entitle your humble servant), that I was fain to allow her to accompany me to my secluded post. It may be imagined that she met not with much society in her new habitation. But Mary seemed to occupy herself quite agreeably with the company of myself and her child, who was the same miniature wonder that every other mother's first baby is known to be.

"Our nurse having fallen sick, my wife took it into her head to employ in her stead a young Indian woman, who had often visited the house, and who had shown a great attachment to the child, bringing it frequently some trifle formed of bright colored beads or minute shells. Nureka gladly assented to the proposition that she should live with us for a time, and have the care of our boy; and though at first I had a little misgiving about the matter, I became soon quite satisfied with the youngster's new guardian. But, to shorten a story which I fear is getting a little tedious,

by-and-by it was proved to our sorrow that, however tamed and softened a savage nature may become, there is no certain security against an outbreak of its original wildness.

"One day Nureka received some reproach from my wife, at which she manifested a little resentment, which, however, was apparently soon dissipated. That evening she and the boy were missing. I need not speak of the anguish of Mary and myself. I never saw Nureka afterward; nor my son, till I recognized him on the battle-ground, wounded and insensible. Singular as it is, the instant that I saw his face, I knew its likeness to his mother's features. There can be no self-deception. You yourself will presently have opportunity to see the resemblance. The age agrees, and the birth-mark which the child bore on the right breast still remains. Furthermore, William learned a few months since that he was not really the child of his reputed parents. There, I have finished my evidence, doubtless much to the satisfaction of Miss Florence, who I perceive does not as yet rest assured of your forgiveness. If I find she is not likely to conquer it, I promise her all the assistance which can be afforded by an old fellow like myself."

That the judge did not discover any lasting obduracy, will be seen from the fact that in the evening, as he sat apart with the general and his lady, the preliminaries to a certain anticipated marriage were pretty freely discussed. The troubled state of the times, and the position of the captain as to political affairs, might have interposed temporary difficulties in the way of his immediate union with Florence. But it was acknowledged by all, that, under the circumstances of his newly discovered relationship, the young officer was certainly, for the time being, bound to relinquish all extreme action against the principles which his father sustained. Therefore, the marriage of the young people took place in the course of a few weeks.

Captain Munro, having relinquished military action, remained quiet at home till the death of his father, which took place in 1777. Then, considering himself no longer pledged to seclusion, he took arms once more, joined the American army, and served with much distinction till the end of the war, when he retired with the rank of colonel, and the universal esteem of his brother officers; while his lovely companion received from her admiring neighbors the appellation of THE HEROINE OF BUNKER HILL.

It is the part of a man to be afflicted with grief, to feel sorrow, at the same time that he is to resist it, and to admit of comfort.

BURY ME NOT IN THE SEA.

BY LUCY M. DEAN.

"O, bury me not in the deep, deep sea!"
The words came faint and mournfully
From the pallid lips of a youth, who lay
On his cabin couch, where, day by day,
He had wasted and pined, till o'er his brow
The death shade had slowly passed, and now,
When the land and his fond, loved home were nigh,
They had gathered around to see him die.

"O, bury me not in the deep, deep sea,
Where the billow shroud will roll o'er me,
Where no light can break through the cold wave,
And no sunbeam linger above my grave;
It matters not, I have been told,
Where the body shall lie when the heart is cold;
Yet grant ye, O grant ye this boon to me,
O bury, me not in the deep, deep sea.

"Let my death-chamber be where a father's prayer
And a sister's tears will be blanded there;
O, 'twill be sweet, ere the heart-throb is o'er,
To know when its fountain shall gush no more,
That thou it so fondly has yearned for will come
To plant the first wild flowers of spring on my tomb;
Let me lie where those loved ones can weep over me—
O, bury me not in the deep, deep sea.

"And there is another—her tears would be shed
For him who lay far in a cold, ocean bed;
In hours that it pains me to think of now,
She has twined these locks, and kissed this brow;
In the hair she wreathed shall the sea-serpent hiss,
The brow she pressed shall the cold waves kiss;
For the sake of that bright one who waits for me,
O, bury me not in the deep, deep sea.

"She hath been in my dreams"—his voice failed there;
They gave no heed to his dying prayer;
They lowered him slow o'er the vessel's side,
And above has closed the cold dark tide,
Where to dip her wing the sea-fowl rests,
Where the blue waves dance with their foaming crests,
Where the billows bound, and the winds sport free,
They have buried him there in the deep, deep sea.

MR. AND MRS. BLIMMERGLASS.

BY RALPH TRYON.

MRS. BLIMMERGLASS was rocking vigorously in her capacious chair. We say capacious, for the dimensions of that worthy lady were very ample, and could not easily be contained in a chair of ordinary magnitude. The clouds which were rapidly concentrating in the vicinity of her brows, and the particularly unamiable expression of her features as she regarded her spouse, gave evidence of a domestic storm soon to fall on his unconscious head.

He was minus his coat, and quietly adjusting his cravat before the octagon mirror, which formed the summit of a neat dressing bureau, and which that little man—he was very small—had inclined towards him, in order to be enabled

to view his diminutive proportions; while the various turns and twists of his head made it evident that he was by no means dissatisfied with his personal appearance.

"Mr. Blimmerglass!" she at length exclaimed, giving particular emphasis to the "Mr."

The little man turned and started, as if to dodge the bolt which he discovered gleaming in her eyes, that had often favored him with their electric shocks, to which, by the by, he was by no means partial.

"Well, my dear," he answered plaintively.

"So you are going out this evening?"

"Yes—certainly—that was my intention."

"Pray, is it your intention to go out every night?"

"Not precisely, my love."

"Don't 'my love' me, Mr. Blimmerglass.

Haven't you been absent every evening for more than a fortnight? and do you call that setting a good example, as the head of a family, to be rambling about nights when you ought to be at home?"

"You know very well where I go."

"I know where you say you go—to Buncomb's to discuss political matters; but saying and doing are different things."

"I hope you do not doubt my veracity, Mrs. Blimmerglass," said the party addressed, making a vain effort to summon up a look of offended dignity.

"I have never caught you in a falsehood," was the defiant answer; "but if you do deceive me, you won't find me the mild, submissive wife that I always have been. I don't doubt your word yet, but heaven knows what I may be brought to do. I do not like to be so neglected, and as for having you out every night, I won't allow it."

"Moral suasion, Mrs. B.—moral suasion."

"Moral fiddlesticks! Haven't I tried it until I am tired? and what has come of it—anything? No, I shall pursue a very different course! I shall insist upon my rights and I will find a way to maintain them!"

Quite a pause ensued, during which the storm had considerably abated. Blimmerglass saw this, and made an effort to recall a little sunshine.

"You know the strength of my affection," he said, "and know that I would not willingly absent myself from you; but a man, now-a-days, must take some stand in the political world, to be thought anything of—and you surely would not wish to be the wife of a nobody! I have a pride to become somebody, for your sake, Mrs. Blimmerglass."

"I know politics is politics, but women are

women, and are not fond of being slighted," replied the wife, somewhat mollified, for the idea of being the wife of a nobody never occurred to her before, and she by no means relished it.

"What, slight you!" he exclaimed, looking as though he would annihilate any giant that would dare to make the assertion; "why, I never thought of such a thing."

"I am very glad to hear it, Peter; but to keep from being a nobody, will you be obliged to keep from home every night?"

"Certainly not, my dear. Suppose I was to tell you that after to night I should not be absent more than two evenings, during the week, until election comes off, and after that, very seldom except in your company, what would you say?"

"I should begin to think that you were coming to your senses."

"Mrs. Blimmerglass, allow me to trust that I have never been out of them."

"Just as you please, Peter. You know that I am never disposed to commence a quarrel with you!"

"Just so," answered the little man, in a tone that implied much doubt.

Mrs. Blimmerglass did not inflict upon him any further persecution on this occasion, but allowed her Peter to depart in peace as soon as he had completed his toilet.

Blimmerglass, notwithstanding his mild submission to the iron rule of his wife, was considered by the world as a rising man. He would drive a sharp bargain, and knew how to purchase real estate as well as any man in the county; and his discreet speculations had made him one of the largest landholders in the town. Peter, like other men of the world, had ambition; and as he was now rich, he looked with a longing eye into the political arena, thinking he could afford a little of his time for public matters tending, of course, to the public good. His aspirations, however, were very moderate, and the only honor that he hoped to achieve in reward for his labors, was a seat at the board of selectmen.

Buncomb was just the man to help him in this instance, for he was a scheming politician of fair abilities, and had his own interest in view, as by aiding Blimmerglass, he looked forward to the day when he might count upon his help to return him to the legislature, of which he was now a member.

While Peter pursued his way, indulging in dreams of parish greatness, his wife rocked very complacently in her chair at home, little thinking of the shock her woman's susceptibilities

were soon to endure. At a later hour her brother came in, somewhat flushed and excited, and threw himself heavily into a chair, as though suffering from unusual fatigue.

"Why William," she exclaimed, "how tired you look! Pray, what have you been doing?"

"I believe I have been walking pretty fast. By the by, I met Peter this evening in rather peculiar circumstances; but I presume that you know all about it."

"I know that he was going to Buncomb's."

"Well, I must say that he was taking a peculiar route to get there."

"You alarm me. But do be a little more explicit, brother."

"Well I will, when you tell me who that fair lady was, that he seemed to be so careful about."

"William, are you crazy? I know nothing of any such lady. Ah, now I see it all! You are attempting to make me the victim of one of your silly jokes."

"I assure you that I am perfectly serious, and moreover, I was much struck with her beauty. Peter sent me here to tell you that he was unexpectedly obliged to be absent until a later hour than usual, and wished me to sit with you until his return. I believe he mentioned something about riding over to D—, which is about eight miles, you know."

"Then you saw him riding with a lady?"

"I did."

"And he had the coolness to stop and speak with you?"

"To be sure, sister. You know that Peter and I are excellent friends, and I should have thought it very singular, if he had not."

"You say that she was pretty—the jade?"

"Beautiful! I declare I really envied Peter the happiness of such a ride."

"The heartless wretch! This comes of his being out so much almost every evening, while I—poor confiding woman—thought he was only wasting his time in politics! I see it all now. The pains he always takes with his dress, the mildness with which he received the scolding I gave him to-night, his anxiety to avoid my society, his new-fangled notions of ambition—all show his infatuation for this creature, and his indifference to me, his lawful wife. And you too, William, can sit there calmly and see your own sister thus wronged—insulted, and think it all very proper, no doubt?"

"To be plain with you, I think that if Peter were guilty of indiscretion, you would only have to thank yourself for the misery your own ill temper has brought upon you."

"I declare, you will drive me mad. How

can you make so cruel a remark, when you see that I am entirely prostrated with this blow?"

"Because, sister," said her brother, with a coolness that contrasted strangely with the excited state of the lady, "I think it is the proper time that you should receive a lesson which should last your lifetime. The fact is, that Peter has been a kind husband—too indulgent by half, at least; and what have you done to make his home happy? Have you not on every slight occasion given the full vent to your shrewish disposition? Have you not, for the most trivial affairs, visited upon his head a torrent of shameless abuse, until your unwomanly conduct has become the theme of town gossip? And who, I ask, would blame him, if to seek a momentary respite from such persecution, he should occupy a portion of his leisure with those who appreciated his good qualities, and gave him smiles instead of frowns?"

Mrs. Blimmerglass was sobbing violently. The words of her brother had touched her to the very quick. She had many excellent qualities and was altogether a good-hearted woman, and for the first time began to see her past conduct in its true light. To do her justice, she felt much worse at the idea of having treated her husband with injustice, than she did for the town gossip, which was also very humiliating to her pride. Her conscience told her that what had just been said was true, and she mentally vowed, that if Peter cleared up the matter of this ride and acquaintance with this strange lady, she would prove to him, in future, a different sort of wife.

Her brother saw the impression he had made, and was determined to make it lasting. He therefore proceeded to review the past with a minuteness almost cruel, but which resulted in such self-condemnation on the part of the lady, that she was fully prepared to forgive Peter for whatever he had done, even without an explanation.

At a late hour a carriage stopped at their gate, and in a few moments Blimmerglass entered with his usual bustle, but evidently in excellent spirits. His wife looked thoughtful, but not a shade of anger tinged her brow; while William burst into a loud fit of laughter at the singular appearance of his friend. His coat was soiled and torn, his elegant vest discolored, his shirt collar wofully rumpled, his hat a perfect wreck, and one eye bore a circle around it swollen and quite black.

"Well," said Blimmerglass, "I fancy that I do cut rather a ridiculous figure, but the end often justifies the means—hey, Sally?"

"Your own conscience is the best judge of

that, Mr. Blimmerglass," said the lady, in a tone of mild reproach, at the same time looking puzzled, for she knew not how to account for the disordered attire of her husband; and she was also thinking that he did not appear to wear the guilty look which she expected from one who, to say the least, had committed a gross indiscretion.

"Conscience! what in the world are you talking about, Sally? I thought you would have commended my conduct, instead of speaking so coldly."

"The fact is," said William, with a malicious look, "that I only told Sally a small part of the story, and she has imagined all the evening that you were riding with a beautiful young creature for whom you had a very tender regard."

"And she knows nothing of our adventure?"

"Not a word. I couldn't have the heart to deprive you of the pleasure of the relation of this affair, especially as you played the part of a hero in it."

"Ah, William, you are a sad dog, and by your nonsense have no doubt made poor Sally quite uncomfortable; but to pay you for the trouble you have caused, you must tell her all the particulars, for I am not going to say one word about it."

"The adventure was quite a lively one," said the brother, "and it happened thus: My good friend here was plodding along to the residence of Buncomb, and as he was walking in the road which leads through the woods, he was startled by cries of distress at some little distance in advance of him. He at once hastened to the spot and found a young lady, with a little girl, probably her sister, seated in a chaise, while a fellow had seized the bridle of the horse, and rudely declared that she should not proceed unless she allowed him to accompany her, or rather to drive her home. The miscreant was probably intoxicated and so were his companions, who were in an open wagon near by.

"Peter made no inquiries, but at once knocked the villain down, while his dissolute friends leaped from the wagon and made a cowardly attack upon your husband. It was just at this time that I was coming along the same road in an opposite direction, intending to pass the evening with you, when hearing the noise, I hurried up to find Peter defending himself like a hero against the assaults of the three scamps, and at once dashed amongst them and in a few moments we had conquered the field, while our opponents lay at our feet, endeavoring to recover the senses which we had knocked out of them for a time, at least. The lady was very much frightened, as you might imagine, and we soo-

ceeded at length in pacifying the child, who after the trouble was over, still continued to exert her lungs to their full power in screaming.

"The stranger begged Peter to drive her home, as she felt so excited, that she was not competent to the task. He very good naturedly gave up his appointment with Buncomb, and consented. She expressed her gratitude in the sweetest manner, and as I said to you this evening, I really envied him the ride with such a beautiful creature. When I left, the fellows had got by some means into their wagon and beat a hasty retreat."

"But," said Blimmerglass, "you do not know who she was, and I have the start of you there. She is the daughter of Judge P——, who sent his compliments and requests that you will favor him with a visit, at the earliest possible moment, that he may have the opportunity of expressing to you his gratitude. What do you think of that, Will?"

"I think I will ride over with you some fine afternoon, just to have a peep at his fair daughter."

"Now, Sally, what have you got to say?" said the amiable Peter.

"That I have been very foolish in doubting my dear husband for a moment; but the blame all rests with that young scapegrace brother of mine," at the same time encircling his neck with her fat arms so tightly, that the little man feared he should suffer strangulation.

"That is right, sister," said William; "lay it all to me. But do you not think that the end may justify the means?"

She shook one finger at him threateningly, for the early conversation of the evening recurred to her with full force, and she perfectly understood his meaning.

Blimmerglass, after weeks of sunshine, was at a loss how to account for the change in the conduct of his wife, which was as agreeable as it was incomprehensible to him. Home had new charms, and it was hard work for his friends to entice him abroad now, except in company with Mrs. Blimmerglass. In the mean time their brother, William Senter, had become a pretty frequent visitant at Judge P——'s, and in less than two years afterward, claimed the title of son-in-law, by which he came into possession of the hand of the fairest bride in the county.

Blimmerglass, after having filled the office of selectman with much ability, only resigned his place to occupy a seat in our State Legislature, where his practical talents make him particularly conspicuous as one of the most untiring working members of the "House."

RETRIBUTION.

BY CLEMENT ARNOLD.

"If you persist in marrying him, Mary, you shall rue it until your dying day."

"My mind is made up, Richard, and my resolution taken. Henry Marsden does not deserve your ill will, and you know it; why then persist in making us unhappy?"

"Beware, Mary, how you cross me! You know I hate him; with my whole soul I hate him, and my hatred shall extend to his wife—ay, and to his children after him!" And white with rage, the speaker rose from his chair and stood before his companion. "What is your reason for making such a choice? What can induce you to disgrace your family, by taking a miserable, beggarly artist for your husband, when you have Caroline's example to profit by, and even a better prospect than she had?"

The death-like paleness gave place to an angry flush on Mary Lassell's fair cheek, as she rose and stood before her brother.

"Would you know my reason?" she asked, her voice half choked with a sense of outraged feeling, and sounding strangely to one used to its gentle tones. "Hear it then: I shall marry Henry Marsden because I love him; I love him because he is the embodiment of all that is noble in man. I respect him; I honor him. Can Caroline say the same of Lord Ravenscourt? Could I say the same of his cousin?"

The speaker turned away; but catching her hand, Richard exclaimed with a look of rage:

"Marry him then!—and on you both may the heaviest curses light; may poverty and wretchedness be your constant companions; may your hearts be torn with anguish and your dearest hopes be crushed." And flinging her from him, Richard Lassell rushed from the room, while his sister sank fainting to the ground.

It was a sad scene. The large, gloomy room, with its old-fashioned, ancient look; the portrait of the dead mother on the wall; the figure of the youngest daughter of the house prostrate and senseless on the floor, the victim of an only brother's cruelty, that brother's curses still sounding in the room;—what bitter fruits of passion!

Six-and-twenty years before the commencement of our history, the only son and heir of Sir Richard Lassell had wooed, and he thought won, the heart of a fair daughter of a proud but penniless house. Indifferent about wealth, but fascinated with the beauty and grace of the Lady Elinor, the young man gave himself up to the control of a passion as intense as it was unel-

fish, and proud of his conquest, hastened to introduce the old baronet to his intended daughter.

Little did Walter Lassell dream of the consequences, when with a flush of gratification, he saw his father—a very handsome man, yet in the prime of life—bow gallantly over the hand of the lovely girl, while with the eye of a connoisseur, he glanced at face and figure with a look of evident gratification. Still more pleased was Walter, when he saw his betrothed exerting herself to entertain their guest, and not until doubt was no longer possible, would he believe that under those smiles lurked deception of the cruellest kind; that she whom he had so loved was playing him false.

At dinner Lady Elinor appeared in the gayest spirits; she laughed, she talked, she rallied Walter and argued playfully with her father. At last the conversation changed, and “the all-powerful passion” became the theme. Some doubted its existence, some sneered at it; Walter warmly proclaimed his belief in it, Lady Elinor as warmly her incredulity.

“It is a mystery to me, even if it does exist,” she exclaimed, with a laugh that sounded very strangely to her betrothed; “an unfathomable mystery, and I hate mysteries. And to show how little I believe in its influence, I would marry any one who would keep me a coach and four.”

“I will take you at your word, Lady Elinor,” exclaimed Sir Richard, bowing low.

The lady blushed; and Walter Lassell rose from the table and left the room. Six months after, Sir Richard led the Lady Elinor to the altar, and his son joined Lord Wellington’s army on the continent.

Such a marriage could scarcely be expected to end happily. Fully aware of the mercenary motives that induced his wife to accept his hand, Sir Richard felt under no obligations to bestow on her more than the wealth she had stipulated for. This, it is true, he lavished with a prodigal hand. Lady Elinor wore the most costly dresses, adorned her beautiful figure with almost Eastern magnificence, possessed jewels a queen might have been proud to wear, had the richest liveries in London, and was the owner of a “coach and four” surpassing her most extravagant wishes; and yet Lady Elinor was not happy. Golden fetters are fetters still, and bitterly did the repentant woman contrast the misery that was with the happiness that might have been, the loving confidence of her deceived suitor with the jealous espionage of her suspicious husband. Sir Richard soon wearied of his beautiful, haughty wife, and always reminded of the treachery he had practised on his son by her presence, he gradually

withdrew from her society, and when they met, scenes, the very reverse of agreeable, were sure to ensue. But when, twelve months after their marriage, the tidings came that Walter had fallen in battle, nothing could exceed the paroxysms of passionate grief into which Sir Richard was thrown. In furious language he reproached his now humbled wife with being the cause of his son’s death; with the wildest despair, he called on Walter to forgive him, to come home and receive his blessing; and at last gave himself up to moody sorrow, refusing consolation, and delighting in utter solitude.

The first event that roused Sir Richard from his despair was the birth of a son, whom he welcomed with some return of his former joyousness. To Lady Elinor, also, the little Richard was a source of joy and hope, her husband having evinced more kindness after the birth of the child than he had shown for many months.

Time passed, and a daughter was added to the family; not to increase its comfort, however, for the little Elinor failed to win her father’s love in the degree her brother had done; and the mother’s health being in a declining state, she was sent away to the care of strangers, and Lady Elinor, unable to resist, bowed to the affliction and murmured not.

The little Richard was four years old when another daughter was added to the house of Lassell, and she, who for five wretched years had been its mistress, looked her last on earth, and was laid in the family vault beside Sir Richard’s first wife. From the hour of her death, her name never passed her husband’s lips. The gloomy old parlor, and the adjoining chamber in which her last days had been spent, he never entered again; and the babe for whose life she had given her own, was not allowed to come into his sight.

To superintend his household affairs and bring up his daughters, Sir Richard summoned a widowed cousin of his own, poor and hitherto neglected; but to none would he confide the education of the headstrong, passionate and evil-disposed boy, on whom all his hopes were centered.

From his infancy, young Richard was a tyrant—a terror to the servants, and the torment of his sisters. Petted and indulged by his doting father, while yet a child his will was law; and as years passed on, and the old baronet became feeble in mind and health, he gradually yielded up his authority into the hands of the heir, who was far from being as popular as his father had been.

Over his sisters Richard Lassell assumed complete control—not undisputed, however, for Mrs. Hayford would not calmly see the young girls she loved tyrannized over; but her remonstrances

were met with insult or contempt, and the threat of having her charges removed from her care, made her cautious about rousing Richard's anger unless absolutely forced to do so.

When Caroline Lassell attracted the attention of the dissolute and libertine Lord Ravenscourt—whose mother had told him he had better marry and reform if he wished to save his life and reputation—Richard decided at once that she should marry him; but knowing from experience that the passionate and haughty girl was much more easily coaxed than forced to comply with his commands, he appealed to her love of splendor and luxury (the sins which had proved her mother's destruction), setting forth in dazzling array the numerous advantages such a position would give her, and working so forcibly on her vanity that when the noble lover made a languid proposal, it was at once accepted, and Caroline Lassell, young, beautiful, warm-hearted and impulsive, became the wife of a dissipated man of fashion, with damaged health, clouded reputation—to say the least—and a heart incapable of one generous emotion.

Lord Ravenscourt was rich; possibly because his fortune was so large and so strictly entailed that he could not very easily make away with it. Lady Ravenscourt, we have said, was warm-hearted and impulsive; if she bestowed affection on her husband, he was disgusted; her family were away, and to none of them was she very deeply attached; her feelings must have vent somewhere, and turned from the proper channels they took a wrong course, and Lady Ravenscourt became a dreadful flirt. Her splendid mansion was constantly filled with company, and she herself, if her conscience ever whispered that this was not the course she ought to have pursued, drowned the stings in fresh excitement.

Enough has been said in the conversation at the commencement of this story to show the position of Mary Lassell. Of very different tastes and inclinations from Caroline, she found more attraction in the humble virtues and unacknowledged talents of the obscure artist, Henry Marsden, than in all the glittering splendor that would await her as the wife of Lord Ravenscourt's cousin, and the mistress of one of the most magnificent establishments in England.

To describe Richard Lassell's rage when he learned that his sister had refused so unexceptionable an offer, would be impossible; and his feelings deepened into hatred as day after day he knew that the lovers met, that their marriage approached, and he was powerless to prevent it.

"Let them marry," said the old man, glad to get rid of a child he had never loved. "Let

them marry, Dick; I don't want daughters about me any longer; and besides, your proud wife will be glad to know that the old mansion has no other mistress when she comes."

"But, father, he is poor, miserably poor; a mere adventurer; and she might have married Lord Ravenscourt's cousin, the best match in England, to-day."

"I don't like Lord Ravenscourt," said the old man, crossly. "He insulted me the last time he was here, and I shall not forget to tell him of it when he comes again, a saucy puppy. If Mary wants to marry the painter, let her. He must support her till I am gone, and then she shall have the same fortune as her sister."

"Never!" was Richard's thought as he left the room to hold that conversation with his sister, the conclusion of which we have already seen.

"Come here and sit beside me, Mary, and watch this beautiful sunset."

The young wife was bending over him in an instant; one soft hand laid on his pale brow, and her trembling fingers on the feeble pulse.

"You're stronger to-night, Henry, are you not?"

"I feel better; much better than I have felt for many days. But what is the matter, darling?—you have been weeping. Has your father written to you?"

"No, Henry, my father is ill; but Richard answered my letter."

"And, as usual, has added fresh insult to the many we have already received from him."

Henry Marsden spoke angrily, and the excitement brought the fever flush to his cheek and a bright light in the sunken eye.

"My husband, you will injure yourself," exclaimed the anxious wife, as she took the upraised hand in her own, and gently drew the flushed cheek close to her bosom. "Why need we be angry with Richard? Surely, he deserves our pity. His cruelty will certainly be rewarded at some period, and from his heart he will repeat of the evil he has done."

"You are right, Mary; it is not for me to say aught ill of any on earth—I who have need to make my own peace with Heaven. But for you, my precious wife, I feel deeply these cruel blows; you, whom I have robbed of every joy, whose young life I have clouded, and whom I have subjected to unnumbered insults."

"I have often asked you never to speak such desponding words, never to add to my distress by alluding to the past. What have I known of happiness in this world that is not owing to you? Has not a world of bliss been spent in the few short years of our union? And now if it please

God to part us, and give you rest sooner than he wills to take me, my own, do you not leave me a precious comforter in our darling Harry?"

"You are my good angel, Mary, and our boy is and will be all you could wish him. See him now; how joyously he springs about among the flowers! Draw back the curtain, darling, and let me look at him as long as I can." And the dying father gazed with unutterable feelings on the merry sports of his beautiful child.

The last rays of the setting sun were piercing through the tall trees that sheltered the humble cottage, casting streaks of gold on flowers and child, and parents. Without, all looked brilliant and bright; within, the shadows of twilight were closing around the sick bed, and as the young wife sat in painful thought, she pictured the change a few short days might make; and not even the gay laughter of her child, who had pushed aside the clustering roses from the window, and was showing his hands full of tempting fruit, could win a smile or cheerful word.

"Would that I might hope to see my boy grow up," sighed the invalid, as he leaned wearily back in his chair and pressed his hand to his throbbing heart. "My boy, my noble boy!"

The heart-broken wife smothered her grief lest his anguish should be increased; and when, soothed by her gentle voice, he slumbered peacefully as a child, she sat patiently through the many hours, watching each breath with immovable, hopeless despair.

And this gentle, loving wife and mother was the object of Richard Lessell's direct hatred and dislike. Again and again he had cursed her for making so disgraceful a choice, for allying their family with that of a miserable artist, and only that day had he written the cruellest and most insulting of letters in answer to one she had sent her father, asking assistance in her fast gathering troubles for the sake of his grandchild, the beautiful boy he had never seen. Richard's answer to the touching appeal was an unmanly exultation over what he called "the beginning of her punishment." He scornfully told her that no "beggar's brat should ever have countenance or assistance from a Lessell; that she had forfeited all claim to be considered one of the family, and that in future her letters should be returned unread." It was a crushing blow to the heart of the poor anxious wife, fondly anticipating the means of restoring her husband to health.

"Italy might do much for him; here he will never be better." So said the physician, and the hope enabled Mary to conquer her pride and write home for assistance. The answer was heart-breaking, but still she did not quite despair.

"I will ask Caroline; she has thousands at her command. Surely, she cannot refuse to lend me a little." And under the influence of these feelings, she penned an affecting letter to her sister, stating her troubles, her poverty, and imploring her aid in behalf of her husband and child.

Lady Ravenscourt sat in her boudoir late one morning after Mary had despatched her last hope. The open letter and its envelop lay in her lap, and the lady was evidently affected by what she had read. Caroline felt unusually impressive this morning. She was in trouble herself; but, unlike her sister's, the troubles were all of her own making. She contrasted Mary's despairing love for her husband with her own criminal conduct towards Lord Ravenscourt; and as she again read over the impassioned sentences, the hot tears fell fast and heavily on the open letter. "Poor Mary! she little thinks that I can only sympathize with her through my love for a stranger." The door gently unclosed, and her husband entered the room.

He started violently as he beheld his wife's tear-stained face and the letter in her hand, and advancing, sarcastically exclaimed:

"Am I not to have the privilege of reading this most touching epistle, that has so deeply affected your ladyship?"

Caroline's first impulse was to prevent his having it; but second thought induced her to put it into his outstretched hand:

"Pshaw! a begging letter," he exclaimed, after reading it over carefully. "And so that amiable brother of yours refuses to help poor little Mary and her romantic-looking, poverty-stricken husband? Very unnatural of him, I must say, but no reason in the world why she should expect us to. I have a horror of poor relations myself, and have carefully avoided making any discoveries of the kind in my own family. I should advise you to do the same, and forget that such people as the Marsdens ever existed."

Poor Caroline had had her best feelings called in play by her sister's letter, and her husband's words sounded harsh and unfeeling; she was just in that humor when a kind, loving word would have brought her humble and penitent to his arms; but Lord Ravenscourt had too long accustomed himself to treat his wife with slighting indifference, too little studied her temper to understand its workings; and now, by his sarcasms and worldly advice, he destroyed the last hope of happiness between them.

He turned to Caroline, who was still weeping, and asked her if she was not afraid of spoiling

her eyes. "You ought to be careful, really. Captain Duchesne is the most fastidious man on earth, and I am convinced that one glance at your face in the state it is in at present, would destroy your power over him forever. To me, of course, it is of no consequence how you look, as no one expects a man now-a-days to admire his wife; but if you value the opinion of others, just throw that precious scrawl into the fire and try to remove the exceedingly disagreeable traces it has left. At the same time I think Mrs. Marsden evinces a most commendable regard for her husband, and sets an example for you to follow."

The tears were gone—the pale cheeks flushed—the slight form drawn up proudly, and the dark eyes flashing with anger.

"Mary's husband *deserves* all her regard!"

"Possibly he does," said Lord Ravenscourt, with a sneer, and purposely overlooking the implied reproach. "Possibly he does; nevertheless, I doubt much if Mary would have forgotten her duty, let his conduct be what it might."

"Where little is given little can be expected in return," said Caroline, with apparent carelessness, but real confusion. "But my time is of too much consequence to-day to be spent in idle argument. If your lordship has no particular communication to make, I must beg to be excused, as it is time to dress."

"I have a 'particular communication' to make, and must request your ladyship to bestow on me a few minutes more of your exceedingly valuable time. But first, I wish to know if Capt. Duchesne is concerned in the plans to-day?"

"Certainly he is," said Caroline, with assumed boldness; "and I am at a loss to know how that can interest any one."

"It interests me, Lady Ravenscourt. I had no objections to make to your amusing yourself with an innocent flirtation, or even a dozen if it so pleased you—it did no harm, and relieved me from the necessity of being always at your side; but since you have been so imprudent as to give room for unpleasant remarks, and have had the effrontery to show openly your regard for Captain Duchesne, I think it time for me to interfere, and desire you to drop his acquaintance at once."

Lord Ravenscourt paused and looked at his wife as if expecting a reply; but she sat motionless, her head bowed, her hand partly shading her face. His anger increased at her seeming indifference, and he exclaimed, passionately:

"Why do you not speak? Have you nothing to say to this charge? Are you willing to obey?"

"Never!" was the answer, given in a tone of concentrated rage and shame, as the lady rose from her seat and swept out of the room.

"How is he, John? No worse, I hope?" exclaimed Richard Lassell, as he flung the reins of his smoking horses to the old servant, and springing to the ground, helped his companion to alight.

"He's alive yet, but going fast, the doctor says."

"Thank fortune, we are not too late. Come, Foster, there is not a minute to lose." And then as they passed up the hall and began to ascend the wide oaken staircase, Richard paused and again addressed his companion: "You remember exactly what I said, Foster? Enough to Mary to secure the will; not a farthing more."

"But a shilling will do that," said the lawyer.

"Then a shilling be it," was the impatient answer, and the two passed on and entered the chamber of the dying man.

Two hours after, Richard abruptly entered the chamber of his wife, the aristocratic Lady Julia. Very fair and beautiful the young mother looked, as she sat surrounded by her four lovely children; even Richard stopped an instant to gaze on the happy picture, ere he addressed his wife. Julia sat on a low, softly cushioned ottoman, the folds of her delicate silk wrapper falling gracefully around her. On her lap she held her infant boy, a tiny, delicate flower, demanding all her motherly care as well as the attention of the rosy-cheeked, matronly-looking nurse, now entertaining the little twin daughters of the house of Lassell, who viewed with jealous eyes their mother's fond caresses bestowed on the brother. Stretched on the carpet, at his mother's feet, his head supported on his hand, and his whole mind absorbed in a book, lay the noble boy in whom centered the hopes of two ancient houses.

Richard Lassell had come to summon the Lady Julia to the deathbed of the old Sir Richard.

And the old man died, and no one was near him but his dark-browed son and that son's beautiful young wife. The daughters who should have been there to receive the father's last blessing, were far away; one unconscious her last parent was expiring; the other, yielding to a sinful passion, flying from her husband with her guilty paramour.

Henry Marsden had looked his last on earth. His pale widow and his precious boy might call in vain. The loved voice no longer answered their fond inquiries; the hand that once would return their loving clasp with fervent warmth, now lay crossed on the pulseless heart; and Mary felt as she looked on the insensible clay before her, that her husband was no longer there. The world looked cold and cheerless to her, and she clasped her little Harry to her heart, exclaiming, "Gone—all gone; father, and sister, and husband! My boy, my darling boy, you alone are left to comfort your mother!"

It was a sad blow to Mrs. Marsden's hopes when her brother's lawyer came to announce the death of her father and her own unexpected poverty. "My poor old father, it was no fault of his; he would never have condemned his child to poverty!"

Mr. Foster had a message from the new Sir Richard, but so touched was he by the hopeless sadness of the widow that he hesitated to deliver it. Summoning courage at last, he said:

"Sir Richard bade me to say, madam, that this is but the fulfilment of part of his curse."

All her old pride came rushing back to Mary's heart, as taking her child by the hand, she said:

"Let him beware—I curse him not; but there are sorrows deeper than any I have yet known. Let him look to it, that the evil he has wished for me befall not himself."

Mr. Foster hastened from the house of mourning and distress, and made all speed to acquaint his patron with the success of his errand. He was admitted to the room where the new baronet was enjoying the society of his wife and children. Julia listened silently to the first part of his communication; she felt a deep interest in the discarded daughter, and to her the will had seemed both unjust and mysterious; but when the lawyer, with an anxious glance at the beautiful boy, who stood leaning on his mother's chair, and with hesitating speech repeated the widow's words, then the truth flashed on Julia's mind, and with a fearful scream, she flung her arms around her child.

In vain Sir Richard strove to pacify her, in vain he remonstrated on the folly of her conduct; she knew it all now, and the mother's heart told her that for such injustice and cruelty a fearful retribution must come. And come it did, with crushing power, bending the proud hearts to the dust—humbling the haughty ones until they laid prostrate beside their idols.

The babe was taken first. Calmly Julia beheld it draw its last little breath on earth; calmly she beheld it carried from her sight; and many wondered at her indifference, and all felt surprised that the little one, on whom she had bestowed so much careful love, should be so quietly parted with. But Sir Richard alone knew that her calmness was the calmness of despair, that the agonized mother strove to bear her sorrow with meekness, in the hope of averting still greater punishment. But again death entered their home, and one, and then the other of the twin sisters were taken.

The young heir alone remained, and as years passed on, and he grew in strength and beauty, even Julia dared to hope that the father's sin

was expiated—that this one, their all, would be spared to her prayers.

Fourteen years have passed away, but we still find Mrs. Marsden and her son dwelling in the little secluded cottage, rendered dear to her by recollections of the past. Their home is humble, but poverty no longer threatens to overwhelm them; for in her sorest need, the widow had found kind friends and warm hearts.

An aged relative of her husband's had for many years been an inmate of their quiet home, repaying Mrs. Marsden's kindness to his little motherless and dependent grandchild by taking the place of tutor to her son. Mr. Leighton was far from rich, but his income, united with the little possessed by Mary, enabled them to live comfortably in their quiet way, and even indulge in what they considered the most precious of luxuries—books, music and flowers.

While Harry Marsden and Emily Leighton were yet children, their home was the abode of content and happiness, but at the time we resume our story, Harry had reached those years when the sports and amusements of the boy give place to the deeper feelings of the man. He no longer looked on Emily as the pet and playmate of his idle hours; but with the knowledge of his changed feelings for her, came the conviction that, in his present circumstances, to call her his own were an impossibility. Little wonder was it, then, that in secret he mourned over the wretched destiny that had condemned him to a life of poverty; for without friends or interest all hope of improving his fortune was vain.

In vain Mrs. Marsden spoke words of encouragement, or his kind old instructor advise him to renew his studies, he only assumed a false cheerfulness before them.

Emily Leighton was pained at the change in her old playfellow, and unconscious of the share she herself had in it, sought incessantly to find out and relieve the sorrow. Surprising Harry one day in her favorite arbor, by her innocent entreaties to be allowed to share his grief, she won all from him; his love, his poverty, his misery. Then reproaching himself for the anguish he knew such knowledge would bring to her gentle heart, he besought her "to forgive him and forget him." But Emily possessed strong, earnest feelings, and she instantly comprehended the danger to one of Harry's ambitious nature being crushed down in hopeless poverty. It was the impulse of the moment to refuse to comply with his request to forget him, to offer to share his obscurity, and with him to face poverty, misery, anything, so that he would

but be comforted. And Harry, though his honorable pride forbade his taking advantage of her unworldliness, and uniting her fate with his, listened to her, and was, as she bade him be, comforted. That night he announced his intention of leaving home.

"Do not strive to detain me, dear mother," he said, seeing that she was about to remonstrate with him. "The world is large. I am young and strong. Surely, it is not for me to spend my life here in useless inactivity."

Mrs. Marsden looked imploringly at Emily, as if to ask her also to plead with him; but kneeling at her feet, with her arms fondly twined around her, the young girl joined her entreaties to his, imploring her not to deny his request.

"Let him go, dear mama; it is best for him to go; and I will try to console you in his absence."

"One day; I must have one day to consider," exclaimed the distressed mother; and she hastened to her own room to meditate in silence and solitude on the proposed parting.

Morning came, and the little family met with saddened countenances. On Harry's open brow the knowledge of his mother's sufferings had set deep lines of care, but a glance at his face sufficed to assure that he was resolved to follow up his resolution.

Mrs. Marsden was calm and deathly pale. With her the worst was over. She had resolved to part with her son, even should it be to place the ocean between them. The morning meal, usually so joyous, passed in silence; but ere they rose from the table a letter was brought in.

"From my brother!" exclaimed Mrs. Marsden, with an accent of astonishment, as she hastily broke the seal and glanced at the contents. Without another word, the paper fell from her hand, and she sank fainting into the arms of her son.

Deep joy that letter brought to the inmates of the cottage, yet not wholly unchecked by sorrow, for on Richard Lassell had the last blow fallen, and in an agony of grief and remorse he implored his sister to come to the bedside of his wife, now dying broken-hearted for the loss of her last earthly treasure. Not an instant was lost, and shortly Mary bent over the couch of the hitherto unknown sister.

"Your son!—where is he? I would see your son!" said the dying woman; and a messenger was despatched for Harry.

He came, and kneeling beside his aunt, listened to her last words with feelings of sorrow.

It was Lady Julia's wish that he should espouse the betrothed of his cousin, a wealthy and

aristocratic maiden, who had dutifully consented to her friend's arrangements before, and was equally ready to do so in this instance. But not all the charms of the young lady, either personal or pecuniary, nor even his desire to gratify his aunt's last wishes, could tempt Harry to forget or forsake his own Emily.

The poor girl passed two wretched days at the cottage in most painful uncertainty as to the changes Harry's unexpected access to fortune might bring to her.

But the third day brought a letter from her lover; the fourth, her lover himself; and Emily then learned that in his prosperity Harry could not forget her who had so willingly and unselfishly offered to share his poverty.

Lady Julia lived but a short time after the arrival of her relations; and Sir Richard, a prey to remorse, and suffering the penalty of his bad passions, soon followed her to the tomb. Six months after the death of his uncle, the young heir, now Sir Harry Marsden, brought home his beautiful young bride, and all acknowledged that never had a fairer or more lovely mistress graced the halls of Lassell.

In the happiness of her children Mrs. Marsden was repaid for all the sorrows of her early years; or if a regret at times overshadowed her calm brow, it was that he, the beloved of her girlhood, was no longer near to share her joys.

Some four or five years after her return to Lassell, Mrs. Marsden was summoned to the death-bed of a stranger in the next town. "A foreigner," the messenger said she appeared to be, and he urged the lady to hasten if she would see her ere she died.

It needed no second glance to convince Mrs. Marsden that the emaciated, death-like form, stretched on the coarse bed of a village inn, was the once gay and beautiful Caroline Ravenscourt, the elegant and extravagant mistress of a splendid mansion, the envied wife of one of the richest of England's aristocracy.

In poverty and misery Caroline had come to her old home to end a life of sin and disgrace. Long had she been banished from her husband's recollection, and when a divorce had freed him from the dishonorable connection, Lord Ravenscourt was rather rejoiced than otherwise that once more his liberty was unimpaired.

His wife died in the home of her childhood, deeply repenting the evil course she had chosen for herself, and long afterwards, when earth and all its delusions was passing away from the grasp of her husband, he understood and felt bitter remorse for the unfeeling conduct that had driven his unfortunate wife to desperation.

LINES TO OUR "EAGLE" AND "ANCHOR."

WRITTEN JULY FOURTH, 1856.

BY LEUT. HOLM, U. S. N.

Hand-in-hand, in path of glory,
Noble youths, ye start to-day;
Marching to our patriot's story,
Fighting to our country's lay.

Though diverge the paths of glory,
Duty leads you on your way;
Yet the future 'll tell the story,
How you honor, Mar, obey.

Think upon thy sire, O army!
Many a bloody Indian fray;
Wave that banner proudly, navy!
Wave the banner both obey.

Swear! upon the swords you cherish—
Swear! the oaths you'll ne'er give—
Each to fight, or nobly perish—
Both defend this glorious day!

A YARN IN THE LONG BOAT.

BY FREDERICK W. SAUNDERS.

"ALL the starboardlines a-ho-oy! eight bells. Tumble up! tumble up, lads, and eat your lodgings while you have a slant!" roared a thundering voice at the forecabin scuttle, rousing the starboard watch from their forenoon slumbers, which they were enjoying with more than usual satisfaction, having been engaged in a spirited reefing-match all the previous night.

"What's the weather, matey?" asked my watchmate, Joe Grummet, in a sleepy tone, as he slowly poked his legs out of the forward hammock and began lazily coaxing them into a pair of man-of-war ducks.

"Weather, is it?" returned the voice from the scuttle. "Wal, it's cleared off cloudy, and we'll have a dry shower after a bit. It stands you chaps in to look sharp, or you'll lose yer grub, for it will be all hands to hoose to 'gallant masts inside of a week, to my thinking."

"What is it for dinner, Spikes?" queried a hungry youngster, preparing himself for a trip to the galley.

"Wal, young man, no account," continued the voice. "For the first course you'll probably have nothing, by way of a change; the same for the second course; and for desert your old favorite, stewed catharping legs cooked in tar."

The boy, grumbling and growling at the propensity of the "ables" to be "allers a chaffin' of him," made his way up the companion-ladder, and soon returned with a huge kid of salt horse and a bucket of biscuit, whereupon each

man valiantly drawing his sheath-knife, the deck was speedily cleared of the enemy.

Dinner being completed, the next move on board every well regulated ship is to light the pipes and have at least two whiffs, before one bell gives the signal for turning to; but we were not destined to enjoy that luxury. Scarcely had the first match been scraped against the cover of a chest, when the voice of the chief mate roared through the scuttle to the tune of "All hands send down to 'gallant masts and furl the fo'sail."

Tumbling on deck, we found that the gale of the night before had completely subsided—what little air there was stirring being like paddy's hurricane, right up and down; but the horizon all about us had a particularly ugly look, giving promise of a snorter at no very distant period. For the next hour, all hands were busily enough employed running aloft, reefing mast ropes, swaying and lowering until the fore, main and mizzen topgallant masts and yards were safely deposited on deck, the foresail rolled snug in its gaskets, and nothing showing above the eyes of the topmast rigging.

We had scarcely executed these precautionary measures, before the gale came down upon us with a howl, striking us flat aback and deluging the deck with spray. The old boat staggered and keeled over almost on to her beam ends before the first fury of the blast; but righting herself with a shake, we managed, with a good deal of bracing and boxing about, to get her on the wind, where, being a light tea-loaded craft, she lay like a duck rising and falling on top of the waves, with her nose within six points of old Boreas's bellows nozzle. Our vessel not being officered by that description of "web feet" that usually command the "old barns of Neekers" hailing from down east by east, on board of which they keep the hands twisting foxes, or making spun yarn until thirty seconds before she goes down or pitches on to a lee shore, there was nothing for us to do but make ourselves as comfortable as circumstances would admit.

In pursuance of this laudable design, we—meaning the able seamen, or "shell-backs," as the present generation of packet-sailors delight to call themselves—having stationed the boys on deck to pass the word of command, if any should be given, proceeded to stew ourselves away in the covered long boat, where, sheltered from the spray and wind, we might light our pipes and luxuriate generally.

"I say, chaps," suddenly exclaimed an old wharf rat, who, having got his pipe fairly under way and seated himself upon a soft fender, had been for some minutes laboriously spelling in a

half audible voice the words which he slowly traced with his great anchor stock of a fore finger across the columns of a dingy newspaper of the mature age of three years; "I say, chaps, whatever is this here gun cotton they blow so much about?"

"Why, bless your innocent heart! don't you know?" returned Tom Piper the boatswain, with an extensive grin. "It's a kind of cotton that grows in the island of *Gun-sey*, from which it takes its name, as well as from the fact that it makes tip top wadding for the canons of the church."

"That be blowed for a twister!" rejoined the seeker after knowledge with a contemptuous air. "You'd best calk up, Tom Piper, and not expose your ignorance. What *you* don't know would fill a book bigger than the 'ptome. But I say, Grummet, what is the stuff, any way? You know more than anybody else in the world, or pretend to, though there's one gentleman rope-hauler that's 'incredible on that pint,' as the cook says when you tell him there's wood in the lobskouse."

"Why," returned Joe, assuming a dignified air, as is customary with him when appealed to for his opinion, "this here gun cotton, d'ye mind, is a kind of stuff, you know, that's used for—for—that's used, d'ye see—" Joe, evidently at a loss in what manner to express himself, paused to discharge a mouthful of tobacco juice in among the naked toes of a youngster, who had crawled up on to the booms abreast of the opening in the waist of the long boat to hear what was going on. "This here gun cotton, d'ye understand," he resumed, seeing that the eyes of the entire watch were fixed inquiringly upon him; "this here stuff is just—is nothing more nor less than—than—why, some of you chaps have seen it, haint you?"

"Never!" they all responded, with a grin of delight at finding Joe taken aback.

"Why, it's simple enough," he continued, evidently perplexed beyond measure; "it's just the simplest thing in nature. The stuff, d'ye mind, is nothing more nor less, as I said before, than just gun cotton, and that's all about it."

"Why, do tell us!" exclaimed Tom Piper, in feigned astonishment. "What a thing it is to have larning, to be sure! Some of you sea lawyers set that right down in your log books, so's to be sure not to forget it."

"I s'pose you think I don't know what it is?" exclaimed Joe, angrily.

"Now just look a' that, mariners!" vociferated Piper. "D'ye ever hear tell of anything so wonderful? Besides all the rest of his knowledge

and larning, he's a fortin-teller too, and knows what a chap is thinking about by just looking at his figure-head."

Joe was highly indignant at the peculiar style of conversation adopted by Piper, and making a strenuous effort to vindicate his reputation as a man of extensive general information, he succeeded, by taking an entirely new point of departure, after a good deal of circumlocutory backing and filling, in conveying a tolerably correct idea of the way in which gun cotton was made, and its use after being made.

"But," he continued more good naturedly, as he began to perceive himself regaining the ground he had lost, "cotton is not the only thing that can be prepared in the same way and used for the same purpose. Half a dozen sheets of paper, rigged out to go off like gunpowder, was the occasion of my drifting about for a couple of years all over the East Indies to no purpose, and coming within the twinkling of a topsail sheet block of getting my neck stretched out like a giraffe, with a hemp cravat slung to a Java Dutch gallows."

"Go in, lemons!" interrupted Piper encouragingly, stretching himself out on a heap of spare sails. "Heave ahead with your twister. I'd as soon listen to a lie from you as from any other hawser-laid, skysail ranger."

"The way of it was just here," continued Joe, without heeding the interruption. "About the time the stuff was first invented, I was laying in the port of Hong Keng, in the ship *Starvation*, Captain Blueblazes, rigged by the parish and provisioned on charity."

"By the tail of Mahemmed's big black bull terrier, I've sailed in that clipper the biggest part of the time since I was christened," ejaculated one of the watch with energy.

"And I!" "And I!" exclaimed the others.

"O yes, you may bet your wheelers on that, and no fear of losing your mane either," broke in Piper. "There was never that amphibious yet that ever twirled a marlin-spike, or had been on the drink as long as the old woman's son, who took a barrel of salt to Turk's Island as a venture, to swap off for tamarinds, oranges, lemerines and all-fired great kegs of molasses, and who had been gone just three long days come day after to-morrow, but would swear under oath—yes, under a number of oaths—that he had been shipmates with that craft."

"Look a here, Tom Piper," said Joe, fiercely. "Just you haul taut and belay that jaw tackle of your'n, will yer? or your slack braced wit may carry away your brains in the slings."

"O, heave ahead, heave ahead, my dandy!

Don't be such a lubber as to get alarmed because you happen to strike soundings."

"No fear of my hair turning gray with fright from any of the no-sailor soundings that come from you, my bold dog. But let me see—where was I?"

"I don't wonder you forget," responded Piper with a grin. "It's an old saying that a certain class of people need to have excellent memories. But go on, go on—don't shorten sail, or you may slip your wind."

Without paying any attention to this speech, further than to slightly elevate his proboscis, Joe proceeded:

"O yes, I have it. I was lying at Hong Kong—"

"Not the slightest doubt of that, Joe, and in my humble opinion, you've been *lying* ever since you left there, and before too, for that matter."

"Look a here, Tom Piper!" shouted Joe, springing from his seat in a fury. "D'ye know what it is to have your head caved in?"

"No, I don't—and I never was shipmate with but one man who I think could do that trifling job, and that chap is Joe Grummet," he returned good humoredly; for although Piper loved a joke as well as the next man, he was nevertheless a prime good fellow at bottom—and top too, not to favor one section at the expense of another, as is the custom with some politicians.

Considerably mollified by the compliment, Joe resumed his seat and his temper, and took up his pipe and the thread of his discourse.

"Well, as I was saying, we had laid at the port of Hong Kong some considerable time, and I was getting heartily sick of the old boat. Blueblazes was a regular drunken old tyrant, who kept the ship in continual hot water, and nothing but squabbling, swearing and fighting was going on from morning till night. I should have left the vessel long before, but for the fear of being some time out of employ, for ships were scarce and sailors plentiful at the time, so that the chances for getting another craft were extremely slender. It happened one afternoon—the captain being on shore—that we knocked off work and cleared up the decks quite early, and having nothing better to do, I went over into a bumboat that had come alongside and made fast to our fore chains.

"Among numberless other curiosities, the bumboat woman had a lot of this explosive paper, which tickled me exceedingly, it being the first thing of the kind I had ever seen; so returning on board, I forthwith appropriated enough ship's biscuit to pay for half a dozen

sheets, which I stowed away in my chest for future use. It was my anchor watch that night from twelve till one, during which time the captain came off from the shore, noisy and quarrelsome, and with his skin about as full of poor liquor as it could well hold. With some little difficulty, I managed to hoist him on deck, lug him into the cabin, and tumble him into his berth, where he lay helpless on his back, shouting, swearing, and vainly endeavoring to get up for the purpose—as he said—of getting his pistols to shoot me. He soon fell asleep, however, and I resumed my pacing round the deck, to see that the ship didn't fall overboard. In the discharge of this important duty, half an hour passed away, by which time I began to feel decidedly sleepy, to have longing thoughts of my hammock, and to wish that I was snugly coiled away in the comfortable old dream-bag. So going softly into the cabin, to ascertain if it was not almost one o'clock, I was then and there struck with a bran new idea that at once rendered me as wide-awake as a New York pick-pocket.

"Captain Blueblazes was a great and most industrious smoker. At no time, and upon no occasion, did he consider his pipe unseasonable. Indeed, it was scarcely ever out of his mouth; and I had repeatedly seen him asleep in bed with the pipe-stem clenched between his teeth. In order to have everything convenient for the gratification of this propensity, he had caused to be attached to the mizzen-mast, which was near the door of his state room, a small spirit-lamp constantly burning, a box of tobacco, and a tumbler containing papers of twisted paper, such as are seen on the mantel piece of almost any house. As my eye lighted upon these last, it occurred to me that some of my explosive paper, made up in the same form, would pass muster very well as the original tapers, and perhaps startle old Blueblazes a bit when he prepared for his morning smoke. Full of this idea, I went back to the forecabin, cut one of the sheets into slips and speedily twisted up fifteen or twenty very respectable tapers. With these in my hand, I forthwith returned to the cabin, abstracted the contents of the tumbler, and substituted my own manufactures in their place. So far, all was well enough; but in turning to go out, I stumbled over a piece of ill luck in the shape of a belt of canvass, and came down spat on the deck.

"'Who's that?' roared the captain, making an ineffectual effort to leap out of his berth. 'I see you, Joe Grummet, you bloody rascal! Wait till morning, and I'll set up your rigging for ye, my lad, with a taut lanyard.'

"It was now too late to undo my work, for the first mate, whose state-room was directly opposite the captain's, was awakened by the noise, and would have observed me; so going back again to the fore-castle and awakening the man whose watch it was, I turned into my hammock and snoozed away like a night policeman until four o'clock next morning, when the second dickey came forward to rouse all hands to wash decks.

"Buckets and brooms were now of course the order of the day, and as the head pump was out of order, it was necessary to draw the water over the side. I was the one that usually attended the whip, while the others passed the water and wielded the brooms. In order to more readily observe the result of my last night's mischief, I made fast the tail block for the whip to the main brace pennant, directly opposite one of the cabin windows, where I could overlook all that transpired within. It was nearly two bells before old Blueblazes exhibited any symptoms of turning out. At length, with a snort and a kick, he slowly swung his legs out of the berth, rubbed his eyes a minute, and going to the mast, deliberately filled his pipe and taking one of my tapers, applied it to the lamp. With a bright flash, it vanished from his grasp, and while with dilated eyes he stared with astonishment at the ends of his fingers, where the taper but a moment before had been, the entire bunch in the tumbler became by some means ignited, shooting a broad flame directly into his face, singeing his hair and whiskers in a deplorable manner. I had not foreseen such a result as this; affairs began to wear a serious aspect. With a roar like a bull, the captain sprang for his pistols—

"O you infernal villain—you bloody scoundrel, Joe Grummet you! I'll fix ye for this!" he yelled, as he placed caps upon the weapons.

"I was too well aware of the reckless character of this man to allow him to get hold of me until the first fury of his rage had abated; so dropping the bucket overboard, lanyard and all, I dove forward to the fore-castle, and hastily divesting myself of the only two articles of wearing apparel I considered it necessary to wear in that climate, sprang from the bow and struck out vigorously for the shore. But I was not destined to reach it that trip. A quarter-boat was instantly lowered from the ship, and pulled by the officers—for the men would not touch an oar. I was speedily overtaken, fished up and conveyed on board, where, loaded with abuse from the captain—whom the first and second mates deprived of his pistols—I was heavily ironed and thrust into the lazarets, in which

pleasant apartment, with no other clothing than the airy jacket and trousers furnished me by that tight-fitting tailor, Nature, I had abundance of leisure to reflect upon my delightful predicament.

"Having cut up such a shine as that, it was of course for my interest to desert at the earliest possible moment, as I could look for nothing but ill usage and vengeance from the captain; but he took the best of fine care that I should have no opportunity for putting in practice anything of the kind. I was detained a close prisoner on board until the ship sailed, which event occurred about three weeks after the affair of the tapers, when, as there was no possibility of my getting away, I was allowed to return to my regular duty. The treatment I received, after getting to sea, won't bear thinking of. You all know the fate of a man, when the officers are "down on him."

"Our next port of destination, after leaving Hong Kong, was Batavia, where we arrived after five weeks beating down the China Sea, against the monsoon. Shortly after dropping anchor, we were visited by several Dutch officials in regard to some ship business. We were at the time busily employed cleaning and painting the ship, inside and out; and in order the more readily to perform this service for the fore-castle, all our chests and hammocks had been brought up on deck. When the Dutchmen made their appearance on board, I was slung in a bowline over the bluff of the bow, painting one of the ports. Feeling an inclination to solace myself with a bit of the 'filthy weed,' I thrust my claws into my pockets and pulled out a couple of large handfuls of nothing—a commodity with which I am generally pretty well supplied. So shinning up the bowline, I crawled inboard, to procure the desired refreshment.

"Seated upon my chest, I found a heavy Dutchman, talking with an unknown tongue in the German language to another heavy Dutchman seated upon another chest. With the utmost politeness of tone and manner that I could command, I requested him to slue himself a bit, so that I could come at what I wanted. With a scowl, as though I had taken an unwarrantable liberty in addressing him at all, he rose, and I proceeded to fish out from the bottom of the chest a day's allowance of tobacco. I had accumulated a good many traps of one kind and another, so that the old box was pretty well filled, and could only be closed by crowding. Upon the top of all, lay the five remaining sheets of explosive paper, together with some pipes and loose matches. Seeing the captain coming forward, I hastily dropped the lid and

sprang on to the topgallant forecandle to go to my work—the Dutchman seating himself as before. I can only account for the occurrence that immediately ensued by supposing that when the Dutchman seated himself upon the chest, thereby crowding the cover down, sufficient friction was caused to ignite the matches, which communicated to the confounded paper; for scarcely had I reached the knight-heads when a tremendous explosion took place, and looking back, I had the melancholy satisfaction of seeing the Dutchman and the lid of my chest flying together in the air, at an elevation of some twelve or fifteen feet from the deck, while the forecandle was strewn with my unlucky traps and shattered fragments of the chest.

“Murder, donder and blitzen!” roared the unfortunate representative of the Batavian government, as he came down spunk on to the deck. ‘That bloody assassin try to murder me, captain!’ he exclaimed in a fury, pointing to me and rubbing his legs.

“O you precious highbinder!” yelled old Blueblazes, with a grin of gratified malice. ‘That’s your game—is it? You want to blow up another man—don’t you? We’ll put a tant seizing on your pranks for the future, you son of a hangman’s slip-noose!’ and grabbing a short capstan bar, he fetched me such a clip on top of my brain-bucket as to drive all my senses clear down into my boots.

“I must have lain some time insensible, for when I again came to myself, I was laying on the grating at the gangway, with the irons on my waists, and a file of soldiers and an officer standing near me. So soon as I was able to stand upon my feet, they hustled me over the side into a boat, and pulled for the shore, upon reaching which I was marched, closely guarded by the soldiers, to the prison, shoved into a seven-by-nine cell, and the key turned upon me. All that day I was rather stupid and confused from the effects of the blow, and consequently troubled myself but little as to what was to be the upshot of the matter. Being conscious of having entertained no malice whatever, I had no idea that anything serious could come of it; but I was fated to be woefully undeceived in this particular.

“Bright and early next morning my cell door was unlocked, and a soldier entering, motioned me to follow him. Proceeding along a number of dimly lighted passages, we came at length to a large room where were assembled half a dozen stolid looking Dutch justices, old Blueblazes, the blown up official, and several other gentlemen whose principal employment seemed to be

to look alternately at me and each other, shake their heads, and look at me again. The Dutchman was called upon for his testimony, which he gave at great length, but being in the Dutch language, I could not understand a word of it. It must, however, have been a very glowing account of the affair, for the judges evidently looked upon me as a monster of iniquity. Blueblazes next took the stand, and with a sardonic grin proceeded to give a detailed account of how the prisoner, while lying at the port of Hong Kong, had in the night time while he (the captain) was sleeping the sleep of innocence and fancied security, feloniously entered the cabin and deposited beneath his berth several kegs of gunpowder, with the evident design of blowing the ship and all that it contained into the air, but being interrupted by the awakening of himself and the mate, he (the prisoner) had delayed firing the train until the next morning, when providentially but a small portion became ignited; and although he himself had been seriously injured, he had, out of the mistaken kindness of his heart, forgiven me, hoping I would repent of my errors. But the affair of the previous day had convinced him that I was incorrigible, and a blood thirsty villain, whom the law would err in lightly punishing. He then gave his version of the Dutchman’s affair, stating that while that respectable official was quietly seated upon the chest, I had approached, lighted a slow match, and hastily retreated to escape the terrific explosion that almost instantly ensued, and which was evidently intended to cause the official aforesaid to shuffle off his mortal coil with great and most unpleasant celerity.

“At this stage of the proceedings, I sprang to my feet, greatly excited, and denied ‘under oath’—as Tom Piper says—the whole story. At a motion from one of the judges, I was immediately seized by the soldiers and forced back into my seat; but I still continued to use my lungs, and demanded to see the American consul. This could not well be refused me, and that gentleman being sent for, soon after made his appearance. But it is needless to tell chaps of your experience what satisfaction a sailor gets from an American consul, in a foreign port. Indeed, that consul would be considered as dangerously insane, who should take the part of a friendless sailor, against the captains and ship-owners who support him, and whose influence continues him in office.

“The consul heard my statement of the case with a scowl of incredulity; then listened to the captain’s story with a smile, said he had no doubt I was a great rascal, shook old Blueblazes

by the hand, invited him to dine with him, and departed. Dutch justice is speedy in its course, particularly as regards sailors, jury trials being dispensed with as an unnecessary duty and expense. One of the judges rising from his seat, ordered me to stand up, which I did with a bounce. He then proceeded to inform me that, for having attempted the life of an official of the Batavian government, I was sentenced to thirteen years' hard labor in the chain gang. I was then conducted back to my cell and locked up for safe keeping.

"This cell was very small, with thick stone walls, and but one small grated window placed high above my reach. The suffocating heat of such a small apartment, under a tropical sun, was almost intolerable. My health soon began to suffer from the close confinement and bad air, my spirits became much depressed, and my mind was filled with gloomy imaginings. While in this condition, and when I had been imprisoned something more than three weeks, I was awakened about midnight, one night, from a sort of half slumber, by a sound as of some one knocking lightly or tapping against some part of my cell.

"What's that?" I exclaimed, starting up and gazing about me, for the sound seemed to be inside the walls.

"There was nothing to be seen. I was about to lay down, when the sound came again, apparently directly over my head. Instantly the recollection of the spiritual rappings, of which I had heard so much, flashed into my mind, and I faltered, in trembling tones:

"Are there any spirits present?"

"Tap, tap, tap," came the sound again, now in a different place.

"I assumed as firm a voice as I could command, and said in quite a loud tone:

"If the spirit wishes to communicate with me, will it please make it manifest by giving three raps?"

"Hold your tongue, you bloody fool, can't ye? and don't be rousing the guard," responded a muffled voice, which was clearly outside the window.

"Mighty civil kind of a spirit that! and if my harkers aint out of order, it's the ghost of Jack Brace, my old bunk mate," said I to myself, speedily regaining my courage at the sound of a human voice.

"And hopping up on to a table that the cell contained, from the window I saw at a distance below several dark figures moving about among the rank tropical undergrowth, while one, with a long stick in his hand, was performing the part

of a spirit by tapping the wall to attract my attention.

"Who's there?" I asked, in a strong whisper.

"It's your shipmates, you thundering old pelican. We've come to get you out, but the window is too high for us. D'ye think you could do anything to those bars, if you had the tools?" responded the voice.

"Sartin," I replied; 'pass up the instruments.'

"In a second, a three-cornered file came whizzing through the grating and struck into one of my cheeks—you can see the scar there now. It was no time to stop for trifles, however; so pulling it out, I mounted the little table abovementioned, and by which I could just reach the bars, and went to work with such a will that in twenty minutes one of the bars was removed, and I was on the ground with both ankles sprained by the fall. My shipmates had arranged everything. A boat was to start immediately for Manilla, on board of which I found my chest nicely patched up, with all my traps and a tarpaulin contribution of twenty dollars inside, and by sunrise, I was several miles at sea and out of the reach of old Blueblazes.

"I'd like to catch the old scoundrel on shore about ten minutes," continued Grummet, after a short pause.

"What would you do to him, Joe?" asked Tom Piper.

"Do to him?" responded Grummet, gritting his teeth and clenching his fists. "I'd treat him with kindness, so's to heap coals of fire on his head, and try if it wouldn't warm up his drunken old brains a bit."

The sound of eight bells striking, put an end to our yarn spinning and sent us aft to

"Call the watch, hold the reel,
Pump ship, and relieve the wheel."

SELLING A GOSSIP.

"Have you heard the story about number 288?" inquired the facetious Mr. C., addressing his fun-loving neighbor, B.

"No, I have not," replied B; "let us have it."

"It is too gross," remarked B., hesitatingly.

"O, never mind, I can stand it; let me have it by all means," eagerly exclaimed B.

"I tell you it is too gross."

"All the better, it will just suit me; I like such jokes; just shut the door there and let me hear it."

"Can't do that, for G. stands there listening to hear me sell you."

"Well, if you're going to sell me, I should like to know how you're going to do it. Let's hear what your 288 is that's too gross."

"You have heard it twice already," replied C., with a grin. "I tell you 288, being twice 144, is too gross.—*Life Illustrated.*"

WAITING.

BY WILLIE L. FABOR.

The shadows gather darker tints,
That drape the green, embowered road
That leads to Cecile's sweet abode—
A road my footstep often prints.

I know the gate all open swings—
I know that 'neath the maple tree
Before that gate—she waits for me,
Amid the summer's blossomings.

She waits for me! though thought be swift,
Yet swifter shall my footstep speed,
Until at Cecile's feet I plead,
A suppliant for a life-long gift.

THE MYSTERIOUS PLEDGE.

BY MRS. L. S. GOODWIN.

A MISERABLE, worthless fellow!"

"Hush! there goes his sister, Alice."

Alice Wentworth heard; let any affectionate young heart imagine such epithets bestowed—*deservedly*—on the object dearest to it in the world, and sympathize with the poor girl. She felt dizzy and suffocating, whirling through the air rather than walking on the ground. With instinctive desire to escape listening to further stigmatizing of her unfortunate brother, she almost ran past the village store; afterwards slackening her pace as suddenly, for the person on whose account she suffered was preceding her homeward, and only too visibly in a violent, unapproachable mood.

Allston Wentworth was the twin brother of Alice; they had been orphans several years, and their parents left no children besides themselves. The brother and sister were fondly attached to each other; in earlier life each had seemed necessary to the other's daily existence. Their meeting, when both had completed their studies, to return together to the home of their childhood, was a joyful occasion joyfully anticipated. All the village were delighted, too, at seeing the sweet cottage down by the brookside re-opened at length; and they may be pardoned for the pride they felt in the young proprietors. Allston had graduated with distinction, he possessed every personal advantage; Alice was the perfect answering of an angel mother's prayer.

Old acquaintances and friends as they dropped in one by one to welcome them back, never failed to comment with satisfaction on the growth of the place, and its increase in business during the period of their absence. Gentle Miss Wentworth did not gainsay what she heard so often

repeated; yet all the while she was silently analyzing facts, and questioning whether the change referred to, could in truth be termed a progress.

Mr. Coggles's former small store of dry goods and miscellaneous articles presented an imposing new front—all very fine, till we come to consider the enlargement as in order to establish a liquer-selling department; it was the profit of this department which had shortly enabled its proprietor to lay through a field of his a new street that received his name, and grace the same with some half a score of pleasant looking, though shammiily constructed dwellings, advertised—"For sale or to let." Families flocked in like martens to a box in spring; and it is doubtful if all acted with nobler forethought than the birds. Many of these new-comers had no regular employment for themselves, but together they furnished a business finely lucrative to their landlord at his bar.

Yes, it did have a thriving aspect, so considerable a number of teams belonging to every quarter of the town, and adjacent towns drawn up at sunset around the store; but if the illusion was to be preserved, one must not sit up to mark at what hour or with how steady hands, those teams were driven away homeward.

Tracing the stream to the fountain head, Alice was speedily convinced that the waters, however grateful they might appear, would prove bitter to as many as tasted. Alas! the sister of Allston was doomed to feel the correctness of her judgment.

At college the young man had somewhat relaxed in principle, had been what is called "a little wild." He numbered at the wine parties in the students' rooms—that is, during the last year of his course; and at certain other midnights would have been in no danger of losing his life had the buildings taken fire and consumed over the heads of the gravely dreaming professors.

It was only having a little "fun;" that fun was missed when he got beyond it. With all the love he felt for his sister, home was found insufferably dull; the ready resource was accepted. Evening by evening saw him at the general rendezvous—Mr. Coggles's store.

At first he scarcely more than passed a couple of hours, relating anecdotes and laughing at those he heard, with the more respectable class of the assembly; retiring quite early—that is to say, by ten o'clock, and with no other mark of the peculiar influence of the place than a slightly scented breath.

In vain Alice exercised all her sisterly arts to win him from temptation and ruin; he persisted in his chosen course, and descended by rapid

gradations. She was left to her loneliness more and more ; and whatever portion of his time he had spent at home, Allston in his present estate was little companionable. A tree with the fire of intemperance burning at the root, his beautiful foliage was fast withering, his tender and graceful branches falling with the seething away of the life sap.

As a measure to effectually intimidate his sister from entreaties and expostulations, he assumed towards her a bearing rigid and distant ; coming and going without salutation or adieu, and sitting moody and reserved over their meals together. The oldtime affection, the gaiety, the mutual confidences were on his part repudiated and repelled. In a year from the time of their return, the walls within which the children drew their first breath, and the parents their last, had been desecrated by the entrance of the promising student with the mumbling lip, idiotic eye and lurching gait of the drunkard.

To one his example served as a warning and a summons. At the giving way of the ice beneath his feet, Henry Clifton, long a familiar and devoted friend to Allston, retreated in time to save himself ; stretched an earnest hand to assist the perilled, and raised a cry of alarm to the throng rushing headlong on in the same track.

Clifton, two or three years the senior of Allston Wentworth, had lately succeeded to his father's practice in the town as a physician ; hitherto he had been exceeding popular among all classes, both as a citizen and in his profession ; but when he drew up a temperance pledge and right eloquently pressed men to give it their signature, he heard himself branded " fanatic " on every hand, and met everywhere sneers and contempt.

He suddenly had plenty of leisure ; his horse grew fat in the stall, and may have thought his master was permitting him in a mass the several Sabbaths on which he had carried him the round of his patients before. Doctor Thompson and Waitt, from neighboring towns, both liberal patronizers of Mr. Coggles's bar, as often as they came that way, divided his practice between them.

But Clifton was stanch ; he held aloft the standard in the face of the enemy, and gradually a few, a very few, rallied around it. Others longed to do the same, but the fetters of the tyrant upon them were too strong to be broken at will. Allston's motto had been " No danger ! " it was changed to " No deliverance ! " His ambition and energy of purpose seemed dwindled away ; he nearly judged himself unworthy of manhood, and felt wholly unequal to moral contest. Clifton labored indefatigably for his salva-

tion, and found in the beautiful though mournful eyes of Alice turned upon him in gratitude, an exceeding great reward.

It was a raw, November twilight ; Alice closed the cottage and walked up past the store where her brother was certain to be ; not with any definite idea concerning him, but because the solitariness of her home was unendurable and her feelings led her that way. She had turned and was retracing her sad steps, when Allston was seen to hurl himself out at the door of the store followed by gusty jeers. He half-turned, shook his clenched right hand with a wordy defiance ; then with unsteady step went away homeward, gesticulating to himself, and muttering like the north wind that swept across the hill.

One of a group of loungers at the outer angle of a fence just by, gazing after Allston, spoke of him as miserable—worthless ; and a companion hushed him out of respect to Miss Wentworth, as told at the beginning of our story. They, as yet in the remote circles of the maelstrom, never conceived of danger to themselves ; nor considered that the sinking victim whom they contemplated with scorn and disgust, was shortly since in this same higher degree.

Disension comes out of intemperance, as the enormous serpent Python was bred in the slime of the earth. That afternoon the fast horse Niagara, which Wentworth lately bought for a large sum, had trotted for a purse with *Prairie Mare*, owned by the captain jockey of the county. The latter had won. The prize was but small, and in itself no matter of importance to Niagara's master, who, if he was not immensely rich, had only to spend six cents in order to believe so ; but he had boasted and his comrades had betted, therefore to be defeated in the trial was extremely unpleasant and mortifying.

All hands returned to Coggles's, and while they unsparingly " refreshed," the triumphant jockey purposely irritated his competitor by repeated taunts, which members not involved relished quite too well for Wentworth's liking. He at length launched forth general anathemas, and accused the judges of the race of falsifying in his disfavor. This excited a storm of hisses and gibes, when the subject was fortunately moved upon to quit the scene, which he did.

Alice followed her brother home ; as she entered the hall, he with a candle in his hand reached the head of the staircase and passed round the balustrade to his own chamber. His unusually early return suggested illness ; but she could venture no intermeddling. Retiring shortly to her chamber, which was next her brother's, she sat for an hour listening for some token from

him; then, re-assured by the continued quiet, she offered a prayer for him, strong in desire though weak in faith, and closed her tearful eyes on the pillow.

Next morning, Allston awoke impressed by a dream, as he thought. It seemed that in the middle of the night his mother appeared in the room, clad in white, took from a table at the head of his bed a small Bible which always lay there—her dying gift, and inscribed on a fly-leaf with his name in her own hand—and turning fall towards the bed, said, solemnly:

"My son, you have again and again refused to sign the pledge, which alone can save you. I am come to perform the act for you, which you have not the courage to perform for yourself. Here I will write a pledge and annex it with your name."

She opened the book at the first fly-leaf and wrote. The motion of her hand, defined to the son intently looking on, every word as it was penned.

"PLEDGE.—By this volume twice sacred, as the Word of Holiness and the best token of a mother's love, I do herewith declare that I will taste intoxicating liquors no more while I live.
"ALLSTON WENTWORTH."

She closed the Bible and restored it to its place, looked again upon him with an angel's smile, and disappeared.

The particulars, faintly recollected at first, came presently back with bewildering distinctness. Without designing it, Allston thrust forth a hand from beneath the coverlid and grasped the little Bible. Many weeks he had foreborne to open it, for the last time he did so, it said to him—"Look not thou on the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder." This doctrine was troublesome to him, so the volume containing it was put permanently aside.

Now he lifted the cover, and, transfixed with astonishment, beheld the realization of his dream. There was the pledge in exact simile of his mother's chirography; the most careful comparison would fail to discover between it and the inscription upon the opposite page, any difference save that, while the last was faded and half-effaced by time, the first looked fresh and scarce dry from the pen.

Half an hour later, as Dr. Clifton was pulling some late vegetables in his garden, Allston advanced to the wall which divided their grounds, and leaning upon it accosted him:

"Have you the pledge in your pocket this morning, Henry? I believe you commonly carry it about you?"

The person addressed started upright from his employment, and after a moment, slowly approached the speaker with eyes fixed upon his face, searching whether some expression there did not contradict the strange sincerity of his tones.

"Yes, I have it," he at length replied.

"Because," rejoined Allston, "I am now ready to sign it—though it can make no difference with me."

In speechless wonder the doctor produced the paper; the other was prepared with pen and ink; the pledge was returned with the signature of Allston Wentworth, traced as boldly as Hancock's upon the Declaration of Independence—and, truly, such a declaration it was to him. He then turned and walked calmly and firmly back to the cottage.

Thenceforward in the moral sentiment of the place there was a perceptible change. The foul weed was not immediately plucked up by the roots, but it was mown down; and the bare stump which alone rose above the ground, with the strong sunlight of truth and conscience falling on it, slowly withered. The combined influence of two such men as Clifton and Wentworth, wisely exerted, could not fail of being ultimately potent.

Through them manufactures were established in the village, providing an increasing population with remunerative labor; also a store, furnished them the necessities of life away from the poison which induces misery and death. Men whom Mr. Coggles had, by the temptation he set before them, and the merciless foreclosure of mortgages in all instances possible, reduced from comfort to wretchedness, began substantially to thrive again. The lyceum and social temperance meeting succeeded to gatherings at the dram shops.

The vender of ardent spirits finding his customers few, and these chiefly of the non-paying class; and, moreover, himself grown more obnoxious in the community than even the earliest opponent of the traffic had been, took the sum of his ill-gotten gains—being much smaller than he had hoped to make it—and retired upon a farm in another township.

But in this I have anticipated.

Three weeks subsequent to signing the pledge, Allston had revealed to no one the apparently supernatural agency by which he was saved, and adhered to the resolution that while it so appeared, it should be kept a secret in his own breast. The Bible was hidden carefully away from his sister's sight.

"Was it Emma Clifton who spent the night

with you?" the young man inquired of his sister, while one morning at breakfast they chatted as of yore.

"Neither she nor any one; what gave you the idea?"

"Why, I heard your voice—it must have been very late—you was talking and laughing—and then your door opened and shut several times."

"You must have been deceived; I never slept better."

Allston recollected that his sister when quite young had a habit of walking in her sleep whenever her mind happened to be particularly impressed. He said no more, but when within a few nights after, he was awakened by Alice's leaving her room singing, he rose cautiously and looked into the hall. With a countenance radiantly happy, the girl paced backward and forward, chanting a hymn of praise which had been an especial favorite with their mother. Alice had a sweet, well-cultivated voice, and the soul of the listener thrilled to the endeared melody poured forth all unconsciously. Nothing ever had so perfectly recalled to his waking vision a departed mother's image; and this reflection instantly associated the somnambulist with the midnight pledge.

It was not long before his suspicion was corroborated; for re-entering her chamber, without closing the door, she placed her lamp upon a desk and sitting down began writing in a hand very unlike her own, and a perfect fac simile of their mother's. Standing just behind her, Allston looked on till the whole of the hymn he had heard sung was committed to paper; she then rose up, returned the sheet to the desk, shut her door, extinguished the light, and retired to bed.

The following evening just after tea, Alice, remarking to her brother that she would write a letter, went to her room. She shortly returned in much agitation, which she made an effort to conceal, taking a seat where her face could not be plainly observed. At length she spoke:

"Allston, do you not think our mother had a peculiar handwriting?"

"Rather so," he replied; "few now-a-days take the trouble to accomplish themselves so far in the art."

"Did you ever see any one who wrote at all like her?"

"I may have."

"I am sure that I never have; I have studied many a time to imitate, but never succeeded to the extent of a single line."

"Probably not; but what leads you to speak of it now? you seem excited."

"Well—it would not be strange if I am so.

Because—why, brother, on opening my desk to-night, I found the hymn she used to sing so often—

'When all thy mercies, O, my God,'
written in her own hand and none other's, upon paper that I purchased scarce a week ago. You will presently believe me, Allston; for see! here it is—examine it."

"I have seen it before," said Allston, with a calm smile. "And I will show you something, likewise of recent date, which will exactly compare."

Bringing from his chamber the little Bible, he showed her the pledge, which to him was no longer a mystery. Alice was only the more astonished, till her brother explained all.

"You see the wonder is perfectly clear and rational now," he added; "and yet I shall always regard this pledge as somewhat a miracle; must not the spirit of our sainted mother have directed your act! Dearest Alice, you have saved your brother, and never henceforward, God helping, will he fail of being to you a brother indeed."

While they lingered over the subject with moist eyes, Dr. Clifton and his younger sister came in for an hour's sociality. Emma blushed when on being congratulated upon her rapidly improving health, which during the last year she had nearly lost, her brother glanced at Allston with a quickly significant smile. The latter, nothing disturbed to see his place by Alice's side familiarly usurped, led the fair sister of Henry to a window at the opposite end of the room, where he spoke to her in low, earnest tones, reading her pure face by the moon's silver light.

MRS. PARTINGTON.

"Some are more courageous than others, and some ain't," said Mrs. Partington, as the conversation turned upon heroic deeds. She was a widow of the corporal of the "last war," and her estimate of heroic deeds, as may be supposed, was based upon a thorough knowledge of what those deeds were. "Some will go to the Chimera to exercise feats of arms, and some will exercise their feats of legs by coming away. It needs more courage to face danger in the dark—to be waked up in the night by the howling salvages with their tommyhawks and scalpel knives, or to hear midnight buglars breaking into your house, or like the lady in Salem Street who waked up the other night and found a big nigger standing right horizontally by the side of her bed. It takes great courage to meet such things, depend upon it." The blood mantled to her cheek like the hue of a damask rosebush in bloom on the side of a yellow painted house, heroism sat behind her spectacle bows and peeped out of the glasses, while Ike was engaged in putting a clean paper dickey and a black cravat upon a "marble bust of Pallas," just forneinst our closet door—only this and nothing more.—*Evening Gazette.*

MY EARLY DAYS.

BY ROLAND S. EDWARDS.

Thoughts of childhood—thoughts of childhood—memories
of our youthful days—

How they throng our recollection, through life's ever
turning ways,

And we long in life's rough battle for the joyousness of
youth—

For its freedom and its carelessness—its purity and truth.

When in life's calm, solemn twilight, our fancies backward
 roam,

When our race is almost ended, when we've almost reached
our home,

When the sun of life is casting back his last, long-lingering
ray,

And hope's evening star is promising the glorious, heavenly
day.

Then, at nature's evening twilight—at that peaceful, holy
hour,

When the past comes o'er our heart thoughts, and we're
wrapped in memory's power,

As the deepening, pale-edged shadow drops softly in the
west,

Velling o'er the molten splendor with its purple robe of
rest;

While the bull-frog's mournful base notes fill our sadly
listening ear,

Bringing back our childish reveries on the mossy flag-stone
dear;

And we sit for a few short moments, though long to mem-
ory's eye,

On that same old stony door-step, listening to the bull-
frog's cry.

Listening to the tearful stillness which on all things seems
to lie—

O, this blessed angel Memory—mid earth's struggles and
earth's strife.

Breathing in upon our fancy sweetest visions of our life—
Pleasant footsteps only showing, in a path with sorrow
rife.

LIFE'S TRIALS.

BY MRS. MARY MAYNARD.

"Who is it, Matthew."

"Master Charles, ma'am. He wishes to see
you immediately, if you will be so kind as to
grant him an interview."

"Do I understand you to say that my nephew,
Captain Meredith, is here?"

"Yes, ma'am, and he seems to be in great
trouble about something."

The old servant spoke as if much affected, and
looked at his mistress with a beseeching
expression.

"Matthew, you know the resolution I have
made in regard to Charles Meredith. Do you
suppose he is in actual trouble, or only come to

annoy me with one of those disgraceful affairs in
which he has so frequently been entangled?"

"I believe Master Charles is in real distress,
ma'am, and it would be better to break a hasty
resolution than to let him suffer."

"Very well, Matthew, I will take your advice."

And the old lady rose from her solitary tea-
table, and drawing her scarf closer round her
shoulders, left the room, preceded by her stately
attendant, who opened the doors, and after cross-
ing several long passages ushered her into a
handsomely furnished drawing-room, and bowing
low, disappeared.

A gentleman was standing in the centre of the
room, the image of anxious impatience; one mo-
ment he waiting for the closing of the door, the
next he was kneeling at the feet of his relative.

"Aunt, dear Aunt Homewood, I scarcely dar-
ed to hope for this condescension from you. I
have not deserved to expect favors from you, and
yet have now come to ask another."

There was evidently a great struggle going on
in the mind of the old lady, as she stood for a few
moments earnestly gazing on the beautiful coun-
tenance of the speaker, which, flushed and anx-
ious-looking, was raised to her own. Something
in that eager look appeared to sweep away her
angry feelings, for bending down, she lifted the
tangled curls from his brow and kissed him with
motherly affection.

"The past is forgiven, and henceforth forgot-
ten, Charles; and now tell me what I can do to
assist you at present, for it needs no words to tell
me you are in trouble."

"I am indeed in trouble, and nothing but the
extent of my distress and anxiety would have
tempted me to annoy you again with my
difficulties."

"Tell me at once what they are, and if possi-
ble I will assist you."

The lady was evidently alarmed at the tone of
desperation used by the speaker.

"Aunt, I am married, I have been married for
the last four months."

The lady gave a start of surprise, but control-
ling her feelings, said calmly:

"Is that the cause of your sorrow, my dear
Charles? It ought not to be."

"I must tell you the whole story, aunt, or you
will not be able to understand it. I married my
wife against the wishes of her relations. True,
she had no parents, but her father's will made
her dependent on the caprice of her uncle, with-
out whose consent she was not to marry, or if
she disobeyed him, to forfeit the immense fortune
he had bequeathed her. A marriage had been
planned for her, or rather, she was in danger of

being sold to a man twice her own age, but whose immense fortune made him indifferent about her money—a great consideration in the opinion of her uncle.

“Get your niece to consent to have me, and her fortune is yours,” said the wealthy Mr. Richmond.

“Emily can be married to-morrow to a man who is utterly indifferent about the property,” said the uncle, when I asked his consent to my suit. ‘Can you take her on those terms?’

“On any terms,” I replied, eagerly.

“Well, you cannot have her at all. I am not going to see my niece marry a beggar, because she has fallen in love with a scarlet coat. She will marry the man I have chosen for her.”

“That night Emily and I were married, and far from the home of her enraged friends, I have maintained her comfortably, nay, given her all the luxuries she has ever been accustomed to, and of our happiness I cannot speak. She has shown me the folly of my past life, has been a guardian angel to me; and now, when her society and love are necessary to my very existence, I am called on to part from her. Our regiment is ordered to India; take her I cannot, leave her here alone and unprotected I dare not, what I am to do I know not.”

“Hush, do not despair. I will think this difficulty over, and in the morning we will feel better able to decide what is to be done.”

“The morning! Dear aunt, I must be far hence to-night. But three short days and I must be on the ocean.”

“Then bring your wife to me. I will be a mother to her, and she shall never want a home while I live. There, no thanks. None know how well I loved your mother, how dear you yourself are to me. And now lose no time in making your arrangements, spend the last day with her here, and may God ever keep you, my dear, dear boy.”

One instant Charles Meredith was clasped to the heart of his kind friend, the next he had rushed from the apartment and the sound of his horse's steps came borne on the evening breeze. For many minutes the Lady of Homewood sat buried in deep thought; the changing expression on her countenance alone telling of inward struggles. But at last with a heavy sigh and stern resolve she drove the traces of feeling from that pale face, and summoned her faithful Matthew.

“Let the south rooms be immediately prepared for visitors,” was the order given to the old man, who looked astonished at seeing her alone. “And Matthew, see that everything is done for the comfort of our guest, my nephew's wife.”

“Master Charles married!”

The old man started with astonishment.

“Yes, married, and about to leave England; but you shall know all to-morrow, my faithful old friend; at present I am unable to converse. Send my maid, and give orders for the instant commencement of preparations.”

Forty years before the period at which our history commences, the young heir of Homewood had brought his fair bride with fond happiness to the home of his fathers. And well might Walter Homewood be proud of his conquest, for peerlessly beautiful and richly dowered came the Lady Elizabeth to her idolizing husband. Disappointed suitors envied the fortunate candidate who had succeeded in thawing the icy heart of the proud but lovely lady, and there were not wanting those who felt aggrieved to think that the young heir should have gone to a far distant country in search of a bride.

But outwardly all were smiling congratulations, and the marriage likely to prove a happy one. Alas for that outward, deceptive seeming. A very short period served to convince Walter Homewood that he had acted rashly; and Lady Elizabeth, with all her strong, proud resolution, yet shuddered at the responsibility she had assumed. To explain this we need only say, that led away by his fond passion, the young lover had wedded one, who had already bestowed her heart on another. Touched by his earnestness, and feeling that he was not influenced by any other than the purest of motives, Lady Elizabeth had unfolded the painful past, acknowledged her weakness in still loving one who could never be hers, and ended by entreating Walter to withdraw his suit, and leave her to mourn over her disappointed hopes.

But the knowledge of her blighted affections made no change in his love. He argued that she was still so young, that once his wife, he would dare all the world to keep him from winning her heart; he pleaded long and earnestly and at last succeeded.

“I will be your wife; in all that pertains to a wife's duties I will be true and faithful, but I have no love to give, and I am not capable of feigning.”

With joy unspeakable he kissed the white hand that rested in his own; he dared not embrace her. There was no trembling confusion, to embolden him to clasp her to his heart, to whisper words of loving fondness, or tender encouragement; but she was his, his own promised bride, and he felt confident that some day she must love him.

Alas, days and months passed on and no change was visible; always polite and attentive, always respectful and anxious to please him, not a fault could be found with the conduct of the young mistress of Homewood, and yet the warm-hearted Walter was miserable and unhappy, and his wife scarcely less so.

He felt keenly the little success his efforts had met with; duty, that cold word, alone dictated the conduct of his idolized wife. He would have given worlds to have seen one emotion of jealousy, of anger even, flush that sweet pale face, to have seen one look of love sparkle in those beautiful eyes, but the calm smile, the friendly hand clasp that was ever his welcome, maddened him, and at times he deeply repented having sacrificed both to his impatient love.

Two years after their marriage, however, a change took place for the better. Walter Homewood as he gazed on his beautiful young wife and her precious infant felt all his fond devotion renewed, and she, in this new found treasure, forgot the love that had hitherto been the one passion of her life.

Three years passed, bringing sorrow to him who once possessed Lady Elizabeth's heart. She shuddered as she heard of the successive deaths of his children, and the despair of himself and wife, and that wife was her own sister. Captain Meredith was now an object of pity. Living unhappily with her for whom he had sacrificed his first love, bereft of his beautiful children, and in delicate health, the spirits of the once gay-hearted young officer were crushed.

When young Homewood was entering his eighteenth year, it would have been difficult to have found one on whom the shadows of fewer sorrows had fallen. Possessed of all that could make his life delightful; the darling of his parents and a large circle of friends; with a happy disposition, and a mind to appreciate his blessings; who but would have foretold a bright future for this favored child of fortune? And yet it needed but a trifling commencement, a few hours' exposure to an autumn storm, followed by fever, prostration, rapid decline, and the doting parents are childless.

The shock would probably have been fatal to Lady Elizabeth but for the new trouble that soon menaced her. The husband to whom she felt she had never been a loving wife, sank beneath the dreadful blow; and in her anxiety to atone for the past neglect, the sorrowing mother banished her own selfish feelings and devoted herself unremittingly to the care of her husband. And Walter Homewood, with the knowledge that his wife at last returned his love, would fain

have clung to life, but it might not be, and once more Lady Elizabeth was alone in the world.

Three months after the death of her husband, she stood at the bedside of her dying sister and received from her hands the sacred charge of her fatherless infant, the last of a large family. The child was taken to Homewood on the death of the mother, and as her own did the widow bring up the little Charles Meredith.

Beautiful, self-willed and high-spirited, as he grew up he became the darling of his aunt and the pet of the household; but, unlike the lost Walter, his own selfish ends were always to be attained at whatever cost; and with all her love, his fond relative found enough in the conduct of the headstrong boy to try her utmost patience. Against her wishes he entered the army at a very early age; to her great displeasure he had refused to form an alliance every way suitable; and we have already seen that his marriage was secret, and far from showing that respect to his adopted mother, that was her due.

But with the knowledge that she was about to part with him, perhaps forever, was banished all remembrance of his ill deeds, and nothing remained but the recollection of how she had loved him in his childhood, and how dear his parents had both been to her. To show every kindness to his young wife, was now the engrossing thought, and when Charles, with almost womanly sorrow placed the poor heart broken girl in her arms, she vowed to be a mother to her, and faithfully performed her pledge.

It was heart-breaking to witness the sorrow of poor Emily Meredith after the dreadful parting with her husband. Not a murmuring word escaped her lips, not even a tone betrayed impatience; but the deep sorrow in her blue eyes, the gradual fading of the rose on her cheek, and the wasting of her once rounded arms, betrayed the ravages of grief. She no longer looked the young, childish creature of a few months previous; care had made her old, given thought to her countenance, and womanly dignity to her step.

"My child, is there aught I can do to render you less unhappy?" asked the old lady, one evening when Emily appeared more than usually oppressed with sorrow.

"Nothing, dear aunt; I am surrounded by everything my heart could wish for, and but for one thing would be the happiest girl on earth."

"But, my child, you must conquer this injurious grief. Charles will come home one of these days, we will persuade him to give up his commission, and you shall both live here with

me as long as I live, and at my death, Homewood is to belong to Charles."

"Dear aunt, your kind intentions will never be carried out. I feel that I shall no more meet Charles in this world. I felt it when he first told me we must part, and each day but confirms the impression."

Vain were her kind relative's efforts to banish these gloomy forebodings from the mind of the young wife. It was a settled conviction that she should soon die, and arguments were useless to combat it. Her health grew gradually more and more frail, but never was invalid more patient and gentle. She smiled sweet thanks on old Matthew, who, idolizing the girl-wife of his young master, was unfailing in his attentions. While she was able to walk out, he attended her, and when this pleasure was denied her, he adorned the rooms with the sweet flowers she so loved.

For hours Emily would sit and listen to her aunt's stories of by-gone happy days of the kind husband and fondly loved son. With deep interest she gazed on the handsome likeness of the one, and the sweet, boyish resemblance of the other, or with trembling fingers touched the cherished relics of those long lost ones' books and letters, toys and playthings, and dearer than all, those two carefully preserved curls, the one black and glossy, the other soft, fair and silken. The days passed calmly at Homewood, and all interest in worldly matters appeared to have forsaken the young wife.

Not even when the good old lady brought forth from their hiding-places (where they had reposed so many long years) rich and beautiful muslins, costly embroideries, the most exquisite productions of the loom and fingers, and with tearful eyes besought her to accept them, not even then was an emotion visible on the fair but faded countenance of the broken-hearted girl.

But why prolong a painful story? Six months after her arrival at Homewood, Emily Meredith breathed her last, and the piteous wailings of an infant resounded through walls long unused to such sounds.

"To you I bequeath her," the young mother said, a few moments before her death. "Keep her, dear aunt, until her father comes to claim her; in you she will find a better mother than I could have been to her."

And the old lady, with distressing emotion, clasped to her heart the infant grandchild of him who had been her first love, and promised to devote the remainder of her life to the helpless little being. They laid the mother in the grave, and with bitter sorrow wrote the sad history to the absent husband and father.

"Meredith, for Heaven's sake, strive to conquer this grief, or it will kill you. It is now nearly a week since that fatal letter came and in that time you have never rested or taken food. A reasonable sorrow I could respect, but this is sinful despair. Think of your child, the precious legacy of your lost wife, for the sake of it, do not throw away your life."

So spoke Colonel Carter, a faithful friend and adviser, but his words were lost on the listener.

"My Emily, my wife!" was the despairing cry that night and day fell from the lips of the stricken man.

"Will you go home? Shall I use my influence to get you leave of absence, Meredith?"

The kind-hearted colonel was deeply touched at the utter and hopeless despair of the once brave and gallant young officer.

"Home! no, there is no home for me. Think you that I wish to drive myself to distraction by again visiting the scenes of my more than earthly bliss? No, never will I return to the land that is one vast grave to me, the tomb of all my hopes and joys."

"But your child?"

The colonel's voice trembled, he himself had buried an only and darling child.

"I shall never behold her; it would be misery more than I could endure."

And Charles Meredith kept his word, and years passed on, and time and sorrow strowed gray hairs thickly on his head, and still he was a wanderer in foreign lands, and his young daughter was growing up to womanhood almost in ignorance of his existence.

A great change had taken place in the once energetic and strong-minded lady of Homewood. The once erect and stately figure was bowed and bent, the clear judgment had become weakened and clouded, and in addition, blindness was threatening the frail and fast failing old lady.

The infant bequeathed to her care had now become the protector, the comforter, the blessing of her old age. Sight to the darkened eyes, and strength to the frail limbs, was the beautiful Elizabeth Meredith, and well did she repay the care bestowed on her infant years, by unremitting attention to the friend of her childhood.

Old Matthew, like his mistress, was fast hastening to the grave, and many an anxious thought it cost the faithful servant, to know what would become of his beloved young lady when left unprotected and alone, as was evident must be the case in a few years.

At the time we introduce her to the reader, Elizabeth Meredith was in her sixteenth year, an exceedingly lovely girl partaking of the beauty

of both parents. But the chief charm was her sweet disposition, her untrifling patience and devotion to her aged benefactress, and her total forgetfulness of self. Young as she was, the heiress of Homewood was already the object of attention to more than one interested suitor, and in this was the foundation of old Matthew's anxiety.

"It is not for yourself they would win you, Miss Elizabeth," would the old man say, when alarmed at the visits of the sons of their neighbors. "They don't know how to value you, my dear young lady; it is the hope of gaining your fortune that brings them here, and you must always bear that in mind when they come love-making."

"Don't be alarmed for me, Matthew; I shall never marry, but live here all my life at dear old Homewood, and spend my time doing good, and making others happy, as aunt has always done."

And the old man would murmur a blessing on her, and go away feeling satisfied that for the present, at least, his dear young mistress was heart free.

But circumstances over which he had no control, at last brought the danger he had dreaded to their very doors, and even old Matthew was powerless to change the current of events. A stranger, young and handsome, was thrown from his carriage at the very gates of Homewood, and as he was dangerously injured and the village offered no accommodation for one of his rank and station, common humanity demanded that he should be taken to the mansion.

It was several weeks before Sir Henry C—— (for that was the stranger's name) was allowed to leave his room; but when reason resumed her sway, and the delirium of fever departed, there came a faint remembrance of an angel face bending over his couch, the recollection of a cool hand on his brow, and the fitting of a figure through his room, very different in appearance to the attendants that now surrounded him, the venerable Matthew, an aged nurse and a grave-looking but skilful physician. Day after day he silently pondered on this strange apparition, unwilling to ask an explanation, and at times almost convinced that the visitant was merely conjured up by his disordered imagination.

However, his doubts on this point were one day set at rest forever on beholding the same face and form in the garden below his window, and now he was convinced that it was an inhabitant of earth.

Elizabeth Meredith was attending her aunt in her morning walk, and all unconscious that her words were listened to, she strove to impart some

of her own cheerfulness to her desponding relation, speaking hopefully of all the old lady's troubles, and tenderly supporting her feeble steps. That hour decided the fate of the young baronet.

Alone in the world, as far as near relations were concerned, Sir Henry C—— has hitherto given but little thought to the aristocratic beauties that adorned the circle he frequented in the metropolis, and women had been among the least of his pleasures or cares.

Now, however, the case was altered. He daily made his appearance in the parlor, supported by the friendly arm of old Matthew and his own servant (who had been summoned to attend him), and there, in the quiet and repose necessary to his still-precarious condition, he learned to love as he had never dreamed of loving.

For hours he would listen while Elizabeth read to her aunt, or played and sang the songs loved best by the old lady, or in pleasant conversation beguile his aged hostess into remembrances of the past until her present troubles were forgotten. She soon became strongly attached to the agreeable young stranger, and evinced great dislike to his departure; and even Matthew, careful, suspicious Matthew, was so won over by the young man's patient submission to suffering, and thankful appreciation of kindness, that without a fear he allowed him to sit beside his young mistress, to receive numberless little attentions from her kind hands, and when at last the time came for his departure, it was through Matthew's contrivance that he obtained an interview alone with the beautiful girl.

But poor Matthew's plans suffered defeat, and he would not have rejoiced in his young lady's prospects, could he have heard the parting conversation between the lovers. We will not repeat it all; the conclusion will explain the state of affairs sufficiently.

"And so I am to go away without one hope, Miss Meredith? You will not even allow me to look forward to a future meeting."

The young man spoke sadly, and his companion was evidently touched by his sorrow.

"I will not say never; but while my aunt lives, my love and duty are hers. I am very young yet, and my father may return, my dear father, whom I have never seen. I will never promise to marry until I am obliged to give up the hope of his return."

"But, dear lady, your father could not find ought to object to in the offer I now made you, provided your own heart consents. I fear there is the real objection. Your aunt already is partial to me; could I not persuade you to let me

share the sacred charge you have undertaken? Or is it as I sometimes fear, that another will divide that labor of love with you?"

"None, none other can ever share it with me."

"Then let mine be the holy task, dear one," was the whispered reply, as trembling and ashamed the gentle girl was drawn close to her lover's heart.

There was silence for one instant, both feeling too deeply for words, and then Elizabeth Meredith disengaged herself from the clasping arm, and with a pale but decided countenance stood before her lover.

"You know my secret now, Henry, the secret that within the last few weeks has changed me from a thoughtless girl, into a sad-hearted woman, but think not that you can change my resolution. I have vowed to devote myself to her who protected my infant years. None can share the duty, you least of all," and the girl's voice trembled, but recovering herself she continued. "While Aunt Homewood lives, my love and care are hers, and at her death I shall leave my home and never return until I find my father, provided he does not return in the meantime."

Two years had passed since Elizabeth Meredith parted from her lover, two long years, and not one word had she heard of or from him in that time. Many and severe trials had she encountered in that time, and now she was called to see her beloved relative die, and none were near to cheer the heart of the lonely and saddened girl.

Friends and strangers were there, but their words were the common forms of consolation, and the girl wept bitterly at her lonely condition, without one relative to share her grief, one loving heart on which to repose her sorrow.

It was the day of the funeral, the day on which the aged mistress of Homewood was to take her place beside the silent tenants of the family vault.

In a darkened room, her face buried in her hands, weeping bitterly, and striving in vain to shut out the sound of the tolling bell, sat Elizabeth Meredith, feeling desolate and forsaken, not daring to think of the future, looking with hopeless regret on the past.

Many strange footsteps are passing through the old mansion, and with hushed movements the servants are removing the tokens of recent death. The young girl pays little heed to those who intrude on her grief, nor does she raise her head to see two strangers who cross the apartment and stand before her with looks of love and sorrow blended in their countenances.

"Elizabeth!"

Wildly she dashes the tears from her face, and springing to her feet stands for a moment motionless with astonishment, then with a cry of joy she sinks into the arms extended to receive her, and once more is clasped to her lover's heart.

"My Elizabeth, my precious child, look up. Have you no love to bestow on your father, or does this stranger claim it all?"

"My father!" How passionately the word is pronounced. "Now indeed are all my griefs ended. My father come at last, my Henry true. O, how wicked was I to despair of ever being happy again."

Captain Meredith had returned to his native land through the persuasions of the lover of his daughter, and bitterly did he now repent having for so many long years deprived himself of her affection and society. He spent the remainder of his life with her and her husband, and in witnessing their happiness, he forgot to moan over his own early griefs.

A ROYAL LADY.

Our readers will be interested in the following description of the English Princess Royal, Victoria's eldest daughter, from the pen of a correspondent of an Aberdeen Journal: "With the remembrance, as if it had been yesterday, of the boom of the guns which announced her birth, I was scarcely prepared to find her a fine grown woman, taller by a couple of inches than her mother, and carrying herself with the ease and grace of womanhood. It is no stretch of loyalty or courtesy to call the Princess Royal pretty—she is perfectly lovely. The regularity of her features is perfect. Her eyes are large and full of intelligence, imparting to her face that sort of merry aspect which indicates good humor. The nose and mouth are delicately and exquisitely formed, the latter giving effect of great sweetness. The princess is more like her father than her mother. She is like the queen in nothing but the nose. In all other respects she is a female image of her father. I should add, as interesting to your lady readers, that she wears her hair slightly off her forehead; not pushed back in the Eugenie fashion, but brushed latitudinally from the temples, and raised at the sides above the ear in bandeaus (really, the ladies must excuse me if I am talking nonsense, for I have not given that hostage to fortune which would enable me to speak *ex cathedra*). Well, at any rate, the princess is fair enough and lovely enough to be the heroine of a fairy tale, and the Prince Frederic should consider himself a lucky fellow. —Portfolio.

When I pronounce that sensibility is the characteristic of goodness of heart with mediocrity of talent, I make an effort of which few men are capable. For if ever nature created a heart of sensibility, you know well that it is mine.

THE SISTERS.

BY ANNETTE HAZLETON.

"MOTHER, why did you not let me accept Mrs. Swift's invitation to attend Eleanor's party to-day?" said Lillie Tremont, a girl of twelve, to her mother.

"Because, my dear, I never allow my children to associate with low people, like the Swifts."

"Why, ma, I think Eleanor is a very sweet girl; and everybody says they are nice people."

"Of course; but then you know they're poor, and you, my daughter, are old enough to know that if you commence going in such company, you can keep no other."

Lillie made no reply, but playing with the end of her belt-ribbon, gazed steadily on the carpet. At this moment two ladies entered the room—they had come to make a fashionable call upon the mother. One of them, the widow of a late banker, was of course attired in the usual mourning garb, for her husband had been dead scarce four months; while the other—who, by the way, was the widow's sister, Mrs. Norton, and who had been married but a few weeks, showed by the richness and gaiety of her dress that she belonged to the *ton* of Philadelphia.

The usual ceremony of meeting being over, the ladies seated themselves, and the three commenced a conversation after the usual manner of gossiping visitors, finally winding off by expressing it as their candid opinion that a respectable merchant, Amos Dean, was about to fail.

"O, what a pity it *would* be!" said the rich widow. "Why, only just think of Laura, she's always been taken so much notice of in society." They all three sighed deeply, and the widow continued: "But still it's no more than I expected—pride must have its fall, you know."

"Certainly," replied the sister; "but I hope they won't be as impudent as the Swifts are. Why really, Mrs. Tremont, don't you think Mrs. Swift sent an invitation over to sister's for Julia to attend her little girl's party?"

"Did she go?" exclaimed Lillie.

"Of course not, my dear," rather angrily replied her mother.

"Why, here's our dear little Lillie," exclaimed Mrs. Norton; and she drew the child to her side. "How charming she looks in this embroidered muslin—she'll make a lily indeed in society when she becomes a little older."

The child blushed, and immediately left the room.

"She'll make a perfect fairy in the ball room; but pray, my dear Mrs. Tremont, I thought you

were going to send her to Mrs. Allen's boarding-school," said the widow.

"She will go within a fortnight," replied Mrs. Tremont; "that is, if her father does not oppose me too strongly."

"What! does your husband oppose you in educating your children?" exclaimed Mrs. Norton, with an air of great surprise.

"Why you know, my dear, men always have a great deal to say about fashionable boarding-schools."

The two visitors laughed right out at this, and the widow remarked "that her husband used to leave the managing of such business to herself, and that had he interfered it would have made no difference."

Mrs. Tremont sighed deeply as she replied:

"Ah! Frank is so set you cannot turn him an inch."

"But he can't find much fault, for he knows you brought a large sum of money from your father—enough, indeed, to educate your children to your own liking," said Mrs. Norton.

"I've given him to understand that," replied Mrs. T.; "but really, you don't know what a trial he is to me. He has already sent Agnes into the country to stay a year with his sister, and threatens to send Lillie unless I give up the idea of training her my own way."

At length these most sympathizing friends took their leave, and Mrs. Tremont was again left alone to ponder over the best method of overcoming her husband's objections concerning Lillie's education. As for Agnes, she never cared for her, but she loved Lillie as well as a worldly mother can love.

Now Mr. Tremont was by no means a domestic tyrant. He was a man of a kind heart, and was, fortunately, possessed of good common-sense. He married his wife when they were both very young—more at the suggestion of his parents than of his own affections. He did not understand human nature then so well as he does at present—now he sees the error of false training, and is anxious to give his children an education, such an one as may fit their immortal minds for something better than breaking hearts, buying ribbons, and dying at last with no other mourners than the mantua-maker and milliner. He has long seen that his youngest child, Agnes—now but nine years old, had no share of her mother's love, and for this reason he had sent her to the country to stay with his sister, Mrs. Baily; he knew she would be well cared for there, both as respects physical and moral culture, while she would not be missed at home.

But Lillie was still a bone of contention be-

tween them. Her mother, however, had made up her mind that she should be sent to the boarding-school; so it was useless to say more, as Mr. Tremont especially disliked being reminded of the hundred thousand dollars his wife had brought him at their marriage.

It is unnecessary to our present purpose to record the events which followed in the next five years; only we will inform our readers that Miss Lillie was sent off to Miss Allen's school the next week, there to be instructed in the refined arts—the hollow heartlessness of fashionable life.

It was one of those lovely days which Indian summer alone can bring; a holy calmness—a Sabbath-like stillness—rested on the face of nature. It was about the middle of the afternoon that a gentleman and lady might have been seen sauntering down a lane, situated not far from — Boarding School. It was indeed a beautiful place, and well-selected for a walk. The two wandered on, occasionally stopping to gather "some things of beauty" which lay strewn in their pathway, until they came to an arbor, formed by the grape vines twining themselves into the limbs of two tall maples, and again falling gracefully to the ground.

"Here is a seat for us," said the gentleman; and the two seated themselves. Her waist was encircled by his arm, and her head reclined gently upon his breast.

"O Edgar, how lonely this place will look when you are gone. I shall never want to see it again."

"But, Lillie, a year will soon pass by, and then I shall return to make you happy, and my own heart blessed."

"A year!—it seems like an age," replied the fair girl.

The young man imprinted a kiss upon her fair brow, and continued:

"You are now seventeen; in six months more you will leave school."

"Yes; but why should we speak of that now?"

"Lillie, ere twelve months have passed by, you will be introduced into the gaieties of society, and—"

"And what?"

"You may forget me *then*."

"Forget you? O, Edgar, how can you be so cruel!"

"I would not accuse thee, darling; but still, we do not always know our own hearts."

"Edgar, if you think I am false-hearted, tell me so at once, and do not trifle with me."

"Lillie, I mean not so; but bear with me one moment. I have seen much of the world, and have studied nature since my childhood, and I

have never seen the man yet who knew his own heart."

"Ah! but Edgar, you know woman's heart is always true." And she laughed merrily.

He smiled as he replied: "I doubt not, Lillie, that you love me as I love you. I take your word and consider you mine; nor need that promise debar you from society. Go. Mingle with the gayest, and as you are true to nature, you will be faithful to me."

They now talked of the past, the present, and the future, until the swift wing of time brought the hour of parting. They were to meet no more, until twelve long months had passed away. The young man was to trust his life upon the angry wave, while the maiden was to place her spirit's fate upon the sea of fashionable society. Which was in the most danger time will show. Thus parted Edgar Dorance and Lillie Tremont, one year before the scene which we shall next describe.

Miss Tremont is just eighteen. This is her birthday night, and the elegant rooms of her father's mansion are brilliantly lighted up; for of course her birthday party must be a splendid one; to-night she is to "come out" into the fashionable society of Philadelphia. "Gay, handsome, accomplished, rich, she will make a sensation among the *élite* of our city to-night," Mrs. Tremont exclaimed to her husband, as the dashing belle passed into the next room. Mr. Tremont shook his head, but made no reply.

"O, Frank, it's always just so—you never took any notice of Lillie yet, at least as you ought to, though most fathers would be proud of her." He still made no answer, but rising, took his hat and left the house.

"Just like you," muttered the wife, as her husband closed the door after him, and she rose to re-arrange her toilet and prepare for the reception.

Hours flew by, and music and mirth reigned through the stately hall. The brilliancy and beauty of the new belle brought many admirers to her feet; but as she had been taught that her chief glory consisted in the number of conquests she made, of course she acted accordingly; and when the hour for breaking up had arrived, not one of her many admirers could exactly say he hoped. No—she understood her business too well for that.

A few mornings afterwards, a new member entered the Tremont family. This was none other than the daughter of Henry Craig, the only brother of Mrs. Tremont. Mr. Craig had failed, with many others of his time; in addition to this misfortune, his wife had recently died, leaving him with two children—Harry and Min-

nie. He was a very enterprising man, and one who would not easily give up to circumstances. He had therefore concluded to go, in company with his son, who was now nineteen years of age, to some distant place, there to accumulate a competency, at least, for his family. But a new difficulty now arose—what should be done with Minnie? She was now but fifteen, and was one of those sensitive, loving creatures, most unfit to go forth to fight the battle of life among strangers. He had finally concluded to place her under the care of his sister, Mrs. Tremont; and this morning, kissing her fair brow, he bade her good-by.

Minnie's heart was just ready to break, as her father and mother turned to leave her; but she succeeded in keeping back the tears which fain would have asked the sympathy of the world. She immediately retired to a room, where she might dwell upon her sorrows alone. The hour of dinner had well nigh arrived ere she could summon strength enough to descend to the presence of the family. It is true she had heretofore been treated kindly by her aunt and cousin, yet she felt an instinctive dread in seeing them now. But at length she brushed back her ringlets and descended to the parlor. Dinner was ready, and she was about to follow her aunt from the room, when that lady turned and said:

"Miss Craig, you may place my daughter's room in order while we are at dinner."

She left the room; and Minnie was petrified with astonishment. "What have I done that Aunt Maria should treat me thus?" And the poor child bowed her head upon her hands.

At last, dinner being over, the ladies returned to the parlor; they were much surprised to find "Miss Craig" had failed to do her duty. And Minnie received a sharp reprimand from her aunt. The timid girl could not say a word in defence of herself, so Mrs. Tremont rang the bell, and a domestic immediately entered.

"Here, Betsy," said she, "take this girl to the kitchen; teach her her duty there, as she seems unwilling to perform lighter tasks."

She followed the girl into the kitchen, where she was hereafter to be confined. She was to be instructed in many things, and especially was she charged never to call Mrs. Tremont "aunt," for now that she would be obliged to labor for a living, of course it would not do to claim so noble and high a family for relations. It is unnecessary, as well as perfectly impossible, to describe the feelings of this poor motherless one when she realized her situation. Her heart was broken—no wonder. She was seized with a brain fever, and long, long did she lay on that sick bed, to

moan and sigh, enduring all her agony without one word of hope, one sympathizing friend to stand by her.

But we cannot endure to dwell longer upon this part of the picture. Let us draw a veil over it, and seat ourselves again in the large drawing-room; let us leave this miserable little attic for the elegantly-furnished parlor, and see what is going on there. Only another party; and see! there sits Lillie, the fairest of the fair, the brilliant belle of the company. The costly silks and jewels that adorn her person can scarce add a charm to her natural beauty of form and feature. She is seated at the piano; every eye rests upon her, and even her father seems pleased. An elegantly dressed gentleman is by her side, thumbing the piano and turning the leaves of her music-book with all the ease and grace for which his nation is famed. They call him the Count de Caima. The mother is now in her full glory; she sees her idolized Lillie—where?—surrounded by flattery (i. e. danger); she sees her worshipped by the gentlemen, envied by the ladies. What could better please her? This same French count is one of the greatest exquisites of the time, and reputed to be immensely rich! He is also said to have travelled much, and was about to return to his native land, when by chance he met with Miss Tremont. He is now detained simply by the love he bears the beautiful girl; surely, what could better gratify a mother's vanity—that is, such a mother as the one before us!

But there is another individual present whom we shall notice particularly, as he is somewhat concerned with our picture. It is Captain Durance. Tall and well-proportioned, possessed of all that ease of manners which constitute a gentleman, added to which is that noble dignity of carriage and expression which marks an American. Indeed, we think him far superior in every respect, if we judge by appearance, to the Frenchman. He has naught of that *exquisite* politeness, or, rather, agreeable deception, about him; but there is an air of candor, of open-heartedness, that cannot fail to attract friends. While he is conversing with Mr. Tremont, his eyes rest upon Lillie, and the reader may imagine that he, if not she, is thinking upon old times.

"My dear," said Mrs. Tremont, the morning after the party, "did you notice the gentleman who was conversing with your father last night?"

"Why, he was introduced to me of course. I believe he is one of pa's old friends."

"Yes; but your attention was so taken up with the count, you scarce noticed him."

"Are you acquainted with his family?"

"No; but your father is; and it must be very respectable. He came with his cousins—the Fletchers,—and you know they are idolised."

"I do not like the name much," said Lillie, and her voice slightly trembled.

"Why not, my dear? What is there about the name of Dorance that should displease you?"

"O nothing, particularly, only—"

"Only what?" And the mother gave an inquiring glance at her daughter.

"I once had a lover by that name!"

"A lover *once*! When? You've been in society but a few weeks, and—"

"O, it was sometime ago; when I was at school."

"Oho! I understand you now. Practising a little flirtation, I suppose; but pray, why should that make it unpleasant?"

Lillie hesitated a moment, and then proceeded to tell her mother all that had passed between herself and Edgar Dorance at the boarding-school. When she had got through, her mother smiled at her earnestness, and said:

"Surely now, Lillie, you don't feel conscience-stricken for such a slight affair! Why, you must think no more of breaking a heart than of placing a curl, if you would be a successful belle."

"Of course not, mama; but then I hope he'll never come here again."

"What if he does; you can make the count doubly secure by rejecting one old lover for his sake."

Lillie turned to her piano, and commenced playing a lively air; yet any one could see that all was not right within.

"Upon my life!" suddenly exclaimed Mrs. Tremont, "there comes Lois and—yes, it is Abigail. What could have sent them here just at this time?"

Lillie looked from the window and saw that a carriage had really drawn up to the door, and that two ladies were getting out.

It was not long before Aunt Lois and Cousin Abigail, as we shall hereafter call them, were ushered into the presence of the dignified ladies of Tremont mansion. Aunt Lois was the wife of Mr. Tremont's only brother, and resided in Fairfield county, Connecticut. The family was regarded with that kind of abhorrence by the city relations which fashionables feel toward country cousins, etc. Nevertheless, Aunt Lois would visit her *dear brother and sister* as often as once a year to inquire after their health.

Will the reader be surprised to hear that this lady was just one of the kind of women who took more pride in cultivating the merits of their children, and more pains in leading them gently

into the paths of wisdom and virtue, than in all the vain-glorious bean-catching and heart-breaking in the world; and yet she was a woman of taste. If you should go to old Fairfield now, and search the county through, you'd hardly find a house more elegantly furnished, a yard more tastefully arranged, or a library filled with better books, than the one owned by George Tremont, Esq.; for an air of tasteful elegance rests on every thing which has been arranged by Aunt Lois. Yet this very lady was unfortunate enough to love fun.

She never failed to put on the appearance of a counterfeit Yankee matron when she visited her dear brother and sister at Philadelphia; and any one who might see her here as a stranger would have thought she had acquired her substantial healthy proportions by the means of "pumpkin pies and gingerbread." Abigail was like her mother in disposition, and like her, a perfect lady in appearance—unless she chose to be something else. She was now about twenty-one, and very good looking. On the present occasion, she was dressed moderately and plainly in a dark gingham, while her mother wore a plain black silk. This was, perhaps, going too far; but Aunt Lois's motto always was, "my true friends—those who love me—will not care for my clothes."

"I never brought Abby down to the city but once afore, and perhaps she'll want some training, so as to know how to conduct afore the city folks," said Aunt Lois, a short time after they had arrived.

This was answered by a cold nod and a whispered "yes" from Mrs. Tremont, and the country sister continued:

"Here's little Lillie, she can go round with her; you needn't be afeared to trust 'em out, for I'll warrant ye, Abby can take care of her, while she—"

Here Mrs. T. indignantly interrupted her by exclaiming, "My daughter will have plenty of attendants if she wishes to walk."

"I dare say she can; but then you'd no need to trouble her pa about it, as long as she's acquainted with the city, and Abby wants to see it; she'll take care on 'er."

Mrs. Tremont could endure no more; so ringing a bell, she ordered a servant to show the ladies to their room.

If Mrs. Tremont was just ready to burst with rage, the ladies were quite as near it with laughter; and it was only with the greatest exertion that Abigail could refrain from "giggling" as the parlor door closed after them. When they had reached their room, she exclaimed:

"O what a vain woman Aunt Maria is. I think she is even more so than Lillie."

"I want you to do your best, Abigail, to keep up appearances; for I'm determined to teach them a lesson. Your uncle Frank has suffered enough for their foolishness."

Abigail smiled; and had the reader seen the twinkle of delight in her blue eye, they would feel that Mrs. Tremont and Lillie had not seen an end to their trouble yet.

"Hark! what is that?" said Aunt Lois, and she placed her ear to the keyhole of a door leading from her room.

"Surely, it is some one in distress," replied Abigail.

Aunt Lois tried the door, and found it unfastened. She opened it without hesitation, and both the ladies entered the room. There they found a bed—if bed it might be called—on which lay a poor young girl, tortured with pain and wild with delirium. They approached the spot, and Aunt Lois pressed her hand upon the brow of the invalid. The girl immediately opened her eyes and exclaimed:

"O mother, mother! I knew you would come! where is father?"

Tears came to the eyes of Abigail, but her mother motioned her to stand back. She then endeavored to quiet the poor sick one by kind words and by various kind acts, which a true-hearted woman knows how to use for the benefit of the sufferer. At length the poor girl fell asleep, when Aunt Lois, leaving Abigail to watch by the bedside, really found her way into the kitchen, where she procured some cold water and various other articles for the use of her patient. She said nothing to the domestics concerning what she had seen; but determined to inquire of her brother on the first opportunity. This she accordingly did, and was of course surprised to learn that it was Minnie Craig, Mrs. Tremont's niece. She thought she had seen her before, as she really had, but now the poor child was so emaciated, she scarcely resembled the fair little Minnie of a year ago.

Every day, after this, Aunt Lois and Abigail would sit by the sick bed; and when the ladies in the parlor found it out, they merely said:

"Well, I'm glad of it. Perhaps it will keep them out of sight of our visitors."

"I declare, Miss Tremont, you look more bewitching than ever in that splendid head-dress."

This was the salutation of Captain Durance, as he entered the parlor where sat Lillie and her mother. The ladies had learned by way of Mr. Tremont that this same Captain Durance be-

longed to one of the wealthiest and most influential families of South Carolina; and it is to be wondered at that a few days should serve to make him one of their most intimate friends? The mother had even hinted to her daughter that it would be well to set him down on the list of lovers who might worship at her shrine.

"Why really, captain, you flatter me," replied Lillie.

"Not at all, Miss Tremont; but will you allow me the pleasure of seeing your cousin from Connecticut? I would like an introduction?"

"My cousin?" And Lillie turned pale.

"What cousin?" stammered out the mother.

"Why, your friends from Connecticut."

"Really, sir, I don't understand you," was again replied.

"Excuse me, ladies, if I am mistaken; but I understood Mr. Tremont that his brother's wife and daughter were here."

Mrs. Tremont was about to reply, when in came Miss Abigail, who exclaimed:

"Pray, Aunt Maria, who is inquiring for mother and me?"

What was to be done now? Nothing short of an introduction would do, and Abigail seated herself by her aunt's side as composedly as if she had been at home; she talked freely with the captain, and was even vulgarly familiar. Her aunt and cousin sat biting their lips, and the latter, scarcely saying a word, went and seated herself at the other end of the room. Upon seeing this, Abigail immediately exclaimed:

"Why, cousin Lillie, I didn't know that you were so bashful!" Then rising, she went up to the captain and whispered loud enough to be heard all over the room, "Yoa mustn't think nothin' of it, captin'; she's young, you know—only eighteen." And then, without the least ceremony, she left the room, and running to the bottom of the stairs, called out loud enough to be heard into the parlor, "Mother, mother, come down here quick; there's a gentleman here as wants to see you." Then running back, she seated herself by her cousin's side. In a few moments Aunt Lois made her appearance. No sooner had she entered the room than Abigail jumped up, exclaiming:

"Mother, this is Captain Durance, one of the smartest men I ever see; and I guess he's come to see Cousin Lillie."

Aunt Lois grasped him by the hand with "happy to make your acquaintance, Mr. Captain Durance, and if you git our little Lillie here you must come out and see the old place in Connecticut. I dare say she'd reckon of coming, only her pa's so busy he can't fetch her."

"Thank you, madam, I hope I may have the pleasure of doing so; but really, it may not be so easy a matter to captivate your nieces."

"O, as to cultivating her, she's got a purty good education now, I guess—as far as book-larnin's consarned,—and as to making pie and cakes, why my Abby here can larn her that in no time." And Aunt Lois stepped across the floor to Lillie's chair, saying, "Come, dear, dew play the capting a tane on the pianny; you do play so beautiful. Come, that's a duck!"

Lillie was about leaving the room, when her mother called to her. "Yes, my dear, give us a few tunes." Mrs. Tremont doubtless thought the music would be better than the voices of her relations; but the young lady thought it best to leave, so she paid no attention to her mother.

"Here, come back here, Lillie, child, you shouldn't disobey your mother so," exclaimed Aunt Lois; but Lillie went on to her room, where she locked herself up to cry over her mortifications.

"We've got an old pianny at home, one that George's sister left there, and Abby used to play some on that. Abby, go and try it."

The obedient daughter immediately seated herself at the instrument. The captain followed her, and was about to select a tane from the music book, when she suddenly cried, "Why, I declare, if you aint got a singin' book there; but I never play meetin' tunes." And she grabbed the sheets from his hand, throwing them across the room into her aunt's lap.

"Mother, what shall I play?"

"Can't you play 'Auld Lang Syne' the best?" replied the mother.

And Abby went to work. She thumbed away, getting the right notes about half the time, till she finally came to a full stop, exclaiming, "O dear, I'd rather do a week's washing any time!" And throwing herself back, fell against the centre-table with such force as to throw a Chinese flower vase on to the floor, breaking it into pieces.

"O, O, O!" she screamed.

The captain immediately helped her up, asking if she were hurt.

"O no; but it scared me so!" And looking disdainfully at the piano stool, she continued: "I forgot that high chair had lost its back."

Captain Durance now withdrew amid the "good-by's" of Aunt Lois and Abigail; and they really hoped he would happen there again before they went home. Mrs. Tremont said nothing.

"He's a real nice man I should think," remarked Aunt Lois, after he was out of hearing.

No reply.

"And does he really come to see Cousin Lillie?" inquired Abigail.

"No!" growled Mrs. Tremont. And Aunt Lois and Abigail withdrew.

"Really, Frank, I cannot stand it any longer!" said Mrs. Tremont, as she sat by her husband's side that night.

"What is wrong now, my dear?" coolly replied Mr. Tremont.

"I want you should send those miserable relations of yours home."

"Indeed, madam, I never turn my friends out of doors."

"You never did anything for the good of your family, yet," retorted the indignant wife; "but if you don't give them a hint, *I shall*."

"Act your pleasure," replied the husband.

Mrs. Tremont now went on to relate the mortifications of the day, and concluded by saying that Lillie had gone to her room and had done nothing but cry all the afternoon.

"Really," continued she, "I fear it will make her sick."

"I am sorry," said Mr. Tremont, "that one of my daughters is so foolish. As for Captain Durance, if he really loves Lillie, this would make no difference."

Mrs. Tremont now began to fear a moral lecture; so rising, she left her husband, and immediately ascended to her daughter's room.

About a week after this, it was announced, to the great joy of Mrs. and Miss Tremont, that Aunt Lois and Abigail were about to leave them for home. And greater yet was their pleasure, when the former offered to take Minnie home with her. And as the carriage rolled away at a rapid rate, bearing from the mansion the "horrible visitors," the ladies could scarce refrain from crying—so great was their joy.

Captain Durance and the French count were still constant visitors at the Tremont mansion. Balls and parties, flirtations and conquests, whirled away the time at a rapid rate, and spring at length arrived.

It is true, Captain Durance had never really asked the hand of Lillie in marriage—yet she felt that the time was drawing near when he would do so. It is also certain that Count De Caimé *had* proposed, and she had delayed giving him an answer, for she really liked the captain the best; and as he also was reputed to be rich, of course her choice lay between them. She hoped every day to have things brought to an issue, for she contemplated starting in a few weeks for the Springs, in company with her mother. Nor did she hope in vain. About three days before their intended departure, and

while they were sitting alone in the parlor, a servant handed them a note. It was in a splendid hand, and directed to Lillie. She opened it; her eye rested on the name of Dorance. It was a plain offer of his heart and hand. She re-read the note, then handing it to her mother, she exclaimed:

"What think you of *this*?"

Mrs. Tremont glanced over the note; then throwing it on to the carpet, replied:

"Of course, my love, you will not answer it."

The young lady smiled scornfully, and picking the paper up, twisted it into bits. Reader, would you like to know what the contents were? There was something in the letter to this amount:

"DEAR LILLIE:—Though I love you, and though I give you my undivided heart, I cannot offer you wealth! My father, it is true, is rich, but his wealth consists principally in such a kind of property as I care not to possess. Therefore, dear girl, I may only say I can support you in good style, but cannot add to your fortune; yet I feel that your noble nature will love me the better for the principles which make me poor."

Ah, this was the end of hope with him! But never mind—the *count* is on hand, and plenty of time to captivate a score besides; for only just think—she isn't nineteen yet!

Two years passed away, and yet Lillie is not married. She still continues the same bewitching beauty as before, or perhaps her riper age has added even another charm. To-night she has gone to join an assemblage of wealth and beauty, and leaving her to enjoy herself as best she may, we will again seat ourselves in the family parlor of the Tremont mansion. Mr. and Mrs. Tremont are the only occupants of the room.

"What makes you always look so grave, Frank?" remarked Mrs. Tremont. "Why don't you laugh and talk like other people when you are at home?"

"I do not always feel happy as you do, wife," replied he.

"But why should you not?" asked she.

He made no reply to this, but drawing himself up to the table, took up a book and commenced reading.

"O, husband, do put by that old book and talk to me."

He did as she requested, and commenced talking about the return of their youngest child, Susan.

"Pshaw! she would never enjoy herself here; better remain where she is, for by this time, she will be better fit for the companion of your niece Abigail, than to act the sister to Lillie."

Tremont made no reply to this, but if we are

to judge by his looks, we should say he was not well pleased with the remark. They were both silent for a few moments, but at length he turned to her and said:

"Perhaps, wife, you will be glad of her assistance shortly, notwithstanding her awkwardness."

"What do you mean?" asked she, somewhat startled.

"I mean that I expect a failure!"

"Impossible!"

"It is nevertheless true."

"Explain yourself."

"Simply, then, the parties you have given your daughter, with the expenses at Saratoga for two summers past, in addition to some trifling failures of my own, have broken me down."

How did the fashionable Mrs. Tremont receive this? Did she put her arms around the neck of her husband and say—"Well, Frank, if we're unfortunate in losing our property, we are happy in the possession of each other and our children. Don't be discouraged, dear husband—we'll have a home yet?" No, indeed. But I will draw a veil over the scene that followed.

The next day, she disclosed to her daughter all she had learned the night previous, and advised her by all means to secure the count before the failure became known. Parties were given to keep up appearances, all the splendors imaginable were displayed to the greatest advantage, and in less than four weeks the beautiful Lillie became the wife of Count De Caime, and embarked for Paris.

After the departure of her darling child, it was to be expected that Mrs. Tremont would feel the want of company. Her husband was none for her, or rather he was a continual pest—an eye-sore. Scarce a day passed without his hearing of the hundred thousand dollars, and if he ventured a reply, he was sure to receive such a torrent of abuse as would contribute to anything but happiness and love. It is not to be wondered at that he longed more and more, every day, for the presence of his favorite child Susan. Yet he expected if she did come, her mother would hate and abuse her for his sake. At length, however, the trial was made. A lovelier day never dawned than the one on which the fair girl was to return to the home of her infancy, after an absence of nine years. She felt the deepest regret at leaving her aunt, but her father called for her presence, and she must obey. She loved her father with all the depth and purity of her guileless heart, but her mother had been almost as a stranger to her. Indeed, Mrs. Tremont had never written a single letter to

Susan, nor had she seen her during her long absence.

It was about sunset when she arrived at her father's residence. She did not stand for ceremony, but running into the parlor, threw her arms about her mother's neck with all the tenderness of a favorite child. To her great surprise, her mother returned the caress. This melted Susan's heart entirely, and falling at her mother's feet, she exclaimed :

"O, dear mother, I will always be your friend—I will always stand by you, nor forsake you!"

"What can you do, child?" replied the mother; but Susan heeded not the cold words.

The reader may imagine the different aspect which things assumed at the Tremont mansion, when the bankruptcy of its proprietor became generally known. Mrs. Tremont had labored hard to keep her situation from the sight of the public, but all things must be known sometime. And the proud lady—who had heretofore placed herself in fashionable society, with "fine raiment" for a foundation—where is she now? Alas! the foundation is taken from under her feet, and she beholds her halls neglected—deserted—by all except those she once despised. These, and these alone, now remain to comfort her. The merry, musical laugh of Susan, as she moves lightly from room to room, cannot but scatter some of the clouds. And even Captain Durance is an acceptable visitor. Although he met with a cold repulse from Lillie, his intimacy with Mr. Tremont had not ceased; and he even calls on the ladies, for he finds Susan an excellent company. And when he sits by her side, talking of foreign lands he has visited, or reading to her from some useful volume, we almost imagine that an affection is springing up—not such an one, indeed, as may be blasted by the word *poverty*—but we will see.

The mother, strange to say, breathes not a word against all this. She now discovers that Captain Durance is a man of good feelings, and if he isn't rich, why Susan is no better off! Perhaps she will never make a better match. Mr. Tremont is at home but very little, yet his wife does not know why he is absent. She never asks him if he has met with any new difficulty, or what it is that keeps him from home. That's nothing to her, of course; it's enough to know her own troubles.

Days, weeks and months pass by, and the idea of moving is suggested. This she would be glad to do, it is so mortifying to remain where people know her; but then to take a smaller, or a plainer house, is out of the question. It cannot

be that Frank, after he has spent her money, should think of putting her into a hovel *now*! But at length she finds that go she must—for although Susan has filled the place of the servants, and though all unnecessary expense has been spared, the house has passed into new hands, and they must leave it. At last an idea is hit upon. George Tremont has offered his brother's wife and daughter a home, while Frank is trying to secure at least an humble one for their future wants.

Mrs. Tremont receives the invitation joyfully, and has already set the day when herself and daughter are to commence their journey to Connecticut Farms, to take up their residence with her husband's "miserable relations."

"My daughter," said Mrs. Tremont, a few days before they were to leave, "how comes on your business with the captain? I presume you are engaged."

Susan blushed, but made no reply until the question was repeated.

"Why, mother, he has proposed, and I have referred him to my father."

"Bravo, my girl! But how long before you are to be married?"

"Some time, I presume. You know I am young yet."

"Not so very—you are eighteen."

"I think twenty-one is quite young enough to marry," replied the daughter.

"Fie, you cannot expect to make conquests, and it would be foolishness to trifle with Durance."

"Indeed, mother, I do not intend to. I love him too well for that."

Mrs. Tremont gave one of those disdainful looks so natural to her, and continued :

"But surely, Susan, you don't intend to live single three years longer. Why, what will you do with yourself?"

"I have engaged myself for one year at least," replied Susan.

"Engaged yourself? how?" inquired the mother, somewhat surprised.

"As a teacher."

"A teacher?"

"Yes, for by this means I can support myself, besides laying up something with which to assist my father."

"My child, you are dreaming. Are you not going with me to Connecticut?"

"By no means, dear mother. My duty would not allow of it."

"Then I am to stay alone?"

"O, you'll not be alone, mother, for if Aunt Lois is as good as she appears, I'm sure you'll love her."

Mrs. Tremont gave another scornful look, as she replied :

"La! she may be good enough, but she will never be company for me."

"And then, mother," continued Susan, "you will have Lillie's letters to read—they will be a consolation."

The conversation was now interrupted, for the dinner hour had arrived, and father, mother, daughter and lover seated themselves around the board, while the cheerful looks and pleasant tones of the latter served to banish feelings otherwise unpleasant.

It was a fine morning in the month of September, when Mrs. Tremont bade farewell to her husband and daughter, and commenced her journey to Connecticut. She appeared unusually cheerful this morning, yet I would not have my reader suppose she was happy. No—she had spent too many years in cultivating those qualities of the benefit of which she is now deprived. She knows nothing—hears nothing—sees nothing in nature calculated to elevate her mind, or make her happy. Her thoughts were never placed on such "coarse things," and when she gets to the old farm, I doubt her knowing the difference between starlight and lamplight; and likely enough she'll think the moon, if she should happen to see it, is one of the lamps of her native city—strung up for her especial benefit—unless Aunt Lois should tell her the difference.

But we will leave her to herself for the present, and seek the side of Susan and her father. He is behind the counter of an old friend, acting as head clerk, while the daughter is surely enough teacher of a select school in the city. Health blooms on her cheeks, and intelligent kindness beams from her eyes. The very atmosphere around her is cheerfulness. It is true, her delicate frame sometimes finds itself almost unequal to the task imposed; yet the object of her labor, her father's good, strengthens her hand and prepares her for all difficulties. And when at night she hastens to join her father at their boarding-place, she is happy. Well might he be proud of her; but what would Lillie have done here?

But what has become of Captain Dorance? He has entered business with the same man who gives Mr. Tremont employment, and often will the father and daughter welcome him to their social fireside on the evenings of the coming winter. This is indeed a joy to Susan; a true affection is formed between the two—an affection which has grown from principle and feeling. The evenings are spent in reading, or in other ways of social improvement.

"Father," said Susan one night, when he had returned from the store, "I have got a letter from mother—will you read it?"

Tremont took the letter; he had not read far, however, when a smile lighted up his features, as he exclaimed :

"I thought she would sep the difference!"

It seems the letter was written some two or three weeks after Mrs. Tremont had reached her brother-in-law's. It stated her extreme surprise at finding everything in such good taste, and that Lois was really one of the most accomplished women she ever saw; and though she could not consider the country so pleasant as the city and its society, yet she enjoyed herself very well. Abigail had become the wife of a distinguished gentleman of New Haven; and *her niece*, Minnie, was really a very beautiful girl. She found considerable fault with her husband, however, for allowing his friends to deceive her so.

"I am glad your mother is so well satisfied," remarked Mr. Tremont to Susan, when he had finished the perusal.

"Yes," replied she; "but what does she mean by being deceived?"

Tremont then related the whole story of "the visit" to his daughter, as we have already done for the reader.

"And now," added he, "I have a secret to tell you."

Susan expressed her willingness to hear, and he proceeded.

"I have hopes of recovering our lost fortunes."

"How?" exclaimed Susan.

"If I can raise twenty thousand dollars, I can redeem the whole. A friend has offered his assistance, and I think I shall succeed."

"You are not certain, then?"

"Not exactly; and we had better keep what we know as a secret—for the present, at least."

Susan, of course, was much delighted with the new hopes which had sprung up, but she intended to keep her word in regard to secrecy—not even telling her friend Captain Dorance. With a lighter heart and a stronger hand, she proceeded to school on the next day—determined to be prepared for the future, let it bring what it would.

The winter has passed away, and spring has come again. It is Saturday evening, and Susan Tremont is alone in her room. The little table is spread for tea, and seems to be waiting. Susan is watching for some one. There she sits, just as she has done for an half hour, gazing anxiously from the little window which overlooks the street, as if some heavy load were

weighing upon her heart. At length she rises, and hastily runs to the hall door.

"Heaven prepare me for the worst!" cried she, as she left the room.

She opened the front door, and her father entered. She looked at him inquiringly, but he said not a word. His face was very pale, and she feared all was over. She trembled lest their prospects were all perished—their last bright hopes dashed to the ground. Tremont immediately ascended to his room, followed by his daughter, who placed a seat for him by the window, that he might enjoy the cool breeze.

"My child, we are saved! all is right!" at length he exclaimed.

Susan answered not, but embracing him, burst into a flood of tears. Yes, all was right—their property retrieved—and Tremont mansion would again be their home, and her parents would be happy!

Three months have passed away. The Tremont family have again returned to their splendid mansion, and no one would think, as he passed by the door, that it had ever seen neglect. Now, all the dear family friends—that is, all the fashionable city acquaintances—are calling continually. Parties have been given, just as if nothing had ever happened, and now, dear reader, you may call Mrs. Tremont a happy woman.

"But where is your daughter?" asked one of the many city exquisites, who had made a point of calling frequently for a few weeks past, and who had taken much pains to ingratiate himself in the favor of the mother of Susan.

"I believe she's in the library with her father," replied Mrs. Tremont.

"How very retired she is," replied the fop. "Indeed, she is a perfect gem of modesty!"

While the two are thus conversing about our fair friend, we will take a look into the library and see what she is doing.

"My dear girl," said the father, as he laid his hand affectionately on her head, "Captain Durance has returned from the south, after an absence of six months; he has just learned of our success in regaining our own, but he fears he will be received no more as your suitor."

Susan blushed deeply.

"Father, I do not understand you."

"He thinks, my dear, that you will scorn his poverty now that you have wealth."

"O, father, how can you be so cruel—how can he, as to think me thus false-hearted?"

"But you must remember, my child, that the power is now yours to select from the many who can give you additional wealth."

"But the power is not in my heart, father, and what are all the splendors of sordid gold to me, in comparison with the love of one noble heart?"

"But hear me, child; it would sorely displease your mother, should you wed this man."

"My mother is a cold and selfish woman—forgive me for saying this, father, but I cannot help it."

"Susan, think of the deprivations you must meet with, if you become his wife—"

"Speak not of those, father—am I not able to meet them?"

Tremont clasped his daughter to his heart.

"You are indeed a true-hearted woman!" exclaimed he, at length. "You are one whom I am proud to own as a daughter. Here, Edgar, take my child—take the treasure from my own hand; she is yours!"

Susan looked up, and was not a little surprised to see Captain Durance before her. It was not until the first ecstasy at meeting was over, that she learned that he had stood concealed in the little recess ever since she entered the room, and had heard all the conversation between herself and father.

The chagrin of Mrs. Tremont was deep indeed, when she learned how affairs had turned with her daughter. She blamed her husband for encouraging either Durance or Susan, after he had found out that their pecuniary affairs brightened. And when Tremont tried to pacify her by reason, she would answer:

"Yes, indeed! I managed the love affair of Lillie's, and she is now a wealthy countess; while this graceless hussy has dared to have her own way, and you have encouraged her in it. But you'll see how it will come out! They'll both be beggars, for she shall never have a cent from here, if she does marry him!"

If he undertook to remonstrate to this, her reply universally was:

"A hundred thousand dollars isn't picked up every day, and I tell you, Frank, she shall never have a cent of that!"

But the wedding day was set, and all the efforts of the imperious woman could not delay it.

Weeks flew by, and soon the day arrived. Not into a splendid apartment, brilliantly lighted and adorned, to see a company selected from the ton of Philadelphia, assembled to witness the solemn and interesting ceremony, shall we be ushered! In one of the private parlors, are five or six individuals seated around the room. They seem to be particular friends—not fashionable, but true ones. There sit Uncle James and Aunt Maria, Uncle George and Aunt Lois, Mr.

Tremont and the venerable and revered minister. But Mrs. Tremont is not there. No—she could never see her house thus disgraced! Every sound is hushed, and a degree of solemnity rests upon the company. At length the door opens, and the couple enter. Surely Captain Dorance is a noble looking man, and Susan is as perfect a picture of innocence and sweetness as was ever seen!

"Well, I'm glad they're gone!" exclaimed Mrs. Tremont, the morning after the wedding. "Indeed, I never wish to see them again!"

"How can you talk so, Maria?" replied her husband. "Surely, you must have some feelings of the mother left."

"Not for her, the disgraceful thing!" and Mrs. Tremont angrily left the room.

Captain Dorance had started on that morning with his bride, for the south.

As Mr. Tremont walked towards his counting-room, he seemed to be deeply buried in thought. Was he thinking of the selfishness and vanities of his wife, or of the dear one from whom he had just parted? Perhaps he was contrasting the difference between his present wealth and recent poverty. If he was, he must have come to the conclusion that when he dwelt at the little inn, in company with his loving daughter, he enjoyed himself much better than now, when he must return, after a day of hard labor, to a cold mansion, and seat himself to a sumptuous table beside a wife whose soul was thoroughly encrusted by selfishness and vanity.

About a week after the departure of Susan, Mr. and Mrs. Tremont were entertaining a large company in one of their front parlors, when a servant entered, stating that Mrs. Tremont was wanted immediately in another room. That lady arose with great dignity, and after various polite ceremonies, left the room. It was not many minutes before another servant entered, stating that Mrs. Tremont was seriously indisposed, and could not see company again that evening. The visitors therefore departed, and Mr. Tremont hurried to the side of his wife. What a spectacle there met his eye! Mrs. Tremont had sunk upon a chair, and was just able to point towards the lounge, as her husband entered, and exclaim:

"For heaven's sake, look there!"

He looked in the direction to which she pointed, and beheld the form of a woman stretched upon the lounge—pale, emaciated and in rags.

"Tell me—O, tell me, is it so?" again cried his wife.

"It is Lillie!" exclaimed Tremont; and he stretched out his arms just in time to save his wife from falling to the floor.

He ordered the attendants to carry her to her room, and then approached the form upon the lounge.

"Lillie!" said he; "Countess De Caime, what means this?"

"O, speak not that hateful name!" groaned the woman, as she opened her sunken eyes upon her father.

"O tell me, my child, what has brought you to this?" said the father, as he stood by his daughter's side.

She succeeded, at length, in giving him an explanation, which was as follows: The count had started with her for Paris, immediately after the marriage, where he had remained till within a few months, when he had returned to New York. He there learned of her father's bankruptcy. Disappointed in his expectations of accumulating wealth by means of his wife, he had confessed to her his real name and character, and then deserted her to her fate. The count had turned out to be a regular impostor and fortune-hunter from New York! She was thrown upon a bed of sickness by this terrible disclosure.

"I had lain for seven long weary months upon a sick bed, enduring agonies I could not describe, without one friend to comfort me—deprived even of the privilege of writing to those who could protect me. I rejoiced when they took my babe from my arms, to lay it in the grave. But thank God," continued she, when she had summoned strength to speak again, "thank God, that he has permitted me to come home to die!"

Deep were the feelings of that father, as he bent over the form of his ruined and degraded child. She had sown the wind, and was now reaping the whirlwind. Who but the proud and weak mother had sown the wind?

The next morning, the clouds of sorrow hung heavily over the Tremont mansion, and the mother, as she gazed on the cold and haggard features of her daughter's corpse, wept bitterly when she realized the bitter dregs of the cup she had quaffed. But how terrible the experience! And when, forty-eight hours afterward, Dorance and Susan arrived, this mother could take her surviving daughter by the hand, and as she led her to the side of the dead Lillie, could say:

"Thank God, you have escaped such a fate!"

The art of conversation consists much less in your own abundance than in enabling others to find talk for themselves. Men do not wish to admire you: they want to please.

TO MY SISTER.

BY BLANCHE D'ANTOINE.

"O stay, before the fat's spoke,
And strike the lyre for me!"
Annie, the very accents choke
Whene'er I sing of thee.
My sister, I remember once,
A dancing little sprite;
Whose head o'ercurled with amber waves,
Whose eyes o'erbeamed with light;

Whose brow before the lily paled,
Cheeks, blushed before the rose;
Whose breath was perfume on the gale,
Whose teeth were pearly rows;
Whose witch-of-a-dancing joyous self
Ran waltzing everywhere;
And that same sprightly little elf
Was very like you, dear.

I'm gazing on thee, sister, now,
And peering in the future:
Methinks I view around thy brow
A wreath, the trio, richer.
Our brother 'll wave our country's flag
In gallant circles o'er us:
Poverty never 'll let me lag—
So I will join the chorus!

I see thee—Eve-like, gentle, mild—
A glorious type of woman!
But—after heaven—thou darling child,
Love something that is—human.
And let thy wreath of love entwine
A noble shrine and worthy;
When time shall pledge thee in old wine—
"Content o'ermasters glory!"

THE LIFE-BOAT.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

KATE WILLIAMS was an orphan. Her mother had been dead many years, while her father had left her more recently. He, the father, had been a sea-captain, and when he died he left his two children with all his wealth, amounting to nearly half a million of dollars. The other child was a son, named Frank, and older by some five years than was Kate, she being twenty, and he five-and-twenty. Frank was away. He had been travelling through Europe, but was expected home, when we introduce our story, in a very few weeks, if not days. The two children still retained the house and lands which their father had bought and occupied. It was a splendid mansion, within a very few rods of the shore, overlooking the broad Atlantic. It was a romantic spot, and the heirs had been offered great prices for it; but they had no desire to sell their old house. There were a few neighbors close by, and at the distance of about a mile was quite a village.

Kate Williams was a noble-hearted, generous girl, and everybody who knew her called her handsome. And so she was. She was none of your drawing-room ornaments, but a substantial individual, full of life and power, and realizing that she was one of a class who had work to do. She was a modest, pure being, but not one of your demure, downcast sort. She carried her virtue in her soul, and her purity in her thoughts; and her laugh was never so loud and joyous as when others could share in her happiness. Her eyes were gray, but a bright, handsome gray, full of light and intelligence; and her hair was light, almost too light for brown, and yet too dark for golden hair—though when the sun shone on it, the golden hues were rich and predominant. Her features were full and round, with dimples wherever a smile could rest, and glowing with the ruddy hue of health.

Is it a wonder that Kate Williams should be loved? Why, everybody loved her; but then there were two individuals who loved her very dearly—or, at least, who swore they did. The first was John Glancey. He was a young man, four-and-twenty, and a lawyer by profession, having been practising in the neighboring village for about two years. He was a good looking man; tall, straight and well-formed; with black hair and eyes, and possessing a proud, and at times overbearing spirit. He was not a liberal-minded man, but of this Kate knew not.

The second was Harry Winship. He was a year younger than Glancey, and by profession a physician, having been in practice in the village just two years. He was not so tall as his rival, and not so proud looking. His hair was light brown, and his eyes gray; and his looks owed more to the expression of his features than to their formation. He was not so much bowed to as was Glancey. A man, or a woman, would bow very politely to the lawyer; and then, in a moment afterwards, should they meet the physician, they would grasp his hand and smile. Glancey's clients respected him very much. Winship's patients loved him very much. This was the difference between the two men.

Now Kate Williams knew that both these men loved her, but as yet she had not chosen between them. They were both good men, she thought, and so far she had only allowed them the privileges of passing friends. She had not one particle of the coquette in her—not one thought of it. She meant to make her choice and adhere to it. While she was thus pondering, a circumstance transpired which influenced her, as we shall see in the sequel.

In the village lived a young female—a married

woman—named Bolton. Her husband was away on business. One day Dr. Winship was called on to visit her. He examined her carefully and was not a little startled upon finding that she was actually suffering from delirium tremens. Her constitution was naturally frail, and the excessive use of rich wines had brought her down. He stated the case to the old nurse just as it was, and gave very rigid orders concerning the treatment she must receive.

In a few days after this the story of Mrs. Bolton's strange sickness got spread over the town, and when people were asked how they knew, they replied that Doctor Winship had said so. The truth was, the old nurse had done all the mischief. The story soon reached the ears of John Glancey. Mrs. Bolton was his own sister, a fact of which Winship had no knowledge. The young lawyer called upon the doctor at once. The latter would have received him cordially, but the former repelled all familiarity.

"Dr. Winship, did you say that my sister had been a drunkard?"

"Your sister, sir?"

"Ay, Sarah Bolton is my sister."

"Ah, I was not aware of that."

"Never mind. She was a female, and as such demanded your sympathies. Did you circulate the story, sir?"

"No, sir, I did not. I was called to see the woman, and I found her suffering under the influence of delirium tremens; and I explained the matter to the nurse so that she might know how to proceed. I have not opened my lips upon the subject to any other person, save, when I have been questioned upon the subject; and then I replied that as a physician I never answered such questions."

"Exactly," returned the lawyer, with some anger. "Such answers are enough to curse the character of any person, for they simply bid the questioner to surmise what he pleases. But, as you acknowledge, the story did originate with you, and is traced back through the nurse to your lips. Now I wish you to publicly dispute the thing."

"How, sir?" uttered Harry, with astonishment, "give the lie to my own professional decision? make myself responsible for the mischief of a tattling old nurse? No, sir."

"But remember, sir: The woman is my sister, and her station in society is such that this story will do her much harm."

"I am sorry, sir, very sorry; but I am not to blame. Three months ago I visited Mrs. Bolton, professionally, and at that time I warned her of this. You can do as you please with the story,

but I can do nothing. Mrs. Bolton must suffer the same penalty for the violation of natural laws that others suffer. And she must suffer the same from the laws of our social fabric."

"Do I understand, sir, that you will not retract?"

"Retract? I have nothing to retract."

"I wish you to publicly announce, upon your own responsibility, that the story of Mrs. Bolton's having the delirium tremens is false."

"I cannot do it, sir," returned the young doctor, proudly. "Had I circulated the story I should have been much to blame; but I only gave the nurse such information as was absolutely necessary for her to do her duty. I trust you will see this in its true light."

"Doctor Winship, once more I ask you—will you retract this statement—"

"Hold. What statement do you mean?"

"That Mrs. Bolton had the delirium tremens."

"I never made such a statement. I simply stated to the nurse that Mrs. Bolton was suffering from the effects of over-indulgence in food and drink."

"Will you make the public statement I have demanded?"

"No, sir—I cannot."

"Very well," said the lawyer, as he turned away, "you shall hear from me again."

On the next day Harry Winship received a challenge from Glancey to mortal combat. The doctor sat down and wrote in reply that he could never be urged into the commission of a crime of such folly and wickedness as he considered duelling to be.

On the day following, the doctor received a second note in which Glancey informed him that he should be posted as a coward if he did not fight. To this Harry replied that he had too much courage to barter the integrity of his soul for the sake of a perverted and morbid public opinion. He was the coward who dared not refuse to do an evil deed.

After this the lawyer posted the doctor as a coward, and the latter soon found that he was shunned by many who had before sought his company. But the most cutting of all was a note which he received from Kate Williams. She informed him that he would please her by never presuming to approach her as a friend again. Nor did she leave him in the dark. She plainly told him that the friendship between them had been of that kind which must either ripen into the holiest affection of earth, or be nipped in the bud. She could not cast her lot with one at whom the *finger of scorn* could be pointed, so she would see him no more.

Harry was for awhile utterly miserable. He loved the fair girl deeply and truly, and to lose her thus struck a pang to his soul that created a torture the most intense. But on the next day he mastered calmness enough to write an answer to Kate's note. He first informed her of the love she had crushed, and then he touched upon the subject of the trouble between himself and John Glancey. First he explained the whole case, from first to last, of Mrs. Bolton's sickness, and of the lawyer's visit to him. Then he gave his opinion upon the practice of duelling. It was a noble, generous opinion. And then he informed her that he would much rather suffer the unmerited reproach of those who now presumed to scorn him, than to pass through life with the blood of a fellow-being upon his hands, or to meet his God direct from the suicidal duel. He closed by calling down the choicest blessings upon her head, and bidding her adieu forever!

Kate Williams sat in her boudoir when Harry's letter was handed to her, and she broke the seal with a slight curl of contempt upon her ruby lips. But as she read her countenance changed; and when she had finished she wept outright. Had Harry been at her side at that moment, she would have rested upon his bosom, and asked him to forgive her. But he was not there. She read the letter again, and then she wept more than before. She refused to see any company during the remainder of the day.

Had Kate Williams followed the instinct of her own pure soul she would have recalled Harry to her side at once, but she was governed by the opinions of others. Her father had been a warm-hearted, impetuous man, and had fought one duel; and from that father she had received the peculiar idea of chivalrous honor. Naturally proud and tenacious of her honor as a woman, she felt a chill at the thought of being united for life to one who could be called a coward. In her soul she knew that Harry had done no absolute wrong, but still, perhaps he was afraid to fight. "They will tell me," she said to herself, "that my husband will never have the courage to defend his wife's honor."

O, had she known Harry Winship truly, she could have justly said: "Woe to the living being that dares insult that man's wife, either by word or deed!" But she did not know. The cloud was upon her soul, and she blew it not away.

And so Harry Winship suffered—Kate suffered—and John Glancey believed he had crushed his opponent, and that the lovely heiress would be his wife.

The morning was dark, lowery and chill; and ere long the wind began to howl among the rocks and bluffs. Great drops of rain began to fall, and the sea became covered with foam, as the waves rose and lashed the shore in fury. Louder and louder grew the crash of the elements, and the wild sea grew more furious.

Kate Williams was pale and agitated, for she knew that her brother must be near the coast. She had received the information from the captain of a clipper which had run in ahead of the heavily loaded ship on board which her brother had taken passage.

The storm increased in power during the day, and towards the middle of the afternoon many people had assembled on the little beach below Kate's residence to view the terrible grandeur of the scene. Half a mile from the shore was a huge rock, over which the mad sea now leaped with giant power; and still further out was a low ledge which commenced at a point not far from the beach and extended out two miles into the sea in a semicircular form, the outer end bending to the southward, and being nearly opposite the little beach.

It was about six o'clock when one of the men who had come up to the mansion, discovered a hulk upon the sea at some distance in the offing. He took the spy-glass, and soon made her out to be a heavy ship, with her masts gone, and lying directly in the trough of the sea.

"Lost! Lost! O, God!" So uttered Kate as she received the intelligence of the position of the dimasted ship. "It must be the Vulcan, for no other ship would be this way! O, he is lost!"

Various were the words of consolation offered to the afflicted maiden. John Glancey was by her side, and with his arms about her fair form he bade her hope.

The night settled down dark and drear over the mad waters, and the storm abated not at all. The vivid lightning streamed through the heavens, and the loud thunder roared in the black vault. Ere long another sound came booming upon the air. It was the report of a heavy gun! At intervals of about a minute the gun was heard, and at length a crowd was collected upon the beach.

For nearly half an hour there had been no lightning, but now the vivid flash lighted up the heavens once more, and a cry of horror went up from the anxious watchers, for the ship could be plainly seen just driving towards the outer end of the long reef!

"They are lost now!" uttered an old man, who leaned heavily upon his staff. "If the ship

strikes that reef she must go to pieces there, and no earthly power can help them!"

Kate Williams heard these words.

"O, sir," she cried, "I have a life-boat here! Could not some one go out in that?"

"Ah, Kate Williams, in your agony you forget the stern facts of the case. No man could live in such a sea. You can find no man here who would dare undertake such a task."

Kate's heart sank within her as she turned away. The rain had ceased falling now, and 'twas only the spray that dashed over the shivering forms upon the beach. In a few moments more the lightning streamed through the heavens again, and the cry of horror went up loud and long. The ship had struck!

"Poor fellows!" uttered the old man, "'tis all over with them now! The ship must soon go to pieces there!"

Kate gathered her shawl about her and rushed towards the spot where the life-boat had been hauled down.

"God help him now!" she cried, wringing her hands in agony. "O, Frank! Frank! my brother! Will no one go? Mr. Glancey, can you not find some stout man to go out in this boat? O, with this boat once there he might be saved!"

"Be calm, my dear Kate," urged the lawyer, taking her by the hand. "No mortal man would dare venture out there. Death stands too near at hand."

As he ceased speaking the flame of heaven glared out again; and the ship still hung upon the rocks with the sea beating furiously over her.

"Hallo! Hallo-o-o!" at this moment shouted a clear, ringing voice above the clash of the elements. "Where is the life-boat? Where is it?"

"Here—here—right by the little pier," answered a man.

"Then cut it loose! Away with it!" shouted the same voice in reply; and on the next moment Harry Winship came rushing to the spot where the crowd had gathered about the life-boat. The light from the lanterns shone in his face, and he looked like a giant at that moment. He had thrown off his coat, and placed a close oil-cloth cap upon his head.

"In the name of mercy," he cried, "why is not this boat off?"

"Would you rush on to certain death?" spoke the old man, who had followed Kate hither.

"Rush on to death?" repeated Harry, quickly. "There are a score of men in yonder ship looking death in the face, and shall we see them die

thus, and not put forth a hand? No! When I am in cast off the line!"

"But you cannot pull the boat against this sea, young man."

"Then let some one come and help me!—What—none? Then these arms shall do all they can. They can but fail."

With these words Harry leaped into the boat and caught the oars which were secured in the row-locks. A projecting promontory shielded the spot where the boat lay, so that there was no difficulty in pushing off. With all his power the noble youth bent himself to the work. He had passed the stay-belt about his waist, so that the sea could not wash him away.

In a few moments the life-boat and its occupant were lost in the darkness. There was one heart upon that beach beating prayerfully for him; but he knew it not. He had not seen Kate. He had just arrived when he saw the ship upon the reef, and uttered the cry we heard.

The next flash gleamed a moment on the water. The boat was upon the top of a huge sea, and the youth was working with all his might. Down, down, the frail bark sank—a deep murmur of prayer upon the shore—and then all was dark again. Anon the heavens glowed again.

"God help him!" murmured a quivering voice. 'Twas Kate's, and her hands were tightly clasped.

Again and again the lightning came, and at each time the struggling boat was nearer to the ship. The boat was very light, and the strength which now propelled it was almost superhuman. At length the frail boat was seen directly under the stern of the ship, and some thought they saw a line thrown from the high deck.

"By heavens!" uttered the old man, "he knows how to handle that boat. He knows just where to pull, and just where he may rest."

"Ay," answered another, "he was brought up in a boat."

"So was I," resumed the old man, "but I never could have done that."

It lightened again, but no boat could be seen. Nearly an hour had now passed since the boat left the beach; and during that hour the noble doctor had labored with all his might.

Again, and again the glare of the heavens spread over the sea, and at length the life-boat was seen once more. It was coming towards the land!

"'Tis full of men!"

A giant sea arose close upon the beach, and upon it was the life-boat. On, on—one more roll—one heavy throe, and the huge sea broke upon the sand, and the boat was thrown high up

upon the shore; and on the next moment living men began to leap from it. They turned, as they gained the hard footing, and lifted from the boat an inanimate form. It was Harry Winship, weak and faint.

"Frank! Frank! O, is my brother here?"

"Ho, my own Kate! God bless you, my sister!"

And on the instant a tall, stout, sea-wet man clasped the now fainting girl to his bosom.

The morning sun rose bright and clear, and many people came down to the shore of the sea to view the scene. The reef was clear now, and upon the beach lay all that was left of the noble ship. Here and there it was cast—one shapeless, separated mass of fragments.

But in the mansion above there is a brighter scene. Eight-and-twenty living souls are there, who were last night upon the deck of the ship. Not one was lost—not one! And the saviour, too, was up. He was safe and unharmed—only weak and exhausted still. He had reached the ship—received a line and secured it—and then he sank down senseless and powerless. Every nerve and every muscle had been strained to its utmost. Frank Williams—noble, generous Frank, looking in feature like his sister—had blessed him a thousand times, and all the rest had joined him.

Towards the middle of the day Harry had gone out into the library and sat down. The confusion of the party made his head ache. He had been there a few minutes when the door opened, and Kate entered. She stood before him a single moment, and then she sank down upon her knees at his feet, with her hands clasped towards him.

"Forgive me! O, forgive me!" she cried. "Forgive me, Harry, and place me in your heart once more! Forget what I said! O, forget and forgive!"

Ah, that scene was brightest of all. Half an hour afterwards, Frank found his sister, for whom he had been searching, in Harry's arms. She was happy now.

May we not suppose that John Glancey's standard of bravery sank very low after this in the estimation of those who knew all the circumstances? And everybody in the town did know them. People now knew which was the true hero; and they began to understand that a coward can be lashed into exposing his life, by anger and a desire for revenge—but a true man, never.

Before the snows of winter came, John Glancey, Esquire, left for the nearest city, while Harry Winship went to the sea-side mansion and became the brother-in-law of Frank Williams.

TRAVELLING COCKNEY NONPLUSSÉD.

Our friend, Judge W——, of Broome, is not only an American patriot in feeling, who loves his country, but a wag of the first water—and ill betides the man who engages in a badinage-encounter with him—as a certain pompous Englishman, who was a fellow passenger with him recently on the Central Railroad cars, found out somewhat to his cost. He had the bad taste to declaim in a loud voice against the beautiful country through which he was passing, and to criticise our manners, customs, etc., in the public railroad car. He presently embroiled himself with our friend.

"It is most hastonishing, sir, to a Hinglish gentleman to find the pronunciation of the Hinglish lengwidge so defective in this kentry. Heven propaw names, as of pur-a sons, pe-laces, end the like, you invariably pronounce wrong; for example: You mentioned a moment ago to your friend, speaking of the war in the East, the *Cri-me-ah*. Now it is *not* the *Cri-me-ah*, but the *Crim-eah*."

"Ah! well," said the judge, "after all, the name of a place is variously pronounced. We have just passed through the lovely village of Canandaigua. It is variously called Canandargua, Canandawga, and Can-an-da-gua. And so of Onondaga County, upon which we are about to enter. But it is different with you. It is not only the names of places which you mispronounce. In this country we call a horse a *horse*, but you call it a '*horse*;' and you think that a man who don't know what a horse is, must be a *hass*!"

A laugh "like the neighing of all Tattersall's," at this sally, rang through the cars, and our Hinglishman suddenly "dried up," and never opened his lips again until the train arrived, late at night, at Albany.—*Knickerbocker*.

A THEATRICAL CRITIC.

Sitting in a barber's shop the other evening, says the Pittsburgh Chronicle, we overheard a conversation, something like the following, between two knights of the razor.

"Bob, has you been to the theatre to see Jim Murdock?"

"I haven't been to any place else."

"And what do you think of him? Is he as great as dey say he is?"

"To tell you the real truf, Sam, I was disappointed. Jim Murdock is a purty good actor, but he is too much like Bill Macready—he doesn't holler half loud enough, and he aint got no voice. Give me ole Guss Addams; he kin make a noise, and when he howls in *Virginus*, he has me across de back. Ned Forrest kin beat Guss. Nobody's got no right to play when Ned's about. He lays them all out cold. His *Otello* hit me hard. I've been thinking about him eber since, and the last time he was that big *Ingun* in *Matymory*, he just lifted me off my seat, and when he got through I turns round to my gal, and says I, 'Labbly Fan, Ned Forrest kin take all my old clothes.'"

The address of the Ladies' Repository says: "Kisses, like faces of philosophers, vary. Some are as hot as coal fire, some sweet as honey, some as tasteless as long-drawn soda. Stolen kisses are said to have more antineg and cream than any other sort."

I WOULD NOT WIN THEE BACK AGAIN.

BY OPHELIA M. CLOUTMAN.

I would not win thee back again,
To this poor heart of mine,
If, by a word, I could regain
Thy love, so near divine.

I would not win thee back again,
To scenes and joys once dear,
From which, thou turned in cold disdain,
Without remorse or fear.

I would not win thee back again,
From her who claims thy love;
Lest that fond heart should suffer pain,
Like to the wounded dove.

I would not win thee back again,
Though great the effort be,
Which bids my heart no more complain,
For one so false as thee.

FAMILY PORTRAITS.

BY ALICE C. BENTON.

I SAT in the dull, still, lonely house, long after the early dinner hour, waiting for some one to come in and break the oppressive silence. I would have welcomed anything that could have been called sound. Nothing to be heard during the long, quiet hours, but the ticking of the great clock, and louder still, the great cathedral notes of my own heart which beat so that I could hear every pulsation as it rang out the assurance that I "still lived."

Suddenly I seemed to have a desire to look on the family portraits which hung, not in a gallery, but all along the large, old-fashioned staircase, and the walls of the long, dim hall. The afternoon was chilly and damp, and so dark from an approaching shower, that the large room in which I had been sitting was filled with the shadows which were thrown upward from the firelight; for even at that season, the hearth at my grandfather's was never cold.

I knew the history of all these dumb yet eloquent beings of the past, save one—for many, many hours had been spent in my childhood, wandering up and down this staircase, with my little hand enfolded in my grandfather's, whose own portrait was among them—I remember how difficult it was to associate the bent and aged form, the silver hair and sunken eyes, with the broad shoulders, bright chestnut curls and flashing orbs depicted on the canvase. It was a great mystery to my childish mind; the great mystery of nature, and though recognized by us all, is yet unsolved. This strange, mysterious princi-

ple of decay, acting upon that only which is breathing and sentient; never renewing itself, but wasting year after year, while only the *innate* grows fresh with each returning spring!

It was not to my grandfather, however, that I owed my entire knowledge of the pictured forms. That would have been too far beyond my comprehension, that *inner* history of their lives. But so much time had I spent with him there, and so intimate had I become with them, for he had always called them by their names, as though they were living beings, that it only made me yearn for a deeper revelation of their lives, as I grew to appreciate such histories.

To his daughter, a woman of strong and cultivated mind, but from some sorrow in her early life, of a somewhat melancholy, perhaps morbid tendency, I learned to fill up the outline which her father had only begun; and at fifteen, the portraits had a charm for me beyond description.

"And this is the one called Margaret," I said to my aunt, as she came in and carefully wiped the light dust from the pictures.

She turned upon me with an inquiring glance.

"How do you know?" she said, quickly.

"Because grandfather always said to that picture, 'Good morning, Margaret,' sometimes it was *dear* Margaret," I answered.

She sighed, and tried to turn the subject, but I could see that she glanced at the portrait several times, and then at me. At length she said:

"You are really getting to be a young lady, Helena! It seems so strange. You have always seemed so very childish until now! It is only this month back that I have noticed that you are as tall as I am." She paused a moment and then resumed: "I used to think that you resembled this very picture, but your mother would never allow me to say so."

I longed to ask why, but there was something about her that prevented me; especially as I had frequently noticed with wonder, that this portrait, although the best by far in the collection, both in the face itself and the artistic merit, was placed in a corner of the staircase, in a bad light, and with every appearance of neglect or want of appreciation. It was now only that I saw it to advantage; and that was because the whole staircase was darkened by the passing thunder storm, and the sky-light, at the top of the long, upper hall, blew off, and the red lightning streamed upon the pictures. I had been gazing at them as I paced the hall, for in thunder showers I was ever unquiet and restless, and I was so often attracted to the "Margaret," that it was no marvel that at that moment my eyes should have been fixed on that face instead of any other.

That momentary gleam ! how it electrified me ; not as usual, by fear and affright, but with a new perception of its effect upon other objects. I had seen "Margaret" as I should never, probably, see her again. I never thought of the rain that streamed down in torrents through the open aperture above me. I scarcely heard Aunt Esther, who was calling "Helena!" at the very top of her shrill voice, and whom I saw, as I looked up, busy with tubs and pails to catch the inundation.

I only watched for another gleam, and I did not watch altogether in vain ; but the second was a pale, white streak that gave a strange beauty, too mournful to make me wish for it again ; and I ran into my room, shut the door, and threw myself on the bed while tears flowed fast from my eyes.

Aunt Esther came bustling in, started from her usual moody state by the passing storm. "Mercy, Helena!" she exclaimed, in a voice that came sharp and ringing to my ear, "why don't you come and help us stop the rain?"

I laughed outright through my tears. "Can you stop it, aunty?" said I.

She caught sight of the glitter on my wet cheek, and was checked in a moment from the almost angry word she was about to utter. "My poor child," she said, "you are really frightened ; lie still, dear, and I will come to you as soon as the man gets the sky-light closed again."

When, half an hour later, she came to my bedside, I was just waking from a dream, in which Aunt Esther was standing on the edge of the roof, in the act of throwing "Margaret," into a large cistern in the street, and I was holding out my hands to break its fall.

"Don't throw it, aunty!" I screamed out to her, and awoke to see her covering me with a warm blanket, for she saw that I was chilled and trembling.

"Now, aunty, tell me about that picture. I have seen it by this lightning, as I shall never see it again ; and I want to know its history."

She made some feint of not being willing, but I do believe that she was dying to relate it to me. The shower was not yet over. It was now nearly dark, and the low, black clouds still came rolling upwards, and the long, muttering sounds of the thunder were still heard, and a sharp flash of lightning came, making me wish that I could again gaze on the picture. But the sky-light was replaced, and the heavy boards were nailed down over it more securely ; for no one in that house ever thought of keeping it open to light the pictures below it.

Aunt Esther placed herself in the large flower-

ed easy-chair, which had been my dear mother's when she was living. Her tall, thin, prim figure rose up straight and perpendicular, and her long, meagre hands were folded on her lap. Her hair was folded plainly over her forehead, and was still, in some places, dark and glossy, but just above the temples, there were two large spots of silvery whiteness, that looked as if two snow-hands had been pressed there to hide some aching beneath.

"I do not know that I can tell you all that you wish to know, Helena," she at length said. "There is little use of recalling memories that are so sad as this ; and you are too young to understand all the bearing of this unfortunate history ; but your curiosity is now excited and I will gratify it."

My heart beat high with expectation. I had read many romantic tales—but here was one that could actually be told by lips—something, too, that was connected with mystery, or my family, at least, and I experienced a new and delightful sensation. Aunt Esther seemed raised and glorified to me, as she sat there, because she was about to become to me that genius of romance, or at least, that was the half defined idea that I was unconsciously tracing out in my mind.

I cannot give any idea of it in my aunt's language, for so fearful was she of approaching it too nearly, so vaguely did she talk of persons and subjects in connection with it, and so often did I question her of matters without which being explained I could not grasp any meaning to her words, that I prefer telling it in my own abrupt and blunt way.

Margaret, then, was the sister of my grandfather, the only and idolized daughter of the family, the pet of four or five brothers all older than herself ; the graceful, beautiful, accomplished representative of the female part of the Greenwood household.

That she should be petted and idolized was not strange, for no lovelier being had ever dawned upon humanity, no brighter, happier impersonation of youth, intellect and graceful beauty ever beamed upon a household, than Margaret Greenwood.

All that wealth could procure, was lavished upon her enjoyment ; all that love could devise, was poured out like water at her feet. Throughout the household, Margaret's comfort and happiness were the engrossing themes. In trifles, as in things of magnitude, there was a positive passion to minister to her gratification. Not a dress did she hang upon her dainty little person, that was not imported especially for her use. Not an ornament graced her, that ever saw the light

of an American jewel case. Copley painted her, it was true; but Copley was the prince of portrait painters at that period, and his pictures will ever be recognized as perfect in their individual expression; possessing an inimitable charm of attitude, an indescribable beauty of coloring, and though last not least, an adaptation of costume, combining the richest material with the most faultless simplicity in its shaping; re-producing only those classic models of drapery which are ever new and beautiful. There are few families which would not like to boast of ancestral paintings from the hand of Lord Lyndhurst's father.

Well, Margaret's husband must be imported, too; and when Walter Greenwood (my grandfather) returned from Edinburg, where he had finished his education, he brought with him young Leonard Bruce; and at sixteen, Margaret was betrothed to him. Never was a more perfect match to all appearance. Both were surpassingly handsome, both highly intellectual. Each had a certain individuality of look, character, expression, so different from all others around them, and so well in keeping with each other. *And yet Margaret did not love him.* She was blinded to her own true feelings, by the state of things around her. His sudden and evident admiration; her brother's enthusiastic friendship for him; the interest which he excited in all who saw him, gave a sort of blind compulsion to her conduct in consenting to become his wife, and she tacitly allowed the preparations for her marriage to proceed. It was celebrated with all the parade which could be brought to bear upon it; and envy itself admired what it did not dare to depreciate.

Margaret was queenly in her marriage robes; but her eye did not once turn with a confiding glance to the noble figure by her side. There was an element plainly wanting, which when present, sanctifies the simplest bridal—absent, the grandest ceremonial sinks into a falsehood.

It was a heavy stroke to the family when they found that Leonard Bruce was determined to take his wife to Scotland. They had never dreamed of it. Walter Greenwood had always supposed that he would settle in America, for Leonard had always favored the supposition. But after a few months of journeying, and a corresponding time of rest and enjoyment, he languished for his native hills, and before the autumn had ripened its golden grain, they were on their way to Scotland.

A few short letters from Margaret told them from time to time, of her prosperity, of the beauty of her Scottish home, of the sweet, poetic associations which it recalled and strengthened; but

never of her happiness. Children were born in that home, whom she described with all the intensity of a mother's deep, unfailing, earnest devotion; but for the father and husband, no word had ever been written, except in the most casual and indifferent manner. After a few years, there was an evident bitterness and even contemptuousness in her slight references to him, which could not but pain those who loved her. Walter resolved to visit her, and after a few months' absence, he too returned, sad, and evidently distressed, but inexorably silent as to his sister's appearance, or apparent state of mind. Loving his sister as he did, it was not possible that he could still his troubled heart while there was a shadow over her; and finding it impossible to forbear showing some, at least, of his real feelings at home, he went to England.

He was crossing the Channel from Dover to Calais, when he observed two figures on board, one of which reminded him of Margaret. The lady was evidently disguised, for various unnecessary mufflings shrouded her person and her face was enveloped in a thick veil; but the graceful turn of her head could not be concealed, and that was Margaret's. Walter almost fainted, but in a moment he laughed at himself for his absurd fears, and withdrew without having been seen.

A second time he saw them, and she was leaning on the arm of her companion and evidently weeping. Her hand pressed to her eyes, outside of her thick veil, looked so much like his sister's! And yet again he suffered himself to be in the presence of this mysterious group, without ascertaining if he knew them.

But this man! what could he have in common with his gentle sister Margaret? It was true, there was a degree of gentleness in his evident care of her, in his attempts to hush her tears, in the gentle folding of his arm about her waist, as if to protect her; but as he rose to his feet to order water to be brought her, Walter saw that he was one of those tall, gaunt, stern-looking men, such as are rarely seen at their full height and somewhat coarse and massive frames, except in Scotland. What could he be to Margaret Bruce?

Walter attributed his own fancies to his disturbed feelings about Margaret. His ideas were all the more unpleasant, because he could give them no form. His picture of Margaret's life had not risen into any shape, but a dim, foreboding consciousness of evil filled his mind; and when he landed in Calais, he was nervous, worried and exhausted by his own vague and restless emotions.

A few weeks in Paris had a sedative effect upon his mind. The thoughtless, careless gaiety of the Parisians infected him also, and with youth, health and wealth to enjoy, he became the life of the circles in which he moved.

One night, at a masked ball, he experienced a renewal of his uneasiness, at the sight of a figure whose height reminded him of the Scotchman. Again beside him was the lady whose motions had seemed so much like Margaret's, and again he saw her hand. It was like his sister's, and had the same shell-shaped nails which in hers had been so often admired. There was not a single jewel upon it, not even a circlet of plain gold, but high up on her arm, as it was revealed by the falling back of the sleeve, was a broad band of gold, so pure and fine that it needed no clasp to retain it in its place. Walter remembered that he had folded just such a band around his sister's arm on the night of her marriage, and she had playfully promised him that it should be always worn.

Himself closely concealed by his mask, he availed himself of her companion's momentary absence to address her in English. His first accents seemed to penetrate her to the heart, for she uttered a faint shriek and fell to the floor. A dense crowd thickened about her, effectually barring the entrance of the tall figure which stood by the door. He had apparently no apprehension that the lady who was fainting was his companion, and he made no attempt to pass. Had he done so, it would not have been easy to prevent him, for his powerful frame could have forced a way through the crowd of agile and slender Parisians, with small effort on his part. Walter tore off the lady's mask, and the long, beautiful hair fell down in rippling waves below her waist. It was Margaret! Without waiting for her to revive, he took her in his arms, bore her, unresisted, to the street, and placed her in the first carriage that offered. She did not awake from that death-like swoon until she was carried to a chamber; and then she revived to see only Walter. He forbore to question her then, but waited until she was fully restored, and a violent burst of grief had relieved her. Then she sat in calmness until he should speak to her. She did not dare to ask him a question, but her eyes watched the door, as if she expected some one to enter.

"He will never come, Margaret, you will never see him more," said Walter; "or if he indeed should enter here, I would kill him upon the threshold."

Margaret shuddered; and then she rose from the bed, and falling on her knees before her brother, she faltered out her long, sad confession,

her penitence and her sorrow. They were words that burned into that fond and proud brother's heart most deeply, but they were never again uttered by her, to any human being, and never repeated by him. He crossed the seas again, with the wreck of what was his sister, and bore her to his home once more. Leonard Bruce and his children were there! He could not bear the solitude of his desecrated home, and he had come to leave his little ones with those who would love them, and then to become a wanderer.

Margaret was dying. It was touching to witness her meeting with her children; but to Leonard, she was impenetrably silent. Melted by her sufferings; by the approach of her death which seemed now so inevitable; by the love he had lavished on her and could not now subdue; by the perfect, the wondrous beauty which stole over her face, he poured out his forgiveness and his assurance of his returned affection. She heard him, and turning her eyes to the wall, she uttered a single word—"Hector." It was the last.

Leonard Bruce and Walter left the country again together, and wandered in foreign lands for two years. When they returned, the children were transferred to their father's care again, for Margaret's parents no longer lived; and he had brought home to them a second mother; an English girl, poor, of simple habits, and only beautiful because she was sweet-tempered and unassuming; and to her watchful and tender love, the orphans owed unutterable but deeply felt thanks. Her picture hangs on the staircase beside that of her husband. I have only one thing more to add. My quiet, melancholy, sober Aunt Esther, was the daughter of Margaret Bruce!

SINGULAR INTERPOSITION.

A lady had a tame bird, which she was in the habit of letting out of its cage every day. One morning, as it was picking crumbs of bread off the carpet, her cat, who always before showed great kindness for the bird, seized it on a sudden and jumped with it in her mouth upon the table. The lady was much alarmed for the safety of her favorite, and turning about, instantly discovered the cause. The door had been left open, and a strange cat had just come into the room. After turning it out, her own cat came down from her place of safety, and dropped the bird, without doing it the smallest injury.—*Salem Register*.

The poor man has health, a good appetite, and sleeps soundly at night. The rich man has his cares, his headaches, and his heart aches; and if the sum of human enjoyment could be exactly measured by some sort of moral thermometer, we should find that real happiness is pretty equally distributed, and that there is little cause for any man to repine at his own lot, or envy that of his neighbor.

I THINK OF THEE.

BY L. E. GOODMAN.

When beside the streamlet musing
On the past, the golden past,
And the brilliant scenes of memory
O'er my soul come rushing fast,
Like sunbeams o'er a gloomy sea,
Then, Lizzie, then I think of thee.

When day's sweet, departing glories
On the west their foot-prints leave,
And the stars, like pearly tear-drops,
Steal adown the cheek of eve,
Then sadness turns the golden key
Within the gate of memory.

When the silvery tongue of music
Holds me listening to it long,
I get dreaming, like a Peri
Harkening to some bright world's song,
Until my soul, unconsciously,
Gets free, and dove-like, flies to thee.

When Aurora, rosy-blushing,
Flings abroad her royal pearls,
And her banner, striped with sunlight,
In the Orient unfurls,
The sense of beauty steals o'er me,
Then, Lizzie, e'er I think of thee.

When the world grows cold and scornful,
Filling all my breast with grief,
And I feel there's none to love me—
None to give my heart relief,
Then some sweet spirit guarding me,
Directs my thoughts to think of thee.

THE TWO BRIDALS
IN THE VILLAGE CHURCH.

BY EMMA CARRA.

"I wish I had some money to buy me a ball; it is ball time now and all the boys have them," said Albert Griswold, gently winding his arms around his mother's neck, with his eyes turned towards his father, who half reclined on the sofa, wrapped up in his costly breakfast suit, and occasionally puffing from his aromatic cigar blue wreaths of smoke.

"Ask father," whispered the mother, in his ear; "he has plenty of money, you know, and I guess he will give you enough to buy you a ball."

"No, you ask him, mother; because I am afraid he will scold me for giving my other to Willie Mumford."

The father's eyes were on the morning paper he held in his hand, but he heard the conversation that passed between his wife and child, and though he made an effort to the contrary, he

glanced in the direction where his son hung so caressingly on his mother's neck, just in season to catch the eyes of both. Leaning a little further forward, he buried his fingers in his vest pocket for a moment, and then drew out a piece of silver, saying:

"Here, Albert; now when you get another ball, see if you can keep it, and not give it to the first ragged urchin you meet in the street without one."

"Willie Mumford isn't an urchin, father," said Albert, timidly, "he is a good boy, and sits right side of me in school, and sometimes he helps me get my lessons."

Mr. Griswold seemed a little disconcerted for a moment, but he soon rallied, and without making any answer of reproof or otherwise, he held the paper a little nearer to his face, and went on with his reading.

"I have got twenty-five cents, mother," whispered Albert, as he again stepped back to his parent's side; "that will buy me a ball and a top, too," and for a moment he expressed his joy by being very profuse with his kisses, and then before one could be returned he bounded towards the door that led to the front hall. Mrs. Griswold gave a light tap on the carpet with her embroidered slipper; Albert looked back, wonderingly, and she made a slight movement of her hand for him to return and kiss his father. The boy hesitated an instant, and then his smile died away and he went noiselessly back, and without removing his hands from his side, he leaned his head forward and touched his lips to his father's cheek; but the latter didn't seem to notice it, so the boy turned softly away, and in another moment he was in the street on his way to the toy store on the corner. When the echo of Albert's foot-fall died away, the wife left her seat by the grate and went over to the sofa where her husband was sitting. There was a little more moisture on her lashes than Nature requires in her healthy mood, but still she was silent until her husband had finished the perusal of his paper, then she said with a forced cheerfulness:

"I wish, husband, that you would try to be a little more affectionate towards Albert; it is so necessary for his happiness to be loved."

"Well, I don't know but it is; but I think it is rather small business for a man to be fussing over children: I believe in leaving such things for the women. If I provide you with the handsomest house in this fashionable street and keep you and the children furnished with spending money, why, that is my part without making a fool of myself by hugging and kissing the juveniles. But let me tell you, Alice, that you

are spoiling that boy by making such a baby of him ; but then he is just like you, after all," and Mr. Griswold threw down the paper and arose from his seat to make preparations to go to his office, and half an hour afterwards he was in State Street discussing business with others, who like himself thought that a bird could but be happy in a golden cage, though it stood where the sun of love seldom penetrated.

When Mrs. Griswold heard her husband close the front door, she buried her face in the soft pillow that lay on the sofa, and wept : she scarcely knew why, for she was surrounded by every comfort that money could buy, and was looked upon in society as one of the favored in fortune. A careless spectator would have deemed it ungrateful in the wife as she reclined amid these costly surroundings, to weep for what seemed to be imaginary woes ; but seldom can the superficial observer penetrate beyond the surface, and thus it was in Mrs. Griswold's case, for as those hot tears coursed slowly down her fair cheek, her mind went back to her cottage home that nestled in summer amid green leaves near the roadside, with broad fields and dark woodlands in the background, where from childhood up to the hour of her departure from home as a bride, she had ever been wont to lay her head upon her mother's breast when weary or sad, and receive sympathy, a sure antidote for earth's cares. And she remembered, too, a pale, still youth who sat in the village church and gazed on her on the morning of her bridal. When younger, he had broken for her the snow path in winter, while on their way to school ; had helped her to master the difficult lessons, and often sheltered her from all blame when the fault was hers.

But he was poor ; his widowed mother only owned the little cottage in which she lived, and where her son cultivated the small garden ; but he never seemed poor to Alice, until the wealthy Mr. Griswold stopped at her mother's one day to enquire the way to a rich neighbor's dwelling, and from that time she forgot all she had ever said to Albert Marriott, when he told her how much he loved her, and with joy his mother looked forward to the time when her sweet songs would be sung in his own little cottage ; for the married man came again. As his coffers were full, he wished to ornament his possessions, and never had he seen an ornament so much to his mind as Alice Clafin ; so when he rode to his friend's country-seat again, he called at the cottage and convinced Mrs. Clafin of his opulence and popularity. The widow's mind was dazzled with the tableau of wealth that he presented, and from this time she urged her daughter to become

his wife and remove to the city. At first Albert timidly expostulated, and pointed to the gilded cages that held their wealthy neighbors' birds, debarred from freedom to roam in their native element, but all arguments were overruled by the mother and daughter. Money was the magic power that was to bring all happiness, and Albert returned to his lonely home to brood over disappointment. But the young man felt no pang of jealousy ; he hoped, he prayed that she whom he loved so fondly might be happier in another home than she ever could have been in his ; and when he saw the villagers with happy smiles, flocking towards the church, he joined the throng, and with a heart well nigh bursting, he witnessed the ceremony that separated him forever from Alice. But the proud, new-made husband knew not his secret ; so as one of her rustic friends he was allowed to again press his now colorless lips to the cheek of the bride. Albert knew that it must be the last, and it was an icy touch, that caused the rose tint for a moment to disappear ; but the gathering group of childhood acquaintances rushed forward to greet the fair young creature, and none saw the corpse-like face depart, as at the threshold it stopped for a last, lingering look ; none save the mother and bride, and with them it was stamped indelibly. Albert returned to his home and his rustic employment ; but his shadow crossed the threshold of Mrs. Clafin's cottage no more, and she and Mrs. Marriott seldom saw each other.

No rustic friend of Alice's childhood was invited to visit the bride in her city home, for the cold, proud glance of the new-made husband was upon her, and with a formal good-by, they separated. For a time, Alice thought that she was happy in her new home, though she was often reminded that she must be a little more dignified when company was present, and avoid all country phrases, and never speak of vegetation or nature, for *city people* didn't talk upon such subjects.

"What shall I talk about ?" timidly inquired Alice.

"The fashions and the general news of the day," was the reply. "Make yourself acquainted with fashionable society, and learn from it, and don't depend on me to teach or entertain you."

But everything was novel that now surrounded the village belle, so she tried to persuade herself that she was happy, nor missed the old familiar smiles that used to greet her. The mother seldom came, and when she did a *hin* was always given to the daughter that she had better avoid publicity ; her ways were so old-

fashioned that their acquaintances would think her very odd. And so time passed until the bright-eyed Albert was welcomed to their home, and then the mother named the boy, for the sound of the name still lingered on her ear like some sweet note of music, the echo of which thrills long after the outward vision of the band has departed. Mr. Griswold knew no reason why his wife should fancy that name more than another, and Albert was the name agreed upon; and thus time whirled on, changing all on which it had power to act.

The morning when our story opens Albert had passed his ninth birthday. A little sister had come and gone since he first saw the light, and now Mrs. Griswold clung to her boy with still more tenacity. It brought severe pangs to her affectionate heart, as she saw his father turn coldly and impatiently away from his warm caresses, and worship the idol for which she had been persuaded to marry him, and it seemed as if her heart would burst in its eagerness to find some one, loving and worthy to be loved, to whom she might unbosom her griefs, and reveal that fashionable smiles lit up by gas light had no charms for her; that rosewood and velvet, gold and popularity but made her look back to the cottage by the roadside, and stamp indelibly the contrast to the disadvantage of the gaudy home. And so Mrs. Griswold reflected and wept, for she was alone, now, and might indulge her grief without giving pain to her darling boy, who was almost always by her side. Servants came in and removed the silver from the breakfast table, and as their mistress half reclined on the luxurious sofa, with her head turned from them, with a sigh they returned to their labors, wishing that they could be as free from toil and care as she who employed them.

With the first breath of the keen, frosty air, Albert forgot that his father did not return his kiss, for the love that his father might have shared, was all lavished on his mother, save when he furnished him with silver to buy a new toy, and then, as his caresses met with no return, they were soon ended, and the object almost forgotten, and thus it was now, as the beautiful boy tripped with an elastic step to the variety store on the corner. But he stopped suddenly, as he came opposite the large window, for there stood Hettie Vinton, looking so wishfully through the large panes, with her little bare, red feet pressing the stones that glistened in the early sun-light, as it came down over the house tops.

Hettie held up first one little pink foot and then the other, as if to warm it by the side of her torn pantalette, and then she hugged closer the

old faded shawl that had undergone this process until it was tightly wrapped around her neck, leaving her little plump shoulders exposed to the keen air. Albert stopped short in his fast walking, or rather skipping, and eyed the little grotesque figure before him. Her hood but half concealed her soft brown curls, one of which was blown by the wind hither and thither, as it escaped through a rent in the back of her torn hood.

In spite of the little vexations at home, Albert was in a merry mood, for a small portion which seemed large to him of the magic key to mirth was in his hand; so he stepped nearer the little child of want, and then with a roguish smile he looked into her face, while with his right hand he gave a sly pull to the stray curl. Hettie didn't seem to notice him, so intent was she in gazing on the smoking loaves that the baker had just left within, and the sugared cakes that lay heaped up beside them. Albert felt a little ashamed of what he had done, for he had violated a precept that his mother had taught him: to be respectful to inferiors in wealth, and he was glad that she had not noticed him, and yet he could not bear to pass in without her looking at him, so as he came round on the other side, he extended his foot, which was encased in a new boot, and gently touched Hettie's little bare toes as they came to the cold flags on that side to relieve the other benumbed members. The light pinch did not hurt Hettie's toes, but it reminded her that some one had observed that she was barefoot, and how impossible it was for her to get a new pair of shoes, and when on looking up she beheld the handsome Albert Griswold whom she met every morning on his way to school, her cheeks turned even a brighter pink than those little cold feet; but she said nothing, she only pulled her old hood a little further over her eyes, gave another jerk to the short skirt of her frock, which almost severed it from the waist, as if to hide her feet, and then she pressed her face so close to the glass that the roguish boy could not see it; so he waited a moment on the step to see if she did not look up, and as she did not, he passed in, still wishing that she would speak to him.

"O, how nice and warm it is in here!" thought Albert. "I wish she would come in and warm her;" and then he turned and beckoned for her to come in, and now he saw that she was crying. "Perhaps it was I that made her cry," he said, mentally; so without asking for the toys he went out again, and this time he stepped politely to her side and said:

"Come into the warm shop, Hettie; it is so nice in there, you can warm you."

"Darsn't," replied the child; "they don't let folks in there that haven't got any money."

"O, yes they will, Hettie, there is Mrs. Nash in there now, and I heard her say she didn't come to buy anything."

"But she is dressed nice, and they know that she has got money, if she don't buy bread and cakes with it."

"Do you want a cake, Hettie? If you do, come right in here and I will buy you one," and Albert showed her the bright coin he held in his hand, and he thought that he didn't care if he didn't have any ball if Hettie would only stop crying and not look so sad.

The little girl was ashamed to say she did want the cake, and too hungry to say no; and as the boy looked into her sad little face, he forgot that he was dressed in broadcloth and she in rags, so he took her hand in his and led her into the store. As Hettie entered the store, the owner looked at her in such a manner that if Albert had not been with her she would have run out; but the boy led her to the stove, and then called for some cakes and presented them to her.

"I wish you had some shoes, Hettie," said Albert, "why don't you get some? It is too cold now to go without shoes."

"Mother has been too poor since father died."

"What will you do when the snow comes?"

"Mother says she shall be dead, then," said Hettie, laying down the cake and sobbing so loud that the shopkeeper looked up with a threatening air. Hettie looked towards the door as if she would like to make her escape, but her little protector stood between her and it and whispered:

"You must get warm before you go; but what makes you think your mother will die?"

"O, she is so sick and the doctor don't come there now, for mother told him that she couldn't pay him; so she must die, and then I shall have to go to the poor-house. They have shoes there, but they are very heavy," and Hettie's cake lay untasted in her lap, as she crouched by the stove with her sorrowful face.

Albert no longer cared about the ball, for he had known little Hettie a long time; that is, he had met her almost every day when he was on his way to school, and she was passing to her school-house in an opposite direction, and how often he had wished, when the baby was alive, that she would grow up and look just like the prim little Hettie; for it was only lately that she had gone barefoot and worn such tattered clothes, so now as he saw her grief, he bent low and whispered in her ear: "You shan't go to the poor house—my mother hasn't got any little girl, and I will ask her to let you come and live

with us," and then he took the coin he had received in exchange when he purchased the cakes, slyly dropped it into her lap, and told her to buy something to carry home to her mother. The little girl hesitated to take it, and a deep blush overspread her features, but Albert urged her, saying he could get plenty more; so she accepted it with a secret joy at the thought of what she could purchase for her mother.

Hettie now began to tuck her ringlets under her hood and get ready to step out again on the flags. All the customers were busy at the counter with their backs towards the children, so the boy drew from Hettie's shoulders the faded shawl and shook it out wider, and just as he was in the act of replacing it, his father entered the store to get a new supply of cigars. Mr. Griswold did not speak immediately, but listened and watched for a moment, and then stepping across the floor, ere Albert knew he was there, seized him rudely by the collar and bade him purchase his toys and go home, nor spend his time talking with beggars. The little girl was frightened, and scarcely knowing what she did, sprang towards the door, while the coin that the rich man's son had given her, rolled in various directions across the floor. She did not stop to gather it up, but ran along the frosty stones as if she were fleeing from the just punishment of crime.

"Have you bought the ball you came in for?" sternly inquired the father.

"No," answered the boy, timidly, "I don't want any ball."

"Then where is the money I gave you?"

Albert hesitated.

"I guess what he didn't spend for cakes for the little girl, is on the floor," said the shopkeeper, going around the counter to pick up the coin that had fallen, and handing it to the rich customer.

"Just like him," said the father, receiving the coin and looking at his son sharply; then turning to the other, he added:

"I don't mind parting with the money, for you know, Mr. Brush, that I give away a great deal in the course of a year for benevolent purposes."

"Certainly, sir, certainly; I know you do," returned the other, and he wanted to add: "But not in sums less than a hundred dollars, so that you can see your name in the papers next day;" but he was afraid of losing one of his best cigar customers, so he continued: "I can't blame you for not wanting your son to speak to those beggars, they are very designing even when they are very young."

"Hettie isn't," said Albert, turning very red, "nor she isn't a beggar neither."

"Hush!" said the father, and in a few moments more Mr. Griswold went out, taking his son with him, telling him to go home and not ask him for any more money for a month, for he must learn better than to squander it on beggars. Albert kept back all his tears until he reached that luxurious room where but a short time before he had left his mother, and when he saw that she, too, was unhappy, he wound his arms around her neck and told her of all that had transpired since he went out, and begged her if Hettie's mother died, to bring her to their home and let her be his sister.

"I will think of it," said the mother, affectionately, as she wiped the tears from her yet girlish face, and arose to ascertain if it were not near the time that he should go to school.

A few hours later in the day, Mr. Griswold was seated at his desk; he had dropped his pen, and was so engaged in thought, that for a moment he did not notice that the little heroine of the morning's incident stood before him.

"What do you want?" said the rich man, giving her a cold glance."

"I came to tell you, sir, that my mother wants to see you."

Mr. Griswold sat a moment in silence, and then he drew out his pocket-book, extracted a number of notes and reached them to the child, who grasped them eagerly and with a light bound sprang towards the door; but the heavy latch had closed so tightly that Hettie's strength was insufficient to open it. Mr. Griswold looked for a few seconds on vacancy and then he arose and lifted the latch, but he still lingered with the door closed, and extending his hand he said:

"Let me look at the notes again, little girl."

Hettie handed them back, and in another moment he returned them to his pocket-book, saying:

"Tell your mother if she wants to see me she must come here, and I can't spare any money now."

"My mother is too sick," sobbed the child; but Mr. Griswold didn't seem to observe what she said, he only went back to his desk and read his newspaper upside down, with a flushed face, and the office boy rejoiced when the Old South clock released him at noon from the sharp tones of his employer's voice and so the day wore away. * * *

"Will you go, mother?" said Albert, looking up earnestly in her face.

Mrs. Griswold sat thoughtfully gazing into the grate for a moment, and then answered yes, and in a short time, with Albert's hand clasped within her own, she walked quickly down the street, and then struck off into a narrow alley and as-

cended three or four flights of stairs. Ere Mrs. Griswold reached the top of the last flight, she half turned to go back, but her boy sprang past her and threw back the door that closed the invalid's room.

Mrs. Griswold, unknown to her husband, had often visited the poor, and supplied them with many comforts; but no scene that she had ever witnessed had equalled this in intensity of wretchedness; but we will not stop to describe it, save that the mother lay dying, with none near but her little Hettie. Mrs. Vinton's lips were sealed to be unclosed no more, but the windows of her soul were open, and through them she looked out upon the group, and manifested by signs the hope that the mother of the boy would be kind to her child, nor let her perish with want. Mrs. Griswold promised, and a week later the orphan child was furnished with comfortable clothes and sent to a kind neighbor's house to remain until she could be permanently provided for.

When Hettie's long curls were combed out smoothly, and her feet encased in neat shoes, with becoming garments adorning her graceful form, Mr. Griswold would gladly have adopted the child as her own, but her husband would not consent to it, and when she mentioned the name of the child, he bade her never speak to him again concerning her, but let her go and take her chance with other paupers.

It had been several years now since Mrs. Clafin had visited her daughter; she knew she was looked upon by the husband as an unwelcome guest, and in her letters she pleaded growing infirmities as the cause of her absence. After Mrs. Griswold had spoken of the adoption of Hettie, and been so abruptly refused, a new idea seemed to enter her brain, and a few weeks after she informed her husband that she should like to visit the cottage where she spent her childhood, and amid old scenes spend a short time with her mother.

Although Mr. Griswold seemed rather reluctant to have her go, he consented, and supplied her liberally with money, for he wished to show the rustics of her native place, how superior had been her lot in life. With joy did the rich man's wife hasten the preparations, and in a few days she was ready with her idol boy to visit the home of her childhood. When the carriage drove up to the door and Mrs. Griswold and her son stepped in, she gave orders for the driver to stop in a street she designated, and when this order was obeyed, Hettie came out from a low, brown house, so changed in costume and expression that it would have been hard to recognize her now as the former Hettie, with her chilled feet, at the

shop-keeper's window. Mrs. Griswold loved the child, and it was not strange that she should, for she had mild blue eyes and soft brown curls like her own dear babe, and had the little Alice lived, her age would have been about the same. Albert also loved the orphan child, although recently he had not seen her, for his mother did not wish to teach him to deceive his father. Mrs. Griswold took Hettie to the home of her childhood, and after the greeting was over, presented the orphan to her mother, saying :

"Keep her, mother, for my sake, and as she grows older she will watch over you, and I trust be to you what my situation in life forbids my being—a devoted daughter."

From this time Hettie knew no more of want, for she seemed to supply a place at the hearthstone that had long been vacant, so she received all the privileges of a daughter and soon became the pet of the neighborhood. Mrs. Claffin called her by her own maiden name, Louisa Elliot, and among new scenes and pleasant companions, her former situation faded from her memory.

How natural looked the scenes of childhood to the city wife ! but old emotions of happiness had gone forever. The birds sang as sweetly now as formerly, but they brought discord to her ear, for their songs reminded her of the long years that had intervened since she, too, sang in glee. He who had loved her so fondly in years gone by still occupied the cottage with his mother, and when he met her, it was with the same kind smile ; but well she knew that he thought her ungrateful in the past. And so the time passed, until she returned to her city home, to wear a smiling face before those with whom she felt no sympathy.

And now, reader, we will imbibe the spirit of the day, and skim along the track of time with lightning speed, nor stop till we have reached fifteen years beyond the morning that little Hettie, then about five years old, crouched with her naked feet at the stove in the variety store, and talked with the little boy in broadcloth. There is to be another wedding in the little village church now, the tall spire of which points upward just the same, but the moss has gathered thicker on the roof, and another set of maidens attend the bridal. The couple in point of wealth are much the same ; the bride has no dowry save her beauty and noble heart, but the one of her choice has enough for both ; or if poverty should become their lot they can still be happy, for gold is but a secondary object with both. The couple we speak of are Albert Griswold and Hettie, or Louisa as she is now called. Mrs. Claffin's cottage has been her home ever since she first

breathed the pure air of the country, and as years swept by and Albert visited the little homestead of his grandmother, his love for the beautiful orphan grew more intense, until it ended in a marriage at the village church. Albert's father had not seen his son's bride since he took from her the notes in his office, for when Mrs. Griswold saw how prejudiced her husband was against the child, she ceased to speak her name, and he had never visited his mother-in-law since the orphan dwelt with her. As he grew older, he became so much engrossed in business that he seldom left the city and cultivated but few friendships, save such as he could turn to some pecuniary advantage. Mrs. Griswold knew how devotedly her son was attached to the one of his choice, and as her own happiness had been sacrificed for money, she did not wish his to be wrecked in the same manner. Knowing that his father would never consent to his becoming the husband of one who was poor, several weeks passed after the bridal in the village church ere Albert informed him that another had been added to the family. Mr. Griswold's first inquiry was, "Is she rich ?" and when he was answered that she had a large fortune in prospect, he made but few more inquiries, only slightly reproving his son for his boyish folly in keeping the affair so secret.

When the bride took up her residence in her father-in-law's family, and was introduced to him as Mrs. Griswold, he started and turned a little pale, and a few days after he asked his wife if she had ever heard what became of Mrs. Vinton's orphan child.

"Did you not forbid my mentioning her name in your presence ? and why should you expect me to trace her history farther ?" said the wife.

"True, but I—" he did not finish the sentence, but mused for a few moments in silence, and then went out. From this time Mr. Griswold seemed more thoughtful and less intent on making money, and then he told his son that he was becoming tired of so much care, and in future Albert must take more of the responsibility of the office. Hettie, from the day of her entrance into the wealthy man's home, seemed to breathe into it a new air of happiness, for it was her study to please ; perhaps she was more anxious because she knew that the truth must some day be known that she was a penniless orphan ere her marriage. A year had nearly sped by when Mr. Griswold spoke again of Mrs. Vinton's child. His wife made no immediate reply, and so the husband continued :

"Alice," he said, "I have made inquiries concerning that child, and I can learn nothing save

that she was taken away from her miserable home, where her mother died, by a lady, to be educated and cared for. Now if Albert had not told me that Louisa has a mother living, I should think that his wife was a child of—of my old friend, William Vinton, for she looks very much like Mrs. Vinton in former days."

"And was that wretched mother the wife of your friend, and you so loath to befriend the child?"

"He was my friend once, Alice; but—but—" and he who through long years had worshipped gold, seemed now subdued, for white hairs had begun to thicken over his brow, and he felt that life would not endure forever, and as he neared the home prepared for all, remorse was busy at his heart and he could not smother its fires any longer. Mrs. Griswold, with woman's quick penetration, saw that her husband's heart was softened, and taking a seat by his side, said gently:

"With the exception of you and I, Louisa has no parents save an adopted mother;" and then she gradually revealed everything. Commencing with her early marriage, she told him how she had yearned for tenderness, and how unhappy she had been when he made money his idol, to the neglect of home and the duties of social life, and that she could not bear that Albert's happiness should be sacrificed in order that he should be united to a wealthy bride; and knowing that in every respect, save the lack of money, Louisa was one whom he would approve, she had not opposed her son's desire to marry her whom he had loved from boyhood up. Mr. Griswold was very pale during the recital, and yet he strove to be calm; but though he loved his son's wife, he could not give up at once the pride that had lingered around him for so many years, and now the inward struggle caused the pallid features. When the wife had done speaking, he arose, and for the first time in long years, pressed his lips to her cheek, saying:

"I do not blame you, Alice—God is just; but I cannot talk with you longer now;" and he seemed like one who makes a giant effort to appear calm when the heart is deeply moved, and then he added: "Tell no one of this interview at present, and in a few days you shall know more."

From this time, the change in Mr. Griswold's manner gradually increased, until his wife ceased to regret the love of former days, the object of which had long since settled down in life, the partner of one who was contented to share his home and once divided heart. Mrs. Clafin was sent for by her daughter, to make them a visit, and from that time her home was with her daughter and her adopted child. After several weeks

passed by, Mrs. Griswold learned from her husband, that in early life, ere his marriage, William Vinton and he were intimate friends, and one evening, at a gaming table, they had played for money, when Mr. Vinton being successful, and getting excited by the play, said he would stake two thousand dollars, his all, against the same amount, with any one in the room. Mr. Griswold laid down the sum required and won. His friend was penniless. From that time Mr. Vinton took the downward road; misfortunes crowded thick upon him; his two children sickened and died, and in the midst of poverty the little Hettie was born. At length, in despair, he died a suicide. He had told his wife all, and after her husband's death, she in her poverty, begged Mr. Griswold to restore a part of the sum he had won; but he refused, and left her with her child to suffer, while he and his young wife lived luxuriously on the gains made from such a capital. The timid Mrs. Vinton had never sought his home, or she might have been more successful; and so she died, as the reader has seen, in want; but if the eyes could express it, she was not devoid of hope that her child would be provided for, when she saw the benevolent little boy whom Hettie had that morning told her of, standing with his mother at her bedside. Although Mrs. Vinton had ventured to send for Mr. Griswold, he went not to the dying one, and years after, the scene at the office was remembered only as a dream.

When Mr. Griswold saw that his wife and son took an interest in the little Hettie, he strove to crush it from the first, for fear that all would become public, and his wife and friends despise him for his baseness in retaining the money that left his friend a beggar. This was the sole cause of his dislike to the orphan; but Mrs. Griswold kept her husband's secret, so that his son and wife thought that his only objection was the lack of money on her part, and when this was reconciled, life glided smoothly with all.

GO IT WHILE YOU'RE YOUNG.

"Go it while you're young, for when you get old you can't." Exactly—go it—but not after misery; go it, but not after wine; go it, but not after dissipation, folly or vice, for when you get old you can't; and if you do you want, for you will never get old! But go it—go it after your business; go it after virtue; go it after that pretty girl whom you want to marry; go it after these, for when you get old you can't, and there will be no use either of your going it then, for you will have health, wealth, honor, a good old woman and children to bless you, and you can take your ease! But until you get old, go it after these things.—*Philadelphia Courier.*

THE REAPERS.

BY MRS. R. T. ELDRIDGE.

By the margin of a fountain they have lain their storkies by,
They are resting on the greensward with their loaded
wagons nigh;

They're a merry band of reapers, singing through the live-
long day,

Their homes are filled with plenty and their barns with
grain and hay.

Now they fill their earthen vessels with cold water to the
brim,

For they know the cooling beverage will strengthen every
limb;

Proud, honest, free and happy, ever singing at their toil,
Telling whilst they reap together how they love to till the
soil.

I have watched them from my lattice through the livelong
summer's day,

I have seen them coming homeward with their loads of
grain and hay:

Seen them quaffing from the fountain where the water's
sparkle clear,

No poison lingers in its depths to fill their hearts with fear.

See, now they're coming homeward with a song upon their
lips:

"Cold water, clear cold water, from the fountain bright
that drips—

Cold water, clear cold water, free from every spot or stain,
It never caused a mother's heart to throb with grief or
pain."

Think of the feeble colonists that knelt on Plymouth's
soil,

'Neath skies that frowned above them, asking God to bless
their toil;

Now, a merry band of reapers, when the clouds betoken
rain,

Can sing and talk together whilst they garner up the grain.

How I love to watch the reapers when returning from
their toil,

They are strong, athletic youths—noble sons of Freedom's
soil;

Now they're drinking from the fountain, shouting all the
while with glee,

"Cold water is our beverage—'tis stainless, pure and free."

TRUE AND FALSE BENEVOLENCE.

BY FLORA E. MORTON.

"CAN you not wait a half-hour and keep
Eddy quiet, while I make some bread?"

"Why, no indeed! Mary, how can you ask
such a question, when you know they think that
old Mrs. Howland is just gone?"

"Well, there are others to render all necessary
assistance, and besides, I only asked you to help
me for a short time."

"But if everybody said so, who would go?"

"Let me tell you, Julia, I think it would be
far more benevolent for you to stay at home this
morning and assist me, than to spend your time

with Mrs. Howland, who has plenty of friends to
bestow all the attentions required."

"You and I do not agree in our ideas of be-
nevolence;" and Julia, with a curl of her rosy
lip, departed on her *errand of mercy*!

The two speakers were Mary and Julia Car-
lton, the elder daughters of a respectable farmer
in one of our New England villages. Their
mother had died when they were of the ages of
twelve and nine, and their father, after five years
of mourning for the bride of his youth, had mar-
ried a fair, gentle woman, who felt a tender love
and warm interest for the motherless girls.
Three years of wedded life had bestowed upon
them two children, Rose—a little girl of two—
and Eddy the baby. Mary Carlton, the elder
daughter, was a fair, gentle girl, who had inher-
ited her mother's amiable, retiring disposition;
but Julia was more impulsive and excitable—
never looking ahead for the consequences of any
act. She possessed an inordinate love of admi-
ration and flattery, and hesitated not to use de-
ception or "plan," as she called it, to obtain it.

A young physician had recently come into the
little village of Melrose, and being handsome,
agreeable and talented, he very soon became the
centre of attraction. Smiles wreathed rosy lips,
and bright eyes sparkled, when young Dr. Vale
made his appearance in the village circles. The
gossips, of course, had plenty of occupation,
and many extra cups of tea were drank in con-
sequence of his debut!

Julia Carlton determined that *her* charms
should win this "bright, particular star;" and
she revolved many schemes in her mind. But
none seemed particularly feasible, until, on one
bright afternoon in May, a young friend dropped
in to see the sisters. In the course of conversa-
tion, she said:

"I have understood that Dr. Vale is a church
member, and very devoted; and he said to Mrs.
Hawthorne, the other day, that *his* wife must
have the bump of benevolence fully developed.
So, girls, look out; I fear none of us will be
good enough for him! But I must go; so
adieu!"

Julia sat thoughtfully by the window for a
short time; then catching up her white sun-bon-
net, she wended her way to the house of Mrs.
Howland, a neighbor, who was very low with a
lingering disease. Kind friends had soothed her
hours of pain, and every attention had been be-
stowed upon her; but this did not prevent Julia
Carlton from offering her services to "watch"
during the night with her. It excited some sur-
prise among the older ladies, because of her
usual giddiness, and some affirmed that she was

too inexperienced and volatile to be trusted, but finally decided she should remain a part of the night with an older lady. She did so; and on leaving in the morning, she encountered Dr. Vale at the door, who seemed somewhat surprised, yet pleased to meet her, and she tripped home with a bounding heart.

Thenceforth her visits were very frequent at Mrs. Howland's, and the unsuspecting old lady blessed her for her *apparent* benevolence, little thinking that a more powerful motive than the pure, Christlike desire of doing good actuated her! Thus matters went on for several weeks, until the village people began to remark upon Julia Carlton's wonderful change from such a wild, volatile creature, to so benevolent a "sister of charity!"

Some—not very discerning people—thought her the embodiment of goodness; but others, who had looked deeper into the pages of human character, saw through her cloak of benevolence; and many who had looked behind the home curtain were well aware that oftentimes, when she was abroad on her *errands of charity*, her assistance was actually needed by her family—for her mother was subject to severe attacks of headache, and at those times the cares of the children and family devolved upon Mary. The sisters were so unlike in their temperaments and tastes, that but little real affection existed between them—though Mary oftentimes endeavored to influence her sister to become more gentle and mild in her manners. But Julia was wilful, and would not heed her sister's kind reproofs. For several weeks she continued to play her new part—visiting the sick and clothing the poor—until Dr. Vale began to become interested in her, knowing naught of her real character until a little circumstance revealed it in some measure to him, as every course of deception will eventually be exposed.

On the morning which introduced our heroine to the reader, the friends and neighbors of Mrs. Howland were called to see her spirit take its departure to the spirit land—as was supposed. Dr. Vale was present, also Julia Carlton. After a season of pain and suffering, she seemed to revive again; and Dr. Vale, thinking she might survive some hours longer, took his departure, saying he would call again in a few hours. As he was passing the open door of Mr. Carlton's house, he heard the sudden scream of a child and exclamations of terror and alarm.

Without waiting for an invitation, he stepped within the door, and a scene of terror met his gaze. Little Rose was standing in the centre of the room with her clothes in a light blaze, while

Mary was endeavoring to wrap around her a rug which she had snatched from the hearth. But the child's frantic efforts and alarm seemed to thwart every effort to extinguish the flames. On a low couch lay Mrs. Carlton, who apparently had fainted, while Eddy, woke by the tumult and frightened, was adding his voice to the general confusion.

Dr. Vale immediately sprang to Mary's aid, and his strong arm soon extinguished the flames. It was then ascertained that she was severely burned; and while he applied some soothing remedies, Mary performed the double task of hushing Eddy's cries and restoring her mother to consciousness. When quiet was in some measure restored, Dr. Vale inquired how the accident had happened.

Mary replied that her mother being unable to lift her head from the pillow, in consequence of a severe headache, the care of the children and the household affairs had devolved upon her. She had rocked little Eddy to sleep, and laid him down beside her mother, who had fallen into an uneasy slumber, and leaving Rose busy with her playthings, had gone into the kitchen to prepare the dinner. She had been thus engaged but a short time, when a loud scream from Rose, followed by one from her mother, caused her to hasten into the room, where she found Rose with her clothes on fire and Mrs. Carlton vainly endeavoring to extinguish them, but faint and weak from pain and illness, and overcome by alarm, she fell back upon the couch and fainted. At this moment Dr. Vale appeared, and Mary again thanked him for his opportune kindness, in which her mother joined with earnestness.

Mary's sleeves were rolled above the elbow, displaying a round, white arm, and upon her dress and apron were many mealy marks; and her cheek crimsoned at the thought of the plight in which this gentlemanly young M. D. had found her. But his agreeable, winning manners soon dissipated her embarrassment. After quite a long chat, during which Rose had sunk into a refreshing slumber, the doctor arose, and apologizing with a smile for detaining Miss Carlton from her culinary matters, took his leave, promising to call in the evening and look at the child's burns. As he walked away, he wondered why Julia should be absent from home, when her assistance seemed so necessary; and Mary's sweet face and gentle, winning manners, were continually rising before him.

In the evening he called again, and Julia was present—her face beaming with smiles as he entered; and so great an impression did her tender caresses lavished upon little Rose, and her seem-

ing attention to the wants of the family, make upon him, that he resolved to cultivate her acquaintance more intimately. Accordingly, the next day in passing, he thought he would call and inquire for Rose. Going in with the familiarity of a physician, not pausing to ring the bell, he accidentally overheard a colloquy between Julia and her mother, which amazed him and confirmed his previous fears.

"Julia, cannot you assist Mary this morning? She has the week's ironing to do, besides baking—and I do not feel strong enough to do much."

"O, dear, you are always calling upon me to do something about the house, when you know I detest housework!" was the reply, in a cross and petulant tone.

The doctor retreated and rang the bell, and upon entering, Miss Julia was all smiles and kindness; but her charms now appeared to him as the glittering colors that sparkle in the sunlight upon the scaly folds of the serpent. These two scenes showed him Julia's true character—for he was a young man of more than ordinary discernment—and also made known to him Mary's noble and endearing qualities, her feelings of true benevolence, which never seeks for praise as its reward!

The acquaintance of Mary and Dr. Vale ripened into intimacy, and finally she became his wife; and ever in the home of Harry and Mary Vale were found the elements of true piety and charity, which "vaunteth not," and many blessings and favors were bestowed upon needy ones, of which the world never knew. But the reward was within their own hearts—peace of mind and a consciousness of *doing right*! Reader! Go thou and do likewise!

REMARKABLE DREAM.

A late traveller in France says that there is an antiquated air about the celebrated Cathedral of Notre Dame in Paris, that is very pleasing, and that very simplicity, amounting to a fault, has something touching in its quaintness. Many of the monuments behind the grand altar are of interest, and some of considerable beauty. There is one in the sacristy of particular interest; it was erected by the Duchesse d'Harcourt to commemorate the death of her husband and a remarkable dream that predicted the event. He was ambassador at the court of Vienna while she remained in Paris. She dreamed that she saw him lying sick and dying in his coffin, and that as she rushed forward to rescue him, he leaned forward to embrace her, and in this act expired. The letter acquainting her with his death informed her that it had occurred at the very hour in which she had beheld this vision. So extraordinary a circumstance was commemorated by her in a monument where the scene of the dream is represented.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

NEVER DESPAIR.

BY HELEN.

Nil Desperandum! though trials and sorrow
May to our fortune have added their store;
The dark clouds to-day may disperse ere to-morrow,
And the sunlight of happiness shine evermore.

Nil desperandum! though all our friends leave us,
We to ourselves may still remain true;
For our Heavenly Father will never deceive us,
But add to our blessings each day something new.

Nil desperandum! O, be not sad hearted,
Each in this world has his trouble and care;
But let our aim be, when earth's scenes have departed,
That we reach yonder heaven—there's perfect rest there.

THE RANDIT CHIEF.

BY HARRIET A. DAVISON.

In the little town of Chieti, on the eastern coast of Italy, dwelt Carlos Bandettini and his wife and daughter Bianca. Bianca was a handsome, high-spirited girl, the favorite of all the village. Especially was she beloved by Antonio Brindisi and Stephano Foscari, the two handsomest youths in all the town. At the time my story opens, Bianca had declared her preference for Antonio, and they were publicly betrothed. Stephano was of a fierce, jealous disposition, and threatening vengeance, he suddenly left the village. All endeavors to discover his whereabouts proved of no avail; but that he had not gone far was evident from his occasionally appearing at his home, where his mother dwelt alone, with many comforts for her, for with all his faults, he had been a dutiful son. Bianca troubled herself very little about his place of retirement, and did not allow his threats to alarm her.

One day, sometime after the disappearance of Stephano, as Bianca was walking in the garden, she was startled by a rustling among the vines, and upon turning to the spot she saw Stephano standing before her. She saluted him very coldly and haughtily, and turned to enter the cottage, when Stephano sprang before her and prevented her from moving.

"Bianca, I have come to make you one more appeal, to give you one more chance to avert the misfortunes which shall surely overwhelm you, if you continue to resist all my entreaties."

"Go, you are tiresome," calmly and coldly spoke Bianca.

"Bianca, hear me! I love you far better than the coward to—"

"You only are the coward, trying to win a love with threats," angrily retorted Bianca.

"Beware! I tell you I love you, and you only spurn me. I have pleaded enough. Know then, proud girl, that I have joined the bandits, and your father's property shall be destroyed, himself taken captive, and only your consent to become my wife, shall free him from a lingering, painful death. What do you say now, Bianca?" he asked, mockingly.

"Nothing. I will never marry you; I will die sooner," and maintaining the same calm, cold exterior, though her heart throbbed wildly, Bianca brushed hastily past her tormentor, and entered the cottage, and upon reaching her chamber, she threw herself upon her knees before her crucifix, praying with white and trembling lips the Virgin Mary to save her family from the impending trouble. Rising, she by a violent effort controlled her feelings, and returned to the sitting-room where her mother sat spinning. All the rest of the day a shadow hung over Bianca; every noise made her start painfully, and when the hour for her father to return home came and past, and still he lingered, she snatched up her hat and set out to meet him across the fields. She had not gone far, when she met a body of peasants bearing a litter. Antonio Brindisi was in front, and immediately upon seeing Bianca, he sprang forward, and seizing her hand, endeavored tenderly to lead her back; but Bianca resisted steadily, and suddenly by a little impetuous motion, drew her hand from Antonio, and stepping to the side of the litter, she raised the cloth which covered the body and saw the features of her father. One dreadful shriek, and she sank senseless in her lover's arms. Slowly she recovered, and the peasants bore their sad load into the little cottage. Bianca's father had fallen from a high rock, struck upon his head, and died instantly, without a groan. So said the kind peasants; but upon going to her room Bianca saw a folded paper upon the window-sill, which she opened, and read as follows:

"A push for Bianca, I said, and the old man fell headlong over the rocks. Do you not falter now?"

A week later, and Bianca again felt the vengeance of her tormentor, for Antonio Brindisi her betrothed was missing, and no clue could be obtained as to his place of confinement, although every search was made. Another note lay upon the window-sill in Bianca's little room.

"Two gone, dear to Bianca's heart. Will she repent?"

This note was shown to all in the village, together with the other, but so close did the robbers keep themselves, that though search was continued night and day, no trace of their hiding-

place could be discovered. Bianca for a time seemed prostrated by her trouble, but her youth and health enabled her to recover, and a few months after the death of her father, her mother and herself left the village and went to Rome, where through the influence of her friends, she was enabled to study, and become an actress, and in a short time a very successful one. At the end of four years, when she was about twenty-three, she was seized with a longing to return to her native village, and she did so. When Bianca arrived at Chieti, she found there had been established a small theatre, at which she agreed to act for a few nights. The villagers were in ecstasies. The day before her intended appearance, to her infinite horror, Stephano, grown older, and more wicked-looking, intruded himself upon her. Bianca was alone in the house, and, her heart sank within her when he began to plead his suit.

"You have come back to the village a lonely, sad woman, and may, perhaps, be willing to look with more favor upon the suit of one who has worn your image in his heart for long years. I am powerful and rich. What will be your answer now, when I again ask you to be mine?"

"My answer," said Bianca, slowly, "is that I despise you, and it is with greater loathing and hate than ever, that I look upon you. You are powerless now to do me any more harm."

"Fair lady," said Stephano, with a sneer, "I am not as powerless as you think for; I can again make your proud heart quiver, and perhaps falter. Listen: Antonio Brindisi is not dead as you have supposed him to be, but is imprisoned in a cave, which I alone can enter—and though kept from starving, he is ill-treated, and hard-worked. Say that you will be mine, and he shall be set free, given gold enough to last him his whole life."

"Villain! robber!" exclaimed Bianca. "Life and freedom to Antonio, purchased at such a price would be only curses, no boons. He can only die and I follow him. No, I will live to bring your head to its proper place, the block. Beware! for no matter how close you keep yourself, my eyes shall find out your hiding-place, and my voice seal your just doom."

With a low, mocking laugh, Stephano sprang from the room, and Bianca sank almost senseless upon the floor.

The eventful evening arrived, and the theatre was crowded to overflowing; many anxious to see their playmate and friend in her new life, and all eager to see the popular Bandettini. The play was far below any one of Bianca's accustomed pieces, being a simple comedy, suited to

the capacity of the actors. The first scene was of scarcely any note, being merely an interview between Bianca and her lover. In scene second, the heroine is proceeding to the church to be married, accompanied by the girls of the village, as a train of honor, when they are surprised and seized by a band of robbers, the chief of whom is enamored of the young peasant girl. The curtain rose, and Bianca in bridal dress, followed by about a dozen young girls in holiday attire, entered at the back of the stage, singing the bridal chant. Suddenly a shriek is heard, and the bandits rush upon them. The bride rushes wildly across the stage, pale and shrieking—the bandit chief seizes her, and she swoons. The applause was tremendous, so well had Bianca acted her part, and many silly girls drew closer to each other and whispered—"only think, if it was true?" A moment, and the bride slowly opens her eyes, and partly raises herself, and the house comes down in another round of applause. Slowly raising herself, and looking wildly around, she makes a sudden bound forward, and reaches the foot-lights, where sinking on her knees, and stretching out her hands to the audience, she exclaims in low, thrilling tones:

"Dear friends, this is no acting, the bandits are upon us! Look around, they are in your very midst."

The people turn, and behold! every door and window is guarded by a couple of ferocious-looking fellows, armed to the teeth. Blank horror filled the minds of the simple villagers, who always held the robbers in abject fear, and now the horrible strangeness of their situation keeps them sitting motionless with pale lips and cheeks. As Bianca gave the people the dreadful information, Stephano, the leader of the band, came forward from the back of the stage, and seizing Bianca nimbly by the shoulder, dragged her upon her feet, exclaiming:

"By Jove! you shall go on! Myself and companions are interested in the play and wish to see the end. It is none of your business whether you play to real or actual robbers. Go on."

With a proud gesture, Bianca shook off the robber's hand and resumed her part, which was a pleading for the release of herself and companions. The spectators sat in dumb, helpless silence, watching with fascinated eyes the progress of the play, now rendered too real by the presence of the bandits. Clear, calm and thrilling, rose Bianca's voice as she pleaded earnestly to have her companions if not herself spared. Not the most eager, attentive listener could perceive the slightest faltering of voice or eye. While she was still pleading, the bridegroom and

his train came to the rescue, and ranging themselves in order, presenting arms they fired, and twelve robbers fell dead. With an oath and shout of dismay, Stephano sprang forward, but quick as thought Bianca seized a carbine belonging to a dead robber, and retreating to the back of the stage, exclaimed:

"Blank cartridges for stage robbers, bullets for real ones. Advance one step, Stephano, and I will fire."

Then turning to the people, she called upon them to help seize the robber, and he was soon bound, for the people needed only some fearless voice to arouse them from their stupor, and make them act.

Stephano was tried and convicted, and his head chopped off; but not before he had disclosed the place of Antonio's confinement, and the place for the bandits' rendezvous, which was in a large cave but a short distance from the village, the existence of which was never suspected, and which was found filled with booty. Antonio was released, and with undiminished affection was received by Bianca, and but few days elapsed before their nuptials were celebrated with great rejoicing. The little village of Chieti still is in existence; though it has increased in size and population and changed many of its customs, still the name of Bianca Bandettini and the Bandit Chief, is unforgettably.

EXTRAORDINARY POWER.

A new and surprising phenomenon in magnetism has just appeared in Paris, baffling every attempt at explanation. A young man by name Alexis Baumann, is discovered to possess a power of fascination in the visual organ, so powerful that it attracts towards him every object on which he fixes his gaze. Every savant in Paris has been occupied with this wonderful peculiarity, and hundreds of experiments have been tried; but not once has the power of young Baumann been found at fault. The object upon which the experiment is tried being placed at a distance of about four feet, Baumann fixes his gaze steadfastly upon it, and presently the object, of whatever nature it may be, after quivering slightly for a minute or two, makes a sudden spring exactly towards his heart! This experiment has been tried many times a day for the last week, and has never failed. Several of the great magnetizing doctors have undertaken to prove the cause of this extraordinary gift, and we look forward to a bloodless battle between them and the Académie des Sciences upon the subject.—*Yorkshire (England) Telegraph*.

Many a true heart that would have come back like a dove to the ark, after its first transgression, has been frightened beyond recall by the angry look and menace, the taunt, the savage charity of the unforgiving spirit.

THOU ART FALSE.

BY EUNICE EDSON.

Go, go! thou art false, and no more thy name
Shall sully these lips of mine;
For broken now is love's flowery chain
That bound my heart to thine.

Go, go! I had dreamed thee pure and true
As aught of this earth could be;
I thought that thy heart no falsehood knew—
That thy vows were but pledged to me.

'Twas a blissful dream, but quickly past;
And I have awoke once more,
To find that my faith in man has gone—
That youth's sweet trust is o'er.

O, little dreamed I, when side by side
We roamed through the shaded glen,
That the time was near when this heart would scorn
The idol it worshipped then!

I see a stain on this sheet as I write;
It is caused by no tear of mine;
For know there is one too proud to weep
For a worthless heart like thine.

A MODERN HERO.

BY RICHARD CRANSHAW.

TRENTE LEYCROFF, as he stood upon his vessel's quarter-deck, the clear breeze lifting the locks from his forehead, as a playful hand might fondle with the ringlets of a child, and his bright black eyes scanning the surrounding horizon, looked, standing there, "every inch a king!"—not of the pent-up and confined land, but of the merry, free and dashing ocean—of the sky-bounded, heaving mass of waters, rolling in all their grandeur at his feet—his kingly throne the white deck of his proud vessel, and his o'er-shadowing canopy the fleecy clouds floating above him in the blue summer sky.

Pleasant thoughts of home were passing through Trente Leycroff's mind, and home pictures and home anticipations were chasing one another through his brain, as he leaned over the vessel's side, a thousand miles away from the subject of his dreams. The last letter from his young wife told him news that sent a thrill through his heart, until now unknown before. *He was a father!* The handwriting was tremulous from recent illness, but the news it had to communicate had bestowed a strength that defied a longer delay. And in the lowermost corner of the sheet there was a shapeless, indistinct mark made with the pen's point. Guided by the mother's hand, this had been—the *baby's mark!* And as he gazed upon the faint evidence of the existence of his baby boy, Trente Leycroff let

fall a gentle tear upon it—a tear that manhood could not blush to have recorded upon the tablet of his life's past actions.

Every dash of the waves against the side tells him that he is nearer still to home; every passing weed floating out upon the waves he watches, until it is lost to his view. There, from the recesses of his thoughts he has builded the form of the well-remembered homestead, and slowly it rises as from the waves and stands there before him, ready to be peopled from the same airy realms that called it into existence.

It is morning. They are all there—his gray-haired father and mother, the former seated before the open Bible reading aloud the accustomed lesson of the day, while his mother is reverently leaning her head upon her hand, on the opposite side of the table; his wife, quieting the child upon her knee, who is laughing gleefully at the bright morning sunshine beaming in through the window; and the two or three servants of the family listening quietly to the voice of the old man, as he asks a blessing on the labors and occupations of the coming day. He hears his own name mentioned in a supplication for his safety, and notes the tear that rolls down his wife's cheek, and drops upon the laughing brow of his infant boy as she listens.

It is night. They are seated around the pleasant fireside. The old man smokes his usual pipe before going to rest, and the partner of his life's pilgrimage sits silently knitting, and thinking of her boy far out upon the sea. The baby is lying in the cradle, and the voice of his wife softly humming over one of his own favorite ballads is heard, trying to lull the infant to its slumbers. The pictures of his fancy are right pleasant as he thus builds them from the store-houses of his wandering thoughts. A voice at his side scatters them forever to the air, and the cloud-built visions don again their fleecy wings and float away to their enchanted realms.

"Mr. Leycroff, there's a leak in the hold, and it's gaining on us so rapidly that I'm afraid we cannot stop it!"

He turned towards the carpenter, who had thus spoken to him in a quick, hoarse whisper, and there arose a sickness at his heart as the dreadful news reached his ear thus suddenly. But this was not a time for thought, but action; and so he instantly descended into the hold to see the extent of the damage. It was even so. The hold was then quarter full of water, and the leak was gaining rapidly, and so situated amongst the heaviest of the cargo, that approach was difficult, and the repairing of the damage next to an impossibility. A heavy gale,

through which the ship had passed the day previous, was evidently the cause of the injury until within a short time previous totally undreamed of by all on board.

The pumps, then, were their only hope, and the order was instantly given that they might be manned and set to work, to try to keep her afloat. Stout hearts and ready hands were there, and soon every nerve was being strained in the efforts for safety. But the good ship was doomed, and slowly but surely she sank still deeper in the bosom of the vast encircling flood.

The water now rushed in in a perfect torrent, and as it gained each moment new impetus, the injury became still greater, and it tore its way through the stout barrier of wood and iron as though it had been but paper. Men ran about in haste, collecting such necessities as would be needed in the boats, which were being launched. In the storm of yesterday two of the boats had been lost, and grave doubts arose in Trente Leycroff's mind as to whether the remainder would suffice for their safety. As calm as though each instant were not bringing them closer to the grasp of destruction, he stood and issued his quick, stern orders. A hundred souls depended upon him now, and in the hour of trial they should not find they trusted in vain. The sharp report of the minute-gun echoed afar over the sea, and above the sound came the clear ringing voice of the young captain. The smoke obscured the sight, but his quick eye saw everything, and his thoughtful mind suggested everything of comfort that might alleviate the sufferings probably in store for those who soon would be tossed about upon the trackless waste of waters. And still amidst it all, the good ship slowly but surely sank still deeper in the bosom of the vast encircling flood.

The hardy sailors, taking a pattern from their calm commander, worked away in quick but silent obedience to his orders, and one by one the boats were filled and slowly left the side of the doomed vessel. The sky was cloudless, and the sun shone down in a flood of pleasant light; and from the steady and unruffled manner in which the orders were executed, one could not, but for a glance at their faces, guess that the sailors were occupied in other than their usual avocations. But there was written whole volumes of manly fortitude and courage, in the knit brows, set teeth, and bloodless hue of their countenances, and it was plainly to be seen that the race of heroes had not yet quite departed, nor was true courage laid forever to rest in the grave of the long-gone past.

O, God! the boats were now nearly full, and

there yet remained some eight or ten human beings on board of the sinking ship! Some of them were women, and their shrieks deafened the sound of the booming gun, beside which the young captain himself stood, firing it as quickly as it could be loaded. The clanging of the ship's bell added to the horrid din of that agonizing moment, and the hand of mercy seemed withheld at the moment from the ill-fated beings upon the wreck. The sun still shone down, and saw the good ship as it slowly but surely sank deeper in the bosom of the vast encircling flood.

"There is but room for just *one* more!"

Trente Leycroff heard the voice from the boat, and as he wiped the cold sweat from his brow, looked for a moment round him. A young boy stood by his side and looked up into his face. Not a muscle of the boy's face quivered, as he pointed towards the boat, and said:

"Captain Leycroff, when you see my father, tell him that I died like a man, and that we shall meet again in another world!"

He knew the boy now; he had been sent out as a clerk in a foreign mercantile house, and was now on a visit to his only parent—his father. The father had not seen him for three long years, and he pictured with the quickness of lightning the fond and hopeful expectation of that man to embrace his boy again. To his own home his thoughts reverted, and the instinct of life was strong within him. His wife—father—mother—should he? No! They would not be *altogether* desolate; they would have each other still, while this boy's father would have lost his *all*! He seized him in his arms, and in an instant he was in a place of safety. The sacrifice was made—the rest was in the hands of God!

Again the loud boom of the minute-gun echoed far and wide over the deep—the shrieks and piercing cries of the surviving women mingled again with the sound, and again the hurried clanging of the bell filled his ears. Some of those who remained had sunk down senseless on the deck, and one or two had cast themselves headlong into the sea, and now floated away upon the frail support of a spar, trusting themselves to their fate. The rats sprang affrighted from their hiding-places down in the cabins and hold, and mingled with the human beings on the deck. The edge of the vessel almost touched the surface of the water, and the eyes of those in the boats were fixed in horror upon the doomed vessel as she slowly sank, before their eyes. They saw the heroic young man as he stood at his post loading and firing the gun, and prayers went up from their hearts that Heaven in its mercy might spare him yet.

The sun looked down to take one glance of farewell as the good ship heaved heavily, turned over to one side, and then—sank forever from its sight, down, deep down in the bosom of the vast encircling flood.

They pulled hastily away from that fearful sight, and the clouds of night soon settled over the scene of the drama they had witnessed. God's mercy on the souls of those who had perished thus fearfully in the bright light of day, and in the face of the smiling and unclouded heavens!

And now, a thousand miles away to the home of Trente Leycroff! The dreadful news has reached them, and that once so happy household is steeped in all the deep blackness of despair and agony. Some time has elapsed, and to outward appearing the usual routine of every-day duty has once more resumed its sway. But the sickening grief within the heart is seen, when, as of old, the gray-haired man sits with the holy book before him, and reads aloud the usual lesson of the day. Perchance he reads of the lost Absalom; and, as the agonizing cry of the bereaved father trembles upon his lips, his thoughts are with his own drowned boy, and the words are blurred before his eyes, while a choking in his throat stifles his further utterance. 'Tis soon when the aged mother, engaged in some household duty, meets with some simple article once owned by the lost one; and the fresh tears that arise, and the care with which the inanimate memento is laid away and treasured up, are the proofs that grief is not dead yet within the heart. And it is also seen, as Agnes Leycroff sits by the hour and gazes on her baby's face, to read there some traces of its dead parent, and clasps it closer still to her heart, as the image is prefigured before her in its eyes, and on its baby lips and brow.

The shadows of evening have descended upon the country, and as the night descends, the weather gives indications of becoming stormy and tempestuous. The wind rushes dismally through the old trees of the orchard, and the very foundations of the stout old homestead quiver and shake in the fierce blasts of the rising wind. The servants have gone to bed, and the family are seated in silence by the fire listening to the wild voice in the hurricane raging without. The child has been placed in its cradle by the hands of Agnes, but whether it is the noise without that prevents its sinking to slumber, or whether its mind is too intently fixed upon the philosophical nature and origin of a solar lamp on which its wakeful eyes have been for some

time fixed, it remains obstinately wide awake. Mr. Leycroff broke the silence.

"A fearful night, this, for the poor souls tossed about on the raging sea!"

"My thoughts were wandering in the same sad direction, remarked his wife, stopping to take off her spectacles and wipe the moisture from them that had gathered there. She paused as she did so and inclined her ear to listen.

"What is it, my dear?" asked her husband.

"I fancied I heard the tread of a horse. It must have been my fancy, for no one would venture out on a night like this."

"The cracking of some bough in the wind, no doubt," said the old man; and they ceased to regard it.

The subject of disasters and dangers on the sea appeared to have some fascination to old Mr. Leycroff, for he returned to it.

"How many such nights as these our poor boy must have seen upon the bosom of the ocean! To think of a night like this, called suddenly from a peaceful slumber, and most likely dreams of those so loved at home—springing upon deck and finding the masts swaying to and fro like rushes in the summer breeze—the rain descending in floods upon the deck, and the vivid lightning flashing in the faces of the men as they lay out upon the yards, and struggle madly with the flapping canvass!"

The old lady shook her head and sighed, as she pictured the thoughts of her husband within her own mind. Again she turned her head towards the outside and listened, thinking that she heard the sharp bark of their watch-dog. It seemed to sink into a whine, and then was silent again. The old man went on, though Agnes could have wished he might have chosen some subject less painful to her mind.

"To hear the crashing thunder, as it descends from heaven's vault and echoes through the vast expanse of air, over the surface of the boiling waves! To listen to the groaning and straining of the timbers, as the vessel plunges heavily through the dashing billows! But"—the old man looked up as he spoke—"I forgot! I forgot! I was following the stream of my thoughts, forgetting, my poor child, that I was recalling painful images before you. Forgive me—I would not add one unnecessary pang to the grief you bear."

"How fanciful I am to-night!" said Mrs. Leycroff. "I keep listening and thinking I hear all sorts of sounds! I suppose it is nervousness. I was almost certain I heard a step outside in the hall. I must get rid of such fancies, or I shall lay awake all night!"

Was there a step in the hall? There could not have been. It was the quick closing to of some open door, caught by the wind as it rolled along the passages—nothing more! The baby lay in the cradle giving its undivided attention now to the ceiling, and watching with interest the play of the firelight upon it. No sleep about it as yet!

"Well," said Mr. Leycroff, "it must be getting late; we have been sitting here busy with our thoughts and have not noticed the passing of the time. I will just take a puff or two at my pipe and then will go to bed." He lit it as he spoke.

The wind howled without, and a fierce gust swept down the chimney, causing the dying wood-fire to blaze up all at once and afford new entertainment for the eyes of the child. It sounded outside in the hall, and seemed to rattle the handle of the door as it passed on its way.

Mr. Leycroff finished his pipe and laid it away upon the shelf, and then sat for a moment gazing into the fire. Another blast swept around the house, and Mrs. Leycroff shuddered as she murmured forth:

"Heaven be with those now tossed about upon the dreadful sea, and shield them from the fury of the raging tempest!"

"Amen!"

The handle of the door had softly turned, and the door opening, gave admittance to the form of a man encircled in a cloak. It was *his* voice that had spoken in solemn, deliberative tone, and as he placed his foot over the threshold and stood within the room, the same word dropped from his lips.

"Amen, mother! amen!"

A shriek that echoed through the room, through the passage, from the top to the bottom of the house, went up from the lips of Agnes Leycroff, as she made a tottering step forward and then fell senseless and motionless in the outstretched arms of Trente Leycroff!

He had been saved by clinging, as the ship went down, to a floating spar, had tossed about upon the waves for nearly two days, and had then been picked up by a passing vessel in an exhausted condition, and carried on to her destination. His iron constitution bore him through a severe illness in safety, and upon his convalescence, he was brought safely back home again. Despite the fierceness of the storm raging, he had mounted a horse, and as fast as the animal could dash over the road between the place of his disembarkation and his home, he had travelled in the face of the lightning, the fierce blasts and the dashing rain.

They did not go to bed that night until long after the day began to show its light, chasing away the clouds of the tempest that raged above the homestead on the night before. There was not a great deal said, but they sat in a loving circle, and gazed in one another's faces, while Trente ever and anon pressed his wife closer to his heart, and then stooped down and fondly kissed the child as it lay in its cradle at his feet. That youthful individual found his attention continually distracted from his contemplation of the firelight on the ceiling, and by daylight had not apparently arrived at any satisfactory conclusion as to the subject of his thoughts. What occupied his mind does not satisfactorily appear, as he preserved a complete and dignified silence upon the matter.

He did not know till long years after how near he had once been to fatherless; and the story was told him by the old man one night, as he sat and smoked his pipe by the side of the old familiar wood-fire. It still danced upon the ceiling, as it had been wont to do when he lay in the cradle, now standing in the corner, and fixed his baby thoughts upon its bright reflections, glowing merrily there above his head, when the shadows of night had fallen upon the earth, and the voices of the wind were heard without, sighing among the orchard trees.

SUICIDES IN FRANCE.

The suicides have been very numerous in Paris since the warm weather commenced. One old gentleman, who had heretofore made no less than six attempts upon his own life, at last succeeded in hanging himself one day, recently. His wife had for a year past employed a man servant, whose only business was to keep a constant watch upon her husband, and prevent him from making away with himself. But he got away from the servant, and did the job immediately. The wife comes into a handsome property, and we wonder that she should have so long troubled herself about this old fool, who wanted to leave her at ease. The disinterestedness of some women is astonishing. Not less than six people in Paris killed themselves on one day. Some hung themselves, some blew out their brains, one jumped off a monument, and one took a leap from a bridge. These cowardly fellows are better out of the world than in it. Apropos of suicides—an old oak tree in the Bois de Boulogne, long famous for the suicides which have been committed by persons hanging themselves to its stout old limbs, has just been cut down, in order to make way for some improvements. Lately, two young men, each about twenty-five years of age, hanged themselves to this tree. Their emulators must now hunt up another location for the transaction of this "stepping-out" business.—*Daily Bee*.

A wife full of truth, innocence and love is the prettiest flower a man can wear next to his heart.

LINES TO A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADY.

BY CLARA BEL ABBOTTON.

Thou of the peerless form and flashing eye,
With snowy neck and rounded limb;
Bright as yon stars that gird the azure sky,
When evening pours her vespere hymn.

Fair as the showers of clear white diamond dew
Night scatters from her radiant wing,
Floating like rosy light before my view;
Or like the first glad flower of spring.

Brightening my dull and weary pathway here,
Like some pure beam from upper heaven:
Darting its purple ray all calm and clear,
Just where the storm-cloud has been riven.

Lowly my spirit bends before the shrine
In which an angel is concealed—
But hark, for brightly all those beauties shine
By which the angel is revealed.

Lady, they say that thou art vain as fair—
I heed them not—I cannot heed;
Meekly I see thee bend thy head in prayer:
God bless thee, dear one, in thy need!

Beauty so rich and rare, thou radiant girl,
Will bring dark envy round thy gentle lot;
Fashion with fraudulent art and daisy whirl,
May make thee vain and false, if thou art not.

Darkness and tempest clouds enshroud the bright,
Their life is strown with many an evil snare:
Golden and gladsome beams are quenched in night:
Then, lady, bend thou low in humble prayer.

MY CITY FLIRTATION.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

THAT was a day in my life which I can never forget, if I live to a hundred years. It was the day on which I was sixteen years old. It seemed to me that the fullness of time had come. All past things were merged into that one dear, delightful era of girlhood. It was, indeed, the "age when time goes swiftly by, with diamonds in his glass." I had looked forward to this era during the whole previous year, and on the morning that completed the magic circle of sixteen years, I was a perfectly happy and contented being. My first ball! what an event was that! The first play I witnessed, which, by the way, was *Douglas*; my first visit to the great city, on my own responsibility, unaccompanied by friends to take care of me, all happened this year. The wings of freedom were very pleasant possessions, and the only wonder was, that I did not fly off with them altogether.

The secret lay here. I had a lover, to whom

I had been solemnly engaged from the hour in which I had attained the venerable age of fifteen. In my womanly appreciation of his wonderful dignity,—for he was nineteen years old, and a grave youth too,—I tried to sober down the flow of animal spirits which my happy childhood had indulged; and at sixteen I was really as mature as at twenty-five. Relying on my discretion, my father proposed that I should visit his brother, a wealthy merchant in Boston, who repeatedly solicited him to allow me to pass the winter at his house. My mother looked thoughtful, and he noticed it.

"I would not object to it, my dear," said he. "Mary must see life as it is, sometime, and perhaps now is the time."

"But will she come back to an ordinary home and simple pleasures, when she has passed a winter in excitement and gayety?" she asked; "will she come down to our humble sphere, after revelling in luxury for months? I fear, greatly, that we shall err, by placing her under such temptations. Mary is already fond of novelty, and she has taste, I know, to appreciate art. In your brother's family, she will have all this gratified. She is contented now, with the attentions of Albert Warner, because, as yet, she knows no one superior to him. How will it be when she has seen the elegant and distinguished men who are so often at your brother's table, and who, of course, must feel bound to bestow a little passing attention on his niece?"

"Now, *Serena*," said my father, "you do place the visit of a child to her uncle's house in a very important light. I do not see it thus, at all."

"True," she answered, "it is precisely because you are not a mother, that you do not see it."

I was an involuntary listener to these words; but they had an effect upon my mind that remained during the whole of that eventful visit.

I arrived at my uncle's house a few days before the New England Thanksgiving, when the season of amusement was beginning; and, thanks to my kind relations, I enjoyed the best of them. Everything which a kind and genuine politeness could suggest, was done to make my first season in town pass pleasantly.

My aunt was a fashionable woman, but she was judicious, kind, and sincere. She loved the splendors of life, but she did not sacrifice mind to them. She had a taste for the beautiful, and, somehow, she had the faculty of blending it with everything belonging to her. Even my sallow face and awkward figure received a new and startling alteration, under her direction.

As I gazed at myself in the ample glass in my dressing-room, three weeks after I arrived, I should hardly have recognized the elegant figure which it reflected, for that which had appeared a short time before at the Glenville ball. I was surprised at the effect which the dress-maker and hair-dresser had produced; and I confess that I secretly admired myself on that evening. I was dressed for a party, and I believed earnestly that I should make a sensation there. I forgot that there would be those present to whose perfect and complete beauty, as well as to their superior attractions of manner, mine would be as the moth to the butterfly. However, I enjoyed it, and was quite satisfied with the attentions which, as Mr. Goodwin's niece, I received. My uncle had no daughters, and, possibly, there were some young men there who would have little objections to me, if they thought I should ever inherit his property.

The thought of Albert Warner kept my heart from any entanglement; and I had not yet become surfeited with pleasure,—so that I cared little for the conquests of which others were so constantly boasting. It was enough for me to know that, wherever I appeared, I could command a certain degree of attention, and I asked no more. I did not stop to think whether the elegant beings around me had hearts or not.

This could not last long, however, and my serenity was disturbed at the first cloud. By my aunt's desire, I had written to Albert to come up for a week. He accepted her invitation, and I was glad and happy when he came. Happiness sparkled in his eyes, and made him look positively handsome. I went out to walk with him soon after tea, and my own happiness was complete. We returned home to find a party of our most fashionable friends, who had dropped in, one after another, to chat about the entertainment of the previous evening. And now came my trial. I had ever thought that Albert looked and appeared like a gentleman. I know now that he did; but at that time, I was jealously sensitive to anything which marked him as differing from the people around us; and my eyes watched every glance and movement in the room, when he was presented to the company by my uncle. I saw the sarcastic look of Russell Stedman, as he advanced to shake hands with Albert. I noticed the side-long glance which he gave to Louisa Graves, who, in turn, smiled back with an expression just like his own. My cheek burned with anger; and yet, I was worse than they, for I felt ashamed of his appearance, since it could excite their mirth.

Later in the evening, I was proud to find that,

on several subjects that were started by my uncle, Albert conversed with a freedom and propriety far above any in the room, and with an evident understanding of all their bearings. But this exultation was sadly taken down, when Stedman asked him some questions relative to a subject of etiquette, and he failed to answer him satisfactorily.

Albert did not stay a week. He was evidently pained and annoyed by my devotion to fashion and style, and disturbed and angry with the impertinence of Russell Stedman, who, for the passing amusement of the hour, or perhaps purposely, to vex the "country youth," as he called Albert, had begun to load me with a series of unwelcome attentions. Albert saw all this with a jealous eye, and his sensitive nature could not patiently endure it. What wonder, when he saw that I was not satisfied with his personal appearance, and that I took every opportunity of praising the superior fashion of our other guests, their air, manner, dress, and all the thousand little nothings which attract empty minds. O, it was too true of me, what my mother had said, that this season in town would unfit me for my sphere.

I was becoming selfish, haughty, arrogant. I had unconsciously adopted the importance which, as Mr. Goodwin's niece, had been tendered to my acceptance; and, in my audacity, had forgotten that it was not mine, but only lent to me for the season.

My parting interview with Albert was very sad on his side—very cold on mine. I resented his wish to withdraw me from the scenes which he truly felt were unfitting me for the lowly station which, as a poor printer, was all that he could offer me, as his wife. He knew his own powers of mind, he acknowledged, and he was sure that some day he would attain distinction somewhere—but he expected to toil on for many years, and it would be easier climbing, he said, if he was sustained by a wife's hopeful love. Meantime, he was confident that I should never grow stronger or more hopeful in my love, by the life I was then leading, and it was his earnest hope and wish that I should leave it, and go home.

I was angry and surprised, and undoubtedly answered him peevishly. He turned away with a sad look, which haunted the whole of that sleepless night; but the next morning, Russell Stedman was by my side, and that day I spent whole hours with him at the Athenæum, hearing his implied admiration for myself, and his no less openly implied sneers at my "country lover."

I will not say that I experienced no remorse at this, for I truly did; and yet, such was the fascinating influence of his presence, that I went on, joining him in many of his opinions upon the quality of that sort of style which only could please those truly initiated into the mysteries of fashionable life. Weak as I was, I did not perceive how he led me on to utter such opinions, derogatory to the man who had showed how he loved me, by selecting me as his future wife. I did not perceive that I was unconsciously exalting this brainless puppy of fashionable pretensions above my own true-hearted and high-minded lover.

It was not until I sat down in my own room at night, that the voice of conscience was heard; and even then I resolutely turned away from its words. It told me to *go home*—to go home to the heart that loved me—and to leave forever the scenes and the beings that were coming between me and that faithful heart.

I turned away from the words; but as I caught a glance at myself in the glass, I saw that my cheeks and lips were as pale as ashes.

I rose the next morning with a strange, faint, wearied feeling; but I went out, and was soon joined by Russell Stedman, who rallied me on my pale looks. I strove to appear gay, and he promised to spend the evening at my uncle's house.

After I returned home, the old thoughts came back to me, but company, music, and lastly, the promised coming of Mr. Stedman, banished it from my mind.

Among my acquaintances, was a young girl who had deeply interested me from her evident sadness. She was frequently in company, by her parents' express command; but she always appeared sorrowful, and could hardly ever be prevailed on to enter into any amusement. I pitied her, and often left the dance and the song to sit beside her, for which, I must honestly confess, she did not appear so grateful as I thought she ought. I thought her very unthankful, for I had quite valued myself upon my magnanimity in leaving those who were congenial, and staying with this poor "wall-flower."

My aunt told me her history, one day. She said that she had been engaged, but that the gentleman had suddenly left her without the least explanation; and that she, for a long time, was very ill in consequence of his desertion. So foolish, my aunt said, to care for one who left her in that way; it provoked her to think a young lady would be so very romantic. It might do for the country or the seaside, but was quite out of place in the city! My aunt thought

that the city was no place for hearts—and perhaps she was right.

Had my aunt told me the whole story—had she intimated that the man who had thus deserted Augusta Mayberry, was the man whom she permitted to come to her house—to ride and walk and dance with one of her family, I should have been a sadder, but perhaps a wiser woman for the revelation. But she never hinted that it was Russell Stedman who had cast this blight over the young girl's innocent life, and had condemned her to a long and perhaps hopeless struggle with her heart and her affections.

My answer was a light laugh, and an assurance that no man in the world could win a tear from me if he deserted me.

"Take care of your heart, then, with Russell Stedman," she laughingly responded.

Russell Stedman! Had it come to that then, that I was warned of him? Were our names linked together thus, and I the promised wife of another? I echoed her laugh, but there was something almost prophetic at my heart, and I longed to be away from her piercing eye.

I felt a light hand upon my arm. It was that of Warren Hay, a stripling of some seventeen years, who had attached himself to my side very often lately, much to the wrath of my constant attendant. He was entreating me to dance, and to drive away present thoughts. I went forward to the saloon where a few couples were forming a set. Something prompted me to shun Russell Stedman for the rest of the evening. He noticed it, and upbraided me with it as we passed each other in the dance, for he, too, joined the set after I had done so.

The next evening saw all our family at the theatre, myself included, and Russell Stedman was by my side. The same week we were at the opera; and so one evening after another I was led through the manifold dissipations of a winter in a city, until the spring dawned upon me, a worn and wearied being.

As my uncle's family was preparing to go to the country for the summer, I hastened my arrangements to go home, and the middle of May was fixed upon for my departure. My uncle was to accompany me, and I was strongly urged by my aunt to join her at Newport in August. "You will see Mr. Stedman there," she added. I bit my lip till it bled, for, although so devoted to me through the winter, he had not spoken in any way to make me suppose that he wished to be engaged. My own engagement to Albert Warner had long since become cancelled in my own mind; and, as I seldom heard from him, I presumed that it was also forgotten by him.

I returned home—O, so different from what I left it! The fallow skin was improved, the awkward figure was straightened, and made graceful; but I was ten years older for that one winter's experience; and, as I looked into the small glass that hung in my chamber, and which had never looked so small before, I shrank from myself. Ah, my mother's prophecy was fulfilled! All that evening, I was looking at the vacant corner which Albert Warner had always occupied. I missed the sight of his figure, the sound of his voice, the music of his cheerful laugh. And everything at home looked so mean and insignificant! My uncle's splendid house, gleaming with light, and the rich curtains and pictures, rose brighter to my memory, when I contrasted it with our small, narrow rooms. My mother's modest dress and smooth hair were so different from my aunt's rich velvets and satins, and her magnificent head-dress. Even the dear old piano sounded like a tinkling cymbal, after my winter's experience of the grand one in Louisburgh Square.

When the evening had nearly gone by, I ventured to mention Albert's name. I did it with a sort of foreboding; for something told me that he ought to be there to welcome me home. I had lost the excitement and interest of my city life, and I required another stimulus to supply its place.

My mother looked half-reproachful, half-complaining, when she informed me that he had given up his business some weeks before, and had gone either south or west, no one seemed to know exactly which. I said she looked half-reproachful. When I remembered her earnest appreciation of his talents and goodness—her wish that I should be his wife—and the disappointment of her hopes, I wondered that she did not feel wholly so.

"How blessings brighten as they take their flight!" Albert Warner never seemed so dear to my heart as on that evening, when I felt that he had forsaken me forever; for I did not doubt that my conduct towards him was the cause of his removal. Dissatisfied as I felt with my home, I felt that it would not have seemed so dreary had he but stayed. I thought of another—of the elegant and fastidious Russell Stedman coming to visit me in a home so different from the palace-home which he occupied in the city. I shrank from the thought. Whatever he had thought of me in my uncle's house, I was satisfied that *here*, he would not deign to think of me again.

So I resolutely rooted out all thoughts from my mind, that had the slightest connection with

our winter's flirtation; for much as I already despised the word, I could not call it by any other name, since love was never named between us. And it was for a silly flirtation, then, that I had lost a noble heart.

Day after day, I communed with myself, and the summer was ripening without bringing me a single ray of comfort. What could I do? Even had I known where Albert had gone, I could hardly have made up my mind to write him; and I suffered in silence.

My mother's mind was evidently ill at ease about me. She missed the glad flow of my girlish laughter, which had rung through the house the year before. She missed the sound of music with which I had ever delighted her; for, little as I was skilled, I could always please her by singing the sweet old ballads she loved so well. I liked better now, to sit in my own room, with the blinds shut, and pore listlessly over a volume of poetry, marking such passages as agreed with the morbid state of my mind.

I roused up, one day, after many weeks of this listless inactivity, to the thought that August would be here to-morrow. And I had promised my aunt that I would meet her at Newport. The week before, she had sent me a letter containing ample means to prepare for the journey, and a promise to meet me at a certain point on her way thither. I did not know whether to go, or to send an excuse; but, as I finally decided that I was fairly rusting out in my present state, I availed myself of the outfit she had sent me, and in less than a week was on my way to the grand watering place.

We were late in the season, but my uncle's rooms were engaged months before, and we found them ample and commodious. The air and exercise operated beneficially on my spirits, and my fallow cheek assumed an unwonted glow.

We passed the entire month at this delightful place, and I think my spirits rose with every day's return. The secret charm was the presence of Russell Stedman, who came the very day after we arrived, and remained during our stay. The same attentions which he paid me in the winter, were now renewed; and it was with a feeling of pain that I saw the time approach which was to separate us. Albert Warner was again forgotten. I took myself to task for this miserable, vacillating spirit; but while *he* was near me, the spell was not to be broken. To disenchant myself I should have been obliged to go back to the old home again. His figure would not blend with the ordinary ones there. Do what I would, I failed in grouping him in that place, and with such a background.

Well, we flirted through the Newport season, and walked on the sands, and talked sentiment, the night before we left, but not a word of aught serious. So we parted;—I with a desperate determination never again to see him, and he, I suppose, with a resolution never to commit himself unless he was sure of my becoming Mr. Goodwin's heiress. I judged of this more truly on the following morning, when I was again an involuntary listener to what concerned me alone. I was in the front drawing-room with the blinds shut. It was so early that almost every one was in bed; but I had a book to finish, and I took possession of a chair that might well have been called "Sleepy Hollow," for it contained me entirely, feet and all, within its ample embrace. Leaning against that very window, stood two gentlemen, and I soon caught the following words:

"Well, Stedman, do you go with Mrs. and Miss Goodwin, to-day?"

"Me; what made you think that?"

"Merely because I thought both appeared to have arrived at a point when parting is out of the question, unless necessity compels."

"But I do not know as it would be politic in me to allow myself to come to that certain point."

"Why?"

"Because I do not yet know—let me speak it softly, lest lady ears should hear what lady tongue may proclaim—I am not yet assured that Mr. Goodwin will eventually adopt her, and without that assurance I can go no further."

"I understand. Have you any reason for thinking that he will not?"

"None in particular, but many in general. Mr. Goodwin is a public spirited man, and will probably leave a great deal of his money to public institutions. *I like the girl well enough, but not quite well enough to marry her without money. I have not committed myself!*"

I had heard enough—too much—and never foot trod faster than mine did back to my chamber. I met him at breakfast with a cool, easy, assumed sort of air, that I could see puzzled him terribly. He waited on us to the carriage, and asked me tenderly, when we should meet again. "I cannot tell," I said, "*I have not committed myself!*"

His cheek flushed crimson.

"Let me give you this piece of advice, Mr. Stedman," said I, "never lean against the outside of an open window, at a watering place, when you have secrets to tell;" and I stepped into the carriage, where my aunt had already settled herself.

"How tedious these lovers' partings are to bystanders," she said, laughingly.

"The next meeting between Russell Stedman and me will be more tedious still, to one of us, at least," I answered.

"What does that mean, Mary?"

"It means that Russell Stedman will never break my heart, as he has Augusta Mayberry's." She started.

"How did you learn that?" she asked.

"From one more candid than you were. From herself, last night."

"I did not mean that you should know that, Mary, though perhaps it was wrong in me to keep it from you."

I did not tell her what I thought, nor what I had heard that morning; and I went home feeling somewhat better than before, because I had been excited to anger, and it had taken away my sadness.

The next five years of my life did not pass away without clouds; and regret and remorse were sometimes terribly busy at my heart-strings. My mother was taken from us, and I alone was left to console my father. I was faithful to my duties there—hoping to palliate my past wrongs to another by patient discharge of the future.

My uncle and aunt were pressing in their invitations to me to renew my visit. I believe they were very sincerely attached to me, and liked to have me with them; nay, would gladly have adopted me, had I consented.

But there was a feeling on my part that preferred simple independence with my own father;—a feeling which probably I should not have known, had it not been for the heartlessness I had discovered.

Not until I was twenty-three years old, did I accede to their wishes, except for a day or two; and then only because my father was also included in the invitation to pass the winter with them. My uncle thought that the change would be beneficial to my father's health; and he promised him a great treat in the various lectures which were announced for the season, by rare and distinguished orators.

Seven years! Could it be seven years since I had arranged my hair at that mirror, for my first introduction into company? As I stood there now, calm, quiet—and I must say it—*handsome*, I could almost see the little sallow girl of sixteen, shy, awkward, and expectant, gliding in by the side of the full and well-developed figure which the woman of twenty-three presented there. I gloried in the change. I could not help it. I knew, too, what had made the change. It was the influence of high and lofty associa-

tions—the intellect which I had cultivated—the noble souls whose powers had been transmitted to me in the last three or four years, through their works which I had studied.

I had read deeply—earnestly—until the very souls of the writers seemed infused into my own. I had forgotten all that I had learned of the petty artifices of fashion, and had come out a true, earnest-hearted woman—a loving, trusting, hopeful woman—looking upon life as a means, not an end, and better, if not stronger for the painful discipline which I had known. I had worked this out for myself. I had not gone to this or that reforming or levelling power—the refuge of weak and disappointed minds; but I had truly to ascertain in what way I might discharge the duties belonging to me, and in their discharge I had grown into new harmony with nature and humanity.

I found a new set of people at my uncle's house. The butterflies of fashion who had fluttered there when I had passed my first season under his auspices, had flown away, *somewhere*; and Mr. Goodwin, growing old, and having no young people of his own, had naturally drawn around him those more congenial to his age and habits. It was very pleasant to me, for I dreaded going back into the old track. I had never felt myself fully entitled to enter the lists of fashion, even when I most eagerly mingled with her votaries. I *did* feel assured that I was able to appreciate talent and intellect; and I found now that I should be gratified to the extent of my wishes.

My uncle had become the patron of art. His taste had been ripened by two years' sojourn in Europe; and he drew around him all who were worthy to come into his sphere. Artists, scholars, poets, statesmen, gifted men and intellectual women, formed his daily circle; and it was with an expression of joyful surprise that he found that I, too, "if not the rose, had been near the rose." I had associated with gifted minds through their works—it was his delight to bring me with them face to face.

It was like a new existence to me. I breathed enchanted air. My father, too, renewed his old love for intellectual pursuits, and displayed so much intelligence and good sense that I felt proud of him, and so did my uncle.

We went, one evening, to hear a distinguished orator repeat a lecture which had attracted universal applause. I recollect it perfectly. It was "The Romance of the Sea." I had heard it the first time it was delivered, but I longed to hear it again; and it was with a sense of disappointment that, after waiting thirty minutes

after the appointed hour, the president announced that the lecturer was taken suddenly ill, and could not appear. A murmur of disappointment ran through the hall, but the president proceeded to say that a gentleman from the west had been induced to supply Mr. C.'s place for that evening, and begged permission to introduce Mr. —. I lost the name in the sudden movement of the audience in settling itself again to the attitude of listening; but I saw a tall, manly, well-defined form approach the rostrum, and a noble head bowed gracefully to the audience.

Half an hour—an hour—even longer, the people sat, so still that not a word was lost, while that rich, musical voice poured forth its tide of eloquence, its stirring beauty, its melting pathos. Surely—surely—said I, to myself, I must have seen those eyes and heard that voice in my dreams. The sentiments were those I had often ascribed to some being who should come some day to the world with a new revelation of goodness and justice—to the ideal man who, strong in the nobleness of right, should be above the fear of all wrong; and, appealing to the noblest principles only, should carry all hearts with him in his progress. Vague, indeed, was my conception of this idea, but it was something. I thought, to have formed it at all, it was *more* and *better* to have it realized at all. Reflecting upon this, I had shaded my face with my hand, but at a movement that marked involuntary applause of a remarkable sentence which he had just uttered, I looked up and saw the eyes again. All the past years since I was a mere child, faded away in a moment, so much did those eyes resemble others that were treasured in my heart's dearest memories. For a moment, I was moved in spirit to utter an exclamation, but I suppressed it. The start which I could not suppress, attracted the notice of those around me, and I heard a voice—it was Russell Stedman's voice—ask if the lady was faint. I turned round to assure him that I was not. I wanted to look at him, and I knew that he would not recognize me, I had so changed, since he knew me. I saw a coarse, but still rather handsome man, who looked as if he was in the habit of "pouring deep libations," and I knew it was he, at once. His voice, peculiar always, had not changed at all. I should have known it any where, for its want of depth and intonation. The lady who hung upon his arm, and whose fan he was holding, showed that he had "committed himself," by asking her to become his wife. She was a faded, inanimate looking woman, quite a contrast to the burly and ruby-

faced man beside her. I turned back gladly to the "eyes" again.

My uncle was in ecstasies; and the moment the lecture was concluded, he proposed inviting the speaker and the officers of the association to a social supper at his house, as was frequently his custom, when more than ordinarily interested in the lecturer.

As he passed from the platform, he was met by our party, and the president, readily divining my uncle's intention, seized the moment for an introduction. *This time I heard the name, and it sent a thrill through my heart. I could not look up at those eyes now, for he had, I knew, recognized my uncle and my father, and soon he must know who "Miss Goodwin" was, too. I never knew how I got through with that introduction. I did not fully recover my senses, I believe, until we were seated, strangely enough, and by mere accident, side by side at the supper-table.*

Then I ventured to look up, and the silent look I received was enough. The preparation of the last seven years had been made not in vain. He was changed, and I exulted in the thought that he was met alone in being so. Soul could meet with soul now; but how was it with the hearts? Had nothing dearer come to the gifted man—the idol of the intellectual—the impersonation of my ideal—since he had loved the little sallow-faced, ignorant girl? There were few words between us; but as we both leaned against a deeply curtained window in the drawing-room, half concealed by the ample drapery, from the eyes of the company, who were eagerly conversing upon some topic of the day, our eyes met. "Mary!" "Albert!" It was enough. Language, though it had been from the lips of angels, would not have helped us here.

* * * * *

"What *are* you writing so earnestly, Mary?" said my husband, just now, as he entered the room. "I should think you were preparing a memorial to Congress, by the way you put your soul into your pen."

"Perhaps I am—for Woman's Rights!"

"No need of that, dear; come with me, and I will show you the best exposition of that vexed question."

He led me to the next room, where three bright, laughing, rosy-cheeked children were trooping over sofas, chairs and tables, to the imminent risk of their own limbs and the spoiling of our new furniture. He joined in their play, with a face full of smiles, and beaming with a parent's love, while I stood by in affected

dignity, pretending to despise such trifling in grown-up people.

"You can't help yourself, Mary, there is a fragment of a smile at the corner of your mouth, which tells a truer story than a thousand written pages could do."

He placed the youngest, little Mary, in my arms at that moment; and as I hushed the little wearied creature to sleep, I heard him utter softly, while gazing upon his household group, "I am content to die—but O, *not now!*"

SHE ALWAYS MADE HOME HAPPY.

A plain marble stone, in a church-yard, bears this brief inscription: "She always made home happy." This epitaph was penned by a bereaved husband, after sixty years of wedded life. He might have said of his departed wife, she was beautiful and accomplished, and an ornament to society, and yet not have said she made home happy. He might have added, she was a Christian, and not have been able to say, "She always made home happy." What a rare combination of virtues and graces this wife and mother must have possessed! How wisely she must have ordered her house! In what patience she must have possessed her soul! How self denying she must have been! How tender and loving! How thoughtful for the comfort of all about her! Her husband did not seek happiness in public places, because he found purer and sweeter enjoyment at home. Her children, when away, did not dread to return, for there was no place so dear to them as home. There was their mother thinking for them, and praying for them, and longing for their coming. When tempted, they thought of her. When in trouble, they remembered her kind voice and her ready sympathy. When sick, they must go home; they could not die away from their dear mother. This wife and mother was not exempt from the cares common to her place. She toiled; she suffered disappointments and bereavements; she was afflicted in her own person, but yet she was submissive and cheerful. The Lord's will concerning her was her will, and so she passed away, leaving this sweet remembrance behind her: "She always made home happy."—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

QUALITIES OF THE ROSE.

The damask rose, prepared in a liquor that is left after the distillation of rose water, is or was once made into a syrup which possessed purgative properties; it was recommended to be infused in whey of asses' milk, to be given in the morning, to purify the blood. The red rose, on the other hand, is astringent in its medical action; it is claimed to be good, when properly prepared, to heal ulcers of the lungs, and to check the spitting of blood. An old writer asserts that he has cured desperate consumptions of the lungs with cow's milk and conserve of roses continued a long time. There is also a consumptive apothecary on record who cured himself by eating sugar of roses almost continually.—*Tribune.*

A great many human beings dig their graves with their teeth.

THE CARRION CROW.

BY W. LEIGHTON, JR.

Morning awake! nature arise!
See brightly blush the eastern skies,
Prolonging there the foremost ray
That brought glad tidings of the day.

Soaring on high
Amid the sky,
I am the Carrion Crow.

Awake, ye forests, from your sleep!
Soon o'er the hills the sun will peep—
Gild your tall treetops with his light—
Drive from your depths the shades of night.

Proud lord am I
Of earth and sky,
I am the Carrion Crow.

Ye silent fields of ripening corn,
Rejoice ye, in the glowing morn!
Your golden fruit will soon be seen
Bursting forth from covering green;

A feast for me,
I know 'twill be—
I am the Carrion Crow.

The farmer looks upon his field,
Counting the bushels it will yield;
I'll dine each day his crops upon,
While his straw man stands looking on.

I'm a wise bird,
As he has heard—
I am the Carrion Crow.

When to the field my flock I've led,
Our watchman, upon the scarecrow's head,
Will see that none are lurking nigh,
Our dainty dinner to annoy.

For I was not
Born to be shot—
I am the Carrion Crow.

I love to float along the sky,
Passing hill and woodland by;
Now bathing in the cloud's soft veil—
Now close to earth I gently sail.

Though sad my cry,
Yet glad am I—
I am the Carrion Crow.

 UNCLE STEPHEN
IN THE WESTERN WILDS.

BY ELLA CARLETON.

THERE are but few of us who do not think there are incidents of romance and beauty connected with the rudely-constructed log cabins of the western wilds; and yet one would scarcely have thought the rough structure of which I am about to speak ever held a being within its mud-chinked walls worthy the notice of the most humble pen. But I have said enough for a preface, and now for a few incidents.

It was long ago, reader. The steam engine

had not then invaded the western forests, nor even sent its whistle and smoke in that direction. The topmost branches of the old oaks, with the first breezes of the morning, bowed and nodded to each other as of yore, while their progeny climbed slowly upward, and the young ivy kept them company. Here and there, in some cleared spot, where nature seemed at peace, and the birds were having one great holiday, blue smoke rose upward and wreathed off alone, for there was no other cabin's smoke within many miles to mingle and bear it company. Brown-armed children with ruddy faces skipped and danced beneath those trees, unmindful of the noisy city that was many miles away, where the poor are born and live and die without ever drinking in one breath of the pure air as it comes from nature's great reservoir. But to the minutiae of our tale.

The large, rough cabin of Samuel Champlin, or Uncle Sam, as he was called by the settlers who knew him, was piled together beneath the shade of one of those trees of which we have spoken, and around him were several rich acres of land that his own brawny arm, with the aid of his faithful wife, had cleared and got ready for the seed. There was no other cabin within several miles, but neither Uncle Sam nor his wife seemed to mind this; for, as they said, it gave them breathing-room, and space to hunt, and the children could whoop and exercise their lungs without the neighbors interfering in their sports or remarking upon their costumes. And so time flew by—the children growing larger and the precincts of the far-off city advancing nearer to the cabin. And then the more numerous settlers widened the Indian trail-path that led from the thick forests to the busy haunts of men, while yearly grew the intimacy between the settlers and the dwellers in the more thickly inhabited district. Winter came, and the glittering snow was piled and drifted in every direction, save the new-made road; but that was kept level, for the dwellers along its wayside now added to their gains in winter many a dollar that they would not have obtained had the roads been impassable; for gay parties of the youth and beauty of the town now congregated in rough jumpers and rude sleighs behind their hardy Shetland and Canadian ponies, and dashed off with almost lightning speed along the smooth surface of the snow towards the same smoke-browned cabins of the scattered settlers.

Among the favorite places of resort, was the home of Uncle Sam, for his cabin was of larger size than most of the others, and contained several different apartments, and the young men

said he kept the best cider and apples, and the girls whispered to each other that his good-natured wife always made her cakes of better materials than the other log-cabin landladies, and then everything about the premises looked so neat and nice, and had such an air of civilization, that they were not afraid to partake of whatever was offered them there.

Early one morning in midwinter, I was seated at the side window of my room in the hotel, when I saw passing up the broad walk in the distance, the tall and well-proportioned figure of Edson Peirce. His step was hurried, and, to use a phrase of modern date, I knew something unusual was in the wind; so I laid by the paper I was glancing over, and stepped to the door to meet him.

"Good morning, Edson," said I.

"Yes," said he, "it is a good morning—just the one for a sleigh-ride, and we have made up a nice little party to go out to old Uncle Sam's."

"Who are going, Ed?" inquired I, with a good deal of interest.

"O, Charles Swift, Albert and William Hurd, Mr. Brenton and—"

"Brenton?" interrupted I, and I know I looked anything but amiable. "Why do you call him Mr., and all the rest of the young men of our acquaintance by their first names?"

"Well, I—I can't say, unless it is—"

"Because you are a little stupid, Ed."

"No, not that, Stephen, but because he is so much richer than the rest of us."

"And how do you know he is rich? for he has not been in the place more than three months, and methinks we ought not to pass judgment too quickly, when we have to take his word for everything."

"Why, haven't I seen him every day since he came among us? and I have never seen him yet without plenty of cash. And then, such letters of recommendation and introduction as he has; why, mercy! he must be from almost the highest circles of English society."

"May be," said I; "but—"

"Never mind about your buts," interrupted Edson, impatiently; "he is to be one of the company to-day, so do treat him as it becomes one gentleman to treat another, and he a stranger."

"Well, let it all pass, Ed. Who are to be the ladies of our party?"

"O, Lucy Atkins, Ellen Bush and"—looking archly at me,—"*Angeline Knight, etc.*"

I felt a little too much blood escaping upward, but I paid him off by naming Elsey Davis, and then we began to converse about who kept the

fastest horses that we could hire, and where we could get a jumper that would a little outdo the rest in point of beauty and convenience.

"Be sure and take your *accordeon*, Ed," said I, "and if you see Albert in season, tell him to tuck his violin in among the buffalo robes, for music is the life of the soul, and perhaps we can get that little wood-nymph of Uncle Sam's to sing to us if we play for her."

Edson promised yes; and then, after buttoning up close to his chin his shaggy overcoat, he again passed down the broad sidewalk, while I went in another direction to look for a fast pony.

Our company did not all assemble until about two or three in the afternoon, and then such a merry set as we were never made the woods ring so before. It seemed to be perfectly natural for every girl of the party to please. They all had such starry eyes, sunny hair and beautiful expressions generally, that it was difficult to say which one it was advisable to love the most. Brenton seemed to be the happiest of the party; but there was a recklessness about his manner that I didn't like. Angeline said with a silvery laugh, when no one was very near, that it was only because he had a handsomer pair of whiskers than I had, and because in our plays he was always adjudged to pay more forfeits. If she hadn't looked so roguish when she said it, I know I should have been vexed at that, but la! you couldn't get vexed with Angeline, let her say what she would, for she had such a coaxing way of saying she didn't mean any harm.

Early in the morning, as soon as the head ones in the company had made up their minds to go, they had sent a runner in advance to let Uncle Sam and his lady know that they might expect us in the evening; so when we arrived, which was soon after the sun bade Yankee land good-by for the night, such a fire as was glowing in that fifteen foot fireplace, I do believe it would have been considered a conflagration if it had occurred anywhere around here; but not so there, for it looked cheering out in that wild region, where one rough, stone chimney had to manufacture all the smoke that circulated for many miles. I was the first one to step within the wide door of the cabin, and with me Angeline Knight, and close behind us Elsey Davis and Brenton. O, what a burst of beauty met my gaze as I opened the door. There, in the corner, just where the blazing logs lit up every feature to the best advantage, stood Etta Champlin, Uncle Sam's eldest daughter. I had not seen her for a year, and she was now just sixteen. I had always thought her beautiful,

but now, *beautiful* was a poor word to portray that child of the wilds. At a glance, I could perceive that she had visited the city since I saw her last; for she was dressed as tastefully as the girls of our party, though her costume was a mixture of the fashions of the Indian and white maidens; with bare arms and shoulders, and a short frock confined at the waist with a kid belt beautifully embroidered with beads. For a moment, I stopped and did not speak, for I was amazed at the change one year had made, but I instantly rallied, and feeling ashamed of my silence, advanced.

"Why, Etta," I said, "if you grow much more lovely we shan't let you remain out here in the woods—you must come to the city."

Etta glided easily and gracefully out of the corner, and, as she reached me her hand, she said pleasantly, but in a half whisper:

"The forest is the best place for the deer; it would die in the city—there is not room."

Just at that moment I caught a glance of Brenton's eyes as they were bent on the form and features of Etta, and I thought of every incarnate monster of which I had read from early childhood, but presently there came a counter thought—*pshaw!* it is only fancy; it is very ungentlemanly always to be imagining something against a stranger.

Then came in one after another of our party; and a little while was spent in laying aside hoods, caps, coats, cloaks, and then all took seats on the smooth benches drawn up before the fire. Etta seemed to glide around like a little fairy, handing a mug of cider to this one and a plate of cakes to that one, while her mother was busy in the square pantry preparing more and giving directions to two or three French girls who had been summoned from miles away, partly to help and partly to see and enjoy, as soon as Uncle Sam knew of our coming. All had spoken to the fair Etta. Brenton had been introduced to her, and everything promised fair for a very pleasant time.

"You haven't passed Mr. Brenton any apples, Etta," said Edson, as she reached the plate to him.

"O, I am sorry I slighted you, sir," she answered, innocently skipping towards him.

"O, never mind, my dear," answered the Englishman, looking full into her face; and then, as she came nearer and held the fruit, he said something to her that made the blood leap upward till it swelled the blue veins of her forehead, and for a moment left a peach-bloom hne over her face, neck and dimpled shoulders; but it was spoken so low that we could not catch a

word, while she turned and looked towards the opposite corner of the room near where a candle (for it had become quite dark now) illuminated the features of a large, robust-looking young man who had just entered and placed a lantern on the table. He was dressed in deer-skin breeches and a short hunting-frock, with a strong leathern belt confining it at the waist, and a hunting cap, which, as I looked around, he was just in the act of placing on an antler nailed to the logs. He could not have heard what the Englishman said to Etta, but he heard his voice, and caught her expression as she looked up, and I never shall forget the flash that went out from his eyes; but he said nothing—he only bent forward as if to make sure which of our number had been last helped by her. A few moments after, Uncle Sam came in, and replenishing the fire, said:

"Now make merry, young folks; enjoy yourselves while you are young, especially in my house, for Kate and I were young once, and we always wished the old folks the longest lives that let us make the most noise; so laugh, sing, dance and play on those fiddle-de-dees to your hearts' content. You will keep nothing awake here except a wolf or two, and may be a brain that sometimes tries to make our acquaintance."

And then a little while after Uncle Sam and his wife disappeared, either by design or otherwise, and we heard of the former being engaged out at the frame barn seeing to the ponies, and that Katy had slipped on her cloak and hood and gone out to talk with him—to comment on the company, and tell him that as everything was ready in the pantry the young folks would enjoy themselves better to be alone. For a while we sat in front of the mammoth fire and joked and laughed, and then a few songs were sung. Etta took part with the rest, and then we requested her to sing alone. She complied rather bashfully, and sang a beautiful song that she had composed in leisure hours while looking on the wild scenery that surrounded them. How natural, how beautiful were the tones of her voice as they came up from the pure fountain of song. She did not seem to know how beautiful she was or how sweetly she sang, but she did seem to notice how closely the Englishman's eyes followed and watched her, and it appeared to annoy her; but she said nothing, and when the music commenced and all joined in the dancing, he offered her his hand in the set. She did not refuse, but looking towards the upper end of the room where stood the young hunter, who had been invited to dance, and was now standing op-

posite his partner, a young French girl, I saw that he gave her a peculiar look, that I interpreted as expressing a wish that she should accept, and in a moment more she was gliding with a natural grace down the centre of the long room in company with Brenton, her tiny feet scarcely touching the floor as they kept time with the music.

The Englishman appeared to be in his glory; he chatted and laughed with the fair young creature in the pauses of the figure, and when it was ended he took a seat by her side at the back of the room. Had his manner been that of a gentleman, nothing would have been thought of this familiarity by the dwellers in the forest, as their hearts were pure and they looked for nothing but purity in others, and they were so far away from the thicker haunts of men that with right good will they enjoyed the society of those from the settlements when they came among them; but there was a something about the manner of the young Englishman that the rural beauty could not fathom, and she would like to have shunned him, but the eyes of the hunter told her not to, so she did not rise as he sat by her side and talked.

"You are too pretty to be pent up in these woods," said he, with a great deal of assurance.

"I like the woods better than the town," returned Etta.

"But you would not if you could reside there a little while; it is just the place for such a beauty as you are to make your fortune. Why, if you were a sister of mine, I would have you in the market very quick, and marry you off to some of the nobility."

The young hunter was leaning against the rough mantel, and as Brenton went on, every moment getting more enthusiastic, and speaking louder to the fair one beside him, I saw his lip curl, and he gave a glance around upon the company assembled but made no remark. The Englishman's bold manner seemed to disconcert us all a little, but soon another "Take partners for a set" was spoken, and this time Etta danced with the hunter; and afterwards, when he led her to a seat, he bent his lips to her ear for a moment, when she looked up so full of confidence and love that not one of the company could fail to understand that he possessed her heart. This not only seemed to astonish Brenton but to annoy him; so when the hunter had left her side he crossed to where Etta was sitting and commenced talking to her again, nor did he try to disguise the contempt he felt for the rough-exterior lover. I exchanged glances with Edson, and I saw that he felt extremely pained, and

a moment after he asked Brenton if he would not like to step out to our ponies and see if all were right.

"No," said the Englishman, with a proud toss of the head; "I prefer the society of the ladies, especially this little rustic beauty."

Up to this time the hunter had made no remark to Brenton, nor would any but a close observer have perceived that he noticed him more than any of the rest, but now approaching the Englishman, he said, pleasantly:

"Will not the other girls be jealous, if you show so much more attention to this one than to those that came with you?"

"And what is that to you? If they are jealous, would you like to stand champion?"

"Well, no," answered the other, in the same pleasant tone; "I shouldn't like to fight a human being if I could help it. I have no objection to encountering a bear or a catamount once in a while."

Edson and I exchanged glances again. I felt as if the current of my blood was beginning to congeal in my veins, and he looked as though if the girls were not present he would have said some hard things to the Englishman; for we knew the spirit and manner of backwoodsmen better than our imported companion, and we had seen enough of him to know that he would grow more insolent if the young hunter continued pleasant and conciliating.

"Well, then, you had better return to the corner, young man," said Brenton, "for it wont do for a rustic Yankee to be too familiar with gentlemen;" and then he drew himself nearer to the girl, and as if to crown the climax of his impudence, and to farther provoke the young hunter, whom he thought an ignorant coward, he said, "If you knew how to prize your beauty, you would not waste it on such a clown as he is,"—and he attempted to press his lips to her soft cheek.

With a light bound and a stifled cry, Etta sprang from him, while every one of the company seemed paralyzed, expecting that a death struggle would follow. As Etta sprang from Brenton's side the hunter received her in his arms, and still spoke pleasantly, saying:

"I would not harm you, sir, especially before all these girls, for probably they are not used to fighting; but I think it strange that you should be one of such an otherwise peaceable company."

I attempted to speak, but the sound only amounted to a whisper, while Brenton arose to his feet, seemingly forgetful that there was any one present save the hunter and himself.

"Curse you," said he, "for a coward! I make it a point to chastise any one that interferes with me, let him be where he will and no matter who is present," at the same time aiming at the other a blow with his clenched fist. The young backwoodsman's strong right hand met the arm of his opponent as it was descending, and for a moment it was held as if in an iron vice; then giving it a fling downward as a child would a toy, he said, calmly:

"Be quiet, boy, or your bones may bleach in the western wilds."

In an instant, Brenton drew a pistol from beneath his coat and aimed it at the head of the young man; but its contents remained in the barrel, for with an easy movement the other wrenched it from him and threw it into the cavern-like fire-place among the blazing logs. Immediately the Englishman drew a large bowie knife that he had kept concealed, and rushed toward the hunter with a face purple with rage. We all leaped to our feet, while Etta, with a cry of anguish, sprang into the arms of her lover, and at the same instant received the blow destined for the hunter. The assassin's knife stuck quivering in her fair dimpled shoulder. Her lover gave one look towards it, then turned his glance on Brenton. That look will go with me to the grave.

Gently withdrawing the knife and laying her softly in the arms of one who sprang to receive her, we heard a hissing sound escape through his teeth, and the next moment the same knife quivered in the heart of the Englishman, while an explosion from the burning weapon between the strong stone jambs told us that it contained a deadly charge. And now the wide rude door was flung back, and in rushed Uncle Sam and his wife to learn the cause of the explosion; but the scene that was spread out before them I shall never forget. On the spot where but a little while before we were all dancing so merrily, now lay Brenton, with eyeballs upturned, through which the light of day could enter no more, and around him in warm pools his own life blood. Etta now lay in her lover's arms, unconscious of the horror depicted on every face that surrounded her, or the wild cries of her mother who bent over her.

But we will not longer dwell on description, but say that the Englishman's bones bleached in the western wilds, and after many months of suffering Etta Champlin recovered from the fright and the wound inflicted by Brenton, and rewarded the brave hunter by a gift of her own fair self. Some may think that our party were to blame for not interfering sooner, but events

followed each other in such rapid succession at the crisis, that we were bewildered until we saw the knife, and then it was too late for prevention. The law administered to the young backwoodsman no punishment for the deed, for there were too many witnesses in his favor. But this event did not disturb the current of our enjoyment long, for the next winter as gay parties as ever visited Uncle Sam's, but we were more particular who went with us. Brenton, we afterwards learned, was an extensive forger who had fled from justice, and this accounted for his having so many letters of recommendation.

"Emma," said Uncle Stephen, "on the very spot where that log cabin stood is now built a large frame house, surrounded by beautiful gardens, and the smoke from neighbors' chimneys wafts up on every side; come and look out of the window and I will show it to you."

I did as he requested, and he pointed to a beautiful dwelling but a few rods off as the one. As I looked and saw the dim outline of the woods away off in the distance, and the large mansion that intervened between, it all seemed to me like magic.

"Do you see that noble-looking old man coming up the street with a portly lady by his side, and those young children running to meet them?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Well, that is the hunter and his Etta, and those are their children's children; they all live together in that frame house."

A GREAT EEL FISHERY.

The eel is, in one respect, at least, a suggestive fish. "Slippery as an eel," is a phrase often used to denote character; and we doubt not that if everybody knew the extent of the eel fisheries of Italy, the term "plentiful as eels" would soon supplant the old Yankee expression "plenty as blackberries." In early spring the eels ascend the river Po, and in the months of October, November and December, when about returning, channels leading into still water-basins are opened, and the fish, thinking that they are upon their way to the sea, enter the basins in such great numbers that oftentimes the quantity accumulated there is so large as to form a mass which rises above the surface of the water. The eels are taken by the fishermen from these basins and conveyed to different markets. In the year 1851, about a million and a half pounds of eels, valued at \$170,000, were captured in the basins in Cammachir alone.—*Weekly Dispatch*.

When we are conscious of the least comparative merit in ourselves, we should take as much care to conceal the value we set upon it, as if it were a real defect; to be elated or vain upon it, is showing your money before people in want.

THE ROSE.

BY S. H. S.

The rose is withering. Gentle flower—
How soon its beauty fades away!
It flourishes its little hour,
And then its beauty dies for aye!

I watched its lovely leaves unfold,
And richer grew they every hour.
But I remember I was told
The rose was but a fading flower.

So, like the rose our pleasures die;
They fade as quickly from our sight,
As clouds that veil a morning sky
Retire, and leave a clearer light.

SELF-DENIAL.

BY SUSAN H. BLAISDELL.

"COUSIN SOLON, are you ready?" called the voice of a young lady at my door, one morning, at nine. I recognized this voice as that of Arabella, the second daughter of my cousin, Mrs. Harrington, who had insisted when I called in on the previous afternoon that I should remain over night in order to attend a public breakfast with her and her daughters on the morning succeeding.

I was quite ready when Miss Arabella knocked at my door; and accordingly making myself visible, accompanied her down stairs. She was in the highest of juvenile spirits—that is, juvenility at seventeen—and talked to me with the greatest animation. I think she was conscious of looking especially pretty on that particular morning, and of appearing her best. Whether this circumstance had anything to do with her good humor, I cannot say; but I suspected that she was not without her share of female vanity. But she was very young, and really good-hearted. We entered the empty parlor.

"How, my dear," I said, "are you and I the only ones ready?"

"O, Cousin Solon, you know it takes Flora and Caroline a great while to dress," was Arabella's answer; "and mama, too,—she never comes down till they are ready. But I dare say they will join us in ten minutes or so; at least, by the time Harry comes in. He will be back here shortly; he only meant to be gone half an hour. Let us sit down in this pleasant window and talk together till they come."

I took my place beside her, while she chatted away in the happiest possible strain. I am one of the class denominated "good listeners;" a character which suited my little cousin admirably

that morning; for she was eager to tell me of the gayeties into which she had lately entered, having but just "come out:" of her beautiful new set of pearls, which she had teased mama to purchase for her; and of a love of a bouquet which had the evening before been presented her by a certain distinguished gentleman, whose notice made her an object of especial envy to a great number of young ladies.

All this I heard very distinctly; but I was thinking at intervals of something quite unconnected with the subject of Miss Arabella's elegancies; and as soon as courtesy would permit, after its conclusion, or what, from the length of the succeeding pause, I inferred to be such, I asked:

"At what time, my dear, does your cousin Elma come?"

"At a quarter past nine she said she would be in." And she consulted her watch. "It is five minutes past now, Cousin Solon; so she will be here in exactly ten minutes more. Not a second earlier or later, I assure you; for Elma Beverly is a jewel of punctuality."

Mrs. Harrington entered with her youngest daughter, Caroline, at this moment.

"Elma Beverly—what about her? Ah, Solon—ready? Well, is not Elma here?"

"No, mama. You know she is not to be here till a quarter past nine," said Arabella.

"Isn't Harry come back yet from the office?" asked Caroline, the languid and ringleted Caroline, the sentimental one of the family, who at sixteen imagined herself a heroine of romance, and affected airs accordingly.

She drew a small volume from her pocket, as she received a negative answer, and proceeding to ensconce herself in the recess of a neighboring window, awaited the moment of departure, wrapt in the sorrows and calamities of some imaginary beauty—the counterpart of herself.

Caroline wore a white muslin gown—"a robe of snowy fabric," perhaps I ought to say with (according to the approved style of damsels in novels) "no ornament save a single rose, twined in her luxuriant tresses." She was not by any means pale, as she would have liked to be; on the contrary, she had the finest color of any one in the family. Still, by the aid of her long, dark curls, she managed to make herself look tolerably romantic. But I digress.

Mrs. Harrington seated herself in a comfortable rocking-chair near me, casting critical and complacent glances, first upon Arabella, then upon Caroline.

"Really, you look very well, girls, this morning," she said, approvingly; and the satisfied

expression of her eyes, as they met mine, said : "There are no girls like my girls." It was a mother's vanity—pardonable, perhaps.

Flora entered now ; Flora—stately, elegant, graceful,—her mother's especial pride. Mrs. Harrington was very proud of all her children—Flora, Arabella, Caroline, and Harry (who, by the way, was really a fine boy, and my favorite); but Flora was her favorite, I think. The young lady glided into the room with her usual graceful and somewhat haughty air, and speaking to one and another with a mingling of courtesy, affability and nonchalance in her manner, advanced to a window, with the current inquiry for Harry. Mrs. Harrington glanced at me again, with ill-concealed triumph in her eyes. If her other girls looked well, Flora outshone them.

And, truly, they were all handsome girls, and were dressed with indisputable perfection of taste. My cousin Sophia took care of that. She was one to pride herself on matters of dress. Expense, too, was one of the last things considered. Not a flaw was to be discovered in any part of the attire of herself or her children. Nothing was worn but that which was new, elegant and perfect in every respect. The maids my cousin employed had nothing to complain of in regard to the generosity of their mistress. The supplies of dresses and bonnets from their mistress, who seldom wore either a dress or a bonnet a dozen times, was incredible. But it showed people how well and how expensively my cousin Harrington and her children were in the habit of dressing.

We waited a few moments, conversing together, and exactly at a quarter past nine my niece Elma arrived, accompanied by Harry, who had joined her on the way. They came in together, he a bright, handsome, gallant boy of eighteen, laughing-eyed and rosy-cheeked, and she a pretty, simple, innocent girl of the same age, who looked, in her pure, light muslin, and her little white bonnet, with its wreath of lilies of the valleys, as fresh and charming as a spring flower.

"Good morning, Cousin Elma!" "Good morning, Cousin Elma!" they all said, and all shook hands with her—the girls, I know, thinking how pretty she looked, and Mrs. Harrington herself surveying her with a critical eye as she kissed her, and then told her how well she was appearing this morning. That included dress and all, I could see. Sophia was very well satisfied with the appearance of her young cousin. Indeed, I do not see how it could be otherwise. The child always seemed to me without a fault. But if she had been dressed in serge, I do not

think I should have thought her as pretty, when her sweet young face lighted up with such a beautiful smile, and she said in such a musical voice, as she kissed me, "Good morning, Uncle Solon ; I am very glad you are going with us."

"I thank you, my dear. How does your mother do to-day?" I said.

"My mother is very well, I thank you. She sends her love to you, uncle ; and to you all," turning again to Mrs. Harrington and the girls, "and bade me say again that she very much regretted not being at liberty to accompany you ; she could not break her previous engagement with Mrs. Morrison."

"Yes, I am quite sorry," answered Mrs. Harrington ; "for I really depended, until yesterday, upon her going. It is so vexatious, Solon," she continued, turning to me, "that Emily will spend the day with a deaf old woman, and find pleasure in it, when she might be going with me."

She stood there, drawing on her gloves, when a carriage drew up before the door, and the girls' delighted exclamation, "O, there's Mrs. Mostyn and her nephew!" was immediately followed by the entrance of a pleasant, majestic-looking, middle-aged lady, attended by a gentleman some years younger—probably he was twenty-five, or thereabouts, though a certain dignity and seriousness blending with the gentle expression of his fine features, made him appear somewhat older than he was,—and this was her nephew and my young friend, Mr. Mostyn.

The exchange of salutations concluded, Mrs. Mostyn said at once to my cousin Sophia :

"My dear, I have come to take one of your girls up on my way to the rooms. I hope you'll consent?"

"With pleasure," smiled Mrs. Harrison.

"Very well ; I should like Flora. Flora, my dear, will you come?—O, and you, too, Miss Elma. May I ask so much?—that is, if I don't break up your party too much?" And she then turned to Mrs. Harrington.

Elma had glanced hesitatingly towards Mrs. Harrington, who said :

"O, certainly, if you wish, Mrs. Mostyn ;" for she had a kind of reverential admiration for this lady, whose birth, wealth and talents settled her position among the highest ; and whatever she said or did was law.

A moment before we all set out, Mrs. Harrington stood in the hall with Elma. I saw her examining something which she held in her hand. Her countenance had lost a degree of its usual placidity, and Elma was slightly coloring.

"What is the matter, my dear?" asked Mrs.

Mostyn, quietly, taking her nephew's arm and joining them.

Cousin Sophia looked up. "O, nothing of great consequence," she answered, and yet with a slight air of annoyance and severity; "only Elma's glove—she has had the carelessness to put on a pair which are really not fit to be seen."

"Indeed! Why, I was thinking very differently a moment ago," returned Mrs. Mostyn. "Let me see, my dear—not fit to be seen! Where?"

"One is mended," said Elma, in a low voice, and with a timid blush.

"Mended?—why, really, so it is—and very nicely, too. One cannot see it without close examination. If that is all the fault, pray let the child wear the gloves." And she turned, smiling, to my cousin Harrington. "If any one should chance to discover the fact of their having been mended, it will only be to give credit to her skill as a most expert needlewoman."

"Rest assured, madam," said the nephew, in a subdued tone to Mrs. Harrington, "that no one who observes Miss Beverly's hand will ever remark an imperfection in her glove."

My cousin Harrington smiled faintly, and said no more; but I could see that her annoyance was not quite dissipated. With a grave look, she returned to Elma her handkerchief, which she had also been examining, I was sufficiently curious to examine it myself, a moment after, and found a single spot in it, close to the embroidery, where the fabric having worn thin, had been darned with the greatest nicety. But imperceptible as it might have been to others, this single spot had not escaped the eyes of the pink of particularity, my cousin Harrington; and she was therefore excessively annoyed; for she had always interested herself in Elma, as much as her own daughters, in the matter of dress.

"So she scolded you about the gloves and the handkerchief, did she, Elma?" I said, laughingly aside, to the young girl.

Elma blushed.

"Yes, Uncle Solon. But it was my fault. I should have remembered how particular she is. These, however, are my best gloves. And, indeed, I thought they would do sometime yet to wear. I would have brought another handkerchief, if I had thought; but the gloves I could not help wearing, since I had none better. I wished to make them last a week or two longer."

"Economical little Elma! That is right, dear child. But do you know, Elma, I have a curiosity to know why you are so economical? You do not need to wear imperfect gloves or handker-

chiefs either. Your quarterly allowance was, I know, paid you only the week before last. To be sure, it is not a great sum, but then it would buy you numbers of pocket-handkerchiefs and gloves. And that is, I believe, what it is partly given you for."

Elma blushed again.

"I know—but I want the money for something else, Uncle Solon."

"You do? What, I wonder—eh, little Elma? Well, well—I won't tease you, dear," for she was looking, I fancied, a little embarrassed.

At that moment, all were ready to go, and as Mr. Mostyn came for Elma, our conversation was broken off. I entered the carriage with my cousin Harrington and her two younger daughters.

"Pray, Cousin Solon," said Arabella, "what was that you and Elma were saying about economy, in such an earnest way? Something, I dare say, about her gloves, wasn't it?"

"Yes, my dear," I answered.

"Well, whatever it was, Mr. Mostyn must have heard every word, for he was close by you with his mother, though neither of you seemed to observe them; and if there was anything said confidentially, why, he must know it."

"Really, my dear, I do not recollect that we said anything which we would have wished to conceal from him or you either," I said.

I speculated during the remainder of the drive, upon the subject of Elma's gloves, and Elma's economy. My cousin Harrington was once more in her usual good humor. She had evidently dismissed the matter from her mind.

We arrived at our place of destination, and were rejoined by Mrs. Mostyn and her nephew, with Flora and Elma, who, for her part, looked the picture of happiness.

"What a beautiful woman Mrs. Mostyn is, Uncle Solon!" she said, aside, to me. "I do not think I ever liked her so well before."

I thought it might be because the attraction was mutual; for Mrs. Mostyn, I know, had been led that morning to look deep into Elma's nature, and such a nature could not but be otherwise than pleasing to her, if she read it correctly, which I felt that a woman of her penetration could not fail to do.

"So you had a pleasant drive, Elma?" I asked.

"Very pleasant—yes, Uncle Solon. Indeed, how could it be otherwise? I do not think I ever met with more agreeable persons than Mrs. Mostyn and her nephew. They both converse charmingly—do they not? Better, I think, than any one I ever heard, almost."

"They understand what the word 'conversation' means, Elma, that is it; and both have minds most excellently and abundantly stored with knowledge. You will gain a great deal of benefit from their society. But we must look about us now and how to people. All the world is here this morning, I believe."

With the occupation of bowing to people, and our coffee-cups, while we all—that is, Mrs. Mostyn's party and ours—kept up a lively conversation, we got through half an hour, at the expiration of which time, we repaired to the gardens opening from the rooms, whither a great portion of the company had already proceeded.

We had been there but a little while, when a group of ladies of my cousin Harrington's acquaintance came towards us, and accosted her. One of them held in her hand what seemed to be a subscription paper, got up for the benefit of some popular object or other, which just then attracted a great deal of attention. Mrs. Harrington and her three daughters immediately appended their names, with each a considerable sum. I contributed my part also. Elma, however, when asked to sign, reflected a moment, and then, with a slight deepening of color, declined doing so.

"Why Elma! Why not?" was the simultaneous exclamation of her cousins.

"Elma," said Mrs. Harrington, coldly, "I thought you expressed your approval of this object, yesterday?"

Elma colored more deeply. Every eye—Mrs. Mostyn's, Charles Mostyn's and all—was directed to her.

"I did, Cousin Sophia," she said, in a low voice, "but I cannot subscribe. I am very sorry."

"As you please," said Mrs. Harrington, turning away, while Flora and Arabella slightly smiled, and the latter said in a light way:

"Another instance of cousin Elma's 'economy,' I suppose, isn't it? Be careful, Elma, or instead of an economist, I shall think you are a little miser."

"I should not refuse to subscribe, Arabella, if I had not good reasons for it," said Elma, gravely.

"I am sure, Elma," returned her cousin, "you had your allowance when I had mine, and I know you have not spent a single penny."

"No, I have not spent any of it, Arabella."

"How then, do you say you cannot subscribe?"

Elma was silent an instant. Then she said, gently: "Because it is true, Arabella."

Arabella turned away, silenced by the gentle rebuke. Mrs. Mostyn quietly pressed Elma's hand, with an affectionate smile.

"I am sure," she said, kindly, "Elma would gladly give her money if she could do so conscientiously."

A grateful glance beamed from the young girl's eyes; and the approving look she met seemed to give her new courage.

"An enigma, certainly," said a subdued voice at my side. I turned, to see Mr. Mostyn's thoughtful eyes fixed reflectively on my niece's countenance.

"Who—Elma!" I said. "Do you think her an enigma?"

"Yes, and one of no inconsiderable interest, at least, to me. I am trying (it may be impertinent, but I cannot help it,) to study her motives. Not alone those of the present moment, but of her whole life."

"The study is worth your attention, my boy." "I believe it."

That was all we said. A little while longer and we left the place.

My cousin Harrington had now to visit a neighboring bookseller's with me; and as Mrs. Mostyn wished to go there also, it was settled that we should go together. Arabella and Caroline, who had no desire to accompany us, returned home in my cousin's carriage, and the remainder continued the way in that of Mrs. Mostyn.

We arrived at the bookseller's in a few minutes, and there a new trial awaited Elma. My cousin Harrington and Mrs. Mostyn selected the books they wished for, and then we all lingered, examining some new works just got out. Suddenly Flora called to Elma.

"See, cousin," she said, "here I have fortunately come across the very books you were wishing to get, the other day. The — Magazines, in two large volumes, and nicely bound, too. See, Elma, what a prize!"

Elma's eyes sparkled, and her cheeks grew red—a vivid, brilliant red, as she sprang to Flora's side. O, let me see them, Flora!" she said, eagerly, and stretched out her hand. Then as suddenly she drew it back, with the beautiful flush of girlish delight fading quietly out from her cheek, and her countenance growing slightly serious, as a look of remembrance passed over it; the remembrance of an obstacle. I noticed this, and Mostyn noticed it, too, though Flora did not; for she had immediately turned to the bookseller, inquiring if the books were for sale, or already engaged. He answered that they were for sale, and named the price.

"There, you see the books are yours, Cousin Elma," laughingly said Flora, turning to her again. "Take them now. Will you do them up for Miss Beverly, if you please?" to the shopman.

"No, no; I have changed my mind, Flora," said Elma, quietly. "I do not want—that is—I will not take the books at present."

"Will not take them, Elma! surely you cannot be in earnest!" uttered Flora, in a tone of astonishment. "These books, of which you have talked so much for the last six months! What are you thinking of?"

"I cannot take them, Flora," urged Elma, in a subdued voice. "I beg you not to say anything more about it."

"You had better allow me to put them up, if I may be so bold, miss," said the bookseller, politely, "for I do not think I could get another set at any price whatever, and if you really want them, I should be sorry to let them go to any one else. Shall I put them down to Mrs. Beverly's account, miss?"

"Yes, you had better take them; let him pack them, Elma," urged Flora. "Your first and last chance, remember; and I know how sorry you will be that you did not take them, if you let them go now."

The flush on Elma's cheek was one of pain and of confusion at the consciousness of so many eyes attracted towards her by this scene. Poor Elma had not learned yet how to bear herself with composure, under the charge of singularity. She looked troubled, agitated.

"Dear Flora," she said, in a low, imploring, hurried voice, with downcast eyes, half turning away, as if to escape the curious eyes around her, "indeed, indeed I do not want those books now, and I cannot have them put down in mama's name. I never did such a thing in my life. No, I really, *really* do not want them at all. Pray tell him so, and do not say anything more about it."

Flora looked at her a moment with a surprised and offended air.

"Really, my dear, you are incomprehensible this morning," she said, at length, in a suppressed and freezing whisper. "You need not trouble yourself to pack them," she continued, coldly, addressing the bookseller; "Miss Beverly does not wish for them. *Mama*," to Mrs. Harrington, "are you ready to go?"

Mrs. Harrington had stood all this time, observing the scene before her, with visible and increasing annoyance. I knew that any scene of this kind, calculated to draw attention and curiosity, was inexpressibly displeasing to her. Her countenance displayed it, as she turned to her friend.

"Mrs. Mostyn, shall we go now?" she said, briefly.

I could not tell why Elma had refused the

books which, for many a long month, she had been wishing to obtain, and which was rarely to be found then, the publication having existed and ceased some twelve years before; but I knew she wanted them. Hastening across the shop, I joined Mostyn, who was standing by the counter, speaking with the bookseller.

"Sir," I said to the latter, "I wish to purchase those books; will you do them up, if you please, and send them this evening to—"

"I beg your pardon, sir, but I have just disposed of them," was the low-toned reply.

The surprise his words occasioned was instantly abated, as I looked at Mostyn, and met his warning glance, beseeching secrecy. He was the purchaser. He had anticipated me by exactly half a minute. And with this little by-play, unobserved by any but Mrs. Mostyn, we followed the party from the shop.

I know my cousin Harrington was more deeply incensed during that day, than I had ever seen her before. I do not know whether she reprimanded Elma, as I am certain she felt inclined to do, for what she was pleased to term "her very singular conduct;" but she talked to me about it, with considerable excitement.

"I truly believe," she said, "that people will say that Emily has lost every penny of her fortune; for certainly, Elma's behaviour to-day would lead one to suppose them absolutely beggared. What strange freak can have got into her head now? Her singularity is certainly insufferable. She made me absolutely ashamed of her to-day."

And Sophia was seriously indignant. She called on Emily the next morning. I was not present, but I heard afterwards that she spoke very emphatically of Elma's "singularity," and very seriously inquired whether Emily had not really become suddenly reduced in circumstances. Now Emily knew that Sophia was truly a good-hearted person in the main, although so trammelled by her regard for appearances, and so blunt spoken as she was: accordingly, she chose to laugh, rather than become offended; made our cousin Harrington take off her bonnet, and stay to dinner; assured her that she, herself, had not lost her fortune, and that the cause of Elma's seeming parsimony was really a very good cause indeed, and one which she would perhaps approve some day.

Emily, on learning the story of the books, without the conclusion, touching their final purchase, was delighted with her daughter's power of self-denial.

"I know it must have cost you a great deal to give them up, my dear," she said to her, "even

for so good a purpose as you have in view; and now you shall have them indeed."

She immediately summoned a domestic, and despatched him to the bookseller's, to secure the books. Of course, they could not be obtained, having, as the man brought back word, been already disposed of.

Now that she had imagined them almost certainly in her possession, this sudden disappointment, after all, was very hard indeed for poor Elma to bear. But she put it down with a firm hand, after the first, and turned away from the contemplation of it.

"It is not such a *terrible* disappointment, Uncle Solon," she said, cheerfully.

I was bound in honor not to betray Mostyn, or I believe I must have acquainted her with the destination of her beloved and long-coveted books.

"Do you not wish now that you had taken them, Elma?" I asked.

She reflected a moment, and then shook her head.

"No, Uncle Solon, I do not. I should be very unhappy now, if I had yielded and taken them. I am glad I did not." And I knew she really was.

The autumn which witnessed the scenes I have described, deepened gradually into winter. Now, I saw Elma in a warm, brown cloak, and close winter bonnet, taking her brisk walk every day, where I had seen her so lately in her warm-weather muslins and simple cottage straw. I could not tell whether she looked prettiest then or now. But I knew—blessings on that dear, sunny little face!—that she was my own, pretty, favorite, loving Elma, at all times the same, summer or winter.

I met her at my cousin Harrington's, sometimes; sometimes at Mrs. Mostyn's; often and often in her own home, where I spent many a happy hour, and where I was always received with a warmth and cordiality that was dearer to me than I found it elsewhere.

But wherever she was, Elma was always bright, cheerful and busy as a bee. I do not remember ever seeing her, when she was not intent upon some good and useful work, for the good of somebody or other. She had always been thus, from her childhood; her life and its aims the very opposite of those of her cousins, the Harringtons. She had always been eager to help those who needed her services, caring especially for the poor.

This fall and winter, however, had given her added means for usefulness; and now I learned how nobly she had improved those means. Be-

sides her mother, she received only Mostyn and uncle Solon into her confidence; for she was one to shrink from exposing, or seeming to display her good works; and only imparted her plans to us, I could see, because she disliked to seem mysterious to those so near as we.

Mrs. Harrington, I think, often meditated seriously now, upon Elma's character and disposition. I think she was convinced of the wisdom of Elma's motives, in whatever she did; though she could not always tell whither those motives tended. The conviction forced itself upon her, from the consistency and steadiness of purpose visible in all her actions, and her gentle perseverance in whatever she considered right. She remarked to me, one day, that Elma seemed more economical than ever. But it was said in a thoughtful way, that showed she no longer looked with an unfavorable eye upon that economy. She allowed that Elma seemed to her to grow more "singular" every day; but she permitted her to be as singular as she pleased, now, saying to me: "I think, finally, it must be for some good purpose."

It was for a good purpose, as she found shortly. It was three days before Christmas, when a party of us, consisting of my cousin Harrington and Flora, Mrs. Mostyn and Charles, with my sister Emily and myself, visited, by especial favor, one of the private meetings of the — society, a new institution, formed for obtaining means for the relief of the poor in and about the neighboring districts, during the winter. It was a hard winter. Bread and fuel were scarcely to be obtained by many, and entirely beyond the reach of some.

This society was composed of a moderate number of young ladies and gentlemen, connected with the church to which my sister Emily belonged. We met several of our young acquaintances there, among the rest of whom was Elma.

The meeting was called to order, and the business of the hour quietly entered upon. A few words were spoken by the presiding member, relative to the object for which the society was formed, and some interesting remarks made, in regard to it; the clearness and brevity of which, in addition to the quiet, orderly, and perfectly business-like manner in which the meeting was conducted; and the serious, unmistakable earnestness evinced by every member, in the object before them, was proof sufficient that they clearly understood the business upon which they had entered, and had both the sense and determination to go through it correctly and steadily. Next, the names of the members were read, and the treasurer, list in hand, read off the amounts sub-

scribed by each. Twenty names were given, the entire amount received being five hundred dollars. The last name was that of Elma Beverly—subscription seventy-five dollars. My cousin Harrington looked with astonishment, first at Elma, then at me.

"So this is the aim of Elma's economy?" she whispered. "Well, if I had guessed—"

I never knew my cousin Harrington so thoughtful before, as she was that day. Flora, Arabella and Caroline had no words to express themselves. Yes, this was the aim of Elma's economy—charity. And this was not the only instance. I went with my cousin Harrington, in the course of the day, to the cottage of a thrifty mechanic, on the outskirts of the city, where, in her rounds of charitable visiting, our Elma had found work to do.

"This is a hard winter, Mrs. Marsh," I said, to a pleasant, cheerful matron, who, with her bright, cleanly, healthy-looking children gathered about her, was waiting the return of her husband from his day's labor.

"A hard winter for many, sir," she answered, seriously; "but I am thankful, not a hard one for us, since Miss Beverly was so kind to us. I do not know what would have become of us all, if it had not been for her."

My cousin Harrington looked inquiringly at me, and then at our good hostess.

"You are acquainted with Miss Beverly, then, Mrs. Marsh?" she said, in a questioning tone.

"O, yes, ma'am," returned Mrs. Marsh, with a voice and look of pleased and heartfelt earnestness, "O, yes; if she had not helped us it would have gone hard with us this winter. My husband was ill all the fall—he fell and broke his arm in the early part of September. He did not leave his bed for two whole months. We had only his earnings to depend upon, and when he could no longer work, they failed us. We spent our last penny, and ate our last mouthful of bread. And then the landlord was just going to turn us out of doors, sick as James was, because we had no money to pay the rent. It was on that very day, when I thought James was dying, when my children were crying for bread, and we about to be turned like beasts, out into the open fields to perish, that Miss Beverly heard of our situation, and came to help us."

She paused a moment, and turned away her head to hide the starting tears.

"Well, and she helped you?" said my cousin Harrington, presently, in a sweeter, tenderer voice than I ever heard before from her lips.

"Ma'am," said Mrs. Marsh, simply and earnestly, turning towards us again, "Miss

Beverly paid our rent—every penny of it; she got a good physician for my husband, who saved the life I thought was failing; she procured for us everything we needed, and brought us through till my husband was able to work again; and this nearly all out of her own means. I never can be too grateful to her, never; nor many another poor family about here that she has helped out of trouble."

Mrs. Harrington looked round at me. There were tears—absolutely tears, in her eyes.

"What a dear girl that Elma is!" she murmured.

I gave her better reason yet for saying so, before we returned home. I showed her, one after another, no less than six families, in different places, where Elma's visits were hailed, in the midst of poverty and distress, as those of a ministering angel; and she acknowledged that Elma had a noble end, indeed, for her economy; as I had had reason to acknowledge, long since.

When Christmas night came, we planned a happy gathering at the house of my sister Emily, where we found Elma surrounded by a delighted little party of children, invited by her, and for whom she had prepared a glorious Christmas tree. Mrs. Mostyn and my friend Charles were there with us. During the evening, there was found at the foot of the tree, a package directed to Elma. Opening it, she found two handsomely bound volumes, at the sight of which, the ever-ready color rushed impetuously to her cheek. They were the magazines which, five months before, she had resolutely denied herself the pleasure of purchasing. She looked incredulous for a moment. Then a glance at the fly-leaf settled the difficulty. She looked up with a yet more brilliant blush, at Charles, who stood beside her, regarding her with a quiet smile.

"It is your gift, Mr. Mostyn?" she said, earnestly.

"Yes, Elma. Will you take it from me?"

She did take it. And in a little while after—in the following spring, she took Charles Mostyn himself, as well. They are a happy husband and wife; and Elma is as good, as charitable—yes, and as economical and happier than ever.

A LOVELESS HOME.—There is no loneliness, there can be none in all the waste of peopled deserts of the world bearing the slightest comparison with that of an unloved wife! She stands amidst her family like a living statue amongst the marble memorials of the dead—instinct with life, yet paralyzed with death—the burning tide of natural feeling circling round her heart—the thousand channels frozen through which that feeling ought to flow.—*Mrs. Ellis.*

EDITOR'S TABLE.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

HOME.

There is no great intrinsic merit in the poetry of Howard Payne's song of "Home Sweet Home," and yet there is no song that so thrills the popular heart, that is so sure to stir the blood and moisten the eye, whenever it is sung. This is because it appeals to a sentiment that inspires every breast. There is something in the very word "home" that awakens the most tender emotions.

"Though never so humble there's no place like home."

There is no flower so dear to us as the rose that blossoms by our garden gate, no water so bright and pure as that by the banks of which we have strayed in childhood, gathering the violets that clustered on its brink, or sailing our tiny boats upon its surface in anticipation of the great ventures and voyages of life. "We may wander away and mingle in the 'world's fierce strife,' and form new associations and friendships, and fancy that we have almost forgotten the land of our birth; but at some evening hour, as we listen perchance to the autumn winds, the remembrance of other days comes over the soul, and fancy bears us back to childhood's scenes, and we roam again amid the familiar haunts, and press the hands of the companions long since cold in their graves—and listen to voices we shall hear on earth no more. It is then a feeling of melancholy steals over us, which, like *Ossian's* music, is pleasant, though not mournful to the soul."

Rob Roy says that when his great enemy forced him to flee from his native district and take refuge in a safer place, that his wife Helen composed a lament so sad and woeful that the hearts of those who heard it died within them, and he adds: "I would not have that same touch of the heart-break again—no—not for all the broad lands once owned by the MacGregor." It is well known that, in the past century, the performance of the *Ranz des Vaches* by the band of the regiment of Swiss guards was forbidden. That simple mountain air, recalling to the military exiles their mountain home and the tender associations of their youth, rendered them so homesick that they could endure absence no longer, and deserted their colors in numbers. The same effect was produced in Canada among

the Highland regiments by the performance of "Lochaber no more."

It has been truly and eloquently said: "The New England mariner, amid the icebergs of the northern seas, or breathing the spicy gales of the evergreen isles, or coasting along the shores of the Pacific, though the hand of time may have blanched his raven locks, and care have ploughed deep furrows on his brow, and his heart may have been chilled by the storms of the ocean, till the fountains of his love had almost ceased to gush with their heavenly current—yet, upon some summer's evening, as he looks upon the sun sinking behind the western wave, will think of home, and his heart will yearn for the loved days, and his tears will flow like the summer's rain. How does the heart of the wanderer, after long years of absence, beat, and his eyes fill, as he catches a glance of the hills of his nativity; and when he has pressed the lips of a mother or a sister, how soon does he hasten to see if the garden, and the orchard, and the stream, look as in days gone by. We may find climes as beautiful, and skies as bright, and friends as devoted, but that will not usurp the place of home."

SALUTATION.—Lord Brougham *shakes hands* with one finger, accompanying the act with a guttural and sepulchral "How ar-r-re you?"—rolling his *r* with the burr peculiar to the north of England, while the Middlesex yeoman gives you a grip that almost dislocates your fingers.

LIGHT AND HEALTH.—Persons who live in rooms where the sunlight enters freely and the walls are light, enjoy better health than those who exclude the sun's rays and live in sombre-colored apartments.

SCARE-CROWS.—Scare-crows in gardens are humbugs. Birds have been known to make their nests in the pockets of a scare-crow.

THE OLDEST ONE.—Rev. Dr. Spring is the oldest clergyman in New York. He has occupied his pulpit forty-six years.

THEIR USE.—The true use of cockroaches, as all truly wise people have known for years, is to flavor fine old Burgundy with.

THE ELYSIAN FIELDS.

It is thus that the Parisians style one of their most attractive public places. All sorts of trades flourish famously in the Elysian Fields—beggars abound there, flower girls, musicians, all sorts of people. Music is represented there by numerous *virtuosi*, who offer their concerts to the promenaders, and even painting has established itself in these domains. The idler is accosted by a young man, who says to him :

"Sir, shall I sketch your portrait for ten cents?"

"No, I thank you."

"Don't refuse, I beg of you. You'll do a good deed and make a bargain. I'll warrant the likeness. Only ten cents, and ten minutes time. You can't afford to do without a likeness, when you get it so cheap."

"Very well—go ahead."

The young man instantly takes his pencil from his pocket, and a leaf from a book that he carries under his arm, and lays it flat on his knee, which serves him for a desk.

"Stand a little further off," says the subject; "I don't want to attract people's attention."

"As you please; I can hit a likeness at ten paces."

The artist places himself at the required distance, and in ten minutes brings the portrait. What is stranger yet, the portrait is an admirable likeness, and by no means contemptible as a work of art; for the faculty of drawing is almost universal in Paris. For ten cents! Talent is certainly cheap now-a-days.

Seduced by the price, a gentleman who was in the Elysian Fields the other night with his wife, a young and pretty woman, had his portrait taken, and was so well pleased with it that he said to the artist, "Now you may take my wife." The artist resumed his work, and at the moment when he was putting the last pencil-touch to it, and giving a glance of satisfaction at the picture which, through the inspiration of the model's beauty, he had executed admirably, a young man hastily seized the paper, threw the sketcher a twenty-franc piece, and disappeared with his prize. The gentleman was furious, and rushed home with his wife, declaring that he would never again set foot in the Elysian Fields.

All the celebrities of the gay French capital may be seen in the Elysian Fields. That young man on the blooded horse has just come into possession of a fortune of eight millions. That splendid carriage, with the servants in mourning livery, belongs to Lord Harry Seymour. That smiling dandy in the tilbury has lost more than a hundred thousand crowns in stock speculations

within a few weeks. One of these fine days, he'll pay his creditors—perhaps. That gentleman of an uncertain age, in a splendid caleche, drawn by two superb horses in glittering harness, is the illustrious Mr. Auher, at once a composer, a sportsman and a gentleman. In fact, the Elysian Fields is a world in itself.

MORE CAMELS COMING.—The United States government like the camels they imported so well, that they have sent for more. The travelling powers of the camel are truly extraordinary. Col. Chesney, of the British army, rode with three companions, and without change of camel, from Baarah to Damascus, a distance of 960 miles, in nineteen days and three or four hours, thus averaging fifty miles a day, the camels having no food but such as they gathered themselves at halting places on the road. Ninety miles in a single day is no unusual performance for one of these desert ships.

SELLING A BANKER.—Daniel Fish, Esq., president of the Farmers' Bank, in Lansingburg, N. Y., lately bought a pair of oxen of a stranger, and paid him in Farmers' Bank bills, urging him to give them a wide circulation for the good of the bank. In about two hours, the real owner of the cattle, from whom they had been stolen, made his appearance and regained his property. The bills, however, are no doubt having a "wide circulation."

SELF ESTEEM.—Malherbe, the French poet, was one of the vainest of men. The Princess of Conti one day said to him, "I want to show you the finest verses in the world which you have never seen." Malherbe replied: "I beg your pardon, I have seen them; for, if they are the finest verses in the world, I must certainly have written them myself."

A NOBLE SENTIMENT.—The Prussian school counsellor Dinton nobly said: "I promised God that I would look upon every Prussian peasant child as a being who could complain of me before God, if I did not provide him the best education as a man and a Christian which it was possible for me to provide."

NOT TO BE SLIGHTED.—A country editor thinks that Richelieu, who declared that "the pen was mightier than the sword," ought to have spoken a good word for scissors.

GLOVES.—A new style of white kid gloves, beautifully embroidered with gold thread or colored silks, has been introduced from Paris.

THE IMAGE-MEN.

Our streets swarm with Italians; you may know them at a glance by their bright black eyes and their olive complexions, bearing on their heads boards loaded down with plaster images—figures of Washington, Napoleon, and the Greek Slave, heads of Daniel Webster and of Henry Clay. Their humble garments are white with the dust of plaster of Paris. They are as plentiful as hand-organ men, and their productions bear the same relation to sculpture that the hand-organ does to music. They adopt a fashionable subject and popularize it, acknowledging and propagating its success at once. The image-vender's board is a sort of portable museum. Its contents vary with the popular pulse; the idols of the crowd figure there for a moment, and then give way to some new darling of the fickle world. The ancients erected statues of brass, which wars and revolutions soon overthrew: wiser in this, we content ourselves with moulding in plaster our momentary idolatries, as if we would symbolize by the fragility of the matter the fragility of what it represents.

Alas! how many of these reputations have not enjoyed even the duration of the plaster that celebrated them! How many great men have disappeared before their busts! The image-man is a terrible judge; he records, so to speak, the sentence of the century. The popularity passed, he pitilessly breaks the mould, and the work or the man, illustrious a few days before, returns immediately into obscurity. Considered from another point of view, the image-vender has a truly important position in our modern civilization. He contributes to the spread of art, to the education, and insensibly elevates the popular taste.

When we compare the plaster heads, figures and medallions, now in circulation, to those of thirty or even twenty years ago—white rabbits and painted mandarins were then the marketable staples—we are struck with a decided progress in form and style. Really very creditable reductions of the works of Thorwaldsen, of Canova, and of Powers, are sold by these itinerant art-merchants. It is evident that the interval which separated popular art from exclusive art is every day diminishing. The coarsest lithographs, sold for a few cents, have a vague reflection of the works they copy. We see that the hand is more skilful, the eye better trained, the workman rising into the artist.

This increasing elevation in works of an inferior order is an important symptom. It proves that the plastic arts are entwining themselves

more and more with our habits, and becoming domesticated; that after having been the privilege of the dwellings of the rich, they tend to become the embellishment of humbler dwellings. This is more than mere progress—it is a revolution, revealing a decided ascensive movement in the intellectual education of the greatest number. So that we view these plaster-covered missionaries of art, humble as they are, with great favor, and trust that they will never be regarded as nuisances, however far the organs and the monkeys fall under the ban; and even towards these we are not unkindly disposed.

STORY TELLING.

An English writer says: "If there is much to be rejected in the French models, there is much to be learned from them. They at least set us an excellent example in looking for subjects close at hand, and treating them with vivacity. An English story that should be as true in its pictures of life, and as rapid and vivid in its treatment, would be as good in its kind as a French story. But we must get rid of our old lazy way of setting about these matters before we can achieve such a consummation. We must shuffle off the traditional descriptions, the oppressive reflections, the sleepy dialogue, the bits of scenery which have nothing to do with the action, and all other extraneous fineries which are inserted only to show off the literary accomplishments of the author; and we must go straight to the vital interest, and keep it to the end. But the subject is a large one, and if we were to yield to its temptations, would carry us much farther than we originally intended. The few points we have hastily indicated are enough for the present."

POOR FELLOW.—The king of Oude, whose territory the British have "absorbed," "sequestered," or "appropriated"—not annexed, O no!—is in England with his pockets full of rupees, trying to buy back his possessions!

OUR BEST SOCIETY.—Such is the amplitude of ladies' dresses now that it is difficult for gentlemen to find room in any place of fashionable resort. They must hover about the out-skirts.

RELIC.—They pretend to have dug up a printing press at Mentz, bearing the initials of Gutenberg and the date of 1441, but we, however, are a little incredulous.

AN ILLINOIS STAPLE.—Galena has exported during the last twelve months \$2,000,000 worth of lead.

IMAGINATION.

It is a fine thing to have a fertile imagination, provided it is held in proper subjection by the reasoning faculties; provided it is a well-bitted, easy-going nag, held well in hand, and not a head-strong courser, defying snaffle and curb, and ready to run away with its rider on the slightest provocation. Halleck says:

—“A man may sit
Upon a bright throne of his own creation,
Untortured by the ghastly shapes that fill
Around the many whose exalted station
Has been attained by means 'twere pain to hint on.”

No one can deny the possession of the faculty of imagination to Alexander Dumas, the great French story-teller—great, in spite of his being an unmitigated plagiarist. A curious instance of it is mentioned by an English writer, who lately paid a visit to his chateau of Monte Cristo, near Paris. “On reaching the garden,” he says, “I was conducted by a small path toward what the Cerberus in charge called ‘the Island of Monte Cristo.’ I had seen many wonders, but this beat them all. The island—well, I should see—I looked round. I perceived neither water nor island, nor any probability of either, as we were walking up the side of a hill; but I had looked too far; I had miscalculated the extent of the territory, and taken too literally the creation of Dumas’s brain—for the island was before me, separated from the ground on which we stood by a ditch about a foot broad, crossed by a plank! It is a fine thing to have a brilliant imagination; it is, indeed, a real blessing, for with such a gift the Barmecides’ feast would be greater than a Lord Mayor’s banquet! Monsieur Dumas seems imbued with this qualification to no ordinary extent; he sees in this minute ditch a mighty, rushing, rolling ocean—the blue Mediterranean dashing on the beach of Marseilles, for instance; in this plank, magnificent arches of marble spanning the rising waves; and on the space enclosed by the mighty breakers (in reality about a dozen yards square), no other than the island on which stands the Chateau d’If, that rocky majestic mass rising from the Mediterranean, crowned with its antique castles, within whose dungeons Dantes, alias Monte Cristo, sighed!

“When Dumas retires to the Island of Monte Cristo (only hear how grand that sounds) he is not to be disturbed on any consideration. With much solemnity the small plank—alias majestic bridge—is pompously removed, and as no mortal can traverse alive the terrific torrent flowing between the mainland of flower beds and the island of weeds, his solitude *must* be respected, and Dumas sits down peacefully to compose one of his most amusing books.” But poor Dumas’s

imagination was a nag without a bridle, and run away with him. He really fancied that he was the Count of Monte Cristo, and possessed of the exhaustless wealth of that fabulous gentleman, and so incurred ruinous expenses, plunged deeply into debt, and is now we believe, pecuniarily, what is vulgarly termed, “used up.”

AN ACTRESS’S LOVE.

The history of the marriage of Ristori, the great Italian tragic actress, now electrifying London, is a page of romance. The London News says: “Adelaide Ristori made her first appearance on the stage at the early age of two months. Her parents were members of a strolling company of players. At twelve we find her entering into the king of Sardinia’s company of actors. Here she had the advantage of excellent teaching. She rose rapidly in public estimation; visited Leghorn, where she was entirely successful, and afterwards accepted of an engagement at Rome. Here the heir of the Marquis Capranica del Grillo proposed for ‘the Ristori;’ but the aristocratical friends of the lover were immediately up in arms. He was shut up in the Roman States, without any power of exit, while the object of his love was obliged to depart to keep an engagement in Florence. Ristori managed to reach her lover, and they were married secretly, although they were shortly after obliged to separate. The separation was but for a short time. The husband bought a passport made out in favor of another person, effected his escape from the Roman States, and rejoined his wife in her box at Florence at the moment when she entered it, loaded with bouquets and presents, after one of her greatest theatrical triumphs.”

FOR EVERY FIRESIDE.—All who have seen *Ballou’s Dollar Monthly* admit it to be the cheapest magazine in the world, with its hundred pages of reading matter in each number, besides two pages of original humorous illustrations.—*New England Farmer*.

GOOD IDEA.—The college boys at New Haven, Conn., are about to erect a large and well-appointed gymnasium. It is as important to cultivate the physical as the mental endowments.

TO OUR READERS.—Every leaded article in *Ballou’s Dollar Monthly* is written expressly for the proprietor and is liberally paid for.

EXTENSIVE.—The telegraphic wires which intersect the various parts of the United States, are sufficiently long to extend around the world.

THE COURSE OF EMPIRE.

The course of empire pursues inflexibly the apparent course of the sun from East to West. The far East was the cradle of the race. Thence multiplying and expanding, the mighty army moved westward and halted for a time on the confines of Europe and the outskirts of Africa. In its progress, the mighty Assyrian and Babylonian empires rose and fell; the wilderness blossomed, was covered with splendid cities—worlds in themselves—and then withered to a desert. Egypt had its centuries of glory followed by its centuries of night. Greece and Rome flourished for a season, and then fell. After civilization and humanity had set up their beacon towers on the heights of Europe, the Saracenic wave, sweeping along the southern shores of the Mediterranean, rolled into Spain at the pillars of Hercules, and threatening to overtop the Pyrenees, menaced Europe with a Moslem deluge, and was stayed by one of those decisive battles which settle for ages the fortunes of empire. Then the old world, reviving and putting forth new strength, stretched her arm out to the West. At the appointed season, an entire new world, a virgin bride, was given to the great family of nations. Westward still the star of empire rolled.

In the new hemisphere humanity has exhibited an original phase of character; with the same old passions, the same old aspirations, but with a far different energy and a far more vital impulse. The offspring of European colonists planted on these shores have performed in little more than three centuries an amount of work which had ever occupied many centuries in the slow process of civilization of which ancient history offers us the record. With all the evidences of prosperity, and strength, and enduring glory that surround us, it is difficult to believe that our country will ever know the withering decay that overtook the empires of the old world and of old times. Yet such must be its fate. Our cities, after having reached a height of splendor never before known in the world, must crumble to ruins; our ports must know no more the gladness of myriad sails; our busy millions must be laid beneath a desolate soil. The star of empire will continue to perform its circuit. Asia will again be great and glorious in the cycle of centuries, and the old drama of civilization be re-enacted on the self-same stage; for history is not only the mirror of the past—it is the magic glass in which we read the future.

RICH LIVING.—At a banquet in Japan, Commodore Perry was treated to eleven courses of soup and gingerbread.

MUNIFICENT DONATION.

Among the literary treasures of this vicinity, scholars have long known of the existence of a fine private library, the property of Mr. Joseph Dowse, of Cambridge. Mr. Dowse, who is now more than eighty years of age, made the collection himself, and the Hon. Edward Everett, in one of his published addresses, speaks strongly of the value of the books, and the taste evinced by their owner in its selection. The collection of such a library is the more remarkable since Mr. Dowse is not a member of the literary fraternity, and in early life enjoyed only very ordinary educational advantages. He is by trade, we believe, a leather-dresser, but has had the good taste to devote some of his honorable earnings in the purchase of good books, and his leisure to making himself thoroughly acquainted with their contents. He has performed a generous act which merits the highest praise: he has presented the Massachusetts Historical Society with the whole of his costly and cherished library, on the sole condition that the books shall be kept together. At a special meeting of the Society, of which Hon. Robert C. Winthrop is president, this magnificent donation was announced by Mr. Winthrop, who spoke of it as it deserved, Mr. Everett and others following.

The Massachusetts Historical Society consists of sixty members, and originated, in 1790, with Dr. Jeremy Belknap, Judge Minot and others, who were desirous of preserving historical papers and gathering historical fact. The society owns and occupies the stone building on the south side of the Boston Museum, in which there is a fine library and a picture gallery containing many valuable portraits. Their published "Collections," containing a vast amount of choice historical documents, numbers fifty-three volumes.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.—As we expected, the introduction into *Ballou's Dollar Monthly* of a couple of original pages of humorous illustrations has caused it to increase very largely in circulation. It was the cheapest magazine in the world before this, but now we are giving still more for the money in each number. This feature will be continued in each issue.

TAXES.—We see it stated that the carriage tax paid in London amounts this year to \$2,912,265; but there must be a mistake in the figuring.

BATHING.—In all our great cities there ought to be free baths for the people. As it is, bathing is too costly a luxury for the poor.

FAME.

What little things serve to make a man famous or notorious, to stir up nations and even produce wars! Little did Professor Mahan think, when he presented himself for admission in his neat and modest West Point uniform, that his buff vest and black neckcloth would the next day rouse up all England at the bidding of the trumpet-tongued thunderer of the "Times." But so it was. The Tory journals banged away at Mr. Mahan and Mr. Dallas, and insisted that it was an insult to the queen. She, poor woman, had never dreamed of such a thing. She was willing to admit the black stock and the buff vest, and we suspect rated her master of ceremonies for excluding them. But a tempest in a teapot was caused by those offending articles of dress. After all said, however, one thing is certain. If our countrymen can't be contented without presentation to loyalty, they ought to submit to court usages, and put on the embroidered coat and small clothes, the cocked hat, and wear the dress sword—silly as the usage is. If they don't choose to dress as the court ninnies do, they had better stay away. This remark does not apply to Professor Mahan, for as he wore his official uniform, he no doubt thought he was all right. Probably, however, he will not be in a hurry soon to be presented to royalty, but will be contented with such glimpses of it as he can catch in the streets on public occasions, or in the theatre, and other public places.

THE GREAT COMET.—The astronomer, M. Babinet, member of the Academy of Sciences, and M. Bomme, of Middleburg, Holland, have been making some investigations in respect to the return of the great comet which appeared in the years 104, 392, 682, 975, 1264, and 1556. The result gives the arrival of this rare visitor in August, 1858, with an uncertainty of two years, more or less.

GOING BACKWARDS.—An English sportsman lately made his horse, for a large wager, go backwards five-eighths of a mile in five minutes, thirty-seven seconds. You'd never catch a Yankee doing that. His motto for horses and everything else is—"Go ahead!"

EXTRA-VA-GANCE.—It cost a fortune to baptize the prince of France, and now it will cost another fortune to pay Couture for painting a picture of the ceremony.

RUSSIA.—This great country will export very little, if any grain this season. This is one of the consequences of the war.

CATCHING A COURTIER.

Louis XIV. said one day to Marshal Grammont: "Mr. Marshal, just read this madrigal and see if you have ever seen anything more impertinent. Because I love poetry, they bring me all sorts of stuff!" The marshal, after having read it, said to the king: "Your majesty judges everything divinely—it is certainly the stupidest and most ridiculous effusion I ever read." The king laughed and said: "You will acknowledge the fellow who did this must be a blockhead?" "Sire," replied the courtier, "you can't call him anything else." "Well," said the king, "I am delighted you have spoken so frankly. I did it myself." "Ah, your majesty!" exclaimed Grammont; "you are joking! But give me the paper again. I read it very hastily, and first impressions are often deceptive." "No, Mr. Marshal," replied the king, "on the contrary, first impressions are generally the most natural and correct." The king was much amused at this incident, and the world thought it was a nice trick to play off on a man who lived by flattery. Grammont, however, did not get over his mortification for a long time.

GOOD SENSE.—Louis XV. was no fool, though he was a king. One day, in the office of the minister of war, he found a pair of spectacles. "Let us see," said he, "if they suit my eyes." He put them on, and taking up a manuscript, read a pompous eulogy of himself. "That wont do," said he to the Duke de Choiseul, pulling off the glasses; "they are no better than my own—they magnify too much."

TERRIBLE LOSSES.—Between the first of January and the first of July last, there have been lost at sea three hundred and thirty American vessels, the amount sacrificed being \$15,896,506, which includes, however, repairs of damages to vessels that came into port disabled during the same period. This destruction is unparalleled in our commercial history.

ECONOMICAL.—A lady can dress in this country for a very reasonable sum. Lace mantillas in Broadway are almost given away at a thousand dollars apiece!

FRIENDSHIP.—How true it is that you will go through life friendless, if you insist on seeking for a *fidus Achates* without a fault!

COOL COSTUME.—Somebody proposes for summer a suit of India rubber, to be filled with ice water.

Foreign Miscellany.

The receipts of the English railways for the past six months were \$49,763,310 1

In the past three years 4725 horses have been eaten by the poor of Vienna.

The obelisk at Inkermann, commemorative of the battle, has just been completed.

The Russians are sending money to the sufferers at Lyons. Only think of it.

The new Manchester (Eng.) Exchange is said to be the largest room in Europe.

The annual cost of keeping the London streets in repair is £1,800,000 sterling.

The commerce of St. Petersburg, Russia, has been very brisk since the peace.

On one of the railroads in France beds are furnished to the passengers.

A Russian baroness has lately been fined a thousand dollars for forging and swindling.

An explosion recently occurred at the Cymmer coal mines, near Cardiff. One hundred and ten men were killed.

It is proposed in London to establish a "Brigade of Guides" to the "sights" of that city, such brigade to consist of intelligent lads in want of employment.

There are now 4996 petitions on the table of the English Commons House, against opening the British Museum on Sundays, signed by 629,178 persons.

There is talk in London of forming an "Old Mortality Club," for the purpose of recutting and preserving inscriptions on monuments to persons of eminence.

The English frigate *Terrible*, now at Malta, is said to have been rendered completely unfit for service from the ravages committed by the destructive insects which abound in the Black Sea.

While the travelling Russians are pouring over the Prusso-Russian frontier, there is a stream of French invading the Czar's territory—teachers, dancing masters, cooks, actors, and artists of all sorts.

Eupatoria has been completely given up to the Russians, who have hoisted their flag there. The 1200 Turks who remained there embarked for Constantinople on the same day that the town was restored.

At a recent sale in Paris, a letter of the poet Corneille was sold for \$200. At the same sale a letter of Fenelon was sold for \$12 50; one of Rochefoucauld for \$70; and a signature of Loyola, the founder of the Jesuits, for \$40.

The Paris *Moniteur* contains an account of the steps which have been taken by M. Delavo, the proprietor of the estate of Marengo, to "transform that celebrated field of battle into a living souvenir of the victory."

The Greenock Advertiser says that a man was nearly poisoned by sucking an egg which he found floating in a river, the egg being impregnated with strychnine in order to kill common crows. A whole family, too, narrowly escaped poisoning by a hare impregnated with the same deadly substance for a similar purpose.

It is expected that Mile. Rachel will soon reappear upon the stage.

There is positively a standing army of actors in Germany—they are literally legion.

The Collins line of steamers receives \$858,000 a year for carrying the mail.

Madagascar, the most fertile island of the tropics, is to be invaded by the French.

In Paris they are wearing white kid gloves, richly embroidered with gold.

The Grand Duke Michael is betrothed to the youngest sister of the Regent of Baden.

Naples letters say that signs of revolt are more frequent, and even the army is discontented.

France lost 40,000 out of her 200,000 soldiers engaged in the Russian war.

Sir Charles Fox and Mr. Henderson have contracted to rebuild Covent Garden Opera House in six months.

Queen Victoria has conferred the title and dignity of Baronet of the United Kingdom on Sir Allen M'Nab, late prime minister in Canada.

The Emperor Nicholas is reported to have left memoirs of his reign, to be published five years hence.

Some disturbances have occurred in Copenhagen, from Mormon preachers. The military arrested the offenders.

The Crimea has been entirely evacuated, excepting the allied ships carrying away hewn stone and iron from Sebastopol.

"The King of Sweden has conferred a gold medal on Mr. Anderson, author of "Lake Nagnami; or, Explorations and Discoveries in South-Western Africa."

A bill is in preparation for revising the usury laws in Prussia. The interest on loans is to be allowed to go as high as 10 per cent.; and a higher rate is to be punished as swindling.

It has been discovered that several copies of a seditious manifesto were lately sent from Brussels cleverly to Paris, packed in the interior of a large lobster.

The married ladies of Honolulu have lately presented a petition to the legislature, praying for the suppression of theatres and circuses, on the ground that they kept their husbands out all night.

Louis Napoleon has so far made amends for his spoliation of the Orleans family, as to propose paying to each of the daughters of Louis Philippe, or their heirs, an allowance of 200,000 francs.

The Northern Railroad in France carried, in 1855, no less than 5,500,000 passengers, equal to about one-sixth of the whole population of France. Of this number, 600,000 rode in first class cars, 1,500,000 in second class, and 3,400,000 in third class.

Capital punishments are extremely rare in Denmark, and when one does occur it creates an immense sensation. A woman was recently decapitated in the province of Julland, where it is certain no execution has taken place for three hundred years, and the event was witnessed by upwards of 20,000 people.

Record of the Times.

Congress has granted a pension of fifty dollars a month for five years to Decatur's widow.

The present population of Cuba is estimated to be about one million six hundred thousand.

The most popular men are seldom those of very shining qualities or strong virtues.

On Quinsigamond Pond, Worcester, they have a boat propelled by electricity.

When a man is willing to appear poor, he deprives penury of its sting.

Blanchard's bent ship knees are found to be superior to natural knees.

Campbell says that the word *daisy* signifies the "eye of the day."

In England our Bigelow Carpet-Weaving Machine is making a sensation.

Americans surpass Europeans in photographs, daguerreotypes and ambrotypes.

The United States is larger than the Roman empire was at its zenith.

The West India sugar crop has been very large the present season.

England boasts of her great wits, but New England can show a *Whittier*.

Roger Bacon in 1274 described gunpowder as a common plaything everywhere.

Two women lately engaged in a prize fight near Gloucester, N. Y.

Let a man understand you think him faithful and it makes him so.

Agricultural laborers are very scarce at the West, and in parts of Wisconsin and Iowa, the farmers are offering as high as \$2 25 per day.

Strakosch is worth two hundred thousand dollars, one-half of which is in Chicago, in real estate which cost him not more than \$15,000.

The chimney of a vitriol factory in Providence, now building, is to be 214 feet high, 20 feet in diameter at the base, and 10 feet at the top. It is built thus high to carry off poisonous fumes.

Some of the newspapers are arguing in favor of making rail cars wholly of iron, and steamboats of the same material, so far as is practicable, to avoid disasters from conflagration.

A Reformed Dutch church is now in the process of erection in Chicago. This will be the only edifice belonging to that denomination in that city.

A bank note detector gives the number of banks in the United States whose notes have not been counterfeited or altered at 463, and the number whose notes have been counterfeited or altered at 854.

The following remarkable coincidence took place in St. Francis County, Ark., a short time ago:—"A one-eyed man stole a one-eyed mule, was arrested by a one-eyed sheriff, and tried before a one-eyed officer."

A river fire steamer has just been built at Cincinnati, constructed like a ferry boat, and having a fixed steam fire engine on board, to be used in the port of St. Louis in case of a fire occurring among the steamboats at the levee.

The remains of a marble palace have been discovered under a garden in the Isle of Capri.

Mr. Vieux Temps, the violinist, lately made \$8000 in a four months' tour.

Thirty or forty persons make a trade of bringing dogs to the City Pound in New York.

The first printing press set up in America was worked at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1639.

An artist of Cincinnati has been painting a panorama of the Bible.

Those that govern best make the least noise. Power is quiet.

A little speck of temptation soon enlarges to a thunder-cloud.

A thimbleful of powder will split a rock of forty square feet.

The national debt of England is the security of her government and nobles.

Brilliant thoughts are slow in their formation, like the diamond.

A book has been curiously defined as a "brain preserved in ink."

It wasn't Bulwer that said the scissors were mightier than the sword.

A Mr. Coon (same old?) is about to establish a paper in Wisconsin.

The art of printing was denounced at first as magic—it seems like enchantment.

A New York company is engaged in excavating the old copper mines at Southington.

A great parade of the New York Fire Department will take place on the 18th of October.

The business men of Indianapolis have organized a permanent Board of Trade.

It is stated that the apple crop of Pennsylvania will be very heavy.

A Mr. Marie of Paris is said to have discovered a way of keeping meat untainted without salt.

The famous watering place, Bedford Springs, Pa., have been sold to the Broad Top Railroad Company, for the round sum of \$186,000.

One hundred millions of dollars worth of hay will be raised in the United States this year—equal in value to the cotton crop.

Martin Bryant, Esq., of Pembroke, is said to be the proprietor of fourteen cats, and spreads a table especially for their benefit.

Lieut. Maury has accepted an invitation to deliver a course of lectures before the Lowell Institute in this city next winter.

The first daily newspaper published in Virginia was in 1780, and the subscription price was \$50 per copy per annum.

There are eighteen establishments for manufacturing steel in our country; these have a capacity for making 14,000 tons per annum. We have the best ores in the world for making steel.

Coffee is a native of Abyssinia, and not of Arabia, as many believe, and abounds in the province of Kaffa, whence it derives its name. The coffee tree was not transplanted from Abyssinia into Asia until the fifteenth century, when its culture was begun in Arabia Felix, where, in the environs of Mocha, it grows to perfection.

Merry Making.

If you want to see a black squall, just look at a negro baby attacked with the colic.

"Come, get up, it's time to rise," as Mr. Squizzle said to his railroad shares.

"Don't believe it," is the rather suggestive catch phrase at the commencement of a patent medicine advertisement.

It is a popular delusion to think that an editor is a public bellows, bound to puff everything and everybody that wants to see him.

A lady told her husband she read the "Art of Love" on purpose to be agreeable to him. "I had rather have love without art," replied he.

Every one at the bottom of his heart cherishes vanity; even the toad thinks himself good looking—rather tawny, perhaps, but look at his eyes!

How can a man who has no wings be said to be "winged" in an affair of honor? Because in fighting a duel he makes a goose of himself.

"Pray, can you tell me," lisped an exquisite, "why I always pause after the first syllable of 'cupid'?" It is because I love to stop when I come to c u.

This is a world of compensations. Kick a boy for chalking on your fence, and he will balance the account by throwing a brickbat at the first friendless dog he runs against.

An Irishman lately bought a family Bible, and, taking it home, made his first entry in it thus: "Patrick O'Donohoe—born Sept. 20th, 1836, aged three years."

A witness in court, being interrogated as to his knowledge of the defendant in the case, said he knew him intimately well. He had supped with him, sailed with him, and horse-whipped him.

A Frenchman gasconading over the inventive genius of his country, said: "We invented lace ruffles!" "Ay," said John Bull, "and we added shirts to them."

"You bachelors ought to be heavily taxed," said a lady to an old 'un. "True, ma'am," said the foggy, "bachelorism is undoubtedly a great luxury."

The woodman who "spared that tree" has run short of wood, and is almost splitting with vexation to think how green he was. He now "axes" a donation.

"Mary, I'm glad your heel has got well." "Why?" said Mary, opening wide her large blue eyes with astonishment. "O, nothing, only I see it is able to be out."

"Is them old fellows alive now?" said an urchin to his teacher. "What old persons do you mean, my dear?" "Why, Paul, and Luke, and Deuteronomy, and them."

"Molly, I think you'll never set the river on fire," said a lady to her servant. "Indeed, I'd never be after doing anything so wicked, ma'am—I'd be burning up the little fishes," innocently replied Molly.

I met her in the sunset bright, her gingham gown was blue; her eyes that danced with pure delight were of the same dear hue. And always when the sun goes down I think of the girl in the gingham gown.

When a carpenter is sitting up the inside of a store, he's a counter-fitter.

What gentleman can, with any sense of propriety, ask a fat lady to lean on his arm?

Some people think an editor is a public bellows, bound to puff everybody.

A man who tries to bolt a door with a boiled carrot must be absent-minded.

Why is a man who prefers his oysters on the half shell like a prima donna? Because both are fond of *fu-ror*.

What is the difference between a confirmed sinner and a beggar? One is a mend-i-cant and the other is a mend-i-wont.

A printer once described a clever clergyman as a "full-headed article with a white line after it."

One virtue, at least, has been discovered in the hooped petticoat; mad dogs cannot bite the wearers. Excellent things for summer wear!

A Yankee, who has just commenced the study of Italian, wants to know how it is, if they have no w in that language, that "them chaps spells wagon?"

If a spoonful of yeast will raise fifty cents' worth of flour, how much will it take to raise funds enough to buy a barrel? Answer to be handed in over the fence.

A man may, from hurry, or forgetfulness, or absence of mind, or some strong excitement, make his appearance without his wig, but when did a woman forget hers?—*Punch*.

A person of our acquaintance asked another how old he thought Miss R— was. "I do not know her age exactly?" he replied; "she varies from seventeen to twenty-five."

Theodore Hook said to an alderman who had already surfeited him, and yet pressed him to partake of still another course—"I thank you; but if it's the same to you, I'll take the rest in money."

If you are a very precise man, and wish to be certain of what you get, never marry a girl named Ann, for we have the authority of Lindley Murray, and others, that "Ann is an indefinite article."

"How much do you pay your waiters at this saloon?" asked an irascible gent of the proprietor of a restaurant. "One dollar per diem, sir." "Well, then, credit me with thirty cents, for I waited two hours for my steak and one hour for my muffins!"

Lord Stanford told Moore that Lady Caroline Lamb, in a moment of passion, had knocked down one of her pages with a stool. "Well," said the poet, "it is nothing uncommon for a literary lady to double down a page."

An orphan girl of 20, with \$5000 a year, advertises herself in a New York paper as wanting a handsome and respectable young man in marriage. She prints her picture, and it is pretty, and hails from Springfield.

A GOOD PRU.—Theodore Hook once said to a literary man, at whose table his publisher had become intoxicated: "My dear sir, you seem to have emptied your wine-cellar into your book-seller."

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WHOLE No. 23.

THE CHILD OF THE SEA.

BY EMERET H. SEDGE.

On the eastern coast of Newfoundland, between Cape St. Francis and the little town St. Johns, was a narrow estuary, which extending inland a short distance, was met by a small and rapid stream, the waters of which it first rebuffed and then swallowed up in its briny wave. The rocky wall on one side retired just enough to leave room for a fisherman's hut, with a gradual slope of ground between it and the ocean. Behind the house there might have been an equal extent of surface reduced to good cultivation, and producing hardy vegetables and a few stunted trees.

It was already past the middle of the last half of a sultry summer's day. The only occupant of the little area was a young girl of about fourteen years, who went from the hut to the beach, from the rocks to the garden, from the forsaken old boat to the little flower border, in a capricious circuit; bounding over the hard soil with captivating grace, clambering in dangerous places with agile daring, then disposing some domestic labor with busy care, or looking with anxious gaze out on the solitary water. Her face was sweet and beautiful; the rough sea winds had no power to sully its rare whiteness, and the chilling mists could not drive the roses from the round cheek and full lips; and her little hand, too, as she raised it to shade for an instant her large dark eyes or to toss back the long truant curls, gleamed like the snowy wing of a bird. Though there was no other human being near her, she did not feel either fear or loneliness, for

a great, shaggy and powerful dog, a native of the island, was her constant companion and protector, and almost sympathizing friend. A more than brute intelligence seemed to glow in his eyes as he watched the wistful gaze of his young mistress, who, resting her hand upon his long, curly hair, paused again to carefully survey the ocean prospect before her, and then to observe the thunder-cloud which threw up its gleaming fantastic pillars from behind the cliff.

"They were to have been here early this morning, did you know it, Christy?" said the girl. The dog wagged his tail in the affirmative.

"It is very strange, isn't it?" she continued.

"They must come in sight soon. I am afraid they are lost in the fog, and there will certainly be a dreadful storm before midnight, wont there?"

Christy looked with his mistress towards the straggling cloud that was rapidly rising to obscure the sun, and uttered a long, mournful howl.

"O, don't do so. Keep up your spirits, Christy. Perhaps they are in sight already. We'll go out upon the crag and look for them."

The dog, as if he fully comprehended the words, moved on before towards the place indicated, and with grave pace wound his way among the loose rocks and up the rugged ascent. The young girl kept close behind, and with voice and eye and caress showed her loving admiration of his huge, supple, undulating form, and bestowed her unstinted praise upon the dog, which now and then looked round in acknowledgement. They came out upon the crag that

hung low over the water and projected farther into the ocean than any neighboring point. The girl bent forward and sent her heedful sight in every direction. All along the coast and about half a mile from it, lay a thick, heavy fog-bank close upon the sea, that sunk down dense and compact, and wrapped its chilling folds about like a winding-sheet.

The girl was tired and disappointed, and with a sigh she sat down, and leaning her hand upon Christy, looked on the waters as they gave their tumultuous greeting of spray and gurgling foam to the repelling shore. But there was no cheer in their rushing voice, and she grew more sad till the quick tears came into her eyes and blinded her. A sudden thought struck her, and she sprang to her feet, exclaiming with a forced smile:

"Father Mahan says I must not hearken to the waves when they talk despondingly, for then they tempt me into a greivous sin against the Holy One; and surely they never were so full of the spirit of evil as they are at this hour, and I am very weak."

Christy gave a sharp bark, not in response, however, but at the fog-bank from which there shot out the same instant a large row boat, containing two individuals, that rapidly drew near the shore, accelerated by the hasty strokes of the oars and the flowing tide. As it appeared, the shadow left the face of the tearful girl, and she clapped her hands exultingly; but her joy was soon turned to hesitation, then to complete disappointment, when she perceived that the boat did not contain those whom she expected, but strangers. Whoever they might be, they were evidently unacquainted with the locality, for not heeding the half-concealed estuary, they made for a deceptive but impossible landing-place in another direction. The girl, aware of the danger to which they were exposed in their passage among the rocks, seized the hat from her head and swinging aloft, shouted at the top of her voice. Christy, not behindhand in benevolent intent, barked in his own sturdy fashion. Their united demonstration gained the attention of the sailors, who immediately bent their course towards the crag, but not before the girl, venturing too near the edge of the rock in her earnestness, slipped and fell into the waters beneath. In the twinkling of an eye Christy also disappeared in the deep surf, and presently rose with his precious burden. It was not easy to gain the beach before the hut, but the dog swam vigorously and cautiously among the rocks, and at length reached the calm water and bore his charge to the dry shore, none the worse for her sudden plunge save by a thorough wetting and

the loss of her hat. Christy seemed to notice that it was missing, and after looking intently out on the ocean for a moment, and discovering it as it mounted a distant wave, started after it with a loud bark. The hat went off farther, and the dog grew tired and weak, and had it not been for the timely notice of the sailors and the arrival of the boat to his assistance, must have sunk, a victim to his devotion. The girl, pale with anxiety on his behalf, beheld with joy as he was taken into the boat, and when soon after he sprang out upon the little beach and laid the dripping prize triumphantly at her feet, forgetful of her own situation and the strangers who followed him, she loaded her favorite with caresses, while they observed her with admiration.

She did not look up until she heard the voice of Father Mahan, who, advancing from behind the hut, and seeing the unwonted group on the beach and the agitation of his wet friends, drew near, alarm and surprise depicted in his face.

"How is this, my daughter? To what danger have you been exposed?"

The girl sprang up, and taking his hand, said:

"Nay, it is nothing. I only awkwardly tumbled off the crag, and Christy, the good fellow, leaped after me to save me from the effects of my carelessness. I dropped my hat as I went into the water, and Christy must needs go after it without my bidding, and if it had not been for the kindness of these strangers, I should never have had him again."

She paused abruptly and blushed as she noticed the observation of the men directed to her, and remembered the plight of her drenched and straitened curls and clinging garments.

But Father Mahan laid his hand upon her head and said: "Hasten, my child, to obtain dry clothing, and I, meanwhile, will talk with these men. A shower is approaching and we shall all be your guests, probably. I see that Joe and George are not come."

"No; they are lost in the fog, no doubt, and their boat can never outlive a great storm," said she, tearfully. "See how black the cloud is, and the waves swell and the fog rises and spreads."

"Think hopefully of all things, and forget not him who brings light out of darkness and changes our misgivings into great joy. We are in his hand. Hasten, my daughter," and waving the girl towards the hut, the priest turned to the strangers who waited his salutation.

The foremost of these was a young man not more than twenty years old, of medium stature, with a well-formed frame, an intellectual head, features denoting refinement and self-control, and a clear, steady blue eye that inspired imme-

diate confidence. He was dressed in the garb of a sailor, and the extreme neatness of his attire, together with unusual fairness of complexion, indicated that he had not seen a protracted nautical service. He was accompanied by a half-blood Indian, who stood deferentially at a little distance leaning on the oar.

"Permit me to introduce myself," said the young man, addressing the priest in a cordial voice and polished accents. "Alexander Walsworth, a resident of the city of New York, and at present a transient visitor, with my mother, at St. Johns. We have come northward in the spirit of adventure, and would not return until we had somewhat explored your rugged shores and studied their wild beauty. The promising morning enticed me to undertake a lengthened coasting excursion to-day, but we were befogged at an early hour, were soon confused in regard to our course, and after continuous labor at the oars, have just succeeded only in emerging from the dense mist; and, had it not been for the zeal of your little friend whose energetic kindness has subjected her, unfortunately, to so great inconvenience, we should have fallen into farther trouble, for I knew nothing of the place, and Jake no more, since he has lived hitherto on the western coast of your island," and the speaker nodded to the Indian, who, upon being thus mentioned, bowed low to the priest.

"You have been guided to a safe harbor," was the reply, "where you must remain to-night, for you are many miles from St. Johns, and the storm-cloud comes up apace. This hut does not promise much entertainment to those accustomed to better fare," continued the priest, "but what is given is freely bestowed."

Walsworth interrupted him to deprecate apologies and to express his perfect content with the situation in which he found himself, and concluding, made some inquiries respecting the inhabitants of the place.

Father Mahan answered: "It is but little that I can do, either for the bodies or souls of my flock, but the Deity accepts our services according to the ability bestowed, and a small effort for our fellow-beings, wisely planned is often more truly beneficial than costly donations, and when a person sincerely desires to do good to others the opportunity is not long withheld. In the limited bounds of my parish, disappointment, need, sickness and other afflictions and abundant place, and I often spend the day in going from one scene of sorrow to another, until my heart is severely chastened and bowed down in sympathy with the suffering. The last deathbed which claimed my ministrations was almost a twelve-

month since, in this very hut—thank God I may call it the last and yet give it so remote a date. The stern angel whom we may not resist, has not come to us for so long, in either storm, pestilence or decay. But there was great affliction there when Betsy Parkiss died. For Joe, her husband, and George her only child, an impetuous, generous youth not far from your own age, though rude and hard in their exterior, have tender, loving hearts, great enough not to be ashamed of honorable grief."

"But," said Walsworth, with no affectation of interest, "does not this young girl whom I saw, belong to the family?"

"Yes," returned Father Mahan, "ever since her infancy; but she was not born here. She is a veritable 'child of the sea,' brought to us by the crested wave."

"And beautiful enough to be another Venus Marina; she is a miracle of loveliness," said the young man, earnestly.

There was a merry sparkle in Walsworth's eyes which was unobserved by the priest, as he demurely inquired: "And is what you have told me her whole story?"

"Thirteen years ago, Betsy Parkiss was one morning alone with her little boy, when she thought she heard signal guns. The fog, which so often broods over these waters, and distils such heavy sorrows for waiting hearts, densely hugged the shore, and she could see nothing, but without tarrying to confirm her suspicion of probable distress by listening if there might be a repetition of the indistinct sounds, she came directly for me, that our united efforts might in some way be of use. We waited long for any sound or sight of trouble; so long, we had begun to hope we had been needlessly alarmed, and went into the hut to take our repast, but had scarcely tasted our tea when George shouted after us vociferously. We hastened out, and gained the water's edge just as a stout sailor drifted to our feet, exhausted even unto death, yet embracing convulsively and holding above the waves a smiling infant. We vainly strove to resuscitate the unfortunate man from whom the breath of life was departing, and I buried him with my people, and Betsy took the child and nurtured it for her own. We learned afterwards that a packet-ship, missing her reckoning, had run upon the rocks concealed by the mist, and that only a few passengers had been rescued by a boat sent out by an England-bound vessel. We published the deliverance, but no one appeared to claim the child, and we inferred that all those interested in it met the watery destruction from which it was so providentially saved."

"And what did you call her?" said Walsworth.

"Though she has ever been a daughter to the fisherman and his wife, in affection and obedience, I thought it not best to bestow upon her their name, which has no history and makes no pretensions, and the child, as was denoted by its rich clothing and refinement of person that was early manifest, was of good birth. A golden cross, the token of a Christian faith, suspended from the babe's neck, was marked with the initial, 'V,' and accordingly, in association with the fancy that led me to call her sea-born, I christened her Vivian, for the Lady of the Lake, and this is the only name she has ever borne."

"And equally appropriate to her circumstances and beauty," said Walsworth, despite Father Mahan's frown. But changing the subject, he inquired: "Are you solicitous for the present safety of her foster father and brother?"

"They are in God's hand," said the priest reverentially, and anxiously looking from the darkening sky to the turgid ocean. "If they are not soon in this or some other harbor, their light boat will not preserve them from their fate. But we will hope for the best, for they are strong and know the shore. We must show no concern in the presence of Vivian, for since death has proved he has power over those whom she loves, she ever trembles for the safety of those who are spared. She will gain strength with years. I know the energy of her soul."

At this moment, the priest was nearly thrown down by a tumultuous summons from Christy, while his mistress stood smiling and beckoning in the hut door.

"A call to supper," said he; "come, my friends—yes, you too, Jake, we all sit at one table. Down, Christy."

"Stay a moment," returned Walsworth, "we are not destitute of provisions. Jake, bring along the hamper. We have ample defence against hunger, as we intended to touch the shore at frequent intervals, make such explorations as the country would permit, and take our repose and refreshment at any convenient spot by the way, but the fog caused our first stay to be protracted and laborious."

There never was a prouder housekeeper than Vivian as she welcomed her guests. In addition to the homely viands the cot afforded, Jake, obeying a signal from his master, relieved the hamper of its contents, taking out cold fowl and sandwiches and pasties and fanciful little cakes and wonders which she had never dreamed of; and when at last there came a bottle of wine and clinking glasses, and a bowl of transparent jelly and a jar of New York confections right down

beside her plate, she nestled her little hand in her curls and shut her eyes that she might disabuse her thoughts of their notions of enchantment and force them to recognize reality in the astonishing display before her. It proved an animated meal. Suddenly a burning flash from the skies and a deafening peal brought them to their feet. The storm had burst over them in all its fury. The maddened waves roared in echo to the thunder crashing through the heavens, the lightnings quivered blinding in mid air, the rain fell to the earth in torrents, and the wailing wind filled up every momentary pause.

The little company looked on in silence and anxiety for those who might be exposed to its destructive rage. At length Christy sprang to the door with a bound; he listened, and then rushed out into the storm, barking furiously.

"It is a human cry!" exclaimed the priest. "May the pitying Saviour have mercy!"

At the same instant the dog vaulted into the room, and seizing the priest's garments in his teeth began to drag him towards the door.

"Yes, we will go," said he. "Do not be greatly alarmed, Vivian, and stay within, and remember the good Lord above, and how brave Christy is."

The calm, encouraging voice of Father Mahan reassured her somewhat, yet she trembled with apprehension as the lightning afforded her glimpses of the men who ran to the swollen ocean following the sagacious dog. She saw them standing at the end of the beach near the rocks, she saw Christy in the raging waves, then he was invisible, again she saw a dark object rising in the boiling surge, the men struggled to reach it, and next it lay upon the ground.

Christy's piteous, doleful howl fell on her ears like a knell. Icy cold she crouched in the corner and hid her face with her hands. She heard the men enter and remove the scattered articles that remained of their feast, heard them lay their heavy burden on the floor. It was not necessary Father Mahan should tell her Joe was dead. She knew it already, knew the good old man, that had been such a treasure of kindness and protection, was gone forever.

Quailing beneath the stunning blow of this sudden bereavement, Vivian for a long time had not courage to open her eyes upon the scene before her. But at last her desire to do something for George, whose voice she had heard, conquered the selfishness of her own sorrow, and she looked up. She was surprised to see him sitting just before her, for she had not been conscious of his approach, and when she saw the heart-

sick expression which subdued his usually animated countenance, and the deep tenderness of his gaze fixed on her, she could do no more than strive to behold him clearly through the gushing tears that veiled her eyes.

He extended his hand towards her; and she sprang up, and clasping his neck with her pliant arms, hid her face upon his breast.

"We are all alone, you and I," he said.

She answered by a burst of weeping. George brushed a tear from his cheek and presently continued: "I did my best to save him, Vivian, but the waves were too strong for me. But they could not drown him; they dashed us against the cliff and him they killed. If you were not in my arms now, I could wish they had done a double work, last year, and again to-night, and we alone are left, Vivian! I can live for you."

"Live for a greater and better One than any mortal, and you will never have to mourn the loss of your chiefest treasure," replied Father Mahan, in a solemn voice, as he drew near and lay a hand upon each bowed head before him, and then he offered a scarcely audible prayer, in which thanksgiving mingled with petitions.

"Come with me," said the priest, tenderly, when he had concluded his blessing; and he conducted them into a low room opening from a corner of the hut, where the corpse had been laid in preparation for the burial. Jake was watching by it in the dim light a flickering taper afforded, but he went out as they entered. The mourners stood long in reverent silence, which was finally broken by Father Mahan, who addressed them in words of solemn reflection.

George paid little heed to the salutary instructions of the worthy priest. Every sense was absorbed in watching Vivian, who, with a deep but now more peaceful sadness, leaned over his dead parent. The uncertain light scarcely reached farther than to illumine her features and her hair, so that her head stood out alone from the background of gloom. She looked a very angel bending in superhuman pity over suffering. George worshipped her with his whole soul. Clenching his hand and compressing his lips, he uttered: "There are no ties of blood that bind us, and therefore she shall only be more wholly mine. None other has any right to claim her, or shall take her from me. She must be mine, she is mine, and no might shall divide us."

What answering voice did that rash spirit hear which made its courage so quickly turn traitor, which made it recoil and sink in weakness from its own show of bravery? He gazed on Vivian for strength, but she floated far from him into the dim distance; he put his hands

to his reeling head, but he could scarcely see her, and he reached forth in agony and fell lifeless to the ground.

It was evident to all that George, having stoutly refused every attention, had been too little cared for. Numerous contusions were found upon his head and shoulders, and the terrible struggles and exertion his late emergency had demanded, had so exhausted him it was long doubtful whether consciousness could be restored. But his vigorous constitution and the experienced skill of Father Mahan triumphed, and when the morning came, George was quite himself, only still pale and weak.

The succeeding day was devoted to the interment of the fisherman. It was now too late for Walsworth and the Indian to think of departing, accordingly they constructed a kind of tent of their blankets that they might have shelter for the night.

It was a lovely, peaceful evening. The atmosphere was clear and warm, and Walsworth, charmed with the scene, strayed away, seeking his own path over the gray cliffs. He at last came abruptly on a high and open place commanding a wide prospect of sea and land. Father Mahan was there before him.

"Look," said the priest, as he welcomed the young man, "behold the pitiless ocean, and see how it beams and blushes beneath the smiling sky, how it leaps and plays with the rainbow tints which flit over it. Thus even the tempest of the human heart may be quelled and peace ensue. Light ever succeeds darkness, and no path God opens before us is so difficult that it may not be pursued; hesitation takes the place of certainty when a true spirit seeks a knowledge of duty."

The young man offered his sympathy with boyish candor.

"Your affliction is great, and it will be long before you will learn to do without a friend who doubtless deserved your regard, but you, who have so often brought comfort to others, cannot be ignorant of its source when you yourself need it."

"I do not brood over sorrows," was the reply, "that merely concern myself, for I have long since learned to deem such of but little consequence; but I am troubled for those whose well-being is now my chief wish and responsibility—that noble youth and my beautiful sea-born child."

"It is not fit that she should remain here," remarked Walsworth.

"Most certainly not," returned the priest; "neither is it more suitable that I should take her home to myself. Many a poor family in my parish would share their last morsel with her,

but she needs more now than food and raiment. She has a capable mind that craves nurture, and must I see it starve and deteriorate with only such teachings as I and her ocean mother can give her? Then, too, she has well nigh outgrown her girlhood, and needs a right-minded female friend to make her a true woman, more by example than by counsel. I see no spot for her near her old home, and though it is sore parting with her, I am nearly resolved to ask you to take her with you to St. Johns, where I have some worthy friends who would protect her."

Walsworth, with hearty cordiality, exclaimed: "I have a plan better than the one you propose; permit me to take her to New York."

"Think you I can let her pass from even my poor care to yours?" said Father Mahan, with a frown. "I mean no disrespect, nor do I insinuate distrust, but evil eyes and malicious words are everywhere ready in their pernicious work. They must not sully her."

"You forget that my mother is at St. Johns," replied Walsworth, "and I trust it is not improper for me to say she possesses judicious kindness of heart, and high cultivation, and is fully qualified to do for Vivian all you could desire. I make this proposal with the more readiness, as I know she has long desired to become interested in the training and education of some young girl who might in return be wholly devoted to her in affection and duty; but she has hitherto looked in vain for such an one. She is a widow and I am her only child. We are abundantly wealthy, and every material advantage is at our command for the profit of your young friend."

"A boy, with such an open face as yours, would never deceive an old man as much in earnest as I am," replied Father Mahan; and he added sorrowfully, "It is a long, long way to New York."

"What matters it," said Walsworth, "whether you are separated from Vivian by a score or hundreds of miles, if you know she is kindly cared for?"

"Nothing, nothing," said the priest, "she shall go with you unless I see reason to revoke my decision when we arrive at St. Johns. Stay with us another day, for she must have time for leave taking; and George, too, how can I find strength to separate them!"

It was curious the next day to see Vivian, when informed of the change designed for her, and knew it must be, urged by a painful restlessness that would not suffer her to pause, visit in turn, again and again, in and near the desolate area, which was as truly a loved home to her as if it had been the fairest scene which nature ever

decked with lavish hand. The weather was still lovely, and as the evening drew on, Vivian went out upon the crag, whence the ocean could be viewed far and wide. Christy was by her as he had been all day, and George, who, weak and despondent, had lost the passionate resolution of the previous evening, was also with her. They sat on the rock and Vivian put her arm about the neck of her foster-brother and strove to cheer him. Long into the evening they sat there, he endeavoring to dissuade her from going, and she striving to pour comfort into his soul.

Vivian had never before been further from home than the poor little parish church just beyond the home of the priest, and if Father Mahan, George and Christy had not been in the boat with her, the novelty of unaccustomed shore and village would have been as uncomfortable as it was engrossing. She dreaded above all things, meeting Mrs. Walsworth; but that lady, a little surprised at first, only waited to hear a short explanation by her son, before giving her a kind welcome that went to the very heart of the orphan, and it quickly responded to the appeal Mrs. Walsworth made by her pleasing person and cultivated address. Still it was not easy to part with the friends of her infancy and childhood, and when at last they and the loved rocks faded from her sight, her heart beat with a wild pain that forbade her hope for happiness again.

Mrs. Walsworth was soon established with her family in her elegant home. To Vivian everything was as wonderful as a dream. The long halls lengthened by the subdued light, the spacious apartments with lofty ceilings and pictured walls, the richness of velvet and silk, of silver and china, the beauty of form and the loveliness of color, seemed a maze she never could fully understand.

Mrs. Walsworth, with the approval of Father Mahan, had adopted Vivian and thus bestowed upon her a surname, a distinguishing desideratum in her previous history. It was her intention to add to this all those educational, domestic and social privileges which were due to a daughter of the family. But she considerably permitted several weeks to pass before proposing any regular duties, that Vivian might become acquainted with her new manner of living, and she with the child.

Vivian soon found a friend in the housekeeper, an excellent lady, born to affluence, but by a succession of misfortunes reduced to penury, and deprived by death of the uncertain dependence on relatives. Mrs. Peyton was not too proud to receive assistance from her old friend

and schoolmate, Mrs. Walsworth, if in consequence she need not sacrifice her independence, and accordingly accepted a position in her household, where she had much quiet and few cares. Vivian loved to hear her genial and instructive conversation, and see the chastened yet cheerful expression of her countenance; loved even the neat cap and soft dress, and this none the less because Mrs. Peyton had been pleased to admire Christy and to admit him to some domestic privileges. Mrs. Walsworth had a great many engagements, and thus Vivian often sought the housekeeper's room.

Of Walsworth she saw little. He had his various engagements, and after he had laid aside the simple dress, and the more careless manners of his northern tone, and demeaned himself to the conventionalism of city life, she stood quite in awe of him. He called her "sister," and brought her beautiful gifts, but she feared that she should never love him as she did her brother George. It was considered advisable that he should have for a while the immediate care of her literary education, and supply some of its marked deficiencies, before she should enter upon the regular routine of professed masters. With his special dislike of rudimentary drudgery, and the blunders of crude scholarship, this undertaking did not promise much that was agreeable, and he went one morning to find his new relative that he might ascertain where it would be necessary to commence in his instructions, with a sense of virtuous self-sacrifice which nearly amounted to heroism, and which was likely, should it grow with the continuance of his labors, to be an abundant solace and compensation for all the suffering that a sensitive taste would probably experience. He found Vivian in the library, and seating himself in a commodious arm-chair, he opened his intentions with a benignant countenance. She was very glad and very grateful, and as she stood near the window in her elegant silk morning dress and wondrous wealth of neat and glossy curls, she certainly looked much prettier than when she had just been borne dripping from the Atlantic. Walsworth thought so, at any rate, and he proposed his first question with a degree of interest that he had scarcely anticipated.

"You can read, of course," said he, encouragingly.

"O yes, and write too," replied Vivian.

"And perhaps you have studied one or two common branches—geography, for instance?"

"Yes. I went through Father Mahan's three times, till I knew it perfectly!"

"Arithmetic?"

"Yes. But I had an old and abridged copy, and it did not require much time."

"You know something of history, doubtless?" continued Walsworth, his heroism abated a little.

"No, not a great deal. I have only read one volume, and I have found a great many here," said Vivian, looking up at the handsome covers.

"Have you acquired any accomplishments, such as French?"

"I attempted it for a little while, and learned the verbs; but Father Mahan did not understand it very well, and we had no books and I gave it up as he advised, and then I had more time for my Latin," said Vivian.

"Latin! Have you been through the grammar?"

"O yes, several times, besides learning it in connection with reading."

"What have you read?"

"The only good Latin work which Father Mahan had was Virgil, and that I had read through once and was just commencing it again."

"Ahem!" and Walsworth began to walk up and down the room with precisely the air of a man who finds his calculations confounded.

"Well," said Walsworth, after a pause, "I am heartily glad you love to study. I will arrange a regular course for you, and you shall recite to me every morning. And more than that, we will plan a method of reading. Indeed, if you like poetry, I will read to you *this* morning. I delight in a good listener, above all!"

Vivian eagerly expressed her delight, and hastened to draw her chair nearer to Walsworth than she had ever dared to before. And he looked at her with an approving smile, and he read and forgot an appointment with half a dozen good friends, and read and talked upon many suggested topics, and made Vivian talk until dinner-time.

Walsworth instructed his sister through the winter till the warm weather came again. He was so interested in her improvement as to spend entire days for her benefit, guiding her through the magic world of literature, where she went joyously by his side. But best of all, he loved to take her out upon the busy streets, to see her little hand resting on his arm, and the tribute of admiring glances which his numerous acquaintances paid to her wonderful and unconscious beauty.

They were in the library one morning, and Mrs. Peyton, who used to sit with them often when she could not contrive any domestic employments, had gone out. Walsworth shut his book, and looking at Vivian, said with a very grave face:

"How pleasant it would be, if we could spend

all our days just as we have the last half year!"

"And why may we not?" said Vivian, with an anxious expression.

"In the first place, I am going to Europe in a few weeks. I have used every argument to persuade mother to take you at this time, but she says you are neither old nor wise enough, and I am forced to accept her decision; and I shall be absent a year—perhaps two."

"But that is not forever," said Vivian, endeavoring to keep a steady smile on her lips; "and they will go away very fast if we do not think too much about them, and it will be only the pleasanter when you return with countless stories of your journeyings. We will lay books upon the shelf then; and we have yet the weeks before you go."

"No, we have not, for we are to have visitors from Alabama—Mrs. Laneton and her daughter, a young lady somewhat older than you. They are gay and social, and will make sad invasion on our old-fashioned quiet. You will like them, however, I think. I did at first."

"And do you not now?" inquired Vivian.

"O yes, certainly," said Walsworth, biting his lip; "but when persons are superficial in thought and feeling, they cannot command an intense and continued interest, for unless our regard is occasionally stimulated, it becomes apathetic."

"Well, never mind the present," said Vivian, trying to be cheerful. "When you return from Europe—"

"Yes, when I return," said Walsworth, gloomily; and brushing off the little hand on his shoulder, walked from the house, leaving Vivian to conjecture if she had said anything to offend him.

But she was not long undisturbed in her unpleasant contemplation, for Mrs. Peyton bustled into the room, announcing that the guests would arrive the next day, and sat down to enumerate the preparatory domestic changes necessary, and to systematize the housekeeping of the week.

"They are not like some other visitors," said Mrs. Peyton, apologizing for her excitement. "They keep the house in a constant stir when they are here, and if the servants were not well trained, would disconcert every arrangement. Mrs. Walsworth has reasons for requiring that they should receive the greatest attention. It is in part, I suppose, because they are used to it at home, for you must know that they are very rich—Miss Laneton being the heiress of about a million independent of her mother's property. But you cannot help liking them for a little while. However, I heartily pity any one who

must spend a long life with them. It is desirable to have for your best friends those who are sincere and earnest—those who look upward sometimes—and therefore I am sorry for any one who is destined to live with persons not thus constituted." And looking full of sympathy for the case which she had supposed, Mrs. Peyton hurried away.

Vivian saw even less of the visitors than she had anticipated. As she had not yet "come out," she was not included in the crowd of invitations; and when there was a great dinner party at home, she entreated to be allowed to spend the evening by herself in the library. Miss Laneton laughed at her, and called her "an odd little chick," and after the company had arrived, privately sent her a *bonbon*.

Miss Laneton had much of the prettiness which is found everywhere; was agreeable, though unequal, being gracefully languid to-day and merrily sprightly to-morrow. She admired and patted Vivian, and occasionally invited her to her room, to show her dresses and ornaments which had just been sent home, to tell her the events of a soiree, and to talk about Walsworth, the only sensible and really satisfactory topic she ever introduced, as Vivian thought. Vivian was obliged to her for her good nature and well-meant kindness, but could not help thinking that the whole visit was an intrusion, coming as it did on the eve of Alex's departure, and when it would have been so pleasant to have had quiet meals and undisturbed evenings with only his mother and Mrs. Peyton, and she thought it was almost unpardonable in them to stay several days after he had sailed, when they all felt so sorrowful. But they went at last, and the French maids and extra servants; and Mrs. Walsworth, tired and nervous, resigned herself to the ministering tenderness of Vivian, and wondered how people could live in such excitement the year through. * * *

The second spring had arrived which marked the absence of Walsworth. During the two years, Vivian had been busied with masters, and studied with the single ambition to be approved of Walsworth when he should return. Mrs. Walsworth lived retired, and leaned more and more in affection and dependence upon her adopted child. Vivian used to read to her and Mrs. Peyton daily, and was deputed to reply to Alex's letters, the arrival of which were the bright events that gilded each separate month. Mrs. Walsworth permitted her to keep them, and perhaps it would be hardly fair in us to say how often she perused the hoarded treasures, or how endless were the missives sent in answer.

But with all her employments, she did not forget her Newfoundland home. George and Father Mahan were often in her thoughts. She often wondered if George would come to New York, and what he would think and say if he should see her; but then she hoped he would not come with the hope of her returning with him. But one May morning he arrived, looking so unchanged that she forgot the interval that had divided them, and welcomed him with kisses as she was wont to do in olden time, and listened with smiles and tears to the homely incidents of his own and Father Mahan's life, and how they never ceased to miss her.

"And now," said he, "I have done wonders at St. Johns. I have not had a loss, and as trim a vessel as you ever saw lies at the wharf here, and there is a tidy little room in it fitted up just as you would like, and I have come to take you home with me."

Vivian was troubled for a reply, and she stammered: "I thank you so much. I should love to sail with you on the Atlantic once more—to see Father Mahan—but—Mrs. Walsworth would never consent to my going."

"What if she does not?" retorted George, impatiently. "What right has she to interfere, if you wish to go?"

"I am indebted to her for such untold kindness!" said Vivian; "and if that were not enough to secure my deference to her will, I am her child, and she is my mother. Father Mahan gave me to her. Should not that be enough?"

"He had no business to do it without my consent," exclaimed George, fiercely.

"What could he do? She would not take me otherwise."

"I was ready to take you then, as now. O, Vivian, if you love me, as you said you did, go with me and be the light of my home."

"I do love you, George, but it would be hardly proper for me to go alone; if Mrs. Peyton would only consent to a voyage, I will endeavor to gain permission to return with you," replied Vivian, quite earnest in her wish to see the ocean again, and to contribute to the happiness of her foster-brother.

"Do you not understand me yet? Hasn't your heart told you what I mean? It is proper for husband and wife to go where they will, and, Vivian, I will shield you with such care! I will cover you from danger with my very life, if need be—and would *they* do more for you?"

Vivian started as if struck, and hid her face in her hands. She comprehended, at last, but how was it that she could not answer?—that she could see only the library as it was tenanted

months before, and the precious casket of letters, and—O, Vivian!

George waited to hear her speak, and he turned deadly pale as he at length continued:

"Father Mahan told me not to come for you. But Vivian, look up—lay your hand on mine once more, that I may talk to you. Nay, put your arm about my neck once more. I will not hurt you—I am going soon. My brain has reeled ever since that dreadful night. The tempest got within my head and will not be driven forth." Vivian tried to calm him, but he interrupted her. "I can read your face better than you can tell me what is in your heart. You love me a little, but not enough to be my wife. It is something that I have seen you once more, and heard your voice. Give me your handkerchief. How like you it is! It has been in your hand—I will have it for my head." George kissed her and hastened away.

At that moment Mrs. Peyton, who had been out walking, entered the room. George stayed an instant for one searching glance into Vivian's face, but he read no encouragement there, and with a groan he rushed out. Vivian sprang after him in vain. She waited hours for him to return, confident he would not leave her thus abruptly. She told her kind friends about him, and they sent a servant to find his vessel; but it was gone, and George was never again seen in New York.

Long before Vivian could regain her usual spirit, Mrs. Laneton and her daughter came. There was another round of visits, and an inundation of shopmen and milliners and servants, but the ladies remained only a week, when they set sail for Europe, expecting to meet Walsworth in Paris and to return with him. Vivian had earnestly hoped that he would come home alone, and that they should have him the first few days without interruption. One day, when alone with Mrs. Peyton in her room, she said something of all this. Vivian was sewing, and Mrs. Peyton carefully observed her face, as she replied: "I thought, at first, either Mrs. Walsworth or Alex had told you, or that some one would tell you. I should have informed you, but he requested me not to mention the matter anywhere till the time came. I reckoned you would find it out through Miss Laneton in some way, but your eyes were shut, poor child. You ought to have known it."

"What?" said Vivian, afraid to hear the reply.

"Why, that Alex and Miss Laneton are engaged and are to be married soon after they arrive." Mrs. Peyton tried not to notice the effect her words had upon Vivian—her pallor, the

trembling as she strove to continue her employment, but went on: "Alex was much taken with Miss Laneton when he met her a great while ago in one of his vacations. He was desperately in love, as boys are apt to be, and as there was no opposition on either side, and as the respectability of her family was such as to satisfy Mrs. Walsworth fully, the engagement was firmly entered upon. In a year or two, his fever abated very considerably. He had studied and travelled, and his spirit and intellect had developed greatly. Miss Laneton is one of those persons who never grow after they arrive at a certain point, just like an annual plant which shoots up thrifflily to a given elevation, and can go no farther. Alex saw his mistake. But he thought it was highly dishonorable to break an engagement. I could not make him see that it was not so bad as to fulfil it with reluctance, and so he resolved to sacrifice himself. His mother has no suspicion of his real sentiments, and you will respect his desire to hold them in concealment."

Vivian went from the room without speaking.

"Poor girl!" exclaimed Mrs. Peyton to herself. "I knew all that winter how it was going, and he is as much attached to her as she to him. But I could not say anything; it was not my duty to interfere; he must do as he will, but I hope Vivian will live through it."

We need not follow Vivian to her chamber, to read in her prostration and tears the agony and despair of her heart. Unaccustomed to analyze her affections, she had not known till this time the large devotion she had bestowed upon Walsworth. It was dreadful to learn her love and its hopelessness the self-same hour. It is pitiful, when the love of life is so crushed out of young hearts!

The days passed on, and Mrs. Walsworth observed that Vivian grew sad and wan, but Mrs. Peyton referred to George's visit and her regret for his trouble as the real occasion of her depression, and recommended a change of scene. A visitor luckily arrived at this juncture—Mrs. Raymond, accompanied by two interesting children still quite young. She was a native of Italy, and had in early life experienced great vicissitudes. She had arrived in New York a widow, and during several years was favorably known to Mrs. Walsworth, from whom she received much kindness. At length she won the regard of a wealthy Virginia gentleman, whom she married. In a few years she was again a widow, but contrived to reside in retirement upon her estate, only diversifying her time by occasional travel.

Business had brought her to New York, and for two or three days she was the guest of Mrs. Walsworth. She was greatly interested in Vivian, and never tired of watching her countenance when she could do so without rudeness. She noticed her paleness and languor, and recommended a journey, and substantiated her sincerity by inviting her to return with her to Virginia. Mrs. Walsworth determined to part with her daughter for a few weeks.

The residence of Mrs. Raymond was centrally situated in a rich valley, improved by high cultivation and skirted by picturesque mountains. Vivian had never seen nature before so beautifully displayed. Another agreeable novelty was the society of children. Little Florence and Albert were unusually interesting and sprightly. She loved them greatly, and often spent entire days in sports and story-telling for their entertainment. Mrs. Raymond was not only increasingly fascinated, but almost bewildered by the countenance, the air and the voice of Vivian, and repeatedly would exclaim: "How like him, my noble husband, in sunny Italy!" Vivian, on her part, loved Mrs. Raymond devotedly.

One warm afternoon, they were seated in the summer parlor. Little Florence clambered up on the couch beside Vivian, and began to play with her curls. Then the small fingers grew more daring, and took hold of the gold chain about her neck. It fell down concealed by her dress, and Florence sought to gratify her curiosity in as direct a way as her courage would permit, by saying: "Mama, what do you suppose Miss Walsworth has at the end of her chain? O, it's a heavy gold cross, with a 'V' on it; that's for Vivian. Why don't you wear it outside?"

Mrs. Raymond rose quickly, and after looking at the cross, exclaimed: "My child!" and fell senseless at the feet of Vivian. When she recovered, she begged Vivian to relate her history. Vivian had scarcely given the early incidents of her deliverance from the ocean and adoption into the fisherman's family, when she was interrupted by Mrs. Raymond.

"I am your own mother," said she. "When very young, I was united to your father, Alberto Verdi, in Italy the land of our nativity. You were born, and as Alberto and I were both orphans and destitute of immediate relatives, as we had sufficient property to afford a degree of independence without exertion, we resolved to come hither and devote ourselves to your education. As we neared the sterile coast where your infancy was passed, we were enveloped in a fatal mist—we struck—the vessel sunk—Alberto dis-

appeared forever in the waves before my eyes—the boat which picked me up was too full to take him—you had been seized from my arms by a sailor, and my poor life was all that remained to me. I did not stay in England, whither the rescuing ship carried me, but quickly returned—hoping to find you. I employed an agent to make inquiries, but unsuccessfully. That little cross has enabled me to recognize you with certainty. It was given me by Alberto before our marriage, and I took it from my own neck and sportively put it upon yours, on the morning of that dreadful day.” Mrs. Raymond said much more, while Vivian clung to her with joy. The child, so long an orphan, was suddenly in possession of the richest earthly gift. She could scarcely sleep for many a night for the mysterious happiness that stirred her soul.

In a little while, Mrs. Raymond determined to visit the place which had been so long the home of Vivian. The season was already advanced, and the journey was commenced without delay. They were to sail from Philadelphia, and on their return stop at New York to explain everything to Mrs. Walsworth.

“I know she loves you dearly,” said Mrs. Raymond, “and will not willingly relinquish you, and certainly her kindness strongly establishes her claim upon you. I will endeavor to be reasonable, and will share your society with her.” Vivian made no reply. She could not hint even to her own mother the mournful secret of her heart.

After various changes, they reached St. Johns. Vivian anxiously made inquiries for George, and learned that he was at sea with his vessel, but was soon expected. The Indian, Jake, was fortunately at hand, and with another boatman readily consented to take the ladies to the parish of Father Mahan. Well stocked with provisions and other necessities, they started early one pleasant morning. The fog still lay about the shore, but Jake, experienced in detecting landmarks, warily pursued his course and brought his passengers in safety to the little estuary. Vivian hastened to the deserted hut, and was greatly surprised on seeing everything precisely as she had left it. Even a loaf of her bread, which she had made to leave with George, lay on the shelf where she put it, hard as a stone. Her aching heart found relief in tears, as she thought of the tender remembrance that appeared wheresoever she turned. Mrs. Raymond, with an interest and astonishment that can easily be imagined, examined everything, wondering how life could be supported where there were so few resources. Jake was immediately despatched

for Father Mahan. Meantime Vivian found occupation in preparing a dinner precisely as she used to, so that when the priest arrived he seemed quite shocked on beholding the old aspect of things so suddenly revived, and Vivian, so little changed, tripping lightly about to serve him, but yet was so glad, that she wished she might always minister to his wants.

When the repast and much conversation was over, Mrs. Raymond laid down to rest, and Vivian and the priest went together out upon the crag. The mist had receded somewhat, and lay off the shore not a mile distant. The western sunlight fell upon the dense mass, and it glistened in silver sheen. To Vivian, it was indescribably beautiful. Suddenly they were aroused by the booming sound of a gun from the vicinity of the dense fog.

“What is that? Sorrow again upon the deep?”

They listened as another gun sounded faintly over the water. Father Mahan hastened to find Jake, but the Indian and his companion had strolled away, and it was an hour before the priest returned. The boat was however manned, and the men rowed out, but would not enter the fog. They kept their position near the obscure mass, and struck their oars into the water now and then to avoid drifting away.

We will forestall the communication afterwards made, and tell the fearful disaster which the treacherous mist occasioned and concealed. George, with one man, was guiding his pretty coasting vessel to St. Johns. He knew his course and went confidently, though he could scarcely see through the fog from prow to stern. In an instant, scarcely without a warning to his ear, another vessel came down upon him, and his own was directly sunk. He, with his fellow sailor, contrived to keep afloat and were taken up by the ship. But that was found to be fast filling with water and rapidly sinking. The panic was complete. George, almost alone in calmness of action, endeavored to direct the lowering of the boats. One at last put off from the ship so densely filled with passengers that it filled and sank. Another boat had meanwhile been lowered, and into it the ladies were put. Among them was the bride of Walsworth. Ere the boat pushed off, it was seized on by the despairing drowning ones, and upset. The ship was settling fearfully, and George and Walsworth could now only seek their own personal safety from destruction. Seizing hold of a floating spar, they labored to advance in the direction of the shore, till Walsworth was benumbed and exhausted. George, obliged to support him almost wholly, was himself now failing, when the fog broke be-

fore him. His burden was insensible, and he had already borne him an incredible distance through the sea; he grew powerless and thought he should never gain the shore. But the welcome sound of oars approached, and they were rescued. George sunk down on the bottom of the boat, where they had laid Walsworth. A strange curdling of the blood, an awful stillness, a fluttering, a creeping chill about his heart, foretokened death. He looked up to the sky, and with thoughts of the spiritual world above blended the earthly image of Vivian. Jake mentioned her name and told him she was waiting on the shore. George sprang up and sat erect. They were near the little beach. In a moment more, he stood beside her.

They carried the insensible Walsworth to the house. Vivian had not recognized him, in her delight on beholding George once more, nor had scarcely noticed that there was another with him. George led her a few steps, and sitting down, took her hand and laid it on his forehead, as he leaned against the rock.

"It is calm now," said he, "this troublous head of mine, beneath your touch! My vessel has gone down, but your room was unbroken, and I thought to close it, and it will be long before the sea-monsters enter it. When you go away, Vivian, take something of mine from the hut, that you may look at it and remember me."

"But I am coming to see you every year," said Vivian, "to do things for you and make you more cheerful and comfortable. Let me bring you some wine now, you look so very weary."

"Not just yet," said he, a beautiful smile playing about his lips. She knelt beside him and put back his wet hair and wiped his brow. "Vivian, did you ever long for any precious thing that seemed so hopeless you dared not pray for it? It was thus with me, just now, when I thought I might die and never see you again. Do not grieve for me when I am gone, but remember I was satisfied to die beside the great ocean with none but you—you and I alone. Speak to me, Vivian."

"O George, George!" exclaimed she, terror-stricken as she beheld the sudden change on his countenance. She bent to kiss his cheek, as if thus she would inspire him with new life. He raised his arm and clasped her tightly, and with her name upon his lips, died. In a moment she was unconscious.

Vivian was very ill after this. So sudden a shock, in addition to the successive excitements of the season, completely prostrated her. But

the skilful care of Father Mahan, who had been her only physician from infancy, the presence of her mother and Walsworth, and the home-seeming which still attached itself to the blackened hut, were effectual restoratives, and in a little while she could think of returning. Before she went away, she took the flower-plants which grew in the garden—Walsworth assisted her—and placed them on George's grave. Father Mahan promised to cultivate and protect them for her, as her foster-brother had hitherto done.

She selected some familiar articles from the few possessions George had left behind him, and consigned the remainder to the priest. Mrs. Raymond left with the old man substantial tokens of her good wishes. Again Vivian visited each loved spot, and again departed with a sad heart, but not unsolaced by present blessings and pleasing anticipations.

The party arrived safely at New York. Mrs. Peyton was abundantly satisfied when she heard their various adventures recounted, and after she had held a protracted and interesting conversation with Mrs. Walsworth and Mrs. Raymond, neither of those ladies deemed it advisable to waste any words or good feeling in contesting for the possession of Vivian.

There was a wedding shortly after, and Vivian Walsworth went with her mother to Virginia, for a bridal tour, and they were so well pleased with their visit that they often repeated it during the happy years which succeeded.

Christy lived a long and dozy life in the city, and had his portrait taken by a skilful artist, which remained to be looked at and loved when he had grown weary of old age and had gone.

A SAILOR KING.

William IV., King of Great Britain, when at the age of fourteen, entered the British navy as a midshipman, performed the ordinary duties of his station, and went through the regular grades of promotion to a Post Captain. He served upwards of six years in the grade of midshipman, and performed in the whole, something like eleven years continued service, when he was raised from the grade of Post Captain to that of a Rear Admiral, and was about the same time created Duke of Clarence. It is seldom the son of a king has had the same chance of thorough discipline that William IV. enjoyed while an active member of the navy; and it is said that his manner partook in some measure of the roughness of a seaman.—*N. O. Picayune.*

Intelligent conversation is the great charm of man, the finest solace of intellectual labor, and the simplest yet most effectual and delightful mode of at once resting and invigorating the mind, whether wearied by study or depressed by struggles with fortune.

THE ALTAR AT HOME.

BY MRS. R. T. KLOCKER.

Dear, dear to our hearts is the altar at home,
 No shrine seems so sacred wherever we roam;
 For the dear ones knelt there that have gone home to rest,
 Then ask us not why it seems hallowed and blest.

We've knelt at the altar at the still starry hour,
 When a father's loved voice had a sweet, soothing power,
 When a mother's fond hand wiped away every tear,
 Then ask us not why 'tis held sacred and dear.

Together we'll kneel 'neath the fair azure skies,
 Nor blush for the tear-gems that moisten our eyes;
 We'll pledge to our Father where'er we may roam,
 That we ne'er will forget the dear altar at home.

When we kneel at this shrine so sacred and dear,
 Where the sweet vesper hymn fell low on the ear,
 Where the whispered "good-night," when the blessing
 was o'er,
 Once hallowed our childhood, we sigh no more.

THE BRIBERY.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

I WILL not mention the name of the town in which the following incidents occurred, for the Judge is still living there, and he may have reformed ere this. The town was on the Mississippi River, and at that time in its infancy; and it was infested by a band of reckless men who robbed and murdered when they could, and spent the rest of the working hours in gambling. Charles Masters moved into the place with his wife and family, and opened a store. He was a young man, not over thirty years of age, and possessed a firm, pure spirit, and a stout, kind heart. One of his first efforts, after becoming acquainted with the leading people of the place, was to rid the town of the miserable cut-throats who infested it; and to this end he pointed out their haunts, and endeavored to make the public officers do their duty. He had several of them arrested, but, though the proof of their guilt was as plain as the sun at unclouded noonday, yet he could not get one of them convicted.

At length it was determined among the gamblers that Charles Masters should be put out of the way, and three of their gang agreed to murder him. To this end they waylaid him as he was going to his house one night, and when he reached the place where they had concealed themselves, they rushed out upon him, and tried to stab him. But the young merchant proved too much for them. He had been warned of his danger, and he was prepared. He walked at night only with a double-barrelled pistol in each

hand. On the present occasion, he shot down two of the assassins, and as he presented the pistol to the head of the third, he fled.

But the young man was not yet free. On the very next day he was apprehended for murder. At first, he only laughed at the idea; but ere long he found that there was something serious in it. The sheriff informed him that if he would leave the place, and never return to it again, he should be let off; but this Masters scorned to do. He demanded a trial; and he was informed that he should have it. The court was to sit in about two weeks, and until that time had expired he was confined in the jail. His wife and oldest child suffered much, but kind friends cared for them, and did all they could for their comfort.

The greatest difficulty Masters labored under was in finding a lawyer. The only lawyer of any eminence in the place had been retained on the other side. But in this fortune favored him most signally. Sargeant S. Prentiss chanced to pass through the town on his way to defend a man from the charge of murder in a distant town, and he promised to be on hand to defend Masters. He had known the young merchant, and his sympathies were at once awakened in his behalf.

The day of trial at length came on. The prosecution had strained every nerve, and as yet the defence had gained but very little testimony. No one had been present, save the prisoner and the principal witness, at the time the two men were shot, and no evidence could be obtained as to the evil habits of the two dead men; for, though many knew them, yet none dared to testify.

Prentiss came, and he called to see the prisoner.

"I see they mean to condemn you," remarked the lawyer, as he sat down upon the low pallet.

"Of course they do," returned Masters. "They fear me here; and those who do not fear me fear to testify for me, save to my own character. They dare not say one word against the desperate characters with whom we have to deal."

"Are you acquainted with old Nash, the judge," Prentiss asked.

"Somewhat," returned the prisoner; "and I think he is a hard man. I know he gambles much, and I fear he has an interest in some of the gaming-houses here."

"So I thought," said the counsel, with a meaning shake of the head. "But never mind," he added, "I will see what I can do to-night. Things do not look so dark as they might; nor yet so light as I wish they did. But keep up a

good heart. You have friends about you, and I have some at work who are not suspected."

"Ah?" uttered Masters, interrogatively."

"Yes, sir," returned Prentiss, with a smile; "I have some perfect villains at work. One of your friends placed a thousand dollars in my hands, and I shall pay it all out to these very gamblers—that is, to such as suit me."

"But the thousand dollars, sir?"

"Has been raised by your friends. So rest easy on that score."

After chatting awhile longer upon various topics, Prentiss took his leave.

The court-house was filled with eager people. Charles Masters was in the prisoner's box, and old Nash was upon the judge's bench. This judge was a stout, heavily-framed man, somewhat over forty years of age, with a dark, lowering face, and dull, grey eyes. He looked more like some burly landlord than like a judge. He gazed wickedly upon the prisoner, when he entered; but his countenance changed when he saw that small, lame man come in. With the short, halting limp, and the regular tap of the heavy cane, Sargeant S. Prentiss entered the room. He took his seat close to the prisoner, and then cast his eyes over the scene.

First came the selecting of the jury.

"You may challenge whom you will," Prentiss whispered, "but it will make little difference. They won't present a disinterested man here, and I think you may as well accept the first one that is called. They will be all bribed—every one of them."

"Do you think so?" returned Masters, turning pale.

"I am sure of it. But don't let that trouble you."

At length twelve men were called up, and as Prentiss ran his eye over them, he understood the game at once. They were poor, miserable fellows—hangers-on about the different gaming-houses—and the court supposed they would every one be challenged, and in reserve were held the bold, reckless men who were to follow. The prisoner accepted the jury as it was presented, much to the astonishment of the spectators and the chagrin of the court.

Thus arranged, the trial proceeded. The indictment was read, and the prisoner pleaded not guilty. The prosecution opened the case, and then the witnesses were called up. When Nathan Knox took the stand the people were eager. He was the man who had made his escape after Masters had shot his two companions. He swore that he, and the two men who were now dead,

had met the prisoner on the night in question, and that they stopped him and asked him what he would give them if they would put him in the way of clearing out some of the gaming-houses. He told them to get out of his way. This rather offended them, and they told him he had better keep civil if he knew when he was well off; and thereupon he drew a double-barrelled pistol and shot his two companions dead.

"Look ye, sir," uttered Prentiss, when he came to cross-examine this witness. "Now mind that you answer me truly, for if you speak one single falsehood to me you do it at your peril."

The fellow started at this, for there was something in the fire of those great, dark eyes of Prentiss that Mr. Knox was not used to. But he had no time for thought.

"Now why were you and your two companions concealed in that narrow passage?"

"We wan't concealed."

"What! Beware, sir! Not concealed? What do you mean by that? Why, my good man, you are giving the lie to all you have said. Now tell me why you went into that dark passage and staid there until the prisoner came along? Tell me!"

"We may have turned in there, sir; but we wan't hid. We just turned in to wait for the man to come up."

"And how long did you have to wait?"

"Not over half a minute."

"Be careful. May it not have been a minute? Remember, sir, a falsehood now will upset your whole testimony. You were seen!"

"Well, sir, 'twasn't over a minute, any way."

"Very well. And now which of you stepped out first when Mr. Masters came along?"

"Ned Hammond did."

"And you next, eh?"

"No, sir. Jack Nottell did."

"Now look ye, sir," thundered Prentiss, in that tone, and with that look which never failed to confound an evil mind, "you swore that you three were coming along the sidewalk, and that you met the prisoner—that you stopped, and he stopped. What did you mean by that?"

The witness stammered out some reply, but he could not clear himself from the snare he had got worked into. However, Prentiss let him go as soon as he had sufficiently shown him up; and the next witness was called.

When all was in of evidence on both sides, the case looked dark for the prisoner. Some few had testified to his good character; and some had even dared to testify to the fact that the gamblers had sworn to get rid of him on account

of the exertions he had used against them. And the prisoner's own account of the affair was also received. The judge plainly intimated that the prisoner would be hung, and the jury winked at each other knowingly.

A lawyer named Compton summed up for the prosecution, and finally Prentiss arose, as was his right to do, to make his final answer. He reviewed a part of the testimony a second time, and then went over with the prisoner's own statement. He pointed to the wife and children of the young merchant, and drew a picture of such a man doing a foul murder. It was so preposterous that even the judge plainly showed by his looks that he didn't believe it. Prentiss saw that he had fastened the attention of both court and jury, and after dwelling a few moments longer on the picture he had drawn—after painting the youth struggling against such enemies as were arrayed against him, and seeking to rid his adopted home of the foul pest of the gambler's hell, he stopped, and raised his finger towards heaven. It rested there a moment, and then sank down again. The silence was breathless—painful—but it was not to last long. Prentiss raised those strange eyes of his to the judge, and the stout man quailed.

"Your honor," he resumed, in a tone so strange with marvellous power and depth that every breath was instinctively hushed when it came upon the still air, "I have one system of evidence which I have not used, and which may God grant I may not have to use. Of the perjury which has gone up, rank and reeking from yonder stand, I will not speak. But I will speak of a more deadly, damning thing which has crept into this house. I mean—*Bribery!* I hold at this moment in my possession evidence of the most wholesale bribery that I ever heard of. In all my intercourse at the bar I never came across a case which could equal this for gigantic, bold-faced, deadly bribery. Rake open the very bottomless pit, and drag therefrom the worst villains that an incensed God has consigned there, and they would shudder upon beholding the proofs of guilt which I could show them. I could show them an innocent man, compassed round about with evil, struggling for the salvation of his kind from Satan's fell grasp—that man shouldering the enmity of thieves, gamblers and assassins—waylaid by murderers on his way to his own quiet, peaceful home, and, to save his own life, obliged to shoot down two men whom you all knew for blood-thirsty villains. Then I should show them that man seized by his enemies, who were too cowardly to attack him physically again, and cast into prison upon

the charge of murder. And—listen—I could show them now a fearful scene! I could point out to them those men who should save the innocent victim of all this wrong *bartering away his life for a bribe!* Ay; selling his very life to the meanest scum of this game-cursed place for a paltry bribe! In God's name hear me. Let not the story be told. As you value your sacred names here, and your immortal souls hereafter, let not the tale go forth. God forbid that I should herald the damning proofs! O, let me crush the burning, blighting evidence in my grasp ere another eye save mine, and *that eye which never sleeps*, can see it! Your honor, I have done. Gentlemen of the jury, I fear not to trust my client in your hands. I know the foul tempter which has whispered to you; ay, and which has dared to whisper to *one higher than you*, but I fear not his power over you. I can read the noble spirit in your faces now. I can see in each face before me a free and independent soul, and it seems to speak out—to speak plainly—thus: 'We are men—God keep us from temptation. We are jurors—no power can make us do wrong.'"

For some moments after Prentiss sat down all was still as death. It was not so much the words which had been spoken, as the tone, the spirit, the keen fire of the eye, the strange curl of the lip, and the significant pointing of that finger, which had moved the people there. The jury had at first been frightened, but the closing sentence of the address had placed them on better terms with themselves and with the speaker. They knew that he was aware of the bribery, but they now believed that he did not know they had accepted it. The judge was nervous and uneasy. He dared not meet the eye of Prentiss, and he hardly dared look up. His charge to the jury was all prepared, but he dared not read it. He had prepared it as the evidence was being given in, but he crushed it now in his hands.

But finally he arose, and after stammering awhile he simply informed the jury they had heard all the evidence, and that they might retire and make up a verdict. They went out, and were gone only some fifteen minutes; and when they returned they brought in a verdict of—Not Guilty!

There was a shout of joy went up from the people there assembled, though there were some low curses. The judge disappeared soon as possible, and the jury shrank away by a side door.

"Mr. Prentiss," asked the young merchant, as quite a party were assembled in the house of the latter in the evening, "what evidence had you obtained of this bribery?"

"None that would be good for anything in a court of justice," replied Prentiss. "I managed to gain considerable information on the subject by paying roundly for it, but I could not find a man who would give me his name, or consent to make oath. But I knew what that judge was made of; and so of the jury. I knew they had been bribed, and that your death was sure unless they could be frightened off. Of course they supposed my pockets were full of documentary proof. But it's all as well."

And so it was. A joyous evening stretched away into the night, and on the following morning Prentiss started for his home. This trial had put a ball in motion, and opened the eyes of the people, and ere another year rolled around the gamblers had departed and found new homes—some in other towns and cities of earth, and some—

ANECDOTE OF FRANKLIN.

When quite a youth Franklin went to London, entered a printing office, and inquired if he could get employment as a printer.

"Where are you from?" inquired the foreman.

"America," was the reply.

"Ah!" said the foreman, "from America! a lad from America seeking employment as a printer. Well, do you really understand the art of printing? Can you set type?"

Franklin stepped to one of the cases, and in a very brief space, set up the following passage from the first chapter of the Gospel by St. John.

"Nathaniel saith unto him, can any good thing come out of Nazareth? Philip saith unto him, come and see."

It was done so quick, so accurately, and contained a delicate reproof, so appropriate and powerful, that it at once gave him character and standing with all in the office.—*Notes and Queries.*

THE POP GUN PLANT.

In the mountains of Brazil there grows a set of very beautiful plants called Rhopalas; they are covered with velvet, especially on the young leaves, which are brown. There is a hot-house plant, *Pilea callitrichoides*, of tender, brittle and juicy aspect, which looks as if it would be good to eat in a cooling salad, but which is really of so explosive a temperament that it might fairly be call the pistol-plant. When near flowering, and with its tiny buds ready to open, if the plant is either dipped in water or abundantly watered, each bud will explode successively, keeping up a mimic Sebastopolitan bombardment, sending forth a puff of gunpowder smoke—or a little cloud of dusty pollen—as its stamens suddenly start forth to take their place and form a cross. It is an amusing toy, which produces a plentiful crop of pop guns.—*Sat. Gazette.*

Weak men often, from the very principle of their weakness, derive a certain susceptibility, delicacy, and taste, which render them, in those particulars, much superior to men of stronger and more consistent minds, who laugh at them.

HEALTH INSURANCE.

A thin, cadaverous-looking German, about fifty years of age, entered the office of a Health Insurance Company in Indiana, on the first day of May, 1856, says the Daily Courier, and inquired:

"Ish te man in vot inshures de people's helts?"

The agent politely answered, "I attend to that business, sir."

"Vell, I vants mine helts inshured; vot you charge?"

"Different prices," answered the agent; "from three to ten dollars a year; pay ten dollars a year, and you get ten dollars a week in case of sickness."

"Vell," said Mynheer, "I vants ten dollar vot."

The agent inquired the state of his health.

"Vell, I ish sick all the time. I'se shust out te bed too tree hours a tay, and te doctor says he can't do noting more good for me."

"If that's the state of your health," returned the agent, "we can't insure it. We only insure persons who are in good health."

At this Mynheer bristled up in great anger.

"You must tink I'se a pig fool; vot you tink I come pay you ten dollar for inshure my helts, ven I vos vell?"

GREECE OF THE PRESENT DAY.

The beautiful land of Greece, with all its glorious reminiscences, is now but the personification of fallen greatness. The Greece of ancient time, rich in its treasures of science, literature and art, famed for its agricultural and commercial wealth, is now no more, and in its stead, there is left a poor, oppressed, impoverished, and enfeebled country. Her government is one of the most inefficient and corrupt, with which a nation was ever cursed; and the people, robbed by the soldiery, and harassed by their rulers, cultivate the lands, only to satisfy the systematic exactions of their tyrants. In some parts of the kingdom, tired of laboring in the fields, for benefits which others will enjoy, many of the peasantry have formed themselves into bands of robbers, and infesting the public roads, live by the plunder of travellers; and if by chance there falls into their hands any hated official, he is sure to be visited with the full measure of their vengeance, in the form of tortures and a horrible death—unless, indeed, the chances of a heavy ransom are sufficient to induce them to forego the sweet delights of revenge. In all probability, the expulsion of the weak king Otho from his throne would be the greatest blessing that could be conferred on Greece.—*Freeman's Journal.*

A THOUGHT FOR YOUNG MEN.—No wreck is so shocking to behold as that of a dissolute young man. On the person of the debauchee or inebriate, infamy is written. How nature hangs labels over him to testify her distrust at the example! How she loosens all his joints, sends tremors along his muscles, and bends forward his frame!

Henrich Heine once remarked that the rich were too apt to think that authors and artists, like green fruit, were improved by lying upon straw.

THOU WILT COME NO MORE.

BY EUNICE EDSON.

No, no, thou wilt never come again;
Thine eyes so soft and clear,
That shone like violets after rain,
Will ne'er like violets open again,
Though other springs are here.

And we must miss thee everywhere;
Where'er our feet may tread,
A voice will come upon the air,
And speak of one once pure and fair,
Who now sleeps with the dead.

The moonlight through the clustering vines
Comes dancing on the floor;
The whip-poor-will with mournful song,
Makes music all the evening long
Beside our cottage door.

But thou, who, in our quiet home,
Once sat at close of day,
And watched the moon's pale, flickering light—
Whose soft voice mocked the bird of night—
Hast passed from earth away—

And we shall see thy face no more;
Seasons will onward flee—
The spring, with soft and genial breath,
Will wake the flowers from transient death:
Would it might wake thee.

JACK BRADLEY'S ADVENTURE.

BY FREDERICK W. SAUNDERS.

AT the time of the great fair, or "exposition," or whatever it may be called, at Paris, I happened to be mate of a packet ship sailing between New York and Havre. Being at the latter city when the excitement in consequence of the novel show was at the highest pitch, and constantly hearing people of all nations and kindred and tongues chanting its praises, I felt a very natural curiosity to behold the thing with mine own eyes, and judge whether Froggy's crystal palace and contents could compare with the similar plaything but a short time before constructed by their cousin Bull across the Channel. Accordingly, obtaining a week's leave of absence from the ship, I joined the immense concourse of pilgrims that thronged every road leading to the capital and in due course of time found myself in the great city.

Never having been at Paris before, I felt quite as much curiosity to become personally acquainted with the city itself, its palaces and its places of historical interest, as I did to view the more useful but less romantic products of the world's industry. So having satisfied my patriotism by going into ecstasies at sight of a bewitching Yan-

kee reaper, and having fallen down and worshipped a most lovely and coquettish threshing machine, I determined to devote the rest of my time to walking about town and seeing the sights therein.

In pursuance of this plan, it chanced toward the close of a delightful afternoon, that I was sauntering carelessly along the Boulevards, without any definite object in view, except the general one of seeing all I could, and thereby getting as much as possible for my time and money; and there was plenty to be seen, you may be sure, on that gay and intensely French thoroughfare, with its throngs of well and ill dressed people, chattering, laughing and gesticulating as they sat upon the benches beneath the trees, or like myself lounged about the pleasant walks, with here and there a squad of soldiers off duty, a bevy of grisettes, lovers in pairs innumerable, bearded and turbaned Turks, pig-tailed Chinamen, English, Irish, Scotch, and French, mingled in Babel-like confusion, while in and out among the moving crowd glided the stout and watchful sergeants de ville with their swords and cocked hats, apparently seeing nothing, yet in reality observing everything, and ready on the instant to pounce upon any self-confident individual who might delude himself with the belief that he could with impunity fracture any of the laws of the empire.

Pacing slowly along until arriving at the corner of the Rue Richelieu, I stopped to gaze upon the endless stream of gay equipages that crowded the broad avenue. Every description of "drag" was there, from the unpretending hackney coach, to the gorgeous turn-out of a prince.

"Ah, that is all very pretty, and very nice, no doubt!" thought I to myself, with a little bit of a feeling of envy, as I gaped at the magnificent carriages and their no less magnificent occupants, the coachmen and footmen in livery; the silver-mounted harness, and the coat of arms upon the panels. "There you go, seated upon velvet cushions, with slap-up quadrupeds to cart you about; half a dozen flunkies to do your chores, and see that you don't fall overboard; no end of a fortune at your command, and probably a staggering title at the top of the heap; while here stand I, who, in my own opinion at least, am as good as the best of you, nothing but a poor, continually-to-be-sneezed-at Jack Nastyface. Well, well," I muttered, continuing my soliloquy, and endeavoring to call in the aid of philosophy, "there are compensations in life and nature. Now among all these fellows who are rolling in wealth, and bursting with greatness, there is not

one in a hundred, no, not one in five thousand, and I'll bet my head against a sea cake that I'm right, who can reeve a Spanish burton, or even set a topmast studding-sail properly in any sort of a decent breeze. No, they do not have every blessing; while wealth and station are given them, knowledge and ability are given to chaps about my size;" and pleasing myself with such like consoling thoughts, I turned to retrace my steps, when I heard some one call my name.

"Joe! Joe Grummet," said a voice, which I fancied sounded rather familiar; but having stared about me a minute or so without seeing any one to father the voice, I concluded I must have fancied it altogether, and was upon the point of continuing my walk with that conviction, when a flashy carriage drew up by the side of the walk, and a gentleman leaning half out of the window invited me by word and gesture to enter.

Now I have always felt it as much my duty to respond to an advantageous "call" as if I were a parson; so returning the polite bow of the footman who opened the carriage door, I hopped in and seating myself comfortably, took a good look at the gentleman to ascertain what manner of man he might be, and having looked, was struck flat aback by the discovery that it was no other than my old shipmate Jack Bradley.

"Well, Joe, are you sleepy?" he asked, with a smile, as I sat gazing stupidly at him.

"No, not exactly sleepy," I replied, "but I may possibly be dreaming, and to make sure, I'd like to have you tell me whether this is really you, or somebody else? Take time to consider, I don't want you to answer unadvisedly."

"Upon mature consideration I am inclined to believe that you are correct in your conjecture that it is me and nobody else."

"That point being settled, where did you come from? how did you get here? whose cart is this, and what business have you and I in it?"

"To tell you where I came from, and how I came here, would be a long story, Joe; as for the rest, the cart, as you call it, belongs to me, bought and paid for, and you and I are taking a sail in it because we choose so to do."

"And the fat booby forward holding the tiller ropes, and the two lubbers behind with the plush breeches and gold lace, I suppose you've bought and paid for them too?"

"Yes, they, too, belong to me, body and clothes," he returned, with an air of satisfaction.

"Well, it's none of my business, Jack, how you came by so much flashy trumpery, so I won't ask the question; however, if you insist upon telling me, why, I'll try to listen."

Jack grinned, and telling the coachman to

drive slowly, he began his story; but before we let him proceed, it may be as well to give the reader some insight into his early history, and the reason of my astonishment at finding him when and where I did.

At the commencement of my acquaintance with Jack Bradley, he was a brilliant and somewhat fast student at one of the most popular colleges of New England. An orphan, his pocket was kept in countenance by a wealthy relation, whose heir he had every reason to suppose he would be; but before his studies were half completed, the old gentleman saw fit to leave this world, which would have been all right enough, had he left a will too; but as he didn't, other heirs put forward their claims, and Jack was stripped of everything but his clothes and his debts, of which they could not find it in their hearts to deprive him. Soon after this unpleasant event, happening to run afoul of Jack in Boston, he gave me the history of his misfortunes, and asked my advice as to the easiest way for a young fellow who didn't know how to do anything, to obtain a livelihood and something more. Sailor-like, I advised him to make a virtue of necessity, come the patriotic and serve his country in a government ship. The idea struck him favorably, and before night we had him all rigged out in a blue shirt and a jacket of a thousand buttons. Having known each other on shore, we were naturally a good deal together on board the ship, I acting the part of a dry nurse towards him, showing him the ropes, putting him up to the moves, and teaching him what little of seamanship he ever knew. He was a lively, active, go-ahead chap, whom everybody liked, and I had no reason to suppose that he disliked the service or ever regretted having entered it.

In the course of the cruise we stopped at *Marseilles*, and our mess getting shore leave, we started for a night's drift through the city. Here, Jack somehow strayed away from the party, and though he was hunted after diligently, nothing was heard of him for some time and he was given up as a deserter, when, after the lapse of a week or ten days, he, to the surprise of every one, returned voluntarily to the ship, and with his clothes dreadfully soiled and nearly worn out, and himself apparently half starved. He would give no account of where he had been, or what he had been doing, but continued silent and thoughtful, saying little even to me.

Continuing our cruise, we passed up the *Mediterranean*, and it was several months before we again dropped our mud hooks at *Marseilles*; but no sooner did the opportunity offer than Jack

was off again, and from that time I neither saw nor heard anything of him until we met so unexpectedly on the Boulevards of Paris, after an interval of half a dozen years. We will now let Jack go on with his story.

"You remember, Joe, the night of our arrival at Marseilles, that we went cruising about the town from one place to another until you might look two ways for the shortest cut to daylight."

"Which means, that we were out till midnight."

"Precisely, but you needn't put yourself to the trouble of interrupting me. Well, that species of amusement not being quite so much to my taste as it probably was to you old salts, I took the first opportunity to slip away unobserved, to have a quiet stroll by myself. Having pranced about the city an hour or so, it occurred to me that having for such a length of time slept only in a hammock, it would be a good idea to try how an old-fashioned bed would feel. So backing my mainpostail at the first public house I asked for a room, was shown one, peeled and went to bed; but going to bed was my share of a night's rest; sleep was out of the question. The noise of carriages in the street, and people moving about the house disturbed me, and when this gradually subsided, a most unlovely cur in the yard felt it his duty to set up a prolonged howl in a melancholy minor key, which elicited corresponding yelps from all the ill-conditioned pups in the neighborhood. This performance concluded, an unearthly screeching arose from the roofs of the outbuildings. Cat calling unto cat, and Tommy answering through night's misty shroud, back to the noisy whelps that called to him aloud, as Byron didn't say. There is nothing makes me more nervous than to lay in bed without the ability to sleep; and wild with anger I sprang from the bed, dove into my clothes, and out of the house with marvellous celerity. It was a warm starlight night, and being wholly indifferent as to the direction or extent of my ramble, I left the city behind me and walked slowly along the great road leading to Toulon. A walk of several miles brought me to a portion of the road, bordered on either side by large trees, rising from among the straggling undergrowth that covered the fields. Being somewhat fatigued I threw myself upon the grass, in a small clear space among the bushes, and almost immediately fell into a doze. Many minutes could not have elapsed ere I was aroused by the sound of voices near me. Cautiously and silently making an opening through the bushes, I obtained a distant view of the speakers. Four strong and muscular men, evidently belonging to the worst class of

the lower orders of the Parisian population, were standing in the shadow of a tree talking in low and earnest tones.

"'I tell you the carriage will pass here in less than five minutes,' said one of the men, in reply to an expression of doubt from his companions.

"'Well then, since you are so sure of it, what do you propose to do, slit the old fellow's wind-pipe?' asked another of the group.

"'No, no, nothing of that kind,' responded the first speaker; 'we must try the other dodge. There was rather too much trouble about that last job, to make me anxious to do any more knife work at present. But look sharp, he's coming now, as I told you.'

"A distant rumbling of wheels betokened the approach of a carriage, and my respectable neighbors, each drawing a pistol from his pocket, awaited its coming.

"'Well, Jack Bradley,' said I to myself, 'here's a fine opening for a young man to distinguish himself as an amateur policeman.' But a moment's reflection convincing me that a discovery of my vicinity would in all probability result in an opening of a young man desirous of distinguishing himself as an amateur policeman by the thievishly inclined gentlemen before mentioned, I wisely kept quiet as possible.

The carriage, driven at a rapid rate, soon came abreast of my hiding place, when our friends made a simultaneous dash at the horses' heads, and with some little difficulty succeeded in stopping them. They were evidently experienced hands at the business, for in an incredibly short space of time they had the driver and the occupant of the carriage securely bound, their pockets rifled, and themselves tumbled together in a heap in the bottom of the vehicle. Then removing a small trunk or box, they turned the carriage in an opposite direction from whence it came, and hitting the horses several smart cuts with the whip, started them off at a dence of a pace.

"Now your story book, or theatrical sailer, upon finding himself similarly situated, would forthwith, and without a moment's hesitation, have sprang all unarmed as he was, into the midst of the four rascals, and with herculean strength laid about him with such good effect as in a few minutes to have seven of the eight villains stretched upon the ground, when a desperate combat would ensue between him and the leader of the sixteen discomfited desperadoes, who would of course turn out to be the renegade Count of Pizarretum, which discovery would raise the very old scratch with the sailer, and cause him to pitch in at such a rate as in less

than two hours to completely vanquish the rascally count and spread him out by the side of the inanimate bodies of his thirty-two companions in crime, when the sailor, himself desperately wounded, would stagger a few steps, stop, drop the weapon from his hand, stagger a few more steps, stretch out his hands before him, gaze fixedly into the air, and murmuring in an awe-struck voice, 'Spirit of the wronged and sainted Adeliza, thou art avenged!' would fall smack upon the stiffening corpses of his sixty-four foemen and give up the ghost in a most charming and romantic manner to two bars of slow music.

"This," continued Jack, "would have been the proper course for a hero to pursue; but being no hero and nothing but a very ordinary Yankee sailor, I contented myself with snapping off a severe cud of tobacco, and waiting to see what would turn up next."

"Having listened to the sound of the carriage wheels till it died away in the distance, our robbers shouldered the box, with the contents of which they seemed to be pretty well acquainted, and passing my place of concealment so close as to give me a decidedly queerish feeling, kept on through the underbrush, whither I immediately followed, keeping at a safe distance you may be sure, being guided rather by the sound of their footsteps and the rustling of the bushes than by sight. In this way I tracked them for a distance of at least a mile, when they halted, and I came within an ace of betraying himself by not becoming aware of the fact until I was almost upon them. They did not perceive me, however; so creeping stealthily along, I was enabled to secrete myself in a clump of bushes but a few feet from them, where I could observe all their motions and overhear all that was said. The spot where they stopped was a small, clear space of perhaps twenty square yards, among the bushes, covered with dried grass and leaves, and presenting no appearance of having been disturbed by man for years; but a few minutes of hurried labor on their part disclosed the fact that it was the locality of a cache, or place for burying their ill-gotten treasures. The dried leaves being carefully removed and a large flat stone raised from its place, the fellow who appeared to be the master spirit of the gang, proceeded to pick the lock of the lately stolen trunk.

"Now then, boys," said he, when this was accomplished, 'shell out whatever you took from the old cove; we want nothing about our persons to identify us with this night's job, and the stuff will be all the better for being salted down for a few months.'

"The fellows hereupon emptied their pockets

of a variety of jewelry, which the leader deposited in the box, and taking from among a considerable number of similar ones a rouleau of gold coin, he distributed it among them. The box was now placed within the cavity in the earth, the stone replaced, and the dried leaves scattered over the spot so as to obliterate any trace of the surface having been disturbed.

"All being arranged to their satisfaction, they proceeded to take themselves off, but instead of retreating by the way they came, they advanced directly toward my hiding place. Now if I was merely spinning a yarn for amusement, I should probably say that, petrified by a sense of danger, I remained rooted to the ground. But such was not the case. Dropping upon all fours I rooted my way among the bushes in a decidedly hoggish manner, and with much celerity as that style of locomotion would admit. The robbers kept close to my trail for some minutes, and I must have squirmed along several hundred yards before they finally passed me and I felt it prudent to resume my position in society as an upright man; and having done so, I was at no little loss to decide what steps to pursue next. In this dilemma I very naturally continued to take steps straight ahead until I reached the road, where I stopped to deliberate. My first impulse was to hunt you up, and get your advice upon the matter; and as first impressions, they say, go a good way, my first impression of what was proper went as far as Marseilles, and took me along with it.

"Day was breaking when I reached the city, and as I spanked along the street toward the villainous locality in which you delighted to pass your time, my attention was attracted toward a crowd of persons where there appeared to be a scuffle going on. Thinking there might be a free fight, and having no objections to taking the kinks out of my arms by indulging in a few rounds, I mixed with the crowd.

"What's up?" I inquired of a seedy individual near me; whereupon he proceeded with all the loquacity of a Frenchman, to inform me as to the particulars of the robbery to which I had been a witness, and furthermore that the occupants of the carriage having found means to release themselves from the confinement in which the robbers placed them, had forthwith returned and given the alarm; that the police had turned out in force, guarding every avenue to the city, and had just succeeded in arresting four men whom the coachman identified as the thieves, although none of the stolen property had been found upon them.

"I was just upon the point of betraying my knowledge of the affair, when one of your off-

peated lessons to me, how to keep out of difficulty on board ship occurred to me, to wit, that profound ignorance was profound safety, and that if I would keep myself clear of a great deal of other people's trouble which would become my own by interference, and no thanks for it either, I must be a fool upon all occasions, and not be induced to know anything at any price. " 'What's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander,' thinks I to myself, and if Joe Grummet's advice is good at sea, it must be particularly bunkum in Marseilles; so, extricating myself from the crowd, I crowded sail for the place where I had seen you the night before, but to my disappointment I found that you with the rest of the boys had already gone on board the ship. I had little inclination to do likewise, for I could not help thinking of that celebrated 'tide in the affairs of men,' and fancying the *cache* among the bushes to be, if not high water mark itself, at all events, pretty near it.

"Accordingly, fortifying myself with three or four breakfasts—for I was hungry as a Roman Catholic shark in the middle of Lent, I stowed away a cubic foot of cold ham, with bread in proportion in my pockets, and started back to the scene of my last night's adventure. I made no doubt of being able to go straight to the spot; but in this I was disappointed. It had been too dark on my first visit to enable me to distinguish any prominent objects, and as I had left in such a hurry, I had not thought to make any marks by which to be guided. The clear space among the bushes I found to be by no means unique, there being many thousand similar spots scattered for miles over the fields, and in every particular as like two thieves to the real place.

"All that day I hunted, and passed the night beneath the trees. The next and the next day's search was equally fruitless, while in the mean time, my scanty supply of money was rapidly absorbed by the commissariat department; so that at the close of the tenth day's search I found myself half starved, out of money, grub and patience. There was nothing for it but to return to the ship, which I did, sulky as a bear, as you remember. It didn't strike me that there was any necessity of taking a speaking trumpet and announcing my adventure to all the world, so I kept my own counsel, and whatever stray articles of value I could lay my hands on, to enable me to fly my kite for another search at some future period.

"The months that elapsed ere we again touched at Marseilles, were the longest I ever passed; it seemed to me like so many years. I could neither think nor dream of anything else beside

Monte Christo and his countless millions, and imagine myself in a like predicament. At length, to my inexpressible joy, we received orders to up stick for the haven where I would be. My shore liberty was of course stopped on account of my previous desertion, but a few shillings to the marine on guard on the fore-castle, rendered the unfortunate man perfectly blind, so that I found no difficulty in slipping over the bow and swimming to the shore, the very first night of our arrival.

"Once more on good dry land, I felt worth a dozen sailors, and forthwith directed my steps toward the haunts of the web-footed, where the information I desired could most readily be obtained.

"Upon inquiry I learned that the four robbers had been sent to the hulks, every man of them—but that none of the stolen property had been recovered, notwithstanding extraordinary inducements had been held out to the prisoners to disclose where it might be found, not so much for the amount of money lost, as for very important papers which the box contained; but the scamps refused to divulge with a pertinacity for which people found it difficult to account, but which I very well understood, as upon the memorable night of the robbery, I had seen that their *cache* contained very much more than that one box, the discovery of which would have probably consigned them to the gallows.

"I also learned that the person who had been robbed—an old gentleman—had received such a shock from fright, that for several weeks he continued in an almost insensible condition, when he died, leaving a large estate with two claimants. One, a Mademoiselle Marie Le Marie, a young girl whom he had publicly acknowledged as his heir, and the other a roystering young fellow, a sort of nephew of two removes, who would in all probability obtain the estate in the absence of the old gentleman's will, which was supposed to have been in the stolen box.

"This was quite as much as I cared to know; so quitting the city as speedily as possible, to avoid falling in with any of our ship's company, I renewed my search for the artificial gold mine. For several days my search was wholly unsuccessful, but at length, when almost ready to give it up in despair, I stumbled upon the place by the merest accident. I cannot give you the particulars of how I felt and what I did upon the occasion, for I don't know myself, I was in such a state of excitement. I only know that upon disinterring the precious remains I found in various packages—evidently the spoils of many robberies—gold coin to the amount of several

thousand dollars. Transferring a moderate sufficiency to my pockets, I returned the rest to its hiding place and fell to work examining the papers, of which there were quite a number. Almost the first one I opened proved to be a will signed by a Monsieur Le Marle in favor of Mademoiselle Marie; the rest were title deeds of one thing and another, the examination of which I put off to a more convenient season. Pocketing the papers, I returned to the city, invested a portion of my capital in a suit of exquisite Parisian garments, visited a barber, and had myself beautified, and the grand plan of a pair of moustaches staked out under my nose, and set out to hunt up Mademoiselle Marie Le Marle.

"In this I did not experience much difficulty, for her youth, her beauty, and her misfortunes made her pretty well known; but in going to her residence I had a narrow escape from being captured by a party of our ship's officers that I met on the street, who knew me despite my change of dress, and from whom I escaped only after a long chase. Mademoiselle Marie I found to be an uncommonly smooth-looking little lady, with whom almost any young chap would find it extremely difficult to avoid falling in love right off. I stated my business at once. She was first surprised, then pleased, then overjoyed, and then she cried into a handkerchief for half an hour.

"Upon my inquiring what steps she intended to pursue in regard to the will, and other papers, she said she didn't know, that the lawyer her uncle had always employed had been retained by the other claimant to the estate, that none of her relations had offered their assistance since it became probable the will would not be found, and, in short, that she didn't know who to apply to.

"I offered to devote myself to her service until her business was arranged. The offer was joyfully accepted. The fact of my returning her the papers at all, she said, was sufficient guarantee of my honesty of purpose. I informed her that, to accomplish the business, it would be necessary for her to accompany me to Paris. She hesitated, and finally agreed to go if Fidele—a terrible old fright—could go with her. I consented, of course. We went to Paris, we went together, we were a good deal together for three months, after our arrival in Paris, at the end of which period she was put in undisputed possession of a mighty nice little property. All I had promised to do having been accomplished, I called upon Marie one evening to take my leave of her. She was in a very lively mood. I told her I was about to leave Paris, at which announce-

ment she began attentively examining the pattern of her apron. I further informed her that I expected to leave the next morning; she became absorbed in the contemplation of the toes of her boots, I took her hand and said good-by; she—

"Halloa, here we are at home," said Jack, as the carriage drew up at the door of an aristocratic-looking house. "As you are going to stop here with me during the remainder of your stay in Paris, I shall let my wife tell you the rest of the story."

ANECDOTE OF A PARROT.

I must not fail to relate, for the amusement of your fair readers, a little story which, although very simple in itself, affords matter to laugh at. In one of the windows in an apartment situated on the much crowded and fashionable walking place called *le Boulevard des Italiens*, a most wicked parrot hides himself behind some curtains, haranguing all the passers-by. This bird is in the habit of calling out the whole day long the name of "Edward, Edward," in quick succession. Thousands of persons are passing the spot at every moment of the day, and up to a late hour in the evening, and as it so happens that amongst a hundred passers-by, some ten bear the name of Edward, all the Edwards walking past the spot look suddenly up to the house, exclaiming "*hein?*" It suffices that one single person looks in a surprised manner up to some particular point to create an assembly of inquisitive persons. The parrot again calls out "Edward, Edward;" meanwhile a dozen new Edwards have arrived at the spot, where they find themselves called by their name, and the crowd bursts out in a great laughter at the expense of the teased Edwards. I have never known a humorist of greater imperturbability than this parrot is. Not all the parrots are humorists, but many a humorist is nothing else than such an involuntary comical parrot.—*Paris Correspondence.*

LOCO FOCO MATCHES.

These useful household conveniences were first introduced to the public in 1836. An exchange, speaking of the match trade, says: A. O. Phillips, of Springfield, Massachusetts, was the first person who took out a patent for their manufacture. The composition is a preparation of chalk, phosphorus and glue, and is made as follows:—An ounce of glue is dissolved in warm water; to this is added four ounces of fine pulverized chalk, and stirred until it forms into thick paste. One ounce of phosphorus is then added, and the whole are well incorporated together. Into this the ends of the matches—which have been previously coated with sulphur and dried—are dipped, and then laid in rows on slips of paper, cut wide enough to lap over the ends of the matches. One of the largest Loco Foco match factories in this country is located in Troy. It makes about \$1000 worth a week.—*Albany Atlas.*

Receive your thoughts as guests, and treat your desires like children.

TO MY LITTLE FRIEND.

BY ROBERT R. MCRAE.

Singing gaily where thou may,
Full of life and full of play;
Full of joy and full of glee,
What's this world of care to thee?

What's its many scenes of woe,
Thou too young for them to know;
Life to thee now bright appears,
In this world of many tears.

On thy face there rests a smile,
Pure and free from earthly guile;
Round thee friends do clustering come,
To shield their little darling one.

Singing gaily where thou may,
Pass life's hours with joy away;
And if troubles thou shouldst meet,
May they part before thy feet.

Flowers bright I trust will spread
Where thou may be wandering led;
And life's river here below,
Softly, "Addle," for thee flow.

Oft I think of days gone here,
When by me thy form was near;
And thy love thou there did show,
By the kiss thou 'ld pure bestow.

But they've passed—those days are gone,
Bright ones then, for which I mourn;
Hearts who then "bright hope" they bore,
Now lay crushed with hope no more.

THAT SEMI-ANNUAL ACCOUNT.

BY MRS. E. WELLMONT.

To have a bill thrust in our hands which we were not conscious of owing, generally makes a man savage to more than one. In the first place, he wonders at the audacity of the collector who presents it; and in the next place, he vents his indignation upon the contractor. The poor misguided wife, who in an evil hour was decoyed by the flattering vender of silks and gossamer and laces to "open an account" with the feeling that a thousand unforeseen occurrences may make the payment easy before a whole half year has passed away, and who feels the absolute importance of dressing her children as other young ladies are clothed, thinking thereby somebody's attention may be caught by the "fine feathers," and well knowing it will save a perpetual teasing for the articles she has just purchased, puts off the pay-day without many sleepless nights until she is amazed that July has come along so suddenly.

That fierce ring at the door has been answered by herself, and Mr. Tasewell only cast a furtive

glance towards her, as she took the yellow envelope and immediately proceeded up stairs. He then cast his eyes again towards his newspaper, but not to read it. Mrs. Tasewell is his second wife. He has been very well satisfied with his connection with *her*, but those unfortunate daughters that he married too, he did not covenant to support, and but for these, his home would be a happy one. He is sometimes a little jealous at the private manœuvring which is carried on in the spare chamber; he has seen splendid dresses slipped suddenly into the wardrobe just as he entered the room, and he has been puzzled to know how his wife expended all her pin money. The young ladies have been teachers in private families, but since their mother married into so "good a home," one of them has become delicate and cannot bear the drudgery, while the other is waiting a chance to go south, where salaries are more remunerative.

Poor Mr. Tasewell! He had no children by his first wife, and the very thought that everywhere and in all places he is for the first time called "father," now he is past his prime, always makes him uneasy. It seems to him the appellation was never so freely used by any family toward the genuine parent. And then they are so affectionate! Just as he was playing the rubber game with his old bachelor friend, Mr. Pitt, the other evening, Miss Sophronia approached him and accompanied her good night with such a violent kiss, that it made the old gentleman really inquire "what's trumps?"

Sometimes Mr. Tasewell sits and muses why he got married the second time; but then he calls to mind the necessary appendage of a wife who is interested to save his effects from destruction, and he remembers what losses he encountered during his six months' widowship, when all his drawers were left empty by that "well recommended housekeeper," who complained with two servants to help her along, and how fast groceries seemed to evaporate—sugar and butter disappearing strangely, the bag of coffee lightened very perceptibly in a week's time, and the chest of tea diminished full one half—besides the running account over the way being double that of any previous months in housekeeping. And then when he told his trials to his intimate friends, the reply always came: "Well, you *must* get you a good wife to superintend these things!"

Now Mr. Tasewell had a mortal aversion to making love or following the course of a long courtship. When he decided whom to marry, he should do so, and his friends all corresponded in recommending the widow Elsie Tufts

as a suitable person for number two. The widow had not much property—a small farm upon which was a house, a barn and a vegetable garden; the rest was neither tillage, pasturage nor mowing land, simply because it was all run out.

Mr. Tasewell was a retired city grocer. He had failed twice in his life, but closed up with honorable discharges, and was now reckoned by the assessors to be worth about thirty thousand, although he paid taxes for but fifteen of it. But what he called his own, he always felt a disposition to keep; he never expected that the Tufts children in speaking of his property, would call it "ours." Still, as he must have a wife for reasons assigned, he called upon the widow and inquired of her how she should like to live near the great city.

She did not hesitate long, but she wiped the corner of one eye, and spoke of "poor Mr. Tufts as having been such a good husband, that it would require an indulgent person to fill his place. Still, it was so difficult for a widow to manage her affairs alone, and everybody took advantage of ladies in her position, yet she must say"—and she stammered a little here—"that—she—had a proposition already under consideration, but—" and here she ended.

Mr. Tasewell went back and thought it all over at home. The widow Tufts was well looking, of a fair reputation, had no incumbrances, as her children supported themselves and paid their board when at home; she could let her farm for enough for her own pocket money, and with her stock of housekeeping articles, added to those which remained to him, he thought on the whole the next Sabbath he would spend with her.

Mr. Tasewell was no beau. He dressed just above being shabby, and never owed a tailor's bill in his life; but now before starting on this expedition, he appeared in a new suit, and being well cropped and trimmed and dyed at the barber's, he really was a well conditioned man. But still he knew not his competitor, and in fact never did. In one fortnight from that time, there was no widow Tufts. The young ladies at once fell into the habit of calling "father," and they were so fond of him that all at once they both took a vacation which seemed not likely to terminate.

Mr. Tasewell was in the third year of his second marriage. The daughters had two successive seasons carried him to watering places, and now a journey to the White Hills was projected; and just as it was about being consummated, the unlucky semi-annual bill was pre-

sented for payment. This incident gave Mrs. Tasewell a fit of the blues, which for want of knowing the cause of the disease, the step-father interpreted as a letter from some old lover whose position was so eligible that he was wout to tease one who refused him. Surely Mr. Tasewell was a very jealous man! Yet the more he pondered, the more certain grew the fact. He refused to take the journey; he grew sullen and morose, sat much alone, was gone nearly all day, and was dispirited when he returned. His wife, too, saw the improbability of being able to pay the bill which so vexed her, and the collector had called for the third time.

The daughters were aroused by this state of things again to return to their old avocations, and discharge the debt which was incurred solely on their account. The event proved so happy in its termination, that we were induced to tell the story for the benefit of any who may have settled upon their step-fathers without an invitation, merely to become "pets." Long before the bill was paid, Mrs. Tasewell had relieved her husband of his jealousy by informing him of the cause of her unhappiness, and it is needless to add that the step-father at once liquidated the debt, assuming the young ladies for his paymasters. The old couple now walk, ride, chat and enjoy each other's society with the greatest freedom; the girls are welcomed home to spend their vacations, but they will never fail to remember that their father married the widow Tufts, and not her two daughters.

This remembrance is likely to operate well for them. In one of those hot days when nearly all business is suspended, Mr. Tasewell called upon his attorney to draft his will from dictation. The legal gentleman being a bachelor, has since become introduced to Miss Sophronia, and we may as well close by adding, "straws tell which way the wind blows."

ECHO ANSWERING.

What must be done to conduct a newspaper right?—"Write."

What is necessary for a farmer to assist him?—"System."

What would give a blind man the greatest delight?—"Light."

What is the best counsel given by a justice of the peace?—"Peace."

Who commits the greatest abominations?—"Nations."

What cry is the greatest terrifier?—"Fire."

What are some women's chief exercise?—"Sighs."—*Christian Freeman.*

The threshold of life is known by there being the number 21 on the door. Knock boldly—hold your head up—and enter "like a man."

A HARVEST HYMN.

BY J. M. FLETCHER.

The yellow fruit, the mellow fruit
Is dropping from the trees,
The golden grain on hill and plain
Is waving in the breeze.
Then cheerily and merrily
The harvesting begin,
And reap the field and store the yield,
Till all is gathered in.

The God above, the God of love,
Has smiled upon the year,
And everywhere the earth and air
Are vocal with the cheer;
Then carefully and prayerfully
The harvesting pursue;
Nor fail to raise a hymn of praise
To whom the praise is due.

The chilling air, the killing air
Of winter soon will blow,
But little need the farmer heed
The storms of rain and snow;
For costily and proelily
Before the cheerful blaze,
With plenty crowned and friends around,
He'll pass the winter days.

THE IMPERIAL KEYS.

BY FRANCES P. PEPPERELL.

In the year of our Lord 249, Philip the Arabian was Emperor of Rome; an arbitrary man of great learning and a foreigner. Hated by the people, and in turn hating them, his administration was attended by myriad difficulties, and no one wondered when a rumor flew thousand-tongued through the city, that the immense army on the northern frontier had revolted.

"I have awaited it long," cried one of the Plebs to another, on the Capitoline Hill, "and Decius is to be sent to them!"

"Decius? How know you?" eagerly interrogated a tall, stately woman, closely veiled, who was passing at the moment.

The man shrugged his shoulders.

"Per Jove! By my learning, good woman!" but his interrogator had already left him, and was sweeping swiftly down the Sacra Via. Crossing the forum with a light but commanding step, she stopped before the amphitheatre a moment, where two men were leading a royal Bengal tiger in chains, and heavy with narcotics, towards his claustrum.

"On whom is he to fatten?" asked she, of the keepers.

"On whom the emperor wills," said the first.

"That is," added the other, "to starve. For

neither gladiators nor Christians shall we see torn up this two months; and he and his fellow, a Nubian lion, that would make your mouth water, may lose their claws in ease, for aught he careth."

"Christians?" asked she, "anything that way?"

The drowsy beast slowly turned his green, cavernous eyes upon her.

"Less asked, less known. Yet they do say, that Vitellius," and he looked up, keenly, "is preparing us some work." But the woman was gone ere he finished.

"A Christian herself! I'll warrant her!" the other added.

"Not she. It is Marina, thou clod! who was, last ideo, the emperor's wife."

Meanwhile Marina went on her way, and finally disappeared beneath the peristyle, and within the arch of the palace on the Palatine. Sweeping aside a heavy curtain, she came at last to a large apartment opening on the inner court, and whose tessellated pavement was kept always cool by shade, and whose air, by a fountain, that, dashing aloft through a far dome, iced the temperature of the upper apartments. Lying on the pavement, pillowed only by her white arm, lay another woman, younger, perhaps, and fairer than Marina, for unveiling herself, the other displayed eyes, large, black and hollow; cheeks, from which a fortnight's trouble had rubbed the bloom and roundness; lips, pale and bleeding, where she had slightly torn them with her teeth. Her black hair was coiled around her head and fastened by a silver arrow, and her tall figure was almost disproportionately round and slender, as she bent above the sleeper. The golden hair of the latter, broken from its gemmed netting, streamed in curls over the black squares of the pavement, her thin, white garments showed the symmetry of her limbs. Not so tall as Marina, she still might have been above the medium size. Her lips, parted above pearls, were crimson, and a soft flush of health glowed on the cheek just touched by long, brown lashes. From her hand a scroll had fallen. Marina took it up; it was the gospels in Greek.

"As I expected," murmured she; "the book I gave her, foul wretch of a Christian! But I have brought her to it. I have sealed her fate! and she the daughter of Vitellius, high priest of Jupiter. I could destroy her!" and she looked it. But the next moment changing her manner, as the sleeper opened a pair of hazel eyes: "News, dearest!" she whispered; "guess, Valeria, what it may be."

The daughter of the high priest rose, and concealing the scroll within her drapery, questioned quickly, "Good or bad?"

"Both. And as you take it."

"Decius?"

"Is to be sent to the revolted army."

"That is foolish in Philip. The soldiers love Decius, and will proclaim him."

"Have a care what thou sayest!"

"Dost thou hope, Marina, to be empress again?"

"Not Philip's. And scarcely do I regret that I am not now. See. I am free from a chain I loathed, though the chain was gilded and I was proud to wear it!"

"Tell me how it was, Marina!" and the gentle girl laid her hand on the other with a caress, and seated her beside herself. Marina waited an instant, and then vehemently burst forth:

"If I was an unfaithful wife, Philip could not have known what I took such pains to conceal! If I loved another—if I loved Decius—"

"Decius?" cried Valeria, involuntarily pressing her hand to her heart, as if to still its beating, while her eyes revealed a sudden depth of feeling.

"Ay, Decius, I tell you!"

"One thing, Marina. Did he love, too?"

"And if he did?"

"I could not think of him then, as now. He would cease to be noble."

"You speak plainly! It matters not. No. Think nobly now, as ever, of Decius. He scorned my advances. Do not dream that for that I despair. If we three live, *thou shalt yet see me die a conqueror!*"

"Nay, nay, Marina, thou wert Philip's wife—"

"I am not now!" she answered, exultingly.

"That day! All the caresses he ever afforded, had he repeated; kissing my lips a thousand times, twining his white fingers in my long hair—it was perfumed and loose then, and I had color in my cheeks, my eyes were not hollow, and my lips were full and red—I was magnificent! I knew it. I obeyed him, and loved—"

"Hush! do not say it."

"That day," as if it gave her a pleasure to repeat it, "I woke early and called my maids. When my toilet was completed, I looked round for my bunch of keys, small, golden keys, and I wore them, though useless, as every Roman wife does, at my waist. They were not where I placed them, nor on the floor, nor in the caskets. My maids knew not what I sought. They were missing! Valeria, when a Roman matron is bereft of her keys, she is irrevocably divorced. I leaned one hand on the table, and pressed the other on my heart, as you did just now, Valeria. I could almost have pitied you. The great polished mirror hung opposite me; I saw myself pictured there, just as the truth flashed down on

me. I left my astonished maids, and sought the atrium, where I knew Philip would be breakfasting alone.

"My keys!" demanded I, authoritatively.

"Without rising, he answered: 'I have sent the imperial keys to the Empress Julia—my wife!'"

"Your wife? And who am I?"

"That, at least, is not your title," said he, with a short laugh.

"Who was I yesterday?" I questioned.

"Ah!" he returned, "yesterday I was besotted and adored you. To-day I am undeceived."

"Why not have killed me, Philip?"

"It will be greater pain for you to live. Leave me. My messengers are already escorting the beautiful Julia hither; well pleased to be an empress!"

"And the Empress Marina?" asked I, doubtfully.

"There is no such person. You will leave me!" said he, coldly.

"All things grew dark to me, the room and the light. With my former rank and power, I could obtain all; now, I was obscure and impotent. I sat down and thought. A shout arose without, a confusion within. I looked up and saw Julia standing like a thing of light, shrouded in green and gold, a crown on her head, my keys at her waist, smiling, radiant, within the door. Then I came to you. It is eighteen days since. Julia was buried yesterday. Beware now! the keys may, nay *will* come to you!"

"To me?" cried Valeria, "O Heaven forbid!"

"Die, then?" interrogated Marina.

"If it must be."

"Die, quotha! Dying is fine sport! But die if thou wilt!"

"And why should any one die just now?" asked a deep, manly voice, and looking up, the lofty form of Decius stood before them. Athletic, sinewy, graceful, and with a face exhibiting on its handsome exterior the singular mixture of a smile for one, and a seriousness for the other. Valeria sprang to her feet, blushing and joyful, but Marina, raising her languid eyes to his face, only said: "We thought you with Philip."

"I go at once, madam," he answered, respectfully. "But may I ask the lady Valeria will she accord me a few words alone with herself?"

Valeria hesitated a moment, half drawing her hair within the net, then said, "Willingly!" and led the way into the gardens, while Marina, only following them with her burning eyes, remained where she was, even after they disappeared in the winding walks. They proceeded some time in silence, and at last paused under an ilex tree.

"Well," said he, at length, looking down at her and smiling.

"Well," she returned, half mimicking his tone.

"What is that scroll you have?"

She grasped it fervently.

"It is my strength."

"And what may that be?"

"Nay, of what use? Decius is a Christian, too."

"How know you that?"

"Marina told me and led me to the meetings."

"Marina is not a Christian. Marina deceiveth thee. Beware of her, I pray you."

There was an ineffectual assumption of pride in Valeria's manner, instantly yielding, however, to gentleness, as she answered:

"Not a Christian? Marina is my friend! Do not speak so. I pity her."

"Has she confided in you?"

"She has told me all."

He looked down at her.

"And can you trust her now?" he asked.

"Valeria, I go away commander, I shall return Imperator. If she has told you so much, you well know that your life will be her first step to the throne beside me. She has brought you into Philip's fancy, and she has stirred up this revolt for my elevation and your destruction. I am to be sent away, because he knows that I love you. That I love you, Valeria." And he grasped her hands, looking into her eyes that vainly endeavored to evade him, till coming back, something within her forced them to answer the earnest gaze.

"Valeria, darling! Is it true that my heart tells me, that I shall bear you by my side through all the shocks of time, my wife?"

Timid and bashful as she was, his lips were too near hers to receive any but one answer, and then she hid her face, ashamed, on his shoulder.

An hour passed ere Valeria entered the place where Marina sat.

"Where is Decius?" asked the latter.

"Gone to Philip," answered the sweet tones that could scarcely catch their breath for joy, while she stood there palpitating with happiness, and treasuring every word and smile of that last hour. A heavy footfall was heard, and the dark-bearded face of Vitellius, as he advanced, trailing his dark robes on the pavement, became visible.

"Hail lady!" he said to Marina, with an obeisance, and then folding his daughter in his arms, gazed proudly at her beauty, softly stroking her shining hair.

"And so Decius," said he, "hath asked me for my pet! Think you I can lose her?"

"Never to leave you, father! Never to leave you!"

"My little rose! my Hebe!"

They were standing directly before Marina, who, rising, stumbled, and in regaining herself caught at the garments of Valeria; the Christian scroll fell to the ground, half unrolled, and Marina glided away. Vitellius relinquished his daughter, and picked it up, holding it at arm's length and perusing it an instant. Still holding it he slowly turned, and with a terrible brow confronted his trembling child.

"Is it thine?"

"Mine."

"How camest thou by it? Answer me! By the sacred twelve! who gave thee this?"

"I cannot tell thee that, father."

"Valeria, my child, my only child; vision of thy dead mother! dost thou, too, my last and best, fail me? O, better be dead! better be annihilated, than live a Christian! Where gatherest these accursed lies? Tell me, child! Art thou a Christian?"

His voice grew dreadful, his face livid, his eyes transfixed her. Calmly extending her hand, she laid it on his.

"Father! Better not to know. Thou wilt not wish to be the instrument of thy child's murder. Wait. Thou canst even then punish."

He turned away with a bitter face and left her.

The sun was setting, and still Philip and Decius, the same day, were closeted in conclave. The former rose and walked the room with quick steps.

"I am determined," muttered he, inaudibly.

"He threatens me with loss of empire; if he can, he may and will! But I shall have entered on a costlier kingdom. I shall have made Valeria my empress! He will hardly wish to dethrone her, thus I shall be safe there. But till he is gone, I cannot obtain her."

"What say you, sire?" asked Decius.

Philip wheeled about.

"I say this!" retorted he. "Go, thou shalt, and this night!"

"As you please. Yet Philip, I go, but I return! and return no subject of thine. If thou wilt envoy me, it is at that price! Thou flingest thy crown at my feet, for I re-enter Rome, wearing it. Thou hearest me? I speak truly, I shall dethrone thee as surely as thou forcest on me this unwelcome task! I shall be—"

"Emperor!" laughed Philip. "Be not so earnest, good Decius! If you can, you are at liberty. None but you can quiet this revolt, and as we are speaking plainly, I have you in my power. I can afford to laugh. Hasten, now, the die is cast. Farewell!"

As Decius withdrew, Vitellius, his pale face wearing a look of weary earnestness, and telling of the storm he had passed through, entered.

"Welcome, Vitellius! And what are the omens to-night?" asked Philip.

"Prosperous for your majesty, bitter for others."

"That is well; they were so that morning I took my keys from Marina."

"Prithee, great Philip, why did Marina seek my house that day?"

"The hag! She knew well the future. What a morning that was! To what discoveries did I awake from my voluptuous dreams. Then how like a wild, mad creature she demeaned. Never, Vitellius, shall I forget her as she sat there in that low chair; the yellow, morning light flooding this black room and those panels of dark citron wood; her brow bound with a band of gold, and the great masses of her almost purple hair; her eyes shining steadily at a fixed point on the lower wainscot, and the rich crimson never varying on her brown cheek; the breath coming evenly through those half open lips; slightly bent forward; her long, white arms, her long, white hands clasped above the knee;—till Julia came standing before us, bringing the sunshine with her, laughing, radiant, crowned, and making music with Marina's keys. They were two splendid creatures! Valeria will live and reign longer."

"Valeria! Hast thou no heart, Philip? Valeria!"

"Ay, I said it. Last night I watched the stars from twilight to dawn, and they all said it. Think not my Arabian lore deceives me! I said Valeria, but not just at this moment."

"Philip! It cannot be. She is betrothed to Decius."

"Tush! I am at this hour amiable. Decius and I understand each other, it is a trial of strength between us. We have measured swords. Not a month, and we shall see who conquers. Go now, Vitellius, and tell me if the fates ordain Valeria's union with the Roman emperor!"

The words trembled on the faithful subject's lips, could his daughter be empress and Christian both? True to his faith, even if it tore out his own heart by bleeding roots, he could destroy her, but now, the father in him was still stronger than the priest, though it should not be so long, as he silently vowed, and left the palace.

Meantime, two figures stood beneath an arch at no great distance, the moon illuminating with a warlike glitter the steel greaves and casing of the one, and nestling lovingly, as it were, in the golden curls and snowy folds of drapery that adorned the other.

"And remember, Valeria," said Decius, "that if Philip insists, thou must hold him off awhile; but twenty-one days from this evening, and I shall save thee. I cannot be here sooner. Thou art strong in thy very weakness, brave in thy pretty bashfulness; be faithful, and I shall yet crown thee, not only empress of my heart, but of Rome. And Rome is *our* right, not that of a foreigner, an Arabian!"

"I will never be false!" she returned; "and rather than surrender to Philip, I will die on the sword, as Roman women have done before me!"

"God bless and protect you, my treasure!" And he was gone.

Seven days passed and no disturbance of the quiet air within the palace of Vitellius, gave warning of advancing terrors. Marina, pale and quiet, ruled the household, Valeria, joyous and confiding, pursued her happy course, and Vitellius, endeavoring to propitiate his offended deity, constantly kept watch in the temple. The morning of the eighth day dawned.

"Wake up, Marina!" cried Valeria, merrily calling the maids between, "time flies, my dear!"

But Marina was already awake and watching from a high window the procession forming at the imperial palace.

"Valeria," she said, "the keys are coming."

Her companion sprang to her side, it was true.

"Silence!" whispered Marina, "let your veil and pallium be brought. I will wear them and go in your place!"

"O, Marina! dare you?"

"Dare? I glory in confronting him! Not to save *her*," she murmured, as Valeria went to see her orders obeyed; "only to snare her deeper ere Decius return!" The light step of Valeria returning with the garments silenced her, and assuming them, she descended as the praetor, ediles and lords of the household entered.

"His majesty," said the smooth praetor, "sends by his unworthy slaves, the keys of his household to the lady Valeria! May he hope that she will accept them?" and he extended the golden bunch. The veiled lady bowed, affixed them to her girdle, and passed out with them.

"I scarcely dreamed the lady Valeria of such stature," said Philip, as he watched her coming, and ere long she stood alone before him in the place where he had a month before, received Julia.

"And is my conquest," said Philip, exulting in his apparent success over Decius, "to remain always veiled before me? Suffer me to remove the folds that hide the ravishing beauty of Vitellius's daughter from my eyes." And lifting the veil, he threw it back over her head. The

basilisk eyes of Marina pierced him, as she uttered a short laugh, and made a profound reverence.

"A month," she said, "makes a difference in my ravishing beauty!"

"In truth it does, Marina!" answered the emperor, recovering his self-possession, "and another month will work further wonders in my dungeons or my arenas."

"Thy wife torn by wild beasts?" echoed she, mockingly.

"How often shall I tell thee, thou art no wife?" he cried.

"But I am, and thy words cannot alter it!"

He stepped towards her, and lifting his arm, he struck her fiercely. She met the blow without a quiver, but her pale face shot forth paler sparkles of wrath, as she returned: "I expected it. It does not take much to strike a woman. But neither dungeons nor bolts can confine her who knows every secret path and lock in Rome! One thing more I came to tell thee. She is a Christian!" Philip staggered back aghast.

"And now take her if thou darest!"

"Marina, thou omniscient—"

"Silence, blasphemer!"

The emperor turned away thoughtful a moment. "Ah," said he, at last, "that explains why Saturn Malevola was uppermost on the horoscopes last night. I could not divine Tush, woman! What difference will it make? I am not supposed to know, and if it be discovered in the future, let her die! What carest thou?"

"Heartless wretch! I care only for revenge on thee. If thou persistest in taking her, I will proclaim her faith in the streets, ere she reach thy palace! She shall be rent in pieces before thy longing eyes!"

She seized his hand and wrung it violently; when she dropped it, unperceived by him, in the fervent pressure, his signet ring was no longer on his finger. Philip grasped her shoulder, and called loudly for his slaves.

"The western closet," said he, significantly, when they appeared, and taking the keys from her girdle. The western closet was a cell in the top of one of the vast columns that surrounded the upper gallery, and within it Marina was thrust and left. But artfully concealed, the emperor's signet ring was on her finger, ready to aid her at any moment.

Hardly daring to connect himself with a Christian, Philip remained alone, closely shut up for three days, watching his calculations, observing the stars, consulting black letter chronicles and never missing his signet. The fourth day he came out, once more determined.

"Decius has already been two days with the

army,—I must hasten," said he, and a second time the procession of the keys entered the house of Vitellius. Valeria herself met them this time, serious and calm.

"I cannot accept the emperor's keys," she answered. "Bear back to your master my faithful assurances as a subject, but never as his wife!"

The astonished courtiers, suddenly enlightened on recent proceedings, turned away with mortified eyes, and carried her words to the emperor. Shortly after the noble guard returned, and bore her off by force of strength to the judgment hall of the praetor Urbanus.

The elevated portion of the hall at the other extremity, where usually sat the praetor, being most gorgeously draped, a separate dais beneath a sumptuous canopy was raised upon this. On the dais, Philip was regally enthroned; by his side stood Valeria's father; below them in his usual seat, the praetor and the functionaries of the day filled up the intermediate spaces, as the maiden entered and stood plainly before them all.

"Lady," said the praetor, "you are here to answer an accusation of treason and disobedience to the royal command. Have you any defence?"

After the first moment's amazed shrinking, she looked clearly up, answering: "If what I have done is treason—none!"

"Let the witnesses be brought forward!"

A tedious time she stood alone without support, while a throng of servile courtiers only too gladly rehearsed the occurrences, commencing with the imposture of Marina, and adding original embellishments.

"And the prisoner has no defence?"

Valeria only shook her head.

"Pause, lady, ere sentence is pronounced!" ejaculated Philip; "accede even at this late hour to my request, and the empress of Philip will find no accusers!"

Valeria's lip curled in contempt, as she answered: "It were indeed gratifying to rule these wretches who were a moment since eager to betray me!"

"It were happiness!"

"I scorn such happiness!"

"By Venus! thou shalt not thus disregard me! Thou shalt be mine if every god in Olympus cried 'nay.' Thou shalt! eh?"

"I shall not," she answered, seeking her father's eye, which met hers as calmly as a stranger's. He had conquered himself—or more truly, the evil powers of superstition had conquered him, and perhaps there was a proud pleasure out of reach of the sting, in seeing his gentle child thus withstand the man whom all Rome feared.

"Give me," cried the irate Philip, "give me some reason."

She stepped forward, slightly extending her hands and gazing at him with clear hazel eyes.

"Sire," she said, "I am a Christian!"

A bolt from heaven seemed to have descended, transfixing spectator, guards, courtiers, praetor, emperor and priest. Though the last two knew it before, totally confounded by her unexpected declaration, and their own sense of guilty participation in the knowledge, they seemed to be struck into stone, and dead silence filled the place.

"Thou liest!" at last roared the emperor; "it is false!"

"I can call witnesses if necessary, but my own confession is sufficient," she said. "Let my father confirm my words!"

They all turned with terrified aspects to Vitellius, who, pressing both hands upon his aching heart, and bowing his head, said: "It is true."

"And thou, Vitellius?" asked the praetor.

"Am ready," returned the priest, "to offer her to the offended gods!"

A great cheer at the father's stoicism arose, while the steadfast smile on his daughter's face assured him of her undying love. The emperor bent forward to the praetor.

"When are the games appointed?" he asked.

"For the ides of October."

"And it is now the kalends," mused Philip.

"They await the return of Decius with captives," added the praetor.

"They must be earlier—much earlier," said the emperor. "I have well nigh lost my kingdom in a passion for this mad girl. The populace must be appeased. Earlier, I tell you!"

"The gladiators are in training. If your majesty found prisoners, it might be two days previous."

"Very well. There are twenty already, and I will add another, winding up performances by the sacrifice of Valeria. That will do for one afternoon, with a play in the evening, I think!" And Philip rose to sentence the prisoner. "The lady Valeria has chosen her lot," he resumed. "At the next games she will be sacrificed by her father on an altar raised in the arena, to Venus!" And waving his hand, she was borne away to the dungeons.

Marina, those four days, had sat silently pondering in her cell, and when that night the curator brought her food, she displayed the signet ring and commanded him to free her. Astonished, the man examined the ring again and again; it was real; he dared not disobey, and suffered her to step down upon the gallery and leave him.

It was no matter that it cost the poor fellow his life the next morning. Hastily crossing the well known ways, she entered the imperial sleeping-room. The emperor lay in profound oblivion. She bent over him. By a flame fed from a perfumed lamp, an instant a dagger gleamed in the air; another, and it had shrouded itself in flesh, while the blood of Philip spouted warmly into her face. A long, deep groan, and everything was still again, far stiller than before. Coolly wiping the dagger, "Not the first, thou shalt not be the last!" she said. "I hated thee always; now our accounts are squared!" And in the darkness of the night she glided away.

Her path lay by the Flavian Amphitheatre, and the signet ring still upon her finger, opened the way for her.

"I wish to feed the tigers!" she exclaimed; and the basket was put into her hand, the keepers accompanying her with torches. She entered the cage, throwing him the bits of meat one by one, till entirely gorged the beast refused more, and suffered her to stroke his tawny hide with her long, white fingers. For seven successive nights she repeated her visits to the amphitheatre, and in a few more the great games would come off; but secluded in the ruined *Thermae* all day, she heard nothing of the occurrences in the city.

"Valeria, at least, is done with! I will throw her dainty limbs to my tiger for a last meal, and then he may starve. And Philip! Philip is dead!" she murmured, exultingly. "I alone shall live to welcome Decius!"

Her path lay over the long since disused aqueducts. Was she mistaken in the sound behind her, like the march of many feet? No, she turned and saw the corselets of a maniple of soldiers sparkling in the moonbeams. Stumbling in her haste she fell, knocking aside a stone, and found herself in the centre of a trembling band of Christians below assembled in that unfrequented place for their devotions.

"Escape!" she cried, trusting to find safety with them. "They are upon you!" But before the words were fully uttered, the tribune, followed by his soldiers, leaped in amid them. Resistance was useless.

"A good two score added to the games!" cried he with an oath, securing the prisoners.

"Ha! whom have we here? Lady!" he said, throwing the chains round Marina: "We have most noble company for the beasts, yet I hardly dreamed of seeing an ex-empress devoured!"

"Nor wilt thou!" answered she, proudly, while something like despair, nevertheless, seemed to wrap her hitherto indomitable spirit; but they had been warned of her signet, and she dis-

dained to disclaim Christianity. A few moments more and the old aqueducts rung to the departing steps, and subsided into primeval stillness, broken only by the distant sentry's cry. But hundreds of leagues away, there were other foot-falls, to be counted only by thousands, steadily and tirelessly echoing through the Northern forests, and seeking Rome with one accord, after their adored chieftain who had so many times led them forth to victory. Scarcely halting for the briefest rest, and snatching their rations by morsels, they thundered on, for if Decius was too late, he had sworn to deliver them to the anger of Philip, and hurl his proffered crown in their faces. And far within and below the heart of the great city, Valeria sat alone in her cell, ignorant of the passage of time, apparently deserted by father, lover and friend; betrayed and wretched, yet humbly trusting in God and relying on his will. * * * * *

The last day dawned, hailed by all the barbaric gala splendor of the Roman holiday. Half the population were in the streets, and thousands already bent their steps to the amphitheatre, to secure seats. The keepers were sprinkling the arena with fresh sand, and the distant growlings of the savage beasts, who had received no food for one or two days, elated the populace.

Morning deepened into noon ere the bolts of Valeria's dungeon were withdrawn, and the gaoler entered with her last meal. Setting the untouched viands aside:

"How long have I been here?" she asked.

"This is the ninth day," he gruffly returned.

"The twenty-first since he left me then," she murmured. "There is yet hope. But no. I dare not think of it, I was resigned before." And turning to him, "Where is the army?" she asked.

"Well, lady," he replied, "there are strange rumors that it is not far off, and that thus the games are hastened. But who knows? Come, I have orders that you be taken to the bath!" And he led her up from the dungeon into the cool, fresh air, and left her among her own sobbing but well-guarded hand-maidens. A few hours later, and she lay dressed in fragrant white, her long, bright curls bound by the sacrificial fillets of white wool, on a couch where all the winds that blew might cool and quiet her ere she appeared to furnish a moment's amusement, not only for the mob, but for those lords who had sighed at her feet, and those ladies who had made her protestations of eternal friendship. Cruel the agonies of that tender soul, as each moment her ears were mocked with the shouts that would soon peal over her, and the suspense,

and hope of rescue from Decius grew momentarily more terrible and faint; and not even to speak one word, to give one kiss to her father, before she died. Almost, she prayed that her swelling heart might break. The acclamations from the amphitheatre grew fainter and fainter, and showed that the people were fast becoming dissatisfied at the paltry show prepared for them, when the blood-soaked arena was covered with fresh sand, and the ediles proclaimed the speedy entrance of the Nubian lion and the Bengal tiger, kept for the last, prior to the sacrifice; while a light altar was borne to the northern side, and a small, perfumed flame kindled upon it. All around, beneath, the arches of the dens yawned to let out their raging occupants, and the eager faces above were bent forward to watch the egress of the reserve. The emperor, pale, and by no means recovered from his recent wound, lay above on the imperial obolucum; but raising himself on his elbow, better to gratify his fierce revenge, waited as breathlessly as any.

The moment came. A gate was slowly drawn aside, and a tall woman—in long, imperial robes, looped on the shoulder above each bare, white arm, by a golden shell; her jetty hair bound beneath a crown, and a small dagger hanging by her side—stepped proudly down. The air was rent with shouts of joy, showing how well pleased the people were indeed, at so gorgeous a phenomenon. Philip waved his hand for silence, then looking down upon the victim, he pointed to his own wound, bowed and smiled.

"Thy Christian faith," said he, mockingly, in tones low, but distinctly heard through that vast space, "teaches thee peaceful deeds!"

The consternation of Marina on seeing Philip alive, whom she had, as she believed, herself slain, was instantly succeeded by a coolness equal to his own, while the red, so long banished from her cheek, once more enriched it.

"Philip knows," answered she, clearly, "how much his wife holds to a Christian creed; but false though her accusation be, do not let him think she quails! for as truly as I believe in the immortal gods, so would I never accept life from thee, thou craven! My revenge is complete."

If she would have said more, it was lost, for with a gesture from the emperor, the gates of two different cells, widely apart, flew open, and goaded by the tumult of the spectators, the two fearful beasts dashed into the ring with a yell, circling round and round, and lashing the sand with their tails. More erect than ever, Marina turned and followed them with her eye. The tiger, his eyes like great coals of fire, glowing in his head, gained on his adversary, and came

nearer her in the swift circles. Suddenly the scent must have touched him as familiar, for leaping forward in a straight line, he knelt down licking her feet; it was evident that he remembered the bountiful feeder of so many nights, while crouching close beside her. But the lion—shaking his tawny, bristling mane, with his red jaws hanging wide, and his eyes sparkling beneath their fringes—paused, growling low, then reared, and with a terrific roar sprang upon her. The long, white arm was extended, with the dagger at its end, and as the beast bounded, received him on its point and sheathed the dagger to the hilt, in his heart. The roar changed into a snarl, and the Nubian lion fell backward, dead. The ediles gazed confounded at the throng, to see what should now be done. Charmed for once from their brutal teachings, to the nature of human beings, every thumb pointed downwards, signifying life and favor, but planting her foot on the dead lion with the tiger still crouching beside her, Marina curled her lip in defiant scorn. "A queen," she cried, "in the depths of Asia, gave me life! And do you think I would a second time receive it from a Roman Pleb? No!" and glancing like lightning, she buried the dagger in her own bosom.

Yells of execration burst from the thronging benches, increased by the confused tramp of a million without; just as, to appease the multitude, the massive slides were removed, and Vitellius, stern as fate, and armed with the sacrificial knife, stood in full sight, while opposite, stepping cautiously down with ponderous feet, an enormous snow-white elephant slowly entered, bearing upon his back a flat car, like a broad, crimson leaf, with slightly curled edges, in which half-lay the beautiful white-robed sacrifice. Raising his trunk, and entwining it round the leaf, he lifted it gently to the ground, and stationed himself beside it.

The murmuring outside the amphitheatre swelled in a vast volume, mingling with the exultation within, at this last spectacle; and with loud blasts of the trumpet, and neighing of steeds, while trampling down the few unwilling guards, a cohort of horsemen dashed within the place, and drew up at the northern side of the arena, around the altar.

Philip sprang to his feet with an oath, calling on his guards, and vehemently cursing their treachery.

The leader of the cohort rode out to the centre.

"I told thee, Philip!" cried Decius, "that I came back emperor. Behold! my conquering legions are within the walls. Your senate hails me, and your people proclaim me!"

"Balked! Balked!" groaned Philip, tearing the bandage from his wound, and thrusting his hands in the half-closed seam, till the blood gushed out and covered his royal robes, while he fell exhausted and dying in the very place where he had prepared death for tens of thousands. But Valeria's eye wandering round, had fallen, long since, on Marina, and springing from her car, she lifted the crowned head, and was completely absorbed in vainly seeking to staunch the blood.

"And that woman," muttered Vitellius, "would have slain her, and yet she strives to bring her back to life!"

"Surely, surely, Vitellius!" cried Decius, catching the expression of the priest's face, "a religion that makes us like that, a religion that is worth dying for, is worth living for! Decius, your emperor is a Christian! Hearken, all ye good people! Let the place be cleared, and come forth into the street. Bear that dead king to his solitude."

Awed and admiring, the populace obeyed, till Decius remained alone with Valeria and Vitellius in the arena. He dismounted and stood beside her. With a sigh she relinquished her efforts to restore Marina, and turning quickly sprang to his arms.

"Saved! Saved!" she murmured. "By you, my love! I could not have borne it from any one else!"

"Our prayers have been heard, my darling! Another moment had been death. Vitellius, would you really—"

"I should have slain myself afterwards!" returned the priest. "Can a faith that requires such deeds of a father be of any worth? Nay. Vitellius will forget it, and learn of his child the elements of a new manner of life!"

Still holding Valeria in his arms, Decius remounted and rode forth to meet his shouting subjects.

Philip the Arabian had been entombed several days, when the great triumph of Decius took place. Chariots laden with gold and ivory; tablets heaped with jewels; gigantic Goths from Northern wildernesses, leading huge, wonderful beasts, fresh from the jungles of India; kings walking in captive chains, and thirty crowns, borne by swarthy Africans, preceded him, gay as the perpetual carving of a Bacchanalian frieze. Vain were it to mention the wealth and splendor of that unsurpassed pageant; and equally vain to picture the beauty and joy of the Empress Valeria, enthroned beside the all-conquering Decius, with the golden keys of another household hanging at her girdle!

WELLS OF THOUGHT.

BY WILLIAM RODERICK LAWRENCE.

The wells of thought are deep,
 Few know from whence the flood
 That swelling, surging falls
 Hot drops of crimson blood;
 With a resistless sweep,
 That weaker sense appals.

Deep under-currents flow
 Circuitous and still,
 In silence, stealthily,
 That numerous meadows fill,
 O'er many an island slow
 Doth glide most warily.

Upon the surface oft
 A bubble may be seen
 To sparkle and to die;
 Like some oasis green—
 With verdure tender, soft,
 Beneath a brazen sky.

But as some seeds are borne
 Upon the trackless gale,
 To spots of richest mold;
 Thought's rarest gems may fall—
 Others defying scorn,
 Will live—of wealth untold.

And rarest beauty shed
 Through many a longing heart,
 Inspiring thoughts beside,
 Cause tears and smiles to start,
 Down rosy pathways led,
 Or dreamily to glide.

Where the pure spring o'erflows,
 Immortal in its course,
 Beyond the sea of time.
 Immortal as its source,
 It ever onward flows,
 Through every land and clime.

FOR BETTER OR WORSE.

BY HARRIET A. DAVISON.

DAY was just breaking, and the sun was tipping with gold, crimson and purple the spires of the different churches in Rheims and the heavy clouds which were rolling away towards the north, when a door of one of the handsome houses opened, and a young man slowly descended the steps and as slowly mounted a handsome bay horse which, held by a groom, was champing his bit and pawing the ground with impatience. After speaking a few words to the groom who held the horse, the young man gave his impatient steed the rein and dashed up the street, closely followed by his valet, who was mounted on a large gray horse. The hoofs of the steeds clanged merrily on the pavements, as they cantered up the silent and almost deserted street, startling here and there an early pigeon.

While the young man and his attendant ride on, we will pause awhile to look back a few years and become more acquainted with him.

Jules Demares, for that is the young man's name, is the only son of a rich merchant of Rheims. When Jules was fifteen, his father went to Paris, taking him with him to see an old friend, Monsieur Montalegre, who had only one child—a daughter two years younger than Jules. The two fathers, whilst sipping their wine together, concluded an engagement between the two children, the marriage to be consummated when Jules had attained his twenty-first and Blanche her nineteenth year.

The day was near at hand, and Monsieur Demares, now rendered almost helpless by the gout, had ordered his son to go to Paris and see Mademoiselle Blanche Montalegre, and make the necessary arrangements for their marriage. In strict and prompt obedience to his father's wishes, Jules set forth upon his mission. It was not with a very light heart that Jules proceeded on his way, for he was very brave, much admired by the ladies, and withal a passionate admirer of female beauty, and his only recollection of Blanche was far from pleasing. He had seen her but once while visiting in Paris with his father, and she seemed then thin, rather tall and awkward, a pale face rendered paler by a pair of large, dark, hazel eyes, over which the lids habitually drooped, which, together with the straight though well formed mouth, gave to the face an expression of sadness mixed with indolence and sullenness.

Scarcely, however, giving a thought to the object of his journey, Jules jogged on, allowing his horse to choose his own pace, enjoying the beautiful scenery, stopping occasionally to lounge idly beside a brook, so that the sun was almost set before he reached the town where he had decided to pass the night. He dismounted at the door of the inn, and throwing the reins to his servant, he entered the parlor where, to his utter astonishment, he was greeted with a roar of laughter from a man, a stranger, who stood at the front window.

"Well, well, my fine fellow, that horse of yours, which you ride with such a grand air, would look better if he was killed and stuffed with straw!"

The young man's eyes flashed, but he proceeded quietly to the other side of the room, paying no attention whatever to the insolent remark of the man, and flung himself upon a rough, wooden sofa.

"What immeasurable dignity for a boy!" said the man, now turning his jokes upon Jules.

Curbing still further his fiery temper, Jules continued gazing idly out of the window, striving to keep his temper down by thinking that the man was surely demented; but when the man approached him and bending his face so as nearly to touch that of Jules's, said with a jeer and laugh:

"Now don't take it as an insult, my dear fellow, but really if you were to spread some cream on your face and let a large-sized cat lick it, you would find you had no need to call for a barber!"

His control gave way, and it was with no light hand that he brought his light riding-whip across the insolent, coarse man's face, saying:

"Let any weapons, at any time, wipe away that mark, if you choose!" and he coolly sank into his seat, while his tormentor, Chevalier Polisart, raged round the room swearing and stamping his feet.

After awhile, he cooled down enough to appoint the yard behind the inn as the place, and swords the weapons, and the meeting to take place immediately. Jules Demares had seized his own sword and was about to follow Polisart out of the room, when a servant entered with his supper, and Polisart kindly consented to put off the affair of honor until he had supped. Jules Demares carelessly lounged in his chair, refusing the repeated invitation to sup given him by Monsieur Polisart, who recommended him to take all the comfort he could before he died, and proceeded to devour all set before him—chickens, muffins, cake, wine and many other condiments. He was just finishing the last muffin and chicken's wing, when the door opened and a young girl entered softly, and modestly approaching Jules, asked what were his wishes. Jules was on the point of replying, when Polisart rising from his chair, swaggered up to the blushing girl and thus addressed her:

"Ha, my pretty girl! have you come to gain that young fool's heart when you know you have mine—eh?"

The girl blushed painfully and stepped back with an air of disgust; but the bully was not to be put off so easily, and nearing her, he laid his hand upon her soft, white arm, and attempted to pinch, playfully, her chin, when he again felt the smart cut of the riding-whip and Jules drew the young girl from the rude hand, saying:

"This girl is under my protection, and unless you are a coward, as your behaviour seems to prove, you will not be slow in resenting the insult of my lash!"

Obedying a sign from the young man, the frightened girl left the room, and Jules followed

the now almost insane man from the room. Swearing and kicking at everything that came in his way, Polisart proceeded to a place in the large garden, almost wholly hid from observation by a luxuriant grape vine. Here he delayed much—wiping his sword, bending it, buttoning and unbuttoning his coat, until Jules lost all his patience and coolly told him he thought him a coward and bully. Apparently he had by this time screwed up sufficient courage to take the first position, for he rolled his eyes, and declaring he would show the youngster what he was, he placed himself in a fencing attitude and began to count in a loud voice. He was to make a thrust at seven, and had in counting just reached five, when a servant poked his head through the bushes with:

"Monsieur Polisart, there is a lady in the parlor who wishes to see you."

"Let her wait till I have run this fool through the body!" returned Polisart, with an additional stamping of his foot and flourish of his sword.

"But the lady said her errand was life and death, and my orders were to bring you to her, dead or alive," replied the man in an earnest tone, while a side glance and merry twinkle in the eyes showed him to be enjoying some merry joke.

"Young man, you see I must go. I shall return in an instant. Do you wait me here, and I will be back to settle my little account with you!" And sheathing his sword with an air of great vexation and disappointment, Polisart started off.

Young Demares leaned quietly against the trunk of a tree, and began to trace figures in the gravel. The footsteps of his adversary had scarcely reached the inn door, when the servant approached Jules and said, with a respectful bow:

"Monsieur need give himself no trouble, for Monsieur Polisart will be careful not to find himself near his cool opponent!"

Jules laughed heartily, and desiring the man to show him to a private room, he followed him into the house. While Jules is discussing with much relish part of a cold roasted chicken, we will return to Monsieur Polisart. Although he set off towards the house with such speed, he entered it very slowly, and stopped and had a long talk with Alexis, Jules's servant; then he proceeded at a snail-like pace to the parlor, and with a reluctant hand turned the knob and entered the room. Upon his entrance a very handsome, black-eyed woman, who was impatiently tapping on the window-panes, turned and ran towards him.

"Polisart, I have been searching for you a long time. Where have you been?"

"I've been," replied he, looking up at the ceiling, down at his boots, and in fact everywhere but at the lady, "I've been—here—at this inn."

"Very well, monsieur, you won't remain here-long, if you have. Polisart," she repeated, laying her hand on his arm, "you have been trying to elude me. You will do so no longer, for I shall not leave you again until you are irrevocably my—husband."

Horror-struck he started back, and stammered out:

"But I have changed my mind altogether. I—"

"But I have not, monsieur, and shall hold you to your promise." And Mademoiselle Melami laughed maliciously as she said this, and carelessly threw herself into a chair and motioned Polisart to take a seat by her side.

Mademoiselle Melami was an actress, lively and handsome, and being heartily sick of stage life, had determined to marry some rich man and retire to private life. Polisart came across her path, and though vulgar, rude and old, he was far more wealthy than any of her younger and more prepossessing suitors, and perhaps more easily deceived, and after flirting with him, Melami had succeeded in obtaining from him considerable money and a written promise of marriage. This promise he had no sooner given, than he repented of having done so; and feeling sure that the lively actress would hold him faithfully to it, he fled and ensconced himself in the retired inn, thinking he stood in no fear of being discovered there by her, and besides, he found that the inn contained a pretty black-eyed maid, to whom he instantly made love—and it was thus matters stood when Melami made her unwelcome appearance.

Polisart fidgeted in his chair, hummed, bit his lips, but his companion's equanimity was not so easily disturbed. Melami sat quietly, leaning back on her chair, tapping the table near her lightly with her restless little fingers, and seeming to wait for Polisart to say something. At last Polisart, with a desperate effort, broke the silence with these words:

"I have considered it, and think I have hit upon a plan that will suit exactly. I know, and you may too, if you choose, a young man, Jules Demares, whom I was just going to kill, who is on his way to Paris to find a young lady to whom he has been betrothed for six years, and has never seen her during that time. He is wealthy, an only son and very handsome, and by a little

management you might pass yourself off for the lady in question, Blanche Montalegre by name, and secure at once a rich husband with the addition of beauty and youth. What say you, my dear?" asked Polisart, with an uneasy look.

"Blanche Montalegre!" exclaimed Melami; "why, she is the young lady whose father has lately died, and she has disappeared, and I have lately purchased her house and came in search of you to live with me in it. Strange! However, a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush! How can I be so sure that I shall catch my rich young gentleman?"

"Admirable! This I will promise you, that if you strive to pass yourself off for the lady-love, and do all in your power to gain the young man, and in two months you do not succeed, I will fulfil my promise and marry you myself. Are you satisfied? You have now two birds in the bush, and if you do not succeed in catching one, you will the other. Are we agreed?"

"Perfectly. Now I wish you to give me all necessary instructions. But first"—and a doubtful smile played over Melami's face—"I wish to know where you got this information?"

"On my honor, my information I gained from the young man's rattle-pated servant. But what matters it to you? If you do not succeed with the young bird, you have the old one fast!"

Melami laughed a light, heartless laugh, and begged him to proceed in his lesson. He whispered for a long time, while Melami smiled and nodded in the pauses. Sometimes she fumed and shook her head angrily, but the conference ended, and Melami rose and said she must depart instantly, and Polisart with officious eagerness conducted her to a carriage which was waiting for her. They smiled and parted with great good humor.

Jules had finished his supper and pushed himself back from the table, and was enjoying the luxury of smoking, when the door was suddenly opened and Polisart unceremoniously entered the room.

"I am ready!" exclaimed Jules, springing up, throwing away his cigar and drawing his sword.

"Parbleu!" exclaimed Polisart; "put up your sword, young man, and hear me. If I hadn't been called away, I should have made a terrible mistake, for I should have killed the betrothed husband of my best friend, little Blanche Montalegre!"

"What do I hear?" exclaimed Jules.

"You hear the truth, young man. Just as I was going to seek you, I met your servant, who in an agony of grief at the idea of your being

killed, threw up his hands and almost in frenzy exclaimed: 'What will his faithful affianced, Blanche Montalegre, do, when she hears he is dead?' The exclamation and name caught my quick ear; I asked him what he meant, and he told me the cause of your journey. I almost foamed with rage to think what I might have done. In one moment more, you would have been dead. When old Montalegre died, I was by his bedside, and he said to me: 'Polisart, I give into your charge the greatest treasure I had on earth; guard it carefully till young Jules Demares comes, or you hear that he is dead. When he comes to claim your treasure, give it up cheerfully.' Those were the last words the good old man ever spoke." And Polisart drew out his handkerchief and wiped his old, hypocritical eyes, while he heaved a deep sigh. "I cannot help thinking," he resumed, "that it was the hand of Providence that was stretched out to save me from rendering my dear child miserable, and gaining for myself an uneasy conscience the rest of my days. Accept my hand, and to-morrow, or any day that suits your convenience, I will conduct you to my sweet charge."

Jules stiffly took the proffered hand, and declared decidedly that he couldn't possibly leave for three days.

"Very well, very well, my young friend, I will not hurry you; and now I will leave you to your thoughts, which must be pleasant, as in a few days all your hopes will be fulfilled, and you will meet your beautiful bride." And with a laugh and flourishing bow, Polisart withdrew.

"What can I hope," exclaimed Jules, as he paced restlessly up and down the room after his hated companion had fairly gone, "what can I hope to find Mademoiselle Blanche, if that old scamp has had the guidance of her for even one day? and Montalegre has been dead some months; and besides, if he was a friend of Montalegre, Blanche has probably seen more or less of him all her life. Bah! were it not dishonorable, I would go home instant. What care I? I have seen the girl but once when we both were children, and since then I certainly have not built any castles in the air in which Blanche had any interest, and I am also perfectly heart whole, and it is not likely that a charge of Monsieur Polisart's will touch it—so why should I be disappointed?"

Polisart and Jules presented themselves, one fine morning, at the door of a handsome house in one of the most fashionable streets of Paris, were admitted, and shown into a spacious drawing-room by a smart servant. The room was

elegantly fitted up, and bore marks of great taste and refinement. Jules was fast losing himself in meditation, when he heard a light footfall, and upon looking up, he saw a graceful, pretty woman, dressed in some light floating material, gliding across the room. The face was very fair—black eyes, very white teeth, and a mass of black hair falling in ringlets over her shoulders, which were only covered with a light fall of lace, and her beautiful, white arms were wholly bare. The girl bounded lightly up to Polisart and threw her arms round his neck, while she said, in a low, soft voice:

"Dear old Monsieur Polisart, how glad I am to see you back, and safe and sound! You don't know how much I have missed you, and how lonely I felt until that sweet little pet of a waiting maid came. How kind of you to put yourself to so much trouble—and all for me! Cecile is very amiable and pretty, too! Why, I am almost afraid to let her be seen, and feel tempted to keep her in almost close confinement. Indeed, I am afraid I shall get to be jealous of my little maid ser—" Here she suddenly stopped, as if conscious for the first time of the presence of Jules, and blushed deeply, looked confused, and as if she would fain have run out of the room to hide her embarrassment.

"This, my sweet Blanche, is Monsieur Jules Demares. Never heard of him before—eh?" asked Polisart, as he playfully pinched her cheek.

Blanche smiled shyly, and with an air in which were mixed in a charming manner both timidity and cordiality, she extended her hand and welcomed Jules in gentle tones to her house. Jules was charmed with the childlike simplicity and grace, and was almost ready to take her without further acquaintance. They sat and chatted away until dinner was announced, and Blanche led the way to the dining-room. Blanche made herself very agreeable, and soon chatted without reserve with Jules.

After that time, Jules became an almost constant visitor at the house. Sometimes he would come away feeling almost disgusted with some levity of the lady's, and he would then stay away for a long time; then, again, he would be pleased with her gentleness and simplicity, and go away vowing that the next day should decide his fate. It was with this determination that he mounted the steps and entered the house one morning. The servant said his lady had been called out unexpectedly, but had left word to have him come in and make himself at home. Accordingly Jules proceeded to the drawing-room and prepared to settle himself comfortably, when he saw his lady's work-table standing by a

window, and looking as if it had been closed in a hurry. Jules walked up to it and with a sudden impulse he opened it, saying: "I must see if my lady is neat." The contents of the table were various and in a great deal of confusion, but laying on the top of all the articles was a gold miniature case, with the back uppermost, on which was engraved: "Blanche Montalegre—aged fifteen, June 11th, 1813."

"Taken four years ago! I wonder if she has changed much since then!" murmured Jules, as he slowly turned the face uppermost.

He started with surprise, for he immediately recognized, not the features of Mademoiselle Blanche, but of the young girl he had defended from Polisart's rude advances.

"How is this?" he exclaimed; "I must get at the bottom of it!" And scarcely knowing why, he rushed out of the room and up stairs to the little boudoir of Blanche, where she sometimes allowed him to come.

He was yet more astonished when he opened the door and espied, sitting in a chair, her hands clasped, and tears coursing each other in quick succession over her pale face, the young girl of the inn. She gave a slight scream and attempted to leave the room, but firmly, though gently, Jules made her retain her seat, while he kindly asked her name.

"My name, monsieur, is Blan—I mean Cecile Montaigne. I was thinking of my mistress when I spoke," she replied, modestly.

"Be not alarmed," said Jules, gently. "I am your friend, and will assist you in your trouble, if you will confide to me the cause. Will you not do so?"

"Monsieur," gravely returned the girl, "you were kind to me once, and I will trust you, for I have no other friend in this world—no friend save God!"

"I assure you, you will not repent doing so."

"I know who you are, for I have often heard my mistress speak of you, and I know that you two will be united shortly. Your wedding-day seals my doom, for the day before the one fixed for your marriage, I am to marry Polisart—my mistress sells me to him. I cannot help myself, for I am poor and dependent, and almost a close prisoner, never being allowed to go out alone."

"Can it be possible? I will aid you, but you will keep up a brave heart. Fear not—I shall never marry your mistress. I will only—but I hear voices in the entry. Conceal me somewhere, and let me out as soon as you can."

So speaking, Jules sprang into a wardrobe just in time for Cecile to close the door as the boudoir door opened and Blanche, followed by Polisart,

entered the room. Blanche sharply bade Cecile leave the room, though Polisart begged she might stay; but Blanche coldly repeated her order to go, which was obeyed with trembling alacrity. No sooner had the door closed, than Blanche burst forth with a volley of reproaches and sneers.

"Polisart, you are an infernal old scoundrel!" she almost screamed. "You promised me that if I did all as you directed, the young man would marry me in two months. Four have passed, and he is no nearer that than he was a year ago. Now listen: You sent me Cecile Montaigne as a waiting-maid, but only that you might be able to see her, and I have given you every opportunity of doing so, and—"

"Well, you vixen, haven't you in the meantime been able to flirt and cajole the young man? If you have lost him, it is through your own shrewish disposition and intolerable nonsense!" retorted Polisart.

"Cease, you old prater, and keep your ears open till I tell you something which will spoil your fun as well as mine. Cecile Montaigne is the true Blanche Montalegre!"

"Diable!" exclaimed the old rascal, while his broad face paled.

"Yes, what I tell you is true. I thought she seemed strangely well acquainted with this house and all its windings, and you know how many and crooked are the passages in it;" and Blanche half closed her eyes and drew up the corners of her mouth with a malicious expression. "She can go all over the house in the dark, which she could not do unless she had lived here very long. To-day my suspicions have been confirmed, for I happened in one of the upper rooms to find in an old box filled with rubbish a miniature marked Blanche Montalegre—a perfect likeness of Cecile. I have questioned her respecting her past life; but she says only:

"I was once such as you, lady, and lived in a large house, perhaps this very one, but my father died and a wicked, heartless man took all the property left me to liquidate a debt my father had contracted and never paid. I was obliged to seek for a livelihood and so became a waiting-maid."

"That is what she says, and I know the man of whom I purchased the house to be a great rascal. Another thing, the poor child loves Jules, for she says he protected her from insult. I don't care, for I have a written promise of a certain person to marry me if Jules Demares does not." As she said this, she drew her hand lightly across Polisart's face, asking if he was dreaming.

He pushed the woman aside and rushed from the house. Blanche laughed a moment, then turned to the glass and began to arrange her toilet, laughingly exclaiming :

"I must look simple and piquant, for that pleases my dear Jules."

"It pleases him no longer!" exclaimed a voice; and turning, the astonished woman saw Jules standing in the room regarding her scornfully. Recovering her self-possession, she ran towards him with a smile and word of welcome, which he repelled, saying: "I overheard the conversation between you and Polisart, for I was in the wardrobe. I heard all, and it has only confirmed my suspicions. Prepare instantly to leave the house. When you are once out of it, I will refund to you the money you paid for it, and all the expenses you have been obliged to incur to keep up your shameful deception."

Melami—for we will now call her by her right name—buried her face in her hands, then raised her head, rose and rang the bell. In a moment Cecile appeared, but started upon seeing Jules standing there. Melami took the girl's hand and leading her up to Jules, said :

"Here is the true Blanche Montalegre. Take her and love her and cherish her always, for she is worthy of all affection. I began the deception, caring little for the person, merely wishing to obtain a rich husband, but I ended by loving you, Jules Demares. My dream is over and I will go now, but daring to hope that when you have sweet Blanche by your side, you will forgive but not forget the misguided and unfortunate Melami."

With tears in her large eyes, Melami bowed and disappeared.

One week afterwards, Jules and Blanche were united; and Jules had the affair of the seizure of old Montalegre's property investigated; but though it was proved to be a fraud, but very little of the property could be recovered. But that grieved him not, for he had more than sufficient for all his desires.

Polisart disappeared, and it soon became noised about that he had gone to America. Melami followed him, discovered his whereabouts, and at last succeeded in making him fulfil his promise of marrying her. A few years they lived together, leading a cat and dog life, when Polisart died, leaving considerable riches to Melami, who immediately returned to Paris, where she resumed her vocation of actress. She saw Jules and Blanche frequently, and was always treated with great kindness. They lived a very happy life, and Jules never had occasion to repent that he had taken his wife FOR BETTER OR WORSE.

TO LITTLE ELLA.

BY LILIAN LYLE.

Laughter-loving little Ella,
Gentle, playful, frank and kind,
Unto thee are kindly given
Beauties both of form and mind.

Smooth and fair thy soft round cheek,
Rich thy dark eyes' lustrous glow;
While thy braids of shining hair
Fall around thy neck of snow.

Of thy white arms round my neck
All lovingly are thrown;
And oft thy little rosy cheek
Is pressed unto my own.

There's music in thy whispered tones,
And in thy shouts of glee;
And the pattering of thy busy feet
Is music sweet to me.

May God protect and guide thee ever,
My darling little one!
And shield thee from the blight of sin,
Till thy last setting sun!

Then gently when 'tis thine to die,
And life's last throbb is given,
May thy pure spirit pass away,
To rest for aye in heaven.

EVELYN ARMITAGE.

BY ALICE C. BENTON.

I MET Evelyn Armitage at Madam Lombard's school. She was my first friend in that dreary establishment—my first and only companion in that unutterably hard bed. She sat beside me as I ate the dry and heavy slice of bread, spread with butter of unmistakable strength; and together we sipped the muddy and almost milkless beverage which they called coffee. Together we mourned over the toughness and hardness, the scantiness and shabbiness which madam contrived to mingle with every portion of our daily fare. Together we recalled, with the keen appetite of growing youth, the delicious compounds of our home cookery.

Let me describe this beautiful Evelyn. It was her fifteenth birthday when I arrived. She was not very tall, but there was a perfect fullness of figure, such as is rarely seen in girls of that age. Her face had a radiant fairness, a sort of glittering white, unlike the chalky cheeks of which there were a profusion in the school. Blended with this, was the slightest perceptible roseate hue; but the lips were crimsoned deeply. Eyes of that soft, velvety black, as far removed from that class of eyes usually called brilliant

as they were from those called tame and expressionless. No pen can describe those eyes—no artist could paint them. Like her glorious hair, the peculiar shade of color could never be identified. It was indescribable. Hands and arms of the most exquisite moulding and color, and feet just of that peculiar adaptation of size to the rest of the person, were hers in perfection. Her manner of carrying her head, that small and faultless head, set so beautifully upon the slender neck, was not less observable.

All these things I saw, for I was a worshipper of beauty in all its forms. One thing I did *not* see, until it was forced upon me by long suffering. It was that, under this beautiful exterior, there was an icy coldness, that arose from her deep, unconquerable *pride*. This was her besetting sin. Vashti herself never queened it more stately than this youthful school-girl. Her whole bearing was superb.

How I loved her! It was as if I had a lover, my devotion was so deep, so earnest. It was that sort of love which is the type and the prophecy of the heart's future devotion. She received my love as though it were her due, but she took small pains to return it. I was jealous of any rival in her affections, and when she bestowed her smiles upon Catherine Moore or Sybil Ackerman, I reproached her bitterly. Her calm, unmoved way of taking this irritated and mad-dened me. She was not to be scolded or reproved. She was impenetrable as ice; nay, she was ice itself. I do not now know how I came to love one so unimpressible, when my own nature was so fiery, except on the principle of attracting opposites.

With all this ice, however, there was a certain inner temple in her heart, to which this column of ice helped to form the pillars of the vestibule—a sanctum, kept for some presiding deity, who should come in the aspect of a lover, and dwell there forever. Evelyn could love but once, and that would be always.

In her school exercises Evelyn was always perfect. Her coolness and self-possession were invaluable to a student; and her pride never permitted her to allow any one to distance her in the pursuit of knowledge. She was thorough, real, practical. Once learned, her lesson was always hers. She could not transfer nor forget it. She could not commit a lesson so quick as I could, but when hers was fixed immutably in her mind, mine was scattered to the four winds of heaven.

Evelyn had no imagination. She read page after page of the most burning poetry with perfect coolness; and even would criticize the

rhythm or the sentiments, when others were thrilling with the glorious inspiration they brought from the hearts that conceived them.

Glorious, radiant, beautiful Evelyn Armitage! How many times have I heard her called by these names. How many times have I heard her called proud! But never did I hear her called gentle, tender, or sensitive. I, who loved her so fondly, never gave her these names.

I had supposed, from the number and quality of Evelyn's dresses, that she must be the daughter of a rich man. Her imperial taste selected the richest of material, the most faultless of fashionable shape for her garments; and she wore them as a queen her coronation robes. She did not love jewels. Her own superb beauty needed them not. Nor did she affect the simple decoration of flowers. She loved best to array herself in a single dark, rich dress, and to dress her magnificent hair in large bands and braids, simply around her head. If a loving hand laid a splendid flower amidst the braids, she would allow it to remain; but never was one there by her own wish. We passed one year together. We were of the same age, in the same class; we left school together, and together we travelled towards home.

Not until we neared the town where I was to be left, did she tell me that she too was an inhabitant of the same town. She had hitherto concealed it because her father was only a mechanic! *Only* a mechanic! Only one of those whom the world could not do without, while it would dispense gladly with hundreds of the useless and miserable *gentlemen* whose presence is so unwished for and so unsought!

False pride (Evelyn had some true pride too) prevented her from avowing this mortifying circumstance. During the year at school, she had been especially careful not to associate with the daughters of any but the wealthiest and most fashionable, and even to them, she had maintained an air of quiet but conscious superiority. But each one supposed that her circumstances warranted it, and they gave way to the influence which she silently exerted over them.

Soon after our return from school, we exchanged calls, and then my intercourse with Evelyn ceased. I still loved her—still thought her the most beautiful of beings—but some troubles arose in her family of a nature so unpleasant as to preclude my visiting there, and I saw her no more.

Not long after this, I heard she was married, and had gone to New Jersey. I asked to whom, and received for answer the name of one whom I well knew, but who, of all beings, was the

most unfit to be the husband of Evelyn Armitage. Indolent, unattractive, careless of exterior refinement, I could not conceive of any one more unsuited to the fastidious, sensitive taste that she had ever exhibited. I wept that night, for the life to which she must awake, when the temporary delusion should be over. And yet, I had not imagined the half.

Pleasure-loving people are sometimes at a loss how to invest their time so as to cover the largest ground of enjoyment. Travelling offers the strongest inducements in the way of variety; and, nine years after I left school, still unencumbered by love or husband, I joined a party of these same pleasure-lovers, whose route of travel was to lie just where inclination might lead. It was delightful to be in this perfect freedom; not to have friends at home waiting for letters to tell them the exact day on which we should reach certain destinations. We were to turn aside whenever we saw a prospect of enjoyment by so doing.

It was delicious summer weather, our party were in the highest spirits, our travelling costumes in the best order, and we were on good terms with each other. What more could we ask? It was a season long to be remembered, and it dwells on my memory yet, with a richness and raciness that time has not been able to diminish.

If M—— still lives to read this, will he not remember, in his dwelling far away towards the setting sun, the day in which we two left the lagging travellers behind, and rode forward to secure a resting place for us all in that embowered farm-house? Will he not remember that avenue, where the trees met in a long unbroken arch above our heads, and the cool springs that bubbled up by the wayside, the perfume of sweet brier in the greenwood, and the delicious poetry which flowed from his lips?

Perhaps to him it is all a blank. Farms, the rise and fall of stocks, monetary affairs, the cares of wife and children and servants may have banished from the memory of the man the fresh and glowing happiness of the youth; but to me, who have wandered on in single blessedness, a poor, solitary old maid, the remembrance of such hours comes back to me "like the green spots that bloom o'er the desert of life."

On our way, we passed a poor, shabby, unfinished frame house, standing very desolately in the midst of a small cleared space. It was the first house we had seen for an hour's riding, and it had altogether an unprepossessing, nay, a repulsive appearance. Loose boards hung here and there, the yard was in bad condition, and

everything betokened poverty and indolence. Two or three children, one a mere infant, were playing by the roadside, and the eldest, a little ragged boy, but with a face beautiful as an infant Guido, ran directly before my companion's horse, and fell. The horse merely touched him with his fore foot, as he fell, and then stood perfectly still, while M—— dismounted and took up the child. It was not hurt, but frightened; and fastening the horses to a tree, we carried the little one into the house.

A woman stood at a table, performing some household duty, with her back towards us. She evidently had not witnessed the accident. As we entered, she looked round. Even in the midst of surroundings so opposite to what I had ever seen her before, it was impossible to mistake that face for any other; and yet, had my life depended on the words, I could not have addressed her by her name. It was Evelyn Armitage, but so altered that, except for the glorious eyes, and soft, beautiful hair, I should never have known her. Exposure to the sun and wind had roughened and darkened that *glittering*, satin skin; sorrow, perhaps *want*, had sharpened the once rounded outline of form and face; but in the eye there was the same majestic look of superiority which here, in this solitary place, and under such circumstances, would have struck me in any one else as simply ludicrous; but in Evelyn it was innate, and could not be altered or affected by any mere outward surrounding.

Beautiful she was still—proud she was still—and I thought so then, in the brief moment in which my friend was explaining to her the slight accident which had so frightened her child. She was courteous enough, but it was evident that she was restive under our eyes; and not wishing to prolong an interview so painful, we departed. I do not know to this day, if she recognized me, but I believe she did. Pride would prevent her, indisputably, from making the first recognition, but I had not changed, and she must have known me. The children were lovely. The boy was beautiful as an angel—and yet she showed no affection for them, even when the frightened child was brought in, apparently hurt. The old ice had not melted.

For the next two miles I wept unceasingly. M—— left me to cry to my heart's content, before he asked a question. Then, when I had become quiet, I related to him the history of this glorious creature. He was intensely interested, for he had known her husband many years before.

"Yes; Theodore Grainger was well known to me, and still better known to my brother. We

liked his amiable disposition, but we had a great contempt for his indolent, unthrifty ways. He was a gourmand and epicure; but he would not lift his hand even to procure luxuries for himself. He was just the being who would cause a proud wife to bury herself from all the rest of the world. If she could be contented with his affectionate manner towards her, she would not, perhaps, kill herself, but if she was passionate and exacting, there must be some terrible hours for her."

As M—— and myself rode on, we talked long and freely of Evelyn's besetting sin; and I related to him many circumstances of her early youth, at Madame Lombard's school. Her youth! why Evelyn was yet but twenty-six years old, and age had come upon her with its blight already, or else she had become "older than age, with sorrow."

It was a sad drawback to the gaiety I had promised myself for the next three or four weeks—this little episode of Evelyn's:—but I strove to forget it. Evelyn had chosen her path, why should I mourn her mistakes? So I became as selfish and as gay as pleasure-seekers generally are.

If I live to be a hundred years old, I shall never forget that season. It gave me an idea of what life might be if people would but lay aside their senseless devotion to fashion and folly, and dwell with simple nature, "who never *did* betray the heart that loved her." It initiated me into a thought of what paradise must have been before the bitter tree of knowledge had given its fruit to the lips of our first parents. M——, you will read this when you are sitting by that clear spring which you say bubbles up so sweetly by the green bower where you can overlook the broad prairie; "you will read and remember and understand!"

Ten years after this happy year of my life found me a helpless invalid, weary of life, heart-broken at the loss of parents, sisters and other dear friends. I felt myself a stray waif on the ocean of life, which it would be well for the billows to roll into the abyss below. Useless, useless was my thought from morning until night, and often through the dark and dreary hours too, I would lie awake and think how utterly vain was my living at all.

But when the sweet, dewy June came, with its wealth of roses, its pure refreshing airs, and its thousand melodies, my best of friends, Kate Dalrymple burst into my chamber one morning, and with a voice as cheerful as a lark's, she bade me rise and shake off my illness and dejection, and let her pack my trunks for a journey, with

herself and her husband. It was like an electric shock, but I submitted, too weak for resistance.

"But what shall I wear, Kate? I have nothing but morning wrappers."

"Look here," said she, and she pointed to a basket of clothes, which her servant was bringing in, with two complete travelling dresses, and everything requisite for a long journey.

"O, Kate!" I began, but she stopped me.

"We start at half-past one," she said, "so let Nanny and me get you all ready now, and then you can lie down again until I call you."

Under her gentle hands, I was soon equipped. A handsome, fashionable habit, yet made loosely, as it should be for a invalid, everything in good taste, yet easy fitting, so as not to annoy or distress me, bore witness to her careful and thoughtful love.

At half past one the carriage came. It was an open one, and Charles Dalrymple was to drive, while his wife occupied the seat beside him, and the ample back seat was reserved for myself and Kate's sister, a cheerful, happy girl, who had often cheered my sick room with her joyful laughter.

"Drive slowly, at first, Charlie," said Kate, as we started, "Fanny will soon get used to the motion." I did so—and every mile that we passed I became refreshed and invigorated. We made short stages; and by the time that we reached our longest destination, I was a new being. Change of air, different scenes, beheld under the delicious blue sky of summer, and the heart-felt kindness that prompted the excursion for my sake, all did their part, and I felt myself re-created. I could not realize, at the end of a fortnight, that I had lain on a sick bed so long, thanks to the kindly love of my companions, who consulted my wishes in all things pertaining to our journey.

We were on the sea-coast now. The weather had become warmer in the inland towns, where we first went, and the breeze from ocean drew us to its side. O, how sweet were those hours, passed on that beautiful beach! How delicious the shadow of that mighty rock, under which we sat and inhaled the sea-breeze! How well Kate and Jennie looked in their pretty bathing dresses and straw hats, when they ran across the beach to plunge into the waves; and how awfully they looked when they came out, with their wet, limp skirts clinging to their slight figures, and their hats heavy with water!

Among the innumerable children whose little feet paced the sands daily, I had always noticed a beautiful boy, of perhaps thirteen or fourteen years old, who seemed to shun the rest, and who

walked, generally, apart by himself. His face recalled another, but whose I could not remember. He was always accompanied by a lady in deep mourning, who wore her veil down. As I did not bathe, I had leisure to observe others; and this group interested me much. The lady was usually left alone, for the boy walked, as I said, mostly by himself, and one day I spoke to her upon the beauty of the sea, which was then calm and serene in its summer stillness. Her voice startled me, it was so like one that seemed to come up to me from the very depths of my memory.

Just then, the boy, whom she called Reginald, came up, and one look at his eyes brought the whole before me.

"Is it you, Evelyn?" I said, forgetting that in our last interview I had not spoken to her.

"It is Evelyn," she said, mournfully. "I have known you every day, Fanny, but I could not bear to reveal myself to your remembrance. I wished you to speak first."

We talked together long and earnestly, and for several succeeding days we sat under the shadow of the rock, and she told me all her trials. Her pride had been brought down so low—she was so subdued now. Her husband had continued his idle and miserable habits, until she was obliged to support him entirely. They had lived where I had last seen them, until she could no longer endure it. By a great effort she succeeded in inducing him to remove, and to take up his abode in the city. Here her two youngest children died. She pressed down the tears that welled up from her maternal heart, and tried to thank God that they were taken away.

Her husband had some talent, and she besought him to write, encouraged him in his feeble efforts, and after all, she, who, at school, would never (if possible to get clear of the task) so much as answer a letter, now wrote for bread. She took the pictures out of her own heart, and the scenes she drew were too touching and natural not to charm. O, ministry of sorrow, what beauty of thought and expression is thine!

After a while, he fell sick, and then she had suffered still more intensely. His selfishness, his querulous repinings, his exacting temper—she touched lightly on these—but I saw them all, running, like a dark thread, through her narrative, and shadowing her face with a deeper grief than that even for which we mourn the good.

"Had it not been for Reginald," she said, looking at the boy, as he stood on the beach, with an expression of such unutterable love as I could hardly think it possible for Evelyn to feel,

"had it not been for that beloved child, I must have sunk under my trials. His love, and my remaining pride kept me up."

I looked at the boy. What a glorious creature he was, as he stood there, with the slight breeze lifting his hair from a brow such as I had never seen before. I did not wonder at her love and pride now.

After her husband died, she had met with a relative of her own, who had been absent several years in India. He threw himself upon her cares, for he was a sad invalid; and he rewarded them by leaving her his worldly store. She had placed Reginald already at college, and was looking forward to his future with a hope that seemed likely to be realized. I parted from her with half my old love and reverence for her renewed. She had proved herself worthy of it.

I sometimes hear from her now. She and Reginald are all the world to each other. He is all that she could wish; and he thinks that his mother is an angel. Their beautiful devotion to each other is the theme of all who know them. Evelyn's sunset seems to be drawing onward without a cloud.

A SMART MILKMAID.

The worshipful Sir Digby Somerville did keep a bountiful house full ever of brave company, at his seat in Suffolk. At one time among his guests did happen a young gentleman from the Court, whose apparel was more garnished with lacings and gold than his brain with modesty or wit. One time going into the fields with his host, they did espy a comely milk maiden with her pail.

"Prythee, Phillis," quoth the courtier, leering the while at the girl, "an I give thee a kiss, wilt thou give me a draught of thy ware?"

"In the meadow," quoth she, "thou wilt find one ready to give thee milk, and glad of thy kiss, for she is of thy kin."

The court gallant looked in the mead, and espied a she-ass.

"So sharp, fair rustic," quoth he, angrily, "thou lookest as if thou couldest barely say boo to a goose."

"Yea, that I can, and to a gander also."

Whereat she cried out lustily, "Boo!"

The young man hastened away, and the worshipful Sir Digby did laugh heartily, and entertain his guests with the tale.—*Book of Merrie Jests*, 1609.

GREAT MEN.—The great village politician is lost in the town; the town lion is regarded as a mere kitten in the metropolis. The city alderman is lost in the world. Country clergymen and rural justices, who command infinite respect on their own glebes and acres, cannot understand, on coming to London, how it is that all Cheapside and Regent Street to boot, do not touch hats to them.—*Blackwood*.

FAR O'ER THE DEEP BLUE SEA.

BY MRS. KENNEDY LACERT.

Nay, nay, my mother, chide me not,
Nor bid me check the tear;
Nor tell me in those bitter words,
That I must tarry here;
For since young Leon left his cot,
Beneath the willow tree,
My heart has shared the wanderer's lot,
Far o'er the deep blue sea.

I love my home, my sunny home,
I love the silvery Rhine;
Each vesper bell, with lute-like tone,
Peals forth a hallowed chime;
The fragrant flowers, the wild bird's song,
They have a charm for me;
But ere they greet the spring I'll go
Far o'er the deep blue sea.

Then chide me not, my mother dear,
Nor bid thy child to stay;
Though basking 'neath thy sunny smile,
My heart is far away!
But when I'm in those solemn woods,
How oft I'll think of thee;
Then, mother, bless me ere I go,
Far o'er the deep blue sea.

Speak not of perils I must brave,
Nor dangers on the deep;
I will not shrink, though winds and waves
Their ceaseless vigils keep;
For He who guides the wild bird's course,
Will ever watch o'er me;
Then, mother, let me go in peace,
Far o'er the deep blue sea.

ON A LEE SHORE.

BY FRANCIS W. SAWTELLE.

QUITE a number of years ago, when your father was a little shaver, who played marbles, and was spanked for being late at school, the clipper schooner *Flirt*, of Baltimore, left that port on a trading voyage to the west coast of Africa. Her captain was a jolly old rope hauler, of great weight in the community, and measuring almost a thousand miles from the middle waistband button in front, through to the waistband buckle in the rear. This, I am aware, seems almost incredible, but as you were not born at that time, and consequently can know nothing whatever about the matter, it is not in good taste, to say the least, for you to dispute me.

It was the custom at that time, on board the smaller crafts, for the officers and crew to eat and live together, on a footing of equality, as is the practice to this day, on board down-east coasters; the semi-barbarous people of that benighted region seeming to think that a man,

although he happen to be a sailor, is nevertheless a human being, and deserves to be treated as such; their half-civilized ideas being very much the same as were entertained by the Irishman, who, upon being asked if in his opinion one man was not just as good as another, replied: "Faith, yes, and better, too."

On board the *Flirt* the most perfect equality reigned; indeed, a stranger would have been somewhat puzzled to decide whether old fatty Flukes was the captain, or the cook's private secretary, without he had looked on board of us at about meridian, when he would have seen our ponderous commander standing upon the booby hatch, with the pig yoke to his eye, shooting the sun. Mighty free and easy times did we have on board the old schooner, but the work was nevertheless carried on with as much regularity and promptitude, as in one of our monstrous modern packet ships, where every order from an officer is given *under oath*, and nine times out of ten, enforced by a blow with a belaying pin over the head.

Our destination was the Guinea coast, where we expected to trade in palm oil, ivory and so forth, and as in those days particular attention was given to the *so forth*, as by far the most profitable, we had very little below the deck beside water casks and provisions.

The first part of our passage across the puddle, was particularly prosperous, with leading breezes most of the time, until well up with the coast, and near the entrance of the Bight of Benin; when the sun, upon turning out one morning, showed evident signs of having been on a spree all the previous night, being very red in the face, and looking uncommonly cross and snappish; while the sky all about him wore that peculiar brassy appearance which is a sure token of something or other, when observed in the horse latitudes; added to which, a little dyspeptic-looking, Norman arch of a rainbow showed itself close to the horizon, beneath the rising sun.

"I shouldn't be astonished to death, if we caught a pretty considerable long and strong spell of weather, before soon," said Captain Flukes, after a protracted stare at the heavens, and muttering to himself the ancient couplet,

"Rainbow at night, gives sailors delight,
Rainbow at morning, gives sailors the warning,"

he dove down the companion way to have a look at his chart.

For the next half hour or so, there being no perceptible change in the weather, we allowed the schooner to jog along with the light air then stirring, while the mate and most of the foremast hands stood around the cabin table, watching,

and making suggestions to the captain, as compasses in hand, he picked out our course and distance on the chart.

"I tell you how it is, Mr. Midships," he exclaimed, throwing down the compasses, and giving his capacious trowsers a hitch up over his hips, "if this here gale o'wind comes out of the south'ard and west'ard, we're jammed like Jackson, with the Guinea coast on two sides of us. If it comes out of any other quarter, it's all right, and we shall have plenty of sea room; but I'm feared it wont. If you ever took notice to it, you are always sure to get the lee shore, whenever there's a chance for a proper bad one."

"True bill," responded the mate, "but there are exceptions; f'instance, when we were round on the Zanguebar coast last voyage, we got a slant at the last pinch of the game, that took us out as clear as a pike staff. However, it would not be a bad idea to get the old dug-out in trim for a snorter, for there's no knowing how soon we may catch it; things work curious sometimes in the low latitudes, 'specially on the woolly coast."

The mate's proposition coincided with our own ideas of the fitness of things, and all hands going to work with a will, we got both anchors over the bow, the jibs and foresail furled, a close reef in the fore-topsail, and a balance reef in the main; by which time it had fallen a stark calm, although the sea continued to rise steadily, while the schooner, without steerage-way on, headed all round the compass.

The few clouds that were visible at sunrise gradually cleared away, and a lurid, brassy haze covered the sky, obscuring the sun and imparting to the smooth, unbroken swell of the waters a sickly purplish hue, that would have looked very beautiful in a painting, but which excited anything but pleasant sensations in the breasts of anxious mariners, dreading an equatorial blow-out. By six bells, the silence of the unbroken calm was interrupted by a low, rushing sound, filling the entire space around us. It was the shrieking of the hurricane careering through the air, high above our heads, while as yet not a breath was stirring on the surface of the ocean. For nearly twenty minutes the mournful sound continued, growing louder and nearer, until at length, a sudden darkening of the air, and a long line of white foam, away in the southwest horizon, announced the coming of the storm from the quarter we had most reason to dread. Our vessel was lying with her head directly towards the point from which the gale was coming, and before any effectual measures could be taken to work her round, we were struck flat

aback by the whole fury of the storm. The fore and aft stays tightened and cracked with the tremendous strain, until it seemed almost a miracle that they did not part; the back stays slacked until the lanyards hung in bights over the lower dead eyes; the masts swaying far away aft over the deck, seemed upon the very point of coming down by the run, when the schooner gathering stern way, rushed backwards through the water, the bows rising high in the air, and the quarter settling in the waves in a manner that showed us that we must get her to the wind speedily, or expect to see her go down stern foremost. There can scarcely be a more dangerous position for a vessel, than to get stern way on, in a heavy sea.

"Port your helm—hard a port!" shouted the captain, in a voice of thunder. "Haul in the starboard head braces—brace up the fore, and fore-topsail yards—sharp up, my lads, sharp up—stand by, one of ye there for'ard, to cut the seizing of the fore-topmast headstay!"

This last order, which would have at once relieved the schooner of her masts, was, of course, to be executed only in the last extremity; the other commands were obeyed almost as soon as given. The spars were light, the vessel well manned, and the head yards swung round in a twinkling; the staysail sheet was hauled to port, the main sheet drawn flat aft on the starboard side, and the schooner, after a momentary indecision, fell slowly off on the wind, the fore-top-sail shivering and slatting fearfully for an instant, then catching the gale abaft, filled away, bellying out with a bang, and gathering headway, the schooner's stern rose from its perilous depression in the water, and we flew onward through the boiling foam, with all the safety, if not all the speed, of a full rigged, clipper built porpoise.

"Good enough," exclaimed the captain, rubbing his great fat hands with satisfaction, "we've saved our sticks this time, anyhow. Mr. Midships, keep her a good full and by, so's to make as little lee way as possible, while I go below and take another peep at the Coast Pilot."

The gale continued to increase in violence, and the height of the sea was absolutely appalling; but the schooner being only in ballast trim, rose easily and lightly on the very summit of the waves, without labor, or taking a spoonful of water on her deck, and but that the Bight of Benin terminated in dangerous rocks both on the north and east, we might have lashed the helm a lee, and all hands gone below to sleep in perfect safety. We were a good hundred and fifty miles from the coast, however, and trusted to a change in the direction of the wind, before we could drift that distance, although we were making be-

tween six and seven points lee way, and the set of the sea was driving us with tremendous force towards the northeast. Flattering ourselves with the belief that noon would bring a shift of wind, we busied ourselves through the morning watch, lashing the water casks and provisions below, that had broken adrift and shifted over to leeward in the heavy lurches that the vessel was making. But eight bells passed, without bringing any signs of the wished for change. The same ghastly sky lowered above us, while the gale continued on the increase, singing through our rigging with a shrill, ominous sound; and far as the eye could reach over the raging waters, the angry, leaden waves leaped fiercely up, and with eager, hurrying motion, rushed towards us, breaking with a prolonged roar beneath our counter, and throwing the stinging spoon-drift in our faces, as if in defiance and threatening. As the afternoon wore on, we began to experience not a little anxiety as to the termination of our cruise. That it would be impossible for the craft to drift through the night, as she had all day, without fetching up against something harder than salt water, was evident to all. Indeed, it would not only have been running into the very jaws of death, but absolutely jumping down his throat.

"What d'ye think, Mr. Midships, will the old boat bear any more cloth?" asked the captain, looking anxiously to windward, and at our swaying spars.

"She's got to bear it, whether she will or no," responded the mate, resolutely. "We must claw out of this hole somehow, and we might as well lose our spars before we go on to the rocks, as after."

"That's gospel," returned the captain. "Shake a reef out of the main, and drop the foresail."

This was a work requiring careful management, for aside from the danger of the masts being at once carried over the side by the increased strain, the schooner was very light, and might at any moment be shoved keel out. Slowly, and one by one, the reef points were cast off from the main, the earings slacked off gradually, to avoid a sudden strain, and the sail hoisted. The schooner feeling the increase of sail aft, without a corresponding trim forward, very narrowly escaped broaching to; but by carrying a large weather helm, we managed to keep her away until the fore tack was boarded, and the sheet hauled aft, when bringing her again to the wind, she laid over to the work, and began drawing to windward quite respectably, considering her scant canvass, our wake being now well on the quarter, whereas before it had been very little

abaft the beam. But notwithstanding the increased spread of canvass, we were still making large lee way; our reefed fore course and mainsail, being all that we could with any degree of safety show to the breeze, were almost wholly becalmed under the lee of the monstrous waves, as we settled in the trough, and almost driven from the bolt ropes, upon catching the gale as we rose upon the crest of the billows.

Thus far, we had been running with our larboard tacks aboard, heading, when jammed on the wind, about north-by-west, making our true course, with allowance for lee way and what she fell off, nearly nor'-west-by-north; a course which was rapidly drawing us in towards the coast of Dahomey.

"What's your opinion now, Mr. Midships?" asked Captain Flukes, as the sun, looking red and angry, disappeared below the misty horizon.

"Why," responded the mate, with a doubtful shake of the head, "there is but one thing we can do, and that is to go about on the other tack and stand more to the south'ard; if we can only weather Cape Formosa, we could make a long stretch to the east'ard, into the bight of Biafra, and perhaps get under the lee of Fernando Po, between the islands and the old Calabar coast."

"Yes, that's all plain talk enough," replied Captain Flukes, pettishly, "but how the deuce are we going to do it? The schooner hasn't got sail enough on to go in stays, and if we undertake to wear, we shall be pooped by one of those big combers, as sure as taxes, and then, sir, your wife will be a widder in the twinkling of a catharpin's leg."

"Pooh!" ejaculated the mate, somewhat contemptuously; "don't give yourself any uneasiness about Mrs. Midships; she is a lady who can stand being made a widow of, quite a number of times without any very serious consequences. And suppose we do take a sea that knocks us down among the ribs and trucks of Davy's locker a little sooner than we expected, why, that's what the owners pay us for, aint it? If the schooner hasn't got sail enough on, just put it on, that's all. For my part, I say tack and bear up to the south'ard at any risk, if you don't I shall desert the craft, and paddle ashore on the sheet anchor."

Captain Flukes was as brave a man as you will often find, but he was very cautious, almost too much so at times, while Mr. Midships, on the contrary, was a man of prompt action; when he had once made up his mind as to what was proper to be done, he did it without hesitation. And upon this occasion, the captain, either stung by the tone of his remarks, or catching his spirit,

fortified himself with a big hunk of tobacco, and hailed the fore-castle.

"How is that fore-topsail, boys?"

"Furled with a close reef, sir," shouted one of the men.

"Well, lay aloft and loose it."

The sail was dropped to leeward and the clew hauled chock home to the sheave hole, without any other effect than to cause the schooner to lay over still further to starboard, but no sooner was the gasket cast off from the weather yard-arm, than with a shivering crash the sail was torn from the bolt ropes, and disappeared in the darkness to leeward.

"What d'ye think now, Mr. Midships?" asked the captain, somewhat triumphantly.

"I think we've lost a good fore-topsail, and will have to heave in stays as we are," coolly responded the mate.

"We can but try," said the captain, doubtfully, then raising his voice: "Ready about, there, for'ard!"

"Ready about, sir!" responded the men, springing to their stations and laying down the rigging clear for running.

"Keep her off a couple of points and give her a good headway!" he continued, to the man at the wheel.

"Keep her off it is, sir!" replied the man, easing her half a dozen spokes, and the schooner taking the wind further aft, darted through the water with considerably accelerated velocity.

"Are you all ready there for'ard, Mr. Midships?" he screamed, using his fist for a trumpet.

"All ready, sir!" screamed back the mate, from his station on the fore-castle.

"Put your helm down, my son!"

"Hard down, sir!" replied the helmsman, with a rapid revolution of the wheel.

"Hard a lee—co—I!" roared the captain, dwelling long and loudly on the double vowel, as is the invariable practice with all ship masters with whom I have ever been acquainted; from which a landsman might be led to suppose that a ship would utterly refuse to come about, if the word was pronounced in any other way.

"Hard a lee!" responded Mr. Midships, emphasizing the first word, after the manner of all mates.

The schooner being under good headway, came promptly to, taking the head sails aback, with the wind dead ahead, and everything seemed to indicate that she would go in stays finely; but just at the critical moment, when the order was being given to rise tacks and sheets, the crest of a broken wave came roaring and tumbling down upon us, striking on the bluff of the bow,

flooding the fore-castle, carrying away the fore-staysail, and effectually deadening our headway. With a shake, the schooner paused in her course, neither falling off, nor coming to, and gradually gathering stern way, slid backwards through the foam.

"In irons, by Jupiter!" exclaimed the mate, in a tone of perplexity and alarm.

"Missed stays, or I'm a heathen!" ejaculated the captain, excitedly. "Round in on the head braces—slack off the main sheet—put your helm amidships!"

There was no chance to obey these orders, however. A monstrous wave rose black and threatening upon our larboard bow; higher and higher it rose, gathering strength as it swelled upward, completely bocalming the schooner under its lee, until to our excited imaginations it almost seemed to reach the clouds, and we really longed to have it break and do its worst. At length it came. Toppling over from its perpendicular height, it fell with a dull, heavy roar, upon the deck, crashing through the bulwarks and burying everything deep in the weltering vortex. Every timber in the vessel's hull moaned and quivered, as though with fear, while the escaping air through the openings in the deck, was like a prolonged and mournful sigh. For many seconds it was a matter of uncertainty whether the vessel was going down or not, and the temptation was strong for the men to quit their hold upon what seemed a sinking ship, and struggle to gain the surface. At last, with a shake and a groan, the schooner freed herself from the mass of water, and darted off before the wind. We had been turned completely round, by the force of the wave.

The mate had saved himself by clinging to one of the windlass bits, and, as half stunned and gasping for breath he struggled to his feet, all eyes were turned to him, as the most reliable man in such an extremity.

"What say, Captain Flukes, shall we wear round on the starboard tack?" he vociferated, brushing the salt spray from his eyes.

There was no answer.

"Where's Captain Flukes?" he exclaimed, earnestly.

"He's for'ard, sir," replied the helmsman, who had maintained his position, by being lashed to the wheel stanchion, and was the only man aft.

"No he aint! Jump down in the cabin, one of ye, and see if he's there."

"There's nobody there, and the cabin is more'n half full of water," was the reply.

"He's overboard! He's gone!" was the ex-

clamation that broke from all at this announcement.

"Who saw him last?" inquired the mate, gloomily.

"I saw him standing abaft the mainmast on the hen coop, when the sea boarded us. I caught a glimpse of the coop going over the starboard rail, a minute after, and supposed the captain had gone for'ard," replied the helmsman.

"There are just two things we can do, boys," said the mate, after a short pause. "The captain probably fastened himself to one of the coops, as they went over together; we can either make an effort to pick him up—in which case we shall probably go on to the rocks, or we can claw to windward, and do the best we can for ourselves, though there's a slim chance any way. What d'ye say?"

There was a moment of indecision among the men. At length the carpenter broke the silence.

"It seems rather too bad to leave poor old fatty Flukes, without even having so much as a try for him."

A general murmur of approbation followed this remark.

"Talk enough, boys; if that's your wish, we'll see what we can do," said the mate, evidently much satisfied with our decision. "Stand to the braces, and let us get her on the wind again."

Since being boarded by the sea, the schooner had been going off like a shot, directly before the wind, and it was no easy matter to get her to it again, without shipping another, which might be even more disastrous; but by the more skilful management or better luck of the mate, we finally worked round to the starboard tack, and ran back as nearly as we could judge, towards the spot where the captain had disappeared. By this time it had grown intensely dark, making it difficult to distinguish any object at more than the schooner's length from us, while the wind and sea continued to increase in height and violence. Two or three successful tacks brought us near to where we supposed the captain must have drifted, in the event of his still being above water, which was far from probable, in such a sea. All hands were now upon the lookout, at both mastheads, on the forecabin, and on the quarter, while the mate—who took all the blame of the captain's loss upon himself, as though the storm had nothing to do with it—paced the deck with agitated steps, glancing anxiously in all directions, and constantly repeating his injunctions to the men to keep a bright lookout. That there was soon to be a change in the weather now became apparent. The wind which had

all day been a steady gale, now came in violent squalls accompanied with rain, with short lulls between.

"I think we must be very nearly on the spot now, Chips, don't you?" he asked of the carpenter who stood by his side, leaning over the lee rail. But what's that?" he exclaimed, with great earnestness, gazing wildly to leeward. "Main top there—fo'kettle, do you see anything?"

"Nothing, sir," was the reply from both lookouts. But the mate in great excitement continued to strain his eyes through the darkness. At this moment occurred a short lull in the breaking hurricane, and a low, faint sound, very low and indistinct, but inexpressibly mournful, came in a tremulous murmur to our ears.

"Do you hear anything?" he asked, in an agitated voice.

"Nothing, sir, but the sound of the wind and the waves," replied the man from the top.

Again the long continued, fluttering, mournful sound.

"Do you hear that? Fo'kettle—main-top, don't you hear something? Good God, are you all deaf?"

"I thought I heard a distant hail come up against the wind," replied the lookout on the forecabin.

"That's no human hail," said the carpenter, with an ominous shake of the head, "that is the sound of broken water moaning on the reefs."

"I fear you are right," returned the mate. "He could not have drifted so far to leeward, as where that sound comes from, and if it is a reef, it's all up with us, without a change of wind."

"Something on the weather bow!" sung out the man on the forecabin.

"Breakers broad on the lee beam!" hailed the tops, almost in the same breath.

The cry of breakers, usually so startling to the ears of weary mariners on a lee shore, was almost wholly unheeded, and all hands rushed to windward to see what the object might be that had been discovered on the weather bow. Igniting a blue light by a smart rap on the weather rail, the mate held it high above his head, throwing a lurid glare far over the toppling crests of the black and surging waves. At the distance of about a hundred fathoms, some dark object was drifting slowly past us, and as the light increased its brilliancy, we distinctly made it out to be one of our hencoops, to which a human form was clinging, apparently in an exhausted condition. It was too far to windward to reach it on that tack, however.

"Ready about!" shouted the mate.

The men sprang to the braces, the wind favored us, and never was the schooner hove in stays in shorter time. Upon this tack we weathered the coop; but it would not answer to run too close, for to have been dashed by the waves against the schooner's side, would have been certain destruction. All hands were stationed at short intervals, along the lee rail, with lines in their hands, while the blue lights succeeded each other as soon as one was consumed.

A few moments brought the floating object on our lee bow. A line was thrown from the fore-castle and fell short, another and another with like ill success; at length, one thrown from the quarter passed over the coop; the captain made a feeble effort, but was too much exhausted to pass it round his body. He was drifting rapidly astern.

"Stand by to haul in on this line!" shouted the mate, passing the end of a studding-sail tack round his waist, and springing from the taffrail. A moment of intense suspense followed, as he struck and disappeared beneath the water. Presently rising to the surface, a few vigorous strokes brought him alongside the coop, and the bight of a rope was made fast around the almost inanimate body.

"Haul in!" he screamed. And the next minute they were hoisted over the rail.

The captain was borne to the cabin and placed in his berth. The motion revived him.

"Never mind me, boys," he said, seeing us grouped about him. "I'm all right enough, only a little water-logged or so. You'd best look out for the schooner."

And it was certainly time that we did so, for upon going on deck the sight that presented itself was absolutely appalling. We had drifted to within half a mile of the reef, over which the waves were breaking with tremendous fury, throwing the spray high into the air, forming a long, unbroken wall of ghastly white foam, at least sixty feet in height, with a roar like nothing else in nature.

The hurricane had entirely passed away; the clouds cleared from the heavens, leaving a bright starlight, and it fell a flat calm; but the monstrous waves which still felt the force of the gale, and would not so readily subside, were driving us swiftly in toward the rocks.

"Are the anchors all clear there for'ard?" the mate hailed from the quarter deck.

"All clear, sir," answered the carpenter, who had charge of the fore-castle.

"Let go to starboard!"

The shank painter and ring-stopper were cast off, and the heavy mass of iron fell with a plunge

into the water, drawing the chain cable like lightning round the barrel of the windlass and through the hawse-pipe, a stream of sparks following, until the last link surged round the windlass and the strain was brought upon the clinch.

"Does she hold?" asked the mate, as she pitched, bows under, with the sudden check.

The carpenter placed his hand upon the bits, but the dull, tremulous jump, jump, jump of the cable showed that we were yet moving.

"No, sir—she drags," was the reply.

"Let go to port!" returned the mate.

Another plunge, and another long continued rumble of the cable followed the order; but the chain passed out less rapidly, until when about two-thirds the length had passed over the windlass, it stopped, and was only taken by jerks in short lengths as the vessel rose on the swell; even this stopped presently, leaving a whole range of cable lying slack abaft the windlass.

There was now no longer any danger, although the schooner buried herself clear to the main-mast at every wave; but the ground tackle held, the sea was falling, and the sky was serene. There was no necessity of a watch that night, and worn out and exhausted we sought our hammocks, which we lost no time in stowing full of extra quality snoozing.

THE CALLIOPE.

This steam musical instrument, it seems, produced a tremendous impression when it was first started on board a boat on the Hudson. It shrieked out "Yankee Doodle" and "Hail Columbia," so that they were heard for miles. Its effects on board of another boat some half a mile off are described as both appalling and amusing. One lady fainted dead away; others screamed and stopped their ears. An Italian singer attempted to throw himself overboard, and was only saved from destruction by the combined efforts of the captain and clerk of the boat. The negro firemen threw themselves into indescribable contortions, while an unhappy dog rushed about among the passengers, with his tail between his legs, setting up the most dismal howls in expectation of some horrible calamity. The sturgeons rushed out of the water, and threw a vast number of summersets on the surface, wagging their tails, as if they alone of all the auditors enjoyed it. But people will get used to it in time. We have no doubt it will be introduced into every steam navy in the world, supplying the place of marine bands at a great saving of expense. But, seriously, an ingenious mechanic of this city has invented a small machine, which, without any human agency, blows several bugle-calls, producing very pure and even pleasing tones. At any rate, the calliope is certainly a great curiosity.—*Flag*.

A man's worth is estimated in this world according to his conduct.

REMEMBERED.

BY MRS. D. G. ELDER.

Thou art remembered at the twilight hour,
 When I am gazing at the star-gemmed sky,
 When most I feel affection's thrilling power,
 When pearly teardrops moisten my dark eye;
 'Tis then I think of dear ones far away,
 Then hollower thoughts with all my feelings blend,
 And when alone in solitude I pray,
 I breathe thy name in every prayer, my friend.

Thou canst not dream of the calm, deep devotion
 That forms a part of such a heart as mine;
 Full many a tender thought and fond emotion,
 Full many a tear, is trembling on its shrine.
 Oft, when I've whispered of the dear departed,
 So early called to heaven's fair home above,
 I've crushed the teardrops that would fain have started,
 And smiling turned my longing eyes above.

Thou art remembered with a deep affection,
 As pure and hallowed as a sister's love;
 How oft I've craved our Father's kind protection,
 How many a faith-winged prayer I've urged above;
 Deep, deep within my heart thou'rt fondly cherished,
 No common friendship binds my heart to thine,
 'Tis soul-felt, only with my life 'twill perish,
 To be renewed beyond the shores of time.

Thou art remembered with a silent yearning,
 Friend of my childhood's bright and sunny years;
 When from false friends I have been proudly turning,
 I've dreamed of thee mid all my doubts and fears.
 Shouldst thou prove false to friendship so devoted,
 One pang perchance this wounded heart might feel;
 Then would I crush each hope on which I've doted,
 Then woman's pride will prove a steadfast shield.

THE BITER BIT.

BY FRANCIS W. BUTMANN.

It is something over four years now since Bitemely sent me on my tom-fool's errand. I said then, that next year my pretty cousin was coming from Maryland, and after a dreary winter, in April come she did. I don't know if I've mentioned that I live, when at home, with an aunt of mine, five or six miles out of the city, in a delightful old country house, full of must and spiders. The house is mine, but the servants and our tempers belong to my aunt, who, by the way, "exercises" them well. A pond is situated at the foot of the garden, and many is the time Bitemely and I have angled with wonderful success in its waters, I hinting of better fishing by-and-by. I say *Bitemely and I*, because it is not to be supposed that I quarrelled with that gentleman; on the contrary, better friends than ever, he almost made my house his home, the remainder of that summer and fall, till Aunt Jane was quite put to her trumps; and as my

business only demanded a few hours' attention daily, and Bitemely invariably closed his office early, we became almost inseparable. I really couldn't say it was intentionally that, thrusting on my smoking-cap, or poking my feet into my slippers, I always deferentially addressed my invisible cousin Mary, whose handiwork they were, in a manner that at first surprised Bitemely, but into which he gradually fell himself whenever he leaned his head back in his arm-chair, whose sumptuous velvet covering had itself been wrought by Mary's fairy finger-tips.

"My dear, be careful of that lampshade," my aunt would say, if she saw either of the bachelor legs tending as if they would very much like to make a resting-place on the table. "I should feel so sad to tell Mary her pretty drawing was soiled." In short, my cousin Mary became one of my Penates, and when I told Bitemely that she was coming in the flesh in April, and perhaps he would see her, I noticed him pull up his shirt collar and glance at the looking-glass with his most irresistible air. Now I'm not a baby myself—my last birthday was my thirty-fifth,—but as to being *overcoming* to my pretty cousin, I should as soon have thought of prinking for the Princess Royal; and as for Bitemely, he is at least a half dozen years ahead of me. Nevertheless, when May Day should come, Mary would enter on her twenty-second year and a handsome property—of which facts Bitemely was quite aware—and she preferred celebrating that day in company with her own aunt and her own aunt's nephew than away among strangers; for I have not stated that she was an orphan. In fact, I am not quite Mary's cousin; she is my aunt's niece and I am my aunt's husband's nephew; that's the relationship.

My buggy is a fine little vehicle, a little too little for two persons, as I found late that afternoon, when one of them is a vessel of wine measure pipe, tub, puncheon, hogshead, barrel, or anything else that is hooped, and the other has to sit somewhere in the region of the hub of the wheel; but one can forgive a beauty for following the fashion, and hoops have been in, gone out, and come again since then. Thus with Tim lumbering after, with the baggage in a wagon, I drove my pretty cousin towards home. Just as we rattled off our last pavement, I saw Bitemely. "How are you, old fellow?" said I, looking triumphantly. "Coming out, to-night?" Bitemely's hat went up perpendicularly about half a yard, and came down diagonally a yard and a half before it alighted on the excruciatingly bowed head. "What exquisitely high bred gentleman is that?" Mary ought to have asked in

order to meet Bitamsly's expectation; but, on the contrary, merely remarking, "Bless my heart! what a guy!" she rattled on in her own delightful way about everything in general.

All her vacations, from her twelfth to her twentieth year, had been spent with Aunt Jane and me, and a year's distribution of herself among her intimate acquaintances having passed, she had decided to spend the residue of her days, till death or a husband should remove her, with us, her only relatives.

"O, but my sands are running out, Joe," said she. "I suffer a depression—an empty, deadening feeling. I am pining slowly; my digestion is dreadful; I shall certainly either die or go crazy"—I looked in amazement at the plump, rosy girl, who sank back in the carriage,—“if you don't put this nag to his paces,” she continued; “for I haven't tasted a morsel since six this morning!”

Under such a dreadful penalty we cleared the ground at railroad speed.

"Good gracious!" said Aunt Jane, as Mary, running up the steps, entered the dark hall with extended arms and a mouth puckered up for kissing, preparatory to an onslaught on my aunt. "Good gracious! how do you think I can ever get at you, my dear? I might as well try to kiss a man looking out of the top of a balloon! Why in the world you've got so much in the way of skirt and so little in the way of bonnet, I can't see. I can't kiss you—it's of no use trying!"

"O, it can be done, ma'am," said Mary; and twisting off the butterfly she wore on her "back hair," she rushed at Aunt Jane and demonstrated *how*, while smothering the affectionate little woman in kisses. "There, sir," she said, turning to me, "I dare say you'd like me to perform the same operation on your blushing cheeks, but I sha'n't!" And now going round and shaking hands with Mrs. Archer, the cook, Isabel, said lady's grandchild, a damsel of fifteen, Joshuay and Isaiyeh, who worked the farm, she made herself generally merry and agreeable. "Now, Mrs. Archer," said Mary, a little 'summat' to eat, do—I'm ravenous! There's that canary piping up over the door; I noticed it when I came in, and if I hadn't been afraid the feathers would stick in my throat, I should have devoured it long ago!" And she plunged after Mrs. Archer into the buttery. "O, here's just the thing," cried Mary, on tiptoe, peering over the shelves. "A chicken pie, as I live! Prepare fingers to play the shovel! Do you suppose I am going to wait for a knife and fork?"

But Mrs. Archer had taken down the pie, and

holding it ominously on one side, pointed to a vast extent of its uncovered surface where the pastry had been delicately picked away.

"It never wor the cat," said Mrs. Archer, shaking her head. "Joshuay, have you been to this pie?"

"No," sang Joshuay, through his nose from the kitchen, "I haint, mum."

"Isaiyeh, then, have you been to this pie?"

"No, mum," shouted Isaiyeh, with a little variation, "I haint."

"Isabel! Isabel!" screamed Mrs. Archer, "have you been to this pie? Yes, you have! I know your long, slim finger. It's you, miss! you go right to-bade—not a mouthful of supper shall you have this night!"

"And meantime," said Mary, who had been murmuring that nature couldn't sustain it any longer, "I'm starving. Here, Mrs. Archer, give me the pie. Joe, give me a fork! Isabel, help yourself to a spoon. There now, little girl, we'll finish it together. You needn't wait, Joe; you wont get any. I'm not quite an anaconda that you need to stare as if I were swallowing a goat whole with the horns!"

I beat a retreat to Joshuay's domains and consulted with him quite a time, concerning the crops, etc. Returning, I stopped at the battery door; Mary had finished the pie, and was standing up, imbibing a glass of foaming milk, while, as if pretending to pick up a fork, Mrs. Archer stooped down to the floor.

"Sweet, pretty stuff that of your gownd, light and delicate like, feels soft, too," said Mrs. Archer, as she took the hem between her fingers to examine the texture; "raal putty, I declare! I spose you gave as much as four-six a yard, for that, now," and lifting the hem the least in the world, she obtained a glimpse of the wondrous hoops and dropped it. "Ahem," said Mrs. Archer. "Yes, I thought so. You wear one of them parrot cages, do you? Well—I suppose now we shall have our Isabel cutting up all the clothes lines to rig herself out. The hencoop that's broke and put away in the barn would do every bit as well."

"Don't get into a puncheon when a barrel will hold yer, grandmar!" suggested the daring Isabel.

"I thought I sent you to-bade, miss," was her response. And in a state of virtuous indignation at "them new-fangled fashings," Mrs. Archer sent Isabel away leaving Mary to her milk.

That evening we were all sitting in the garden chairs on the terrace, when Bitamsly cantered up, and giving his horse to Tim, joined us. After a repetition of the afternoon's bow,

he tried to feel at home, but evidently didn't succeed till taking a seat below us, he surveyed my plump cousin's beauty, now considerably enhanced in the splendor lent it by the rising moon. Before midnight, Bitemely, it was plain to see, had plunged in reveries, and was over head and ears in the flood of the river *Amaris*. Indeed, as he confidentially informed me the next day, he dreamed of drowning all night, and of being interminably hauled out by the ears by my angelic cousin in the form of a pair of pincers.

Thus days and weeks flew by, till June slid in the gates of the year, and pleasure parties, where my aunt and cousin, Bitemely and myself, were the principal parties, made a perfect *fete champêtre* of the summer; during which, it may be believed, Bitemely was by no means slow in evincing his devotion to Mary, who, skilfully parrying every open attack, prevented any proposals from him, and always treated him as if he were a harlequin who amused her, or an amiable child whom she ought to amuse.

One evening he and myself were strolling along, when a light figure tripping a few rods in advance on the other side of the fence, caught our eyes. It was Mary. Bitemely darted forward to assist her in crossing the fence, but as I caught her eye with its laughing appeal, I don't know how it was I reached the point first, lifted her across, and took her bundle from her. She was going to Mrs. Sprague's, one of the poor of the parish, and we accompanied her.

"Mrs. Sprague's son," said Mary, gaily, to hide her well-doing under an assumption of nonsense, "has been a convict in the State prison for six years, and was just let out this afternoon. I thought I'd like to see a real, live State prison bird for once, and make it a little pleasant to him to be good, and so forth, you know, by a tart and some sandwiches and tea—you understand!"

Yes, kind-hearted little woman, I understand very well; but Bitemely, who was always rather tight at a bargain, seemed to think it an unnecessary expense, while Mary, with an "O, no matter," and much the same manner as that with which she would pat a great Newfoundland, took no further notice of his remarks. As we passed Mrs. Sprague's window, natural curiosity turned our heads that way. The table was already laid, and the family were sitting down to tea. As they drew up their chairs, the recent convict pushed his back with a scrape, stood upright, and shutting his eyes with the tightest squeeze, uttered a long and elaborate blessing. Opening the eyes with an effort at the close, he glanced round.

"Well," said he, with considerable exultation, "reckon ye didn't expect that from this quarter! Well, it's true—the place which I come from is the place for moral rectitude and no mistake! If we had short commons, we got moral rectitude, which is as good as bread and fat, and what's better'n that?" After which poetical essay, he proceeded to bestow a liberal allowance of the last named articles upon himself.

Mary, who was already intimate with all the ragamuffins of the village, softly opened the door and beckoned Mrs. Sprague out.

"Here, Mrs. Sprague," said she, "pretend you forgot these, and go to the closet and appear to take them out, so that it will appear pleasant to your son; and when you have finished tea, I'd like to see you again, please. We'll wait here."

The old woman thanked her warmly as she took the dainties, and went in. Meantime, a little Sprague, who couldn't sit at table because there wasn't room, and who entertained fears of the tart, started a mighty bawling that quite nipped all Bitemely's attempts at conversation; whereupon, after considerable meditation, Bitemely put his hand in his pocket, and pulling out a cent as if it were a tooth, handed it to the youngster, who, delighted at such, to him, fabulous wealth, suspended operations in a state of ecstatic silence. In about half an hour, Mrs. Sprague returned.

"I've brought some shoes to see if they'll fit you," said Mary, as with her own hands she tried on several pairs till they arrived at some which Mrs. Sprague pronounced "cumfble," and Mary rose. As we stepped out, Bitemely lingered behind—"probably," whispered Mary, "to bestow some greater charity." But alas! low as he spoke, his voice was audible.

"I'm looking for a piece of money, a small coin, madam, that I let your little boy take; has he got it?"

The child put the cent in his mouth and his hands behind him, shaking his head very emphatically.

"Come, sonny—that's a good sonny," said Bitemely; but sonny was not to be coaxed.

"But I must have it, little boy," continued Bitemely. "A cent spoils the face of a dollar."

The indignant mother, seizing a shoulder, shook her child violently, determined the cent should leave his mouth one way or the other; and fortunately for him, it rolled from his lips to the floor. Bitemely picked it up, coolly, and dropped it in his pocket, pleased to hear the welcome jingle, and rejoined us.

Mary and I stared at each other.

"I hope it don't burn your pocket," said she.

"O, no," he returned, "not in the least. A penny saved is a penny gained, you know—and besides, my pockets are lined with leather."

"And your heart with something harder," muttered she, but he didn't hear her, and politely offered his arm.

As we passed the outer door, Mrs. Sprague, holding back her dress that she might admire her new shoes, was displaying them to advantage, while applying their extremities to the sides of a yelping canine.

"Always the way," said Mary. "I never gave her a pair of shoes in my life but she immediately went to work kicking that poor dog. I should think *he'd* hate the smell of leather, too!"

It was a midsummer night, and the bells were ringing nine. We had nearly reached home, when we came where four roads met, and a little brook and bridge intersected them. Here some extraordinary operations appeared to be going on. Miss Isabel Archer, with a napkin spread on the ground, illuminated in the centre by a lantern, and on which were two plates with a piece of bread in each, and a cup of tea, was mumbling a rhyme of mysterious import, while winding a ball of yarn, one end of which was in the brook:

"Whoever is my true love to be
Let him come wind this yarn for me,
Come eat this bread and drink this tea."

"If she hasn't got my purse silk winding there!" whispered Mary. "Mr. Bitemalsy, if you'll go pick up the end in the brook, I'll knit you a purse this very evening! And Mr. Bitemalsy, you said you wanted this rose. You may have it if you'll stoop down, as you go to the brook, and see what's in the plates—I can't imagine."

Bitemalsy sprang up obediently.

"She's trying a project," said Mary, almost dead, as she declared, with laughter, "to see who'll marry her—the little toad! O, isn't it fun?"

As for Bitemalsy, stooping down to view the contents of the plates, the lantern light suddenly gleamed on his face, appearing out of the darkness, and gave it a ghostly effect. But poor Isabel! Although she had been hoping for somebody's appearance, this was too much, and with open eyes and open mouth, uplifted hands and hair like "quills upon the fretful porcupine," she stood stone still. Running along, Bitemalsy seized the other end of the fabulous purse silk, and as soon as Miss Archer felt the

pull upon it, she left all, and with a series of voluminous shrieks, turned about, and scampered home as fast as her long legs could carry her. "O, won't I shake her!" said Mary; but I never heard that she did.

Bitemalsy went into the city, as we thought, the next morning, and I took Mary out in the skiff for a jaunt on the little island in the pond; she to procure some specimens of wild flowers, and I for the pleasure of giving her pleasure. What was our surprise, then, to behold Mr. Bitemalsy sitting in a lovesome attitude on the bank and tearing the little willow stems.

"He looks as if he had better wear the willow than tear it," whispered Mary.

But Bitemalsy's face grew radiant as he beheld her, and immediately he left his employment. Wandering with them over the island, I at last threw myself on the sward beneath a bowery thicket, while Mary strayed round at no great distance, followed assiduously by Bitemalsy. They soon were beyond hearing; but after a time, evidently unconscious that they had returned to the same spot, I heard their voices approaching the place where I, without intending it, was quite hidden.

"Ah, Miss Mary," said Bitemalsy, "I must tell you how perfectly charming you are!"

"Well," said Mary, laying a gentian root on one side, "tell away, *how* perfectly charming am I!"

This was rather a damper, but after a while the swain began again:

"I cannot repress my emotions. You must allow me to beg you to listen."

"I'm all attention," said Mary. "Hand me that little trowel first, if you please. There—now!"

"The sight of you," said he, making another vain attempt, "fills me with the warmest admiration."

"I wonder where Joe is!"

"Fills me," reiterated Bitemalsy, "with the warmest admiration. I—"

"I'm glad to hear it," interrupted my pretty cousin. "There never was a woman yet who didn't like to be admired, though some are ridiculous enough to be particular who the admirer is."

Bitemalsy took this as encouraging.

"You are glad of it!" he ejaculated. "O, Miss Mary, you have made me the happiest of men! I love—"

Here I thought Mr. Bitemalsy was going a little too far, and announcing my vicinity by a yawn and a tumultuous fit of coughing, I appeared before Bitemalsy could declare whom he loved.

"Fly in your throat, Cousin Joe!" asked

Mary, whose face was fast losing the surprise called forth by Bitemely's remarks.

"Not at all," I replied; "one on your hook, though."

"I'm not angling," said Mary.

"No, but angle-worming," I returned, as she untwisted one of those delightful creatures from her fingers.

"I'm sure," retorted Mary, pouting, "I have not hung out any bait!"

"No. You've caught your fish," I laughed; for Bitemely was tumbling down the bank to unloose the boat.

"Don't let him say anything more, Joe," pleaded Mary. And acting upon this hint, I contrived to allow Bitemely no corner for a sentence till we reached home, where he found a letter, announcing that a valuable tract of land in Michigan was about to find a sheriff's sale, owing to the fact that his agent had absconded without seeing fit to pay the taxes, and his own presence was needed in that quarter. Thereupon bidding Mary an overwhelming farewell, with a smile of ineffable pity that she must endure the loss of his company, Bitemely, who had been made—Heaven alone knew how—"the happiest of men," departed.

Now I had never fallen in love with Mary myself, *that I knew of*, and so when I found another man who *had* made himself so foolish, I at first wondered, and then thought, what if Mary had accepted him, how I should like that. It is unnecessary to state the process by which I arrived at the conclusion that I shouldn't like it at all, and that—that—it would be pleasant to have Mary always here; but it never occurred to me to ask her about it. By-and-by—it was dusk now—the subject of my thoughts appeared on the grassy terrace above, and then danced down the garden, and taking my arm, she gently drew the cigar from my fingers and threw it away.

"Well, Mary," said I, "is my pretty cousin to be merged into Mrs. —"

"Nonsense!" she cried. "But what shall I do? The wretch has gone away thinking I've accepted him, and I never had such an idea!"

"I don't see myself what—unless you undeceive him!"

"And how shall I do that?"

"Well—really—"

"I don't see how," said Mary, "unless—" and dropping my arm, she turned round and confronted me, "unless—I marry you, Joe!"

"Will you, Mary, will you?" uttered I, but my cousin's boldness was all gone in an instant; and as for the rest—find out, reader, if you can.

"Aunt Jane," said I, when I went in, "how should you fancy to keep Mary always here after three weeks from this day?"

"Ah!" said my aunt. "Why, really—you don't—it can't—Mary? I—marry her, Joseph?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Marry her in three weeks?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Mary, is he in earnest?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Why, to be sure you don't need anything particular, the way most girls do, in the way of new clothing, a—what do you call it?—trousseau. You've got enough; so you don't want six months to sew yourself to death in. But, heavens and earth! how can things be got ready in three weeks?"

"It will be nice and quiet, auntie," said Mary. "Only the minister and a half dozen friends."

"Well, my dears," said my aunt, who could not be gotten to give her consent outright to what was none of her business, "suit yourselves and you'll suit me. If you've no objections, I'm sure I needn't have any."

As I am not writing "Letters to a young man on the art of courtship," I shall not detail the proceedings of those three weeks. But at last the eventful sunshiny morning dawned. The company, who exceeded the original half dozen by some fifty or so, were in the drawing-room; the minister had arrived, and I was taking a settler in the way of a cigar, when a light foot ran up the staircase, and Bitemely, in full toilet (in which, by the way, he had always taken pains to present himself to Mary), entered my sanctum.

"How d'ye do?" said he, in a delighted way.

"How's Mary? Couldn't see her anywhere when I came in. What in the deuce is all that row in the parlor for?"

"O, some of my good aunt's works," said I.

"Come, I guess we'll go down;" for I saw my aunt beckoning me. "Mary'll be along in a minute." And we sauntered down together.

As we opened one of the drawing-room doors, my aunt and Mary entered at the opposite one. Bitemely started terribly. Mary was all covered up with lace, and her head was converted into an apparent basket of white morning glories, which looked decidedly as if they ought to wilt at this hour of day—but couldn't, being made of white satin. My aunt hovered like a little gray boat on Mary's Niagara-esque flow of drapery behind her, although the fashion had considerably collapsed; but if ever any man was brute enough to criticise his bride's appearance, yet him be hung, as I was; for meeting Mary

half way, I slipped my head into the noose, and was incontinently swung off.

Bitemaly, astonished, aghast, shivering and silently raging, had fallen back, but was now pushed forward by the crowd behind, who rushed up to pour out their stale congratulations. Apparently without knowing what he did, he dived at my hand and brought it up. "I—I—I—" said he; but I finished the sentence for him, by adding—"had better seek health and solitude in the wilds of *Scatuskykillcat!*"

I noticed, shortly after my marriage, that Isabel had disappeared. She was sent to school, as Mrs. Archer told my aunt; and when, three years after, a wedding card, said to belong to one Bitemaly, was read, there was neatly engraved in one corner thereof, "Miss Isabel Archer."

Mrs. Bitemaly, who looks, as my wife declares, half the time pinched to death, and the other half frightened to death, declares that to the day of her death, she shall believe in projects tried on a midsummer night—I don't know whether she wishes she hadn't tried it or not.

THUMBS BEFORE KNIVES.

There was one, a girl of some eighteen years of age, who might have sat for a Hebe; she came to the river-side, bearing on her head a species of tub, such as the washerwomen in Brittany use for kneeling in while they wash. She stopped close to me and put her tub down, which was filled with enormous slices of black bread flanked by huge lumps of butter. She then sat on one of the stepping-stones, within a few of me. Thus far all her motions were graceful; but alas! how small a thing destroys sentiment! Seizing one of the black wedges in her delicate white hand (blanched by washing), she plastered one side with butter, using her right thumb for the operation, and handed it to one of her companions. In this manner she dealt with all the slices, distributing them to the women around her, who seemed to relish them not the less for the absence of a knife.—*Weld's Vacation in Brittany.*

A GREAT ADVANTAGE.

The nurse of a Parisian lady fell ill, recently, and her mistress gave orders for a physician to be sent for.

"But, madame, they are so dear!" remonstrated the woman.

"No matter, my poor girl," replied the lady, "my own physician must see you at once."

"Then perhaps madame subscribes for a doctor as we do?"

"Subscribe! What do you mean?" asked the mistress.

"Why, madame, you see at home," exclaimed the girl, "we pay twelve francs a year for the whole family; and one year there was a great deal of sickness in our house, and I assure you, madame, I had a bad typhoid fever for nothing!" *Saturday Courier.*

ONWARD AND UPWARD!

BY GULA MEREDITH.

Though dark be the tempests that over us roll,
Though friends may forsake and may leave us forlorn,
Let this be our motto, 'twill strengthen the soul,
Though shattered our shields, and our banners be torn.

Let the proud world deride us, and think what they may,
Let the powers of darkness against us combine;
For help in temptation to God we will pray,
And move "onward and upward, and true to the line."

'Tis the watch-cry of faith, and we'll bravely go on
In the course we have marked, for the goal is divine;
And when dangers are over and victory won,
Sing "onward and upward, and true to the line."

In the "battle of life" it has borne us along;
In the "valley of death," when our spirits decline,
We'll treasure it still, and well sing the good song,
Of "onward and upward, and true to the line."

LUCY EVERTON.

BY SUSAN H. BLAISDELL.

It was nearing the sunset of a beautiful day, early in the opening summer. The orchard trees were loaded with fragrance. Their white and pink blossoms grew in thick snowy clusters, and whitened with their falling petals, as with the stainless harvest of the bygone winter, all the emerald turf below. Except where, near the foot of the old orchard, away from the trees, wound a narrow foot-path, crossing the hillside.

It was up this path, long and long ago, in the years that are far gone, that a pale, thoughtful-looking, dark-haired boy walked slowly, in the closing day. He was slight and tall for his years, which could not have been more than eighteen; but there was nothing of the awkwardness of boyhood in the graceful mould, and free though quiet motion of the slender form. Already, in that young countenance, the traits of manhood were visible. The shadowing forth of a high and earnest soul, early maturing for its future labor, was there. The soul of one already learning the lesson of life; that lesson, so sweet yet so bitter; the lesson that we must all learn, whether it is pleasant or painful; that must be learned perfectly, and only finishes at the grave. It was just opening to him.

Richard Everton was thinking of it to-night; thinking that so far it had been very pleasant and peaceful to him. That he had reason to be grateful that it was so; and was looking forward with calm faith to the future. He could not see—he only trusted. It was with a meditative brow, that leaving the shady path he was pursu-

ing, he crossed the foot of the old orchard, and entered the field beyond, that lay broad and clear in the sunset light, with only the lengthening shadows of the distant trees, intersecting the golden bars of the evening sunshine, that grew softer and paler every moment. A soft breeze, springing up, sighed gently around him, and lightly rustled through the deep grass. It bore faintly to his ear the sound of distant voices—the approaching tramp of horses' hoofs.

Light and musical laughter rippled along the evening air; and lightly leaping the low wall separating the field from the road that bounded it, he observed a party of three persons drawing near, on horseback. The party consisted of a gentleman, handsome, dark and haughty-looking, and who bore himself gracefully and well; and two young ladies, who, though of various styles of beauty, yet bore to each other a certain resemblance which showed them to be related. For Madaline and Lucy Everton were sisters. Madaline, the elder, must have been nearly eighteen; fair in complexion, with large, deep blue eyes, and abundant golden hair; and a countenance so perfectly beautiful, so sweet and charming, that one must be fascinated by its loveliness, despite himself.

Lucy seemed some twelve or eighteen months younger, and she, too, was fair, with the same large, deep-blue eyes, the same abundant golden hair; but the expression of those eyes was different—it was graver—softer—more thoughtful; in its pensive softness, her countenance was even more lovely than that of Madaline.

Richard Everton's color slightly rose, as he beheld this party; but his glance passed the other two, to rest on Madaline. He proceeded more slowly; they, drawing nearer, recognized him, and Madaline, reining up her horse, held out her hand to him, with a lovely smile, saying in her gentlest voice, "Good evening, cousin!"

A happy look beamed in his fine, hazel eyes, as he received with a timid pressure the beautiful hand so freely given him; and the soft color, that rose for a moment fluttering to her cheek, filled him with an emotion inexpressible.

Lucy sat silent till he turned to her. There was no flush of feeling in her cheek, as he bent over her hand; as she, too, bade him good evening. But her soft eyes grew gentler still; and their serious smile of welcome dawned with a tender beauty, and died lingeringly away again, unseen beneath the drooping lashes.

The gentleman merely bowed, with a half-haughty inclination, to Richard, and remained silent. Madaline, only, exchanged a few words with the young man, before riding on.

"Your father, I trust, is well this evening?" he said.

"He is unusually well, I thank you, Richard," she answered; then added in a low tone, as musical and winning as it was sad: "O, how I wish, cousin, you would come up sometime and see him! I am sure—I am very sure, he would welcome you. Indeed, I think—I am afraid—you judge him wrongly. I know he could not but learn to—to like you."

Her white little hand, as she murmured these words, was laid entreatingly upon his, that rested upon her horse's neck. The blood wavered in the young man's brow, with the emotion pervading his breast, at the seemingly unconscious tenderness of that voice and touch. How sweet they both were to him! But he shook his head.

"Nay, Madaline, I fear it is impossible for me to win your father's affection. Nay—do not look so sad, dear cousin! One day, perhaps, he and I may know each other better than we ever have yet. I must wait patiently till then. But," glancing towards Madaline's companion, "I fear I detain you, cousin. Let me say good-by."

"Good-by then, Richard."

She allowed her hand to rest in his an instant, even softly returned its pressure; and then, with another of her rare, sweet smiles, turned away. Lucy saw his eyes lingering on her sister's face, with unutterable tenderness of expression. When he turned to her, there was an unconscious cloud of trouble on her sweet face. It was with an accent of sadness in her kind voice, that she bade him adieu, and then, with downcast eyes, rode on.

"That was our young divine, I believe—was it not, Miss Everton?" asked Madaline's cavalier, as the party proceeded. "For really, I am not certain, although I think I have had the honor of being introduced to him." He spoke in a light tone, and a faint glow dawned in Lucy's fair cheek.

"That, Mr. Cameron," she answered, quietly, without waiting for Madaline to speak, "was our cousin, Richard Everton."

The gentleman slightly bit his lip, and colored at the rebuke. Madaline, too, seemed somewhat confused, but covered Lucy's grave answer with some gay rejoinder; and so they rode on; but Lucy spoke no more on the way homeward.

She knew that her cousin Richard loved Madaline; it needed nothing more than her own woman's heart to tell her that. And she knew that Madaline, pleased with the knowledge of her power over his affections, delighted to feed her own vanity by encouraging them—by coquetting with and deceiving him. For it amounted only

to that—all the notice Madaline Everton bestowed on her cousin Richard. He was only a poor student—he was only to be a country clergyman. It was presumption in him to look upon her with the regard that every glance and tone of his betrayed. But his boyish love flattered her, nevertheless; and so, herself half bewildered by her gratified vanity, she led him on, knowing all the time that it was only to make him miserable at last.

She did not call it wicked, or cruel, or even wrong, thus to encourage him. If there were ever times when her conscience told her that it was so, she turned away from the accusing voice, and hushed it, saying to herself: "I know he never can hope to marry me. He must know it himself. For my father looks coldly on him. He does not like him, and never would permit me to marry him. Richard must know this, but he cannot help caring for me still; and would it not be more cruel in me than, to treat him with indifference? to deny him even the brief happiness I can give him, by allowing him to believe his affections returned?"

With such sophistry as this she glossed over her own selfishness. It was true that Sir James Everton did not look with favor upon his young nephew. For Richard Everton's father had won for his bride the first love of his elder brother; and the baronet, embittered against him on that account, had treated him and his family thenceforth as strangers. Richard's father and mother were dead; but the hard feelings Sir James had entertained towards them, were extended even to their child, after their death. He seldom saw Richard, and only favored him with a brief and constrained sign of recognition, when he did so. But this was no excuse for Madaline's indulgence in the spirit of coquetry natural to her. Lucy felt it. But she had never, by word or sign, touched upon the subject of her sister's conduct, in any of their conversations. She avoided—she shrank from it. Only, when she beheld Madaline thus coquetting with him, a deep pain was in her heart, and she said to herself: "O, if Madaline only knew what such love as Richard's is worth!"

"Lucy?"

"Well, father?"

"Where is your sister Madaline this evening? I have not seen her for the last hour."

"She is walking with Mr. Cameron in the grounds, I think, sir. She went out with him a little while since."

Lucy had suspended her sewing, for a moment, as she answered her father's questions, and

regarded him questioningly; for there was an unusual cloud on his brow this evening. He paced the room slowly to and fro, with folded arms, his eyes downcast with an expression of serious—almost stern thought.

"Lucy," he said, again, presently, "Madaline sees her cousin Richard, occasionally, I believe?"

"Yes, father," Lucy answered, in a subdued voice. The question agitated less than surprised her; for it was the first time, almost, that she had ever heard her father speak Richard Everton's name.

"They must have met frequently, I think?" was her father's next question.

"Yes, father." And her voice slightly trembled. "Madaline rides out a great deal, and the road, you know, winds directly past his house. And we have seen him very often at Dr. West's."

He was silent a moment. Then he said, briefly: "So I had concluded. I happened to see them in conversation, this morning, and observed them both. They did not see me. Lucy," and he paused before her, with a sudden decision of manner, "Lucy, tell me truly, do you know anything of the sentiments with which they regard each other?"

She hesitated and trembled.

"I think that—Richard—likes Madaline, father," she said, at last.

"Ay, likes."

It was all he said—those two words. But they were uttered with a stern significance, that showed how well he comprehended the thought which she failed to express freely.

"Well, Lucy—and she—Madaline—the type of her sex? She 'likes' him also?"

The young girl was silent.

"Lucy—tell me," and he spoke with grave command, "you must know something of this: do you not think your sister is deceiving him—Richard Everton, my nephew? Do you not see that she is coquetting with him—amusing herself at his expense—making a temporary plaything of the boyish heart that he has placed in her merciless keeping?"

"Yes, father."

She could but just whisper the words. She bent over her work to hide the slow, large tears that filled and blinded her blue eyes.

"I thought so. You may wonder I see so far, Lucy, but I have not been quite oblivious of all that has been going on around me. No! Good cause have I to watch in accents like these, where my own child is concerned! She would deceive him—I see it!—as one equally beautiful once deceived me."

He paused abruptly. The table on which his

hand rested, shook beneath its pressure. He was strongly agitated; a single moment, and he rallied.

"I have never been kind to Richard, Lucy," he said. "I regret it now. Next to you and your sister, he is my nearest of kin. He is not to blame for the deeds of his parent. But even were he my enemy, I wou'd not see him made miserable as I have been, and by a child of mine. I am going to examine this matter, Lucy."

He stood there in stern and silent meditation a moment longer; and then, without speaking a word, went out. Before the sun had sunk in the horizon, he came back, but not alone; one was with him, in whom it was easy to recognise the boy-student we met something more than three years ago. In these three years, Richard had finished his theological studies, and already he was ordained for the ministry. And still, through all his labors, he never ceased to love Madaline Everton. Mr. Cameron had been absent from England all this time, and had but just returned. That night, Sir James Everton went to repair the error of years. No little astonishment it created to see him come back to Everton Hall, accompanied by his long-estranged nephew. His uncle had sought him out, and asked his forgiveness for the neglect of past years. He had asked frankly and as frankly received an assurance of the good-will of his nephew. It was as a token of their reconciliation, that Richard entered to-night, his uncle's house, by his uncle's side. He could scarcely credit the words his uncle uttered. For Sir James Everton had made Richard confess his love for Madaline; and while the young man had sat silent, awaiting a harsh reprimand for his presumption, his uncle, with a voice strangely unsteady, had said:

"Then, Richard, if you love her, and believe your love returned, go and seek Madaline out. Learn what her feelings truly are. If she reciprocates your attachment you shall have her."

"Sir," uttered Richard, tremblingly, "sir, you will then permit her to wed a poor man like myself?"

"Richard," answered his uncle, excitedly, "if you had not a penny I would give her to you with freedom. For she has led you to believe that she is not indifferent to you."

"Yee—she has—she has!" uttered Richard, with impetuous earnestness.

"Yet, Richard," and the old man was pale with emotion, "let me warn—though it is with the deepest pain that I utter it—I would have you prepare yourself for disappointment. She may have been deceiving you."

"Deceiving me!" Richard's countenance

grew colorless as marble. "No, no, anything but that!"

"Come and see, then, Richard. Satisfy yourself. Learn her sentiments towards you from her own lips. Then, if she loves, and is thus worthy of you, my blessing shall be upon your union. But if not, then—"

He did not finish, and they went forth in silence. But on their way, he said, in a voice of emotion, "Richard, I dread the coming hour, for it may be like one that has brought to me the greatest suffering my life ever knew. Too strongly does Madaline remind me of one who once played me false. It would be a bitter thing, to feel that a child of mine should cause another the unhappiness she brought to me."

Looking from her own little casement, Lucy Everton had seen him coming towards the hall, and with mingled happiness and sorrow, went down to welcome her cousin to her father's house. She knew what he had come for, and how hopeless was his errand.

It was with complete astonishment that Madaline beheld Richard, and learned that henceforth her father welcomed him for all time, to his heart and his home. Greater, still her agitation and confusion, when, sanctioned by her father's approval, Richard asked her, trembling between hope and fear, to be his wife.

But the trial had come, and must be passed. So, while he waited, with a brow pale with suspense, to learn his fate, she answered, calmly:

"I am very sorry, Richard, if you have misunderstood me. I am betrothed to another. Mr. Cameron is to-night to seek my father's consent to our union."

"Madaline, Madaline," he uttered, "can this indeed be so? O, if looks and tones are not to be trusted, how wofully have I deceived myself!"

"You are right, Richard," she answered, haughtily. "You have deceived yourself. I do not know what right you have to believe that I could ever marry a poor country clergyman."

Feeling that she was guilty of meanness towards her cousin, her anger rose, and displayed itself against him for forcing the consciousness upon her. In a hasty moment her incensed feelings found vent in this unworthy language.

For one moment the blood rushed painfully to his brow, then receded. He rose.

"Madaline," he said, "I have been presumptuous. I should have known better than to offer you my poor fortunes. But it was more—it was a true heart's love that I brought you. It has returned to me now. Forget, Madaline, as I shall do, that it ever existed."

"O, Madaline, Madaline! how could you be so cruel to Richard?"

The cheek of Madaline flushed angrily, as Lucy's sorrowful voice uttered its gentle rebuke.

"Cruel, Lucy? I do not understand you. I do not see any cruelty in refusing a man whom I do not care for in the slightest degree."

"But you made him believe you liked him—you know it, Madaline. You know how he hung on every look and word of yours. You knew it, Madaline, and it was cruel to lead him on to the very last and then cast aside the heart he offered you."

"It was his own fault. He should not have presumed as he did. And now let us leave this subject. It is one I do not choose to discuss further."

So Madaline Everton married Mr. Cameron, and left Everton Hall for a new home. But it was with many a pang of conscience that she prepared for all this. Her father never smiled on her after her heartless rejection of Richard. His demeanor, cold, constrained and severe, punished her for her unworthy conduct, in its change from his former free and affectionate manner. But so it continued to the last moment of her departure; and she went away with her husband, knowing that she had lost her father's respect, and feeling and seeing that Richard, seeing her in her true light, that of a heartless coquette, had completely thrown off the thralldom in which her charms had held him. She felt that he, in his noble, lofty manhood, looked with compassion on the littleness of her nature; not despising her, because he was too gentle—too truly good to despise a living creature—but pitying her sincerely, and loving her no longer. For he saw her now as she was.

Lucy and her father lived alone at Everton, now, and the place was very quiet. Madaline's departure from it had necessarily made it so; while the memory of her falsity and unworthiness combined to cast a shadow over the hearts of those she had left.

"Richard," said Sir James one day, "we are lonely at Everton. I am growing an old man now. Will you come and dwell there with me? You have no ties to keep you away."

The gentle friendliness always marking Sir James's manner towards his nephew since their reconciliation, had won Richard's heart. He had grown to respect first, then to love his uncle. No sad remembrance of Madaline intruded now to render painful to him the thought of dwelling in the house so thronged with associations connected with her. He knew that his uncle needed his society. He experienced some pleasure in

being so near him and Lucy; and he went away from his own quiet home to theirs. They were all happier for his coming. The old mansion seemed to grow pleasanter than it ever had been, after he came. The long, bright summer days grew brighter, though they fled more swiftly in the sunshine of Richard's presence.

They were beautiful Sabbaths, too, when leaning on her father's arm, with Richard on the other side, Lucy walked to the little village church; and then, within its gray old walls, they listened to his voice from the sacred desk, and gathered his gentle teachings up in their hearts.

They were pleasant Sabbaths to Sir James. He learned the full worth of Richard, both from his precepts and his daily life. He saw him beloved and revered by his parishioners, and he himself grew to honor no less than love him.

And who shall say how gentle Lucy Everton revered her noble cousin? Ever near him, she saw more fully and clearly, day by day, the value of that which her sister had so wilfully cast aside. She looked up to Richard with quiet, earnest, silent affection—a blending of love, respect and reverence, such as her gentle and thoughtful nature must feel for that which was beautiful and noble and good.

"O, Madaline, Madaline!" she murmured mentally, sometimes, "why did you reject him? How happy, how enviable would have been your destiny, as the bride of Richard."

But all things were as they should have been. Far away from Everton Hall, in all the bustle and whirl of the gay metropolis, Madaline was leading such a life of splendor and of worldly triumph as was best suited to her nature; and Richard Everton, hearing of her brilliant existence there, realized the wisdom of that Providence by which all things are rightly ordered, and gave no sigh or regret to the hour when his path was so ruthlessly turned aside from that of his vain and beautiful cousin.

Quietly and happily a few brief years glided away; and then Sir James Everton was gathered to his fathers. He died a peaceful death, blessing Richard and his children in his last fleeting moments; conversing seriously and affectionately with Madaline, who, forgetting her vanity and her heartlessness, mourned with the keenest distress for his approaching loss, and bequeathing the weeping Lucy to Richard's care.

Richard went away after his uncle's death, on a journey; and Lucy, in her mourning solitude, dwelt alone at Everton; for she would not go to her sister's splendid home in those sorrowful days. She preferred retirement, more suited to grief. Everton was Richard's now, and all that

belonged to it. The title of his uncle, with the bulk of his property, was bequeathed to him. Lucy's property consisted of one or two estates which came to her from her mother. She only remained at Everton now, till her cousin should return. Then she was going away. She told him so, on the wild November evening when they sat together in the old drawing-room by the fire, after he came back.

"Going, Lucy?" he echoed, gently; "no, no. Everton is your home."

She shook her head, sadly, without speaking. Richard regarded her tenderly for a moment, then laid his hand on hers.

"Lucy, Everton would miss you a great deal; do you not think it would?"

Still she did not speak; but the tears filled her eyes.

"Yes, Everton would miss you much; but I should miss you more," he said, in a tone of sweet and serious affection, "Lucy, I should not be at rest, if you were not here. It is very, very sweet to have you near me. Lucy, you will not go away from home—from me? I would have you stay, dear one, as the mistress of Everton still; as Richard Everton's wife. Will you wed him, my beloved cousin?"

It was a moment for Lucy Everton too sweet to be real. "*Richard's wife*." But it was true; and now the tears were happy ones that fell from Lucy's eyes, as Richard drew her to his breast.

HOW TO SEE A BROTHER.

The following anecdote is told of Prince Oscar of Sweden: When a boy, he was one day roaming over his father's palace in quest of his brother, who was lately appointed Viceroy of Norway. Not finding him, he asked a chamberlain he happened to meet, where he was.

"His royal highness," answered the officer, "is now under arrest?"

"For what?"

"For having in a passion broken the mate to the porcelain vase you see on the mantel-piece."

"Well, I would like to see him."

"Impossible," was the answer; "his majesty, your father, has given me orders to the contrary."

Whereupon young Oscar, walking up to the mantel-piece, snatched the costly *Sevres*, saying as he did so:

"Now, sir, you will please have me arrested, and mind you see to it that they put me in the same room with my brother.—*Albion*."

A modern writer says: "I never give a man credit for having the power of doing what he never does. Plausibility is very imposing, no doubt; but when I see one of whom people say, 'He has talent, he has genius, if he would use them right; I think it is a sham, and not the real thing; for sound talent and true genius don't go with a laggard spirit—they are like a spur in the heel to keep a man advancing.'"

SONG.

BY J. P. STONE.

Dear Nell was bright and fair to see,
As a balmy orient day;
And we vowed to each other a constancy
That never should dwindle away.
But I sighed and smiled; when she swore by the gods,
That her love was forever and aye.
Sing heigho! Now loud the mountain rill!
And heigho! The deeper stream, how still!

Her eye was of night—her cheek of warm day,
And her lips were an endless feast.
Her step cheered the shore where we walked, as the morn
Cheers hilltop and lee in the east.
And we leaned o'er the lake, and could see but ourselves
And heaven just beyond,—and were blest.
Sing heigho! How loud the mountain rill!
And heigho! The deeper stream, how still!

To trust a woman and be deceived
Is more foolish than children's play!
Nell had sworn by the gods to her love; I believed,
And went dreamy and glad on my way.
My vows of love are each moment fulfilled,
And hers—I will not say!
But heigho! How loud the mountain rill!
And heigho! The deeper stream how still!

THE WRECKER BOY:

—OR,—

THE FIGHT ON THE BEACH.

BY WILLIAM O. BATON.

By the sea-side, on a high cliff which formed part of a long reach of rocky coast, stood *Marrice*—a lad of some fourteen or fifteen years. He was a stout, handsome youth, with more thought and manliness in his bearing than is common to that age. His dark eyes scanned the waste of rolling waters with a calm, steady, melancholy gaze, as leaning upon an oar, a net which he had been repairing, at his feet, he awaited the approach of a boat which was rounding a headland some three miles distant. He was attired in a fisherman's garb, and as the ribbon from his tarpaulin hat and the red scarf about his half-exposed throat fluttered in the breeze, he stood a picture of humble and unconscious grace, such as an artist's eye would have delighted to dwell upon.

Behind him, at the distance of about a quarter of a mile, stood a number of rude fishermen's huts some hundred rods apart, and before the doors of some of them the fishers, or rather wreckers—for such they were—were busily engaged in repairing their fishing tackle and otherwise providing for the equipment of their boats.

"Ronald is coming," said one of them, "for

see! Maurice is making the sign to us. Rely upon it, he sees a storm in the wind's eye as well as we do. Heaven send us a good wreck this time! The last was all work and worry, and little profit."

"The devil send you a wreck, you mean!" at this moment interposed a rude, weather-beaten, hard-visaged woman, who was standing in the door-way of one of the cottages, and had been watching Maurice with interest long before he made the sign. "You don't flatter yourself that Heaven has anything to do with your murdering and robbing the poor, helpless castaways, whom the less cruel sea surrenders to your clutches, do you?"

"How now, old woman!" returned the wreck-er who had spoken; "what has stirred you up this morning? You must have got out of the wrong side of the bed—eh? How should we live except by knocking the brains out of those who were half-dead already, as they were washed ashore? Our lives are as good as theirs, and we're not going to starve. If they don't want to be killed, they mustn't come ashore, and cheat the sea of its due. Let 'em drown! What we get, we'll have."

"You'll have a rope round your neck one of these days, and I shall live to see it," retorted the woman. "I only hope poor Maurice may never learn to do as you have done."

"O, let Maurice alone," said one of the wreckers; "he'll be the very prince of wreckers yet, if you don't make a weak fool of him with your nonsense. He's nigh as strong as a man already, and there's not a better hand among us with a boat. He pulled me from the undertow, the last stormy night we had, when I thought nothing could save me. And nobody else would have risked it but him. Perhaps it may be in my way to do him a service, some day. If so, I'll do it at any sacrifice, as sure's my name's Bob Hammer."

"And as sure's my name's Joe Darby," said the one who had first spoken, "if Ronald don't do better by me than he has done the last three or four times, in sharing, I'll take what proportion I earn, come what may! I won't be fooled any longer with his captaincy and his equal divisions—not I!" And he took a huge chew of tobacco to fortify and give emphasis to his resolution.

"Ha, ha!" laughed the woman.

"Don't laugh at me!" fiercely exclaimed Darby.

"Ha, ha!" repeated she; "you will, if you can, Joe Darby—not without. Both my husband Ronald and you are brutes, sure enough;

but as he is the bigger brute, he'll have his own way, I reckon." And without another word, she went into the hut—Darby still muttering to himself.

"Here comes the captain, with Maurice," said Hammer, as the twin were seen leaving the cliff's edge. "It's blowing a stiff breeze already, and those clouds tell us there'll be work to-night."

At the appearance of Ronald Marksley, seven or eight men from the various huts of the group were seen hastening towards his house, where, on their arrival, a conference was had regarding his disposal of the common stock of plunder, the tidings from the neighboring town, preparations for the storm, torches, etc.; etc.; and after an hour's talk, they separated—the breeze, meanwhile, having increased into a strong gale and the rain pouring in torrents.

"Why do you act so mysteriously, mother?" asked Maurice of Dame Marksley later in the day, as she beckoned him, with significant looks, from the apartment where her husband lay asleep, stretched upon the floor. "What is it you would say to me?"

"Maurice, my boy, long I have wished to disclose to you an important secret, but fear of him, and the thought that it might do no good, prevented me. But he treats me like a slave, and I so wish that you may not follow in the bloody track of these dreadful men, that I will reveal it to you—and may God turn your knowledge to good account! Maurice, you are not our son!"

"Is it possible?" exclaimed he, starting and turning white. "What! are you not my mother?"

"Hush! Ronald may feign sleep and overhear," replied she, with her finger on her lips. "You are the sole survivor of a ship which was wrecked on yonder shore when you were about four years old. You, too, would have been murdered, as was he in whose arms you were washed ashore by a mighty wave, had I not stayed Ronald's ruthless arm, after he had given the finishing touch to the unhappy man who had folded you to his breast, to save or perish with you. Yielding to my prayers, he consented to let you live, and adopt you as our son. Whether the murdered man was your father, I know not; but certain it is you are not our child, and I thank God that you are not! I tell you this, my lad, that you may turn with loathing from the bloody ways of these relentless monsters, who fatten upon misery, and who take a mortal's life with as little compunction as they would hook a fish. Keep this a secret, Maurice, and while you stay with us, do all you can to save, instead of taking

life. Be a saviour, instead of a destroyer, and by every safe means thwart the assassins in their dark hours of cowardly pillage. So God will prosper you, and his vengeance, which will surely light upon them, will be averted from your head."

"I will save all I can, hereafter," replied the wrecker boy, gravely. "I never liked their ways nor deeds, and have never yet harmed a castaway. But O, this news makes me feel so strangely! I don't know whether to feel glad about it or not. You don't think," he added, earnestly, pressing her arm, "that it was my father that he—murdered, do you?"

"Perhaps not, boy—perhaps not. I remember his face; I don't think he looked like you."

"O, I hope it wasn't. But then, even if he were not my father, perhaps my father was on board, and then—then"—and he burst into tears and sobs—"he must have died, at any rate!"

"Here, Maurice! Run over to Bob Hammer's and ask him if my knife is ready. He was to put a new handle on, and sharpen it. Be spry."

These words proceeded from Marksley in the next room, he having just awoke. The forlorn wrecker boy brushed away his tears hastily, and went upon the errand—his heart heavier than it had ever been before. He now felt alone in the world—and amid such associations!

As night came on, the sky became charged with furious clouds, and there was a mighty moan, which swept across the black ocean, seeming like the voice of some monster of the waters yearning for his human prey. The vaulting billows appeared to leap, in fiendish gladness to the clouds, which were preparing food for them, and their white crests smiled in anticipation; while their steady, rolling, irresistible gush, as they swayed along together, sounded like whispers of the fury which was to come. Awful was the voluminous gloom of the waste of dark and billowy hills! awful the Cimmerian canopy which made earth and ocean cower, beneath its frown and portentous sigh. O, who are on the deep to-day? Will they reach their port or their doom to-night, or straggle triumphant through an open sea? How many thousand prayers are offered for them! Will they be answered by Him who poured the flood, or shall they be as fruitless as the sea-bird's cry?

The league of wreckers—some eight or ten, sworn solemnly to stand by each other in secrecy to the death—were prepared to answer such a question in their own way. For many miles, the coast, of which they were the haunting de-

mons, presented no point upon which, should a vessel be driven there, there was the most remote chance of escape from shipwreck. Many were the stout ships which had dashed to pieces on that dread shore, the terror of the mariner, the delight of the ravenous fish and ocean-fowl, and of the wreckers more savage than they.

"O, this is a glorious blaster, men!" exclaimed the remorseless Marksley, as they assembled on the cliff just as day went down, with sad face, behind the veil of heaven, as if hiding in grief for the wretchedness which was impending. "And see! four—five—seven ships in the offing! We shall be the most luckless dogs alive, if some of them are not ours."

Repairing to a boat-house on the beach, the party, of whom Maurice and Mrs. Marksley were members, with provisions for a rude lunch, and with bludgeons, knives, etc., awaited the expected sounds of distress—signal guns or lights booming or glaring over that mighty graveyard! Nor had they long to wait. A gun was heard—the sound muffled by the roaring waves—and the men sprang to their feet and went forth upon the rocky shore to watch. Other guns, nearer and nearer, were fired in rapid succession, and a light was seen not more than a mile from the frowning shore.

"Poor wretches! God have mercy on them!" ejaculated Mrs. Marksley, who had remained in the boat-house with Maurice. Tears started into the wrecker boy's eyes, for he thought of all she had told him that day, and had brooded, ever since, over the probable fate of his father. The old woman continued: "Wind and wave are driving them directly on these accursed rocks! There's not the slightest hope for them. Merciful hands might save a few, but they would as well fall into the tiger's clutches as among these. Better that they should drown at once!"

The wreckers had kindled a bonfire—sad misnomer!—on the shore, as if in sign that friendly aid might be expected; and the helpless vessel, a ship of large size, all management of her having finally been abandoned as useless, drove, headlong, upon the rocks—horrible cries of despair mingling with the noises of the storm, as she went to pieces in the dark.

"Maurice, you may have a chance to-night to do God and man service," said Dame Marksley, hurriedly, as they prepared to go forth. "If you do, lose it not. Thwart these demons, if you can. Remember your own wrongs, and should you see a struggle going on, give aid to the unfortunates, not to our men—not even to Ronald, should he be in peril of his life. I will be at your side to direct you."

"I will do as you say," said Maurice, firmly, "as surely as I hope to see my father in heaven, where, you have taught me, I can never reach, should I shed blood of any human creature. O, my poor father!"

They stepped forth from the boat-house into the wild scene of darkness, danger and death. The crash of broken timbers mingled with the roar of the elements and the cries for help. The surging waters answered with relentless dashing, and engulfed many a hapless wretch forever.

"They are about it! Look, Maurice! They are dashing the brains out of those men yonder. And see! Ronald is struggling beyond, with one of those who are washed ashore. If we have not strength, let us use craft. If he prevails, let us try what art will do to save the man. Come!"

The two hastened to the place where, stumbling and struggling among the rocks, sometimes knee deep in the breakers, Ronald and the stranger tugged for life. The latter proved a match for his antagonist, despite the exhaustion resulting from the shipwreck.

"Here, Maurice, Helen, help!" cried the wrecker chief, as his strength began to fail him.

Maurice ran to the stranger, and fastening about his neck, exclaimed in his ear:

"Fall, friend! fall, and I will save you. Fall!"

Whether the man believed, or whether his feet slipped at that moment on the seaweed which mantled the rocks beneath his feet, the desire of Maurice was gratified—he did fall; and Maurice, as if by accident, stumbled between the legs of Marksley with such force, as to pitch him headlong upon the sharp rocks, where a wave rolled over him, bruised and bleeding by the fall.

"Blundering fool! Is this the way you aid me?" were the first words which escaped the lips of the earaged and baffled wrecker, as, pretending to be anxious for his safety, Maurice hauled him roughly away from his adversary up the beach. "Where is he?" he added, looking round in the darkness for his opponent in vain.

"I saw a heavy wave roll back with him into the sea," said Dame Marksley. "It's all over with him by this time."

"Are you there, Helen?" exclaimed Marksley, feeling for her. "I would you had been here in time to have hit him with a bludgeon. But we shall find his body, I suppose. Where's Maurice?"

Maurice had suddenly disappeared. Through all the excitement of the scene, he had not lost sight of the stranger, and had now gone to his relief. The man was scrambling, exhausted, up the rocky acclivity slowly on hands and knees, when, just as Maurice put forth his hand to assist

him, a broad and awful mountain wave thundered up over them both. Quick as thought, the hardy wrecker boy sprang forward and fell, clinching with an iron gripe the rocks on which he lay prostrate. The retiring wave left him there; but not so fortunate was the stranger. He had been borne back into the trough of the sea. Maurice sprang up, and at this juncture Bob Hammer came along, with a coil of rope which he had found, upon his shoulder.

"Is that you, Bob?"

"Ay, ay, my hearty—how goes it?"

"Bob, I saved your life once," said Maurice, hurriedly. "Now return the favor. You see that man. I'll hold the rope. Fasten it round you and plunge! Quick, or it will be too late."

"I'll do it, my lad, if it costs me my life." And in less time than it takes to relate it, the grateful wrecker bounded forward into the yawning, death-fraght element, white with hissing foam.

"Hold hard, boy, and I'll have him," gurgled Bob Hammer; and rising on the top of a billow, he disappeared behind it.

The huge hill of water rolled forward and fell, bathing the legs of Maurice, to whose aid was lent the strength of some mighty stones, behind which he had taken foothold. And now, by the dim light of the distant torches on the shore, Maurice saw two dark objects floating in the trough of the sea.

He heard a faint, bubbling cry—that of a "strong swimmer in his agony"—and knew that it was the signal for him to hail; and with all his might he did so, but the burden, and the force and weight of the waters would have proved too much for him had he not fortunately been aided at this crisis by the timely arrival of Dame Marksley.

"Pull! pull! or they'll drown—pull!" cried Maurice, panting with fatigue and excitement; and the wrecker's wife bent to the task, and her sinewy arms were exerted to good purpose. A rising wave assisted their last efforts, and brought the rescued twain high up the rocks, several feet beyond them.

"Whew!" sputtered the woman, as drenched by the billow, and with her mouth full of gravel and salt water, she scrambled up from the awkward position into which she had been thrown, "that was the biggest wave of to-night."

"Bob," cried Maurice, running to him, "how do you feel?"

"Well enough, only a little out of breath."

"Will you do me another favor?"

"Yes, a hundred!"

"Then help carry this man to a place of safe-

ty—any nook high up in the rocks will do. And keep this a secret; this man must not die.”

“Not if he ben’t dead already, you mean.”

The man lay motionless where the wave had left him.

“We’ll see how that is; but let us be quick, or we may be seen by the captain!” And they lifted the insensible man along to a more secure place, while Mrs. Marksley repaired to where the other wreckers were busy securing their plunder, as the waves gave it to them; ever and anon giving a fatal rap on the head of some half-drowned creature, that the morning might bring them no disputants for their prize.

When Maurice disappeared, Marksley, taking it for granted that his late adversary was drowned, had hurried towards that part of the beach where the most of his men were engaged, and on the way he ran against Joe Darby, whom he found busy rifling the pockets of a corpse which had been flung ashore.

“Ha! are you there, Darby? A prize, eh?”

“Ay, and a rich one, too; and *mine*, mark you, *mine*, all mine. No sharers in this, you may be sure of that.” And Darby held up a gold watch and chain, and a large and apparently well-stuffed leather pocket-book, dripping with brine. “Who knows but there’s a fortune there.”

“If there is, or whatever there is, it will be shared equally among us,” insisted Marksley.

“Will it, though?” sneered Darby, about to stow it away.

“Ay, will it!” quickly returned Marksley, enraged at this dishonest braving of a compact which all had sworn to observe; “and *this*—” and he adroitly snatched it as he spoke,—“*this* to make sure of it!”

In the next instant they were engaged in a deadly embrace. Mutual hatred so absorbed them, that while they grappled they would have been engulfed by the breakers had they not suddenly been parted by three or four of their comrades, who came up, crying, “Boat! boat! Wreckers ahoy!”

A boat, bottom upwards, to whose keel clung half a dozen men, was on the point of being hurled ashore, and the wreckers were desirous of mustering all their strength at that point that not one should escape to tell the tale of that awful night.

“Fighting among ourselves! For shame! Let’s look to the boat first!” exclaimed the remorseless villains, ravenous as sharks for their victims. “Let us attend to their welfare, and then, when they’re sent *home*, fight after, if we please. Hurry!”

The combatants desisted, and all sped to the

spot whereon the boat was now cast, like a toy, by the mighty sea. It had evidently come from some vessel which had foundered, since otherwise no boat would have ventured to try that wrathful waste of billows, and miraculous indeed was their preservation thus far.

The wreckers, with murderous intent, had grouped together to make short work of those whom the hand of God had protected; and just as the boat dashed with a thundering shock upon the dark beach, Dame Marksley arrived, and seeing how matters stood, hastily collected such sticks as she could find, which might be used as weapons, designing them for the use of the shipwrecked strangers, should they be so fortunate as to be able to wield them.

“Now, men,” shouted Marksley, “death to all!” And they brandished their clubs, as the hapless men were jolted, sprawling, among the surf-boiling rocks.

“Death to *you*, first!” at this instant shouted Joe Darby. And he plunged a dirk deep in the side of his unsuspecting leader, who turned upon him, the blade still sticking between his ribs. Thus two of the wreckers were prevented from at once pouncing upon their intended prey, and the odds in number were now made about equal. The renewed strife between Marksley and Darby so disconcerted the others of the gang as greatly to paralyze their efforts, and ere a blow was struck, four of the strangers were on their feet, and were armed and warned by the resolute Dame Marksley; and at this juncture, Maurice providentially appeared with Bob Hammer, and together they dragged the remaining two from the surf, just as they were being swept back into the roaring, tumultuous waters.

Blindly obedient to the wrecker boy, in fulfilment of his gratitude, Bob Hammer sided with the strangers, Maurice and he each lending them a knife; and when the onset came, the wreckers met with a stout and most unexpected opposition. Their leader, still contending with his implacable foe, Joe Darby, rolled with him beneath their slippery feet, scarce minded by them in their new apprehensions for their own lives.

“Take that, traitor!” said one of them, dealing a deadly blow at Bob Hammer, as he was found arrayed against them.

“Thank you, I’d rather not!” cried Bob, expertly dodging the unfriendly manifestation; and the force of the blow, spent upon air, precipitated the giver headlong among rocks and seaweed.

“Take this, with my compliments, Pete Wyvil!—and it’s the last you’ll ever want, I hope,” said Bob, bringing down a crushing blow which fractured the fellow’s skull.

The conflict was now general, and as fierce as may be imagined among men striving for dear life. Though much exhausted by their struggles with the waves, the men who had just escaped shipwreck—the value of life and the hope of it having now grown stronger and dearer than ever,—became inspired with a new energy, which made them equal to the fearful occasion. And they were doubly encouraged at finding friends in the midst of their dastardly enemies.

The wrecker boy moved in the thickest of the conflict—which was waged by the solitary glare of a torch, stuck in the rocks a few rods higher up the shore,—like a sprite, dashing in where he could render assistance to the strangers, and ever and anon dealing a serviceable stroke upon the arm or head of some wrecker at the very moment when he imagined his victory secure. Deep and ferocious were the curses heaped upon him, upon the “old woman,” and on Bob Hammer, by the baffled, panting, bruised and bleeding wreckers, as they found themselves forced finally to yield, step by step, and to fly before their desperate opponents, leaving three of their number dead and horribly mutilated upon the resounding beach.

“Victory!” shouted Bob Hammer, as the last of his late comrades fled up the cliff, or along the shore. “Victory! Maurice, my lad, I never felt the joy of doing a good action as I do now.”

“You did nobly, Bob, and I hope this will be our last occasion to do anything like it throughout our lives. But see, friends!” added the wrecker boy, as the strangers gathered round their preservers, tendering them their thanks in half exhausted accents, “who are those coming this way, with lights?”

“More enemies?” exclaimed some, grasping their weapons with what remaining strength they had.

“No, no—you are mistaken,” said the wrecker boy; “they are people from the town. You will find no more fiends to deal with.”

He was right. In a few moments a crowd of men arrived, and learning the story of the affray—having been attracted to the beach by the signal guns that had been fired long before—they attended the exhausted participants in that terrible struggle up the cliffs to the habitations of the wreckers, all of which were now deserted, save by their wives and children. Among these was not forgotten him with whom Marksley had first striven that night, and who had only been left by his preservers after they had restored him to consciousness.

When morning broke, the golden sun shed not more light upon the brightening sea than did the news which enraptured the soul of the wrecker boy. In the stranger he had first been the means of rescuing, he found—his father! learning from his lips the strange tidings that he, with a few others, had alone escaped the wreck which thirteen years before had sent, as he had thought, all other of his fellow-voyagers to eternity, including his brother and his infant son. That brother had died by the hand of Marksley!

Explanations on both sides were now followed by a vigorous pursuit of the old offenders, who had been for years “unwhipt of justice,” the terror of the coast, no evidence before having been positive against them. Some escaped, and the remainder, though murder could not be proved upon them, were condemned to expiate their crimes in prison. Against Bob Hammer no proceeding was made—the story of his services on that thrilling night making him the object of general sympathy and applause. But where was Marksley and his brother murderer and plunderer, Joe Darby?

* * * * *

On the ensuing morn, when beneath the smile of the refreshing sun the subsiding ocean danced in silver, and search was made for the victims of the storm and of the fight, a dark mass was seen floating not far from the shore, rolling slowly toward it. The anxious searchers waited till it came within reach, and then pulled it from the reluctant surf. It was found to be the dead bodies of Marksley and Darby, fast locked in each other's arms. The waters had evidently been their winding sheet, as they had fallen in the death grapple. They and the other wreckers who had been slain, were buried on the shore they had so long contaminated.

Far away from that region of unhappy memories now lives the wrecker boy, his sire grown gray with years, sunning the winter of life in the constant affection of his manly son. Oft to his grandchildren he relates the story of Maurice, with natural pride and gratitude to God; and when they look up, for corroboration, to their father's face, they wonder that ever he was a WRECKER BOY.

A VILLAGE SPIRE.—The spire of a village church, seen in the distance, gives a charm to the barrenest landscape. Channing says: “An humble spire, pointing heavenward from an obscure church, speaks of man's nature, man's dignity, man's destiny, more eloquently than all the columns and arches of Greece and Rome, the mausoleums of Asia, or the pyramids of Egypt.”

THE ROSES ARE FADING.

BY ROBERT B. KATON.

The roses are fading
Like darkness at morn;
The roses are fading,
Their beauties are gone.
Those ones that were brightest
Are passing away;
To cheer and delight us
Why do they not stay?

The queen among flowers,
No perfumes now shed,
Though still in our bowers,
She's withered and dead.
O why doth she leave us?
Why will she not stay?
When the parting doth grieve us,
By hastening away.

But thus it is ever,
With ones that are dear;
Death soonest doth sever
The brightest ones here.
The ones that are nearest
And twined round the heart;
Those ones that are dearest,
The soonest depart.

And so with the flowers,
Like things here below;
When we think they are ours,
No more them we know.
They leave us in mourning,
The spots of their birth;
Still they leave us a warning
How frail is all earth.

MY COUSIN ANNIE.

BY MRS. MARY MAYNARD.

"I HAVE news for you, Mary," said my fair young cousin, entering my room one morning with her sweet face all smiles and dimples, and something evidently amusing her very much.

"It must be very pleasant news to judge from your bright eyes, Annie, so let me hear it at once. Good news has been very scarce at Birch Hall of late days."

"I am not certain that you will call it 'good,' but it is none the less amusing." And then she laughed outright. "Violet is very young to be married."

I was astounded at her words, and well I might be, for Violet was my cook, and all unrivalled as she was in her profession, and setting aside her many other good qualities, she was without exception the most hideously ugly black woman I ever beheld; the African features were actually caricatured in her countenance, and not even our long acquaintance with her could soften

in the least the impression of her unchangeable ugliness. That she should ever marry had not seemed to me within the bounds of possibility, and I felt inclined to doubt the truth of my merry cousin's communication.

"I can see in your eyes that you don't believe me, Mary, but it certainly is true; and the happy lover has just returned from California. He is cook on board some vessel, she says."

"You seem to be much interested in the match," said I, a little crossly.

I did feel annoyed at losing the best cook I had ever had, and could not help feeling vexed with Annie for appearing so delighted at what gave me uneasiness. It also struck me as something strange, that the beautiful, wealthy, accomplished Annie Weston should give even a passing thought to anything so far removed from her usual sphere of observation, as the marriage of my cook. In fact, I was quite puzzled to account for it, and told her so.

"We, dear Mary, we are such strangers to each other yet that it is no wonder you are unacquainted with my 'loves and aversions;' but know, O most doubting of cousins, that weddings are my chiefest delight in this world, my strongest passion; that, in fact, I have a marriage mania. A wedding! My dear girl, what visions of cake and compliments, wine and white satin, kisses and kid gloves, bouquets and bridesmaids, the word calls up; what recollections of fun and flirtations, mirth and music, of pretty faces, merry laughter, and happy hours. And yet, will you believe it," and here her face lost its joyous expression and became very sorrowful, "some of the most painful recollections of my life are connected with weddings."

"I can scarcely remember when I first acquired this taste for weddings, but have a vague idea that it was from seeing my Sabbath school teacher united to our young minister, on which occasion we children, some fifty or sixty in number, were all invited to take tea in the great dining room of the bride's father's house, and where we all assembled, trying to look very stiff and womanly in our white dresses and flower wreaths, and where I tried to seem unconscious that my wreath was too large, taking sly opportunities to push it up on my head and keeping very still, until, unluckily, the 'happy pair' came in to speak to us, when in the excitement my unfortunate garland slipped down over my eyes, and from that unto my shoulders, where it remained in spite of all my efforts to put it in the proper place again. I have attended numerous weddings since then, and as I have promised to give you a sketch of my life, I think the best way

will be to give you a short history of each of these affairs, as they will serve to illustrate my otherwise uninteresting story."

As I knew my cousin was an interesting "story teller," I willingly agreed to this pleasant proposition, only stipulating that she should commence at once with her history; but this she would not agree to. "O, no, not this morning; but you make haste and get dressed while I tell Moses to get the carriage out."

"Why, where are you going?" I asked, in astonishment.

"To the city; but there, don't ask questions, and do have your bonnet on when I come down." And she hurried out of the room as if something of the utmost importance filled her mind, while I, knowing what a tyrant she could be, never thought of disobeying her orders, but proceeded to dress as fast as possible.

"Come, Mary, Moses is waiting." And drawing on my gloves, I hastily followed my little torment to the door, where our sable factotum was trying to soothe the impatience of the prancing ponies.

Seated and off, I found time to admire my beautiful cousin, as she leaned back in the carriage and appeared lost in some interesting calculations, to judge from her frequent use of tablet and pencil.

It was a clear, cold, wintry day, and the frosty air gave a brighter hue to Annie's fair cheek, and slightly tossed the bright, golden curls that clustered under the becoming little bonnet. And that bonnet itself, what a charming little contrivance it was!—what a wonderful combination of blue velvet and black lace, ostrich plumes, French flowers and blonde bordering. But then everything that Annie Weston wore looked well on her, from the magnificent Cashmere that she wrapped about her so carelessly to the little glove that seemed made for her hand, or the black satin slipper that so well became her pretty foot. And now while she is so busy with her pencil, I will take the opportunity of telling the reader a little more of the history of my fair cousin than he or she already knows.

Annie Weston's father was a captain in the British army, and having lost his wife at the time of his child's birth, he ever after devoted himself to that child, and supplied as far as he could the place of the parent she had lost. His love for his daughter was boundless, and consequently he always arranged that wherever his regiment was ordered there his child should also come, and being a man of handsome property, these journeys were made very delightful to the young lady, who knew but little of the hardships

and miseries that so frequently attend military life.

As Captain Weston's regiment had for many years been on foreign stations, and continually moving, Miss Annie had seen no small portion of the world, and naturally of a happy disposition and bright, intelligent mind, she had become at nineteen, a most interesting and agreeable companion. To her father, she was the sunshine and joy of his existence. With him her word was law—hence her wilful ways,—and to please her, his constant aim and attention.

It was at this time that the Eastern war broke out, and several of the regiments stationed at the "British Colonies in North America" were summoned home and despatched to India. Captain Weston was overwhelmed with anguish when the order came for their immediate embarkation (I should have said before that they were at this time at Bermuda), and knowing well the impossibility of his daughter's going with him into the interior, and the dangers that would surround her if left alone at Calcutta, in that strange land, without one friend, and liable at any moment to fall a victim to the death-dealing fevers that prove so fatal to European constitutions in India, all these considerations induced him to leave her in America under my care and protection.

For three years I had led a very quiet life in the comfortable home left me by my husband, and so contented was I with the state of my affairs that I felt some little selfish regret when my cousin's letter arrived, asking me to take charge of his young daughter. I was his only near relative, and the moving appeals that he made to my feelings were not to be denied. I wrote to him immediately, consenting to take the responsibility, and sympathizing with him in the keen suffering such a parting must bring.

I immediately made preparations for the arrival of this strange cousin, of whose existence I had hardly ever heard before, and recollecting that she was motherless, and with scarcely a female relation, save myself, in the world, I resolutely banished all regrets about my invaded solitude, and when she came, gave her as warm a welcome as my calm, reserved habits would allow. There was soon a great change in my hitherto quiet, steady-going household, and this change was brought about by the presence of my beautiful charge, who effectually banished gloom and silence from the old mansion, and in their place brought sunshine and mirth.

But I have devoted space enough to these remarks, and will let Annie tell her own stories in her own way. I was soon enlightened as to the

cause of our hasty journey to the city on the morning I have mentioned, and could not forbear laughing to myself as I saw of what her purchases consisted. It was all very well to give Violet a white dress and ribbons, but the sight of an enormous pair of gloves, a quantity of delicate blonde, and a magnificent white rose, quite upset my gravity, and I volunteered some remonstrances that were very coolly disregarded. My wilful cousin paid for her purchases, had them placed in the carriage by the bowing and obsequious shopman, and in five minutes more we were on our way home.

"Wont she be a beautiful bride?" was the first remark my hopeful companion made.

"But, my dear girl, don't you think you could have given Violet something more suitable—something she could have worn afterwards?"

"There now, no lectures; you know I can't stand them. Besides, Violet is the vainest creature I ever knew, and I am determined her love of finery shall be gratified for once. Only fancy her great black head decorated with such a cap as I intend to make her, and that beautiful rose in contrast with her horrible face! Of all the weddings I ever saw, I know this will be the best." And she laughed long and loudly at the ridiculous picture her fancy had conjured up.

As it was useless to expect anything rational from Annie until the momentous preparations for "Sweet Violet's" wedding were well under way, I lent all the assistance I could; and at last had the satisfaction of seeing the little wilful beauty quietly seated at the formidable task of hemming the fair bride's snowy flounces, of which there appeared to be an indefinite number, and the first of which she so daintily held in her little fingers.

I must here just mention, as an illustration of my spoiled pet's eccentricities, that she had never in her life made herself a dress, or in fact scarcely any article of attire; that she had a great dislike to that delight of more domestic and steadier feminines, viz., a quiet afternoon's sewing; and yet she voluntarily undertook the preparation of my Violet's "bridal array," and that with an intense interest that actually puzzled me to account for.

"I know you are dying for a story this afternoon, my most patient cousin, and as all virtues ought to be rewarded, yours shall not be the exception. But, seriously, I don't feel in a very sprightly humor to-day, so if you have no objection, I will give you a little history that I alluded to the other day, when I said that one of the most painful memories of my life was connected with a marriage. Perhaps you don't know—and

if you don't, I must tell you—that three years ago this winter, we were at Quebec, and papa quite unexpectedly met an old friend in the person of a Major McIntire, who had left the army and settled down on a comfortable little farm in Upper Canada, on the banks of a river between Lake Simcoe and Georgian Bay.

"It did not require much persuasion to induce papa to let me accept the old major's warm invitation to return home with him and see his children,—said children, by the way, being half a dozen full grown men and women, not one of whom acknowledged to less than six feet altitude, and of whom I must confess I stood in most abject fear for the first forty-eight hours after my arrival; but their warm-hearted kindness soon made me forget their dangerous size, and finding that they had none but the kindest intentions, I overcame the imaginary terrors that at first made me run for my life, if one of the 'boys' even looked towards me.

"I must not stop to tell you all the sleighing parties, skating parties, dancing parties, quilting parties and sewing parties I attended that winter. In fact, our lives were one constant round of excitement, and as that is an atmosphere I was born to live in, you may be sure I lost no opportunity of dipping into the cup of pleasure so freely offered to me.

"One only drawback there was to my delight, and that was the uncommon scarcity of weddings. The very height of my expectations would be crowned, if I could only see a real country wedding, and when hope had almost given way to despair, the welcome news was announced at the breakfast table one morning, that the owner of the next farm was about to take unto himself a wife, and that the affair would come off on the evening of the third day hence.

"At first it seemed too good news to be true; but when a formal invitation came, with a special reference to "Miss Weston," there was no longer room to doubt, and we were at once plunged into a sea of confused preparation, of which I have but a very indistinct recollection, save that there was an indefinite quantity of pink and blue muslin cut up, and that Mr. Allan McIntire brought home a new plaid vest of the most alarming pattern, giving me an unpleasant impression that he was partly enveloped in flames. The eventful evening arrived at last, and as the weather had been unusually mild for the last three days, it was not considered safe to cross the river on the ice as we had always done, and a longer route, that took us over a beautiful bridge, was preferred.

"On arriving at the house of the bride's father, we found quite a large party assembled, including the minister; but the hero of the evening, Walter Allison, had not made his appearance. The bride was a pretty, little, delicate thing, with dark blue eyes, that filled with tears every time she looked at her mother, and soft, shiny brown hair that needed no ornament to add to its beauty.

"I had felt so much satisfaction, and indulged in so much excitement, that the reaction that now took place occasioned me to feel quite sad, and I sat in a shady corner of the room watching the fine young bride, as she quietly moved about among her friends, with a strange foreboding at my heart that I could in no way account for. How much longer I could have borne these distressing sensations I am unable to say, but just as I was deliberating on the propriety of going across the room and joining a party, who, in low tones and with much suppressed laughter, appeared to be enjoying themselves very well, a loud, rumbling noise filled the air, causing every one to start to their feet, while a dozen voices exclaimed with one accord, 'The river! the river!—the ice! the ice!'

"The first roaring was succeeded by a louder noise, like heavy thunder, and then came a crash that shook the house to the foundation, and every one rushed to the door and out on the little field in front of the house, where they could overlook the rushing and roaring waters that now swept past, carrying enormous masses of ice, sometimes high out of the dark stream, and again tumultuously rolling over and over each other.

"The crashing and thunder-like sounds were awful in the extreme, and for some minutes not a word could be heard by any of our party. But gradually, as the waters grew clearer, the noise became less, and the first thing I heard was Allan McIntire shouting in my ear something in which the words 'Walter' and 'on the ice' were painfully distinct. I could not hope to make him hear me, but I knew by his look that he understood my mute assent, and that we shared the same fear.

"The moon, which all the evening had been hazy and dull, now shone out bright and clear, and we all saw the dark figures of a number of men moving about the opposite bank, and from the flashing of lights, and hurrying to and fro, it was evident that something was wrong. One glance at young McIntire's pale countenance and eager eyes was enough for me, and with a sickening faintness at my heart, I returned to the house.

"I cannot describe the look of utter despair that had settled on the young bride's fair face, or the helpless grief that showed itself in her attitude, as she sat with her head leaning on her mother's arm, and her hands, weak and nerveless, hanging at her sides.

"There was something singular in the general conviction that seized the wedding party, that young Allison had met with some dreadful accident, for as yet we had no proof of such misfortune, save that he had not made his appearance among us. But those who attempted to comfort their friends with this suggestion, did it with pale faces and trembling voices, and all felt that silence and patience were the only resources left us. It came at last, the expected blow, but none the less severe that we had looked for it.

"There was a sound of many horses in fierce, wild galloping—a shout, loudly answered from the groups within and without the house, and then the door was flung open, and a dozen pale, dripping figures burst in among the now terrified and screaming guests. One, only, of all the females present was calm and tearless, and that was the pale young girl, whose bright hopes the past few hours had so cruelly crushed.

"'There's a jam at the lower bridge,' said the foremost of the intruders, in low, hurried tones. 'Come, every man of you, we may yet save the body!'

"The pale girl had half crossed the floor towards the speaker, but as these words rung through the room, she fell lifeless at his feet, and was carried to her chamber, while the hurried tramping, and then the dull silence, told us that the stranger's request had not been unheeded. Wearily, wearily the long hours that night dragged past; but daylight came at last, and with it the party from their unsuccessful search.

"It was my first experience in sorrow, and months passed ere I could recover from the effects of the shock received that dreadful night. It was an awful awakening from the childish dream that I had indulged so long, of earthly happiness; but time soothed my shattered nerves, and at last I could listen calmly to the sequel of this sad story, as it was told to me by Miss McIntire, some three or four months after my return home. The young bride had long wavered between life and death, but at last the worst danger was over, and she once more moved about her home, silent and uncomplaining, but with feeble steps and bowed form, as though her great sorrow had bereft her of strength or support. The mother—Walter Allison's mother—had gone down with sorrow to the grave. It

was too heavy a blow for the poor widow, whose only hope and comfort he was, and from that dreadful night she lost all interest in worldly affairs, and was only impatient to leave the scene of her sorrows.

"I thought I never should like weddings again, that my passion was completely cured; but change of scene, and the constant round of visitors and visiting, that papa liked so well, drove my sad thoughts away, and in less than a year afterwards, I had a hand in a little romance that nobody suspected anything about. But I shall not tell you any more stories to-day, for I cannot sew fast enough while I talk, and you know there is no time to be lost."

"I am only going to give you a little sketch to-day, Mary; so don't be disappointed if it does not come up to your expectations. It is a particularly interesting recollection for me, as I was a prominent actor in the affair, but to you it may seem dull. Nearly twelve months after my visit to Upper Canada, we were in H—, and I renewed an acquaintance I had formed some three years previously, with a Mrs. Captain Belson.

"As Mrs. Belson had no family, was very rich, lived in splendid lodgings, and was very fond of me, it pleased papa that I should often go to see her; but though we kept up an apparent friendship, it was all on one side, I never liked her, and it was no use for me to try to. The most extravagant, careless, fretful, repining disposition that you could imagine, would fall far short of Mrs. Belson's; and yet she was surrounded by every luxury that wealth could command, or the most capricious taste could fancy.

"To her husband she was not even civil at times, and the only earthly thing she appeared to love was an asthmatic spaniel, so fat and lazy that life seemed a burden to it. She kept a young girl purposely to wait on herself, to read to her, and to be scolded when she had nobody else to vent her ill temper on. I was much struck with the beauty of this poor victim, and on learning her history, felt a deep interest in her. She was an orphan, and one of a large family, who, on the death of their father, had been obliged to leave a comfortable home to seek a living in the city. Having been recommended to Mrs. Belson by a lady who took an interest in her, she was gladly taken and offered such wages as she did not feel herself justified in relinquishing, hard as her lot proved to be.

"There was a look of patient trouble in her large black eyes that always made me feel unhappy, and I sincerely wished that I might in

some way be of service to the poor slave of my friend's caprices. I little thought, then, how soon my wish would be granted.

"In answer to a hurried note from Mrs. Belson one morning, I went directly after breakfast to see her, and found her in the last stage of ill temper, so perfectly exhausted with rage that she was all but speechless. On inquiring the cause of this display, I learned from Laurie, her French dressing-maid, that poor Bessie Mason had confessed to her mistress, the night before, that she had a lover, that he was a soldier, and worse than all that he was one of those under orders to leave, and for whom the transport was waiting in our harbor. Laurie did not attempt to describe the scene of the previous night, but shrugged her shoulders and nodded her head in a manner that was very expressive.

"'Bessie go, madam, de fit after de fit,' was her mode of describing Mrs. Belson's hysterics.

"Finding I could be of no service, I went home and spent the day in sorrowful regrets over the fate of my pretty favorite. I knew she would not be allowed to go in the vessel, nor would her lover be allowed to marry her even under a promise that she should remain behind. I puzzled my head all day about her, and when evening came, was as far from a satisfactory conclusion as ever.

"Papa was on duty, and I had no one to advise with; but I was very glad afterwards that it happened so; for after the servant had carried away my tea things, and I had composed myself for the evening with a good fire, a bright light and a pleasant book, I was startled by a sharp knock at the door, and before I could lay down my volume, my parlor door was hurriedly opened, and in came Bessie Mason.

"There was a wildness in her black eyes that almost frightened me, and as she stood for an instant and looked steadily in my face, I saw that her countenance was deathly pale, and not a vestige of color remained even in her lips. It was but an instant she stood; the next moment she was on the carpet at my feet, grasping my hands in hers, and with the tears streaming down her face.

"'Help me! help me, Miss Weston—you are the only friend I have now.'

"'Sit down calmly, Bessie, and tell me what the trouble is,' I replied, trying to steady my voice and to raise her from the floor.

"'No, no—I shall never be calm again. Do not ask me to get up until you say you will help me.'

"'I will help you, Bessie, as far as I can, but I am afraid my influence will be of no service to

you. If it was our regiment, now, papa might be able to do something for you.'

"No one but you can help me, Miss Weston, for Colonel Martin positively forbade William to get married, and we were married last night.'

"O, Bessie!' I exclaimed, really frightened now; for I knew the consequences of such disobedience, 'I am afraid you have done wrong to let William disobey such orders.'

"No, no! not wrong. I could not have lived here, knowing he was going away off to the war alone. You would not say I had done wrong if you ever loved any one as I love him.'

"Well, I am very glad I never did love anybody, Bessie; but that does not prevent my pitying you, and I will do anything at all for you if you will only tell what it is you want.'

"I want to go with him, Miss Weston, and I must go; but I cannot carry out my plans unless some one will assist me a little; and since my sisters have found out that I was keeping company with a soldier, they wont speak to me, nor let me come to the house; and so, in my trouble, I thought of you, Miss Weston—for you always seem as if you liked me, and that's why I took the liberty of coming here to-night.'

"Well, that's all right enough, Bessie, and I am glad you thought of me; but even now, I don't see how I can help you. What are your plans?'

"I am going on board the vessel to-morrow as a sailor boy.'

"Why, Bessie, they will find you out and send you on shore in half an hour. I am afraid that plan wont answer.'

"O, I have thought of all that, and William says that one of the ship's boats will be ashore to take in some of the officers from the 'Lower Fort;' that I must be there and ask them to take me to the ship with them, and when once out to sea they can't send me back.'

"There was something in Bessie's plan that rather interested me, and I willingly assisted her to make the necessary disguise—cutting off her beautiful black hair to the proper length, and collecting such articles as she had forgotten to bring with her, viz., a pair of worsted mittens and a colored comforter for her neck, as they were all helps to assist in the disfiguring process.

"I did not tell papa anything about my project, as I thought it was not worth while to involve him in it, and he could do no good. Bessie slept in my room, unknown to any one, and at early dawn we were up and busy with our preparations. The transport was to sail at eight o'clock, and we had three miles to ride before we could reach the place of appointment; but

as papa went on board to spend the last few hours with his friends, we had an excellent opportunity to carry out our designs undisturbed.

"Bessie's lover had provided her with a sailor suit, which was twice too large for her, but we covered up all defects under an overcoat that Mrs. Belson's brother had left at our house, and for the appropriation of which I promised to be answerable.

"You know I am not of a very nervous temperament, but I can assure you my heart beat quickly as we left the house and walked to the coach stand. Bessie was admirably disguised, and the knowledge of her danger seemed to inspire her with courage; for she stepped with a firm resolution, as if prepared to dare the worst. I wore her bonnet and shawl, with a thick veil drawn over my face, and at that hour in the morning did not fear meeting with any of my acquaintances.

"Our ride was a silent one, both hearts being too full for words. We stopped within a few rods of the landing place below the fort, where I paid and dismissed the driver, and then, as we stood on the rising ground, we could see the tall masts and snowy sails of the transport, just coming round the point, while over the blue waves came the expected boat, tossing the white spray from her bows, and steering directly for us, and at the same moment a party of gentlemen came round, a sudden turn in the road on their way to the landing. I never felt so much at a loss what to do in my life, for their inquisitive glances disconcerted me, and I felt that one wrong move now would end poor Bessie's hopes.

"They passed us, gaily laughing and chatting, all but one, and he, after a moment's hesitation, came up to where we stood, and very politely asked if we wanted to 'send a message by the boat.' There was something in his tone and manner so kind and friendly, that I instantly resolved to ask his assistance, and in a few words told him that the boy wanted to go on board, but I feared the sailors would refuse to take him. He gave one quick glance at Bessie, and another at me, and I saw that our secret was known; but my fears were as instantly relieved, for he turned carelessly towards the landing, and said:

"I will do my best to persuade them to take him. But come, my lad, we must not keep them waiting—the boat is here.'

"I held out my hand to Bessie, and I saw the stranger smile as his eyes rested on my fingers with their beautiful rings, so dreadfully in contrast with my common bonnet and shawl, but again he turned away, and I knew that I might trust him.

"I am not going on board myself, but I feel certain that my friends will interest themselves for this young man." He bowed low, and I hastened away.

"For twenty minutes I hurried up the hill on my homeward way, and then I stopped to look for the vessel. She was just opposite where I stood, and half way between her and the shore was the boat, and—O joy!—there was my sailor boy's rough fur cap, in striking contrast to the glazed hats of the men and the neat military caps of the officers. Again I hastened on my way, and now, the excitement over, I could not keep back the troublesome tears that blinded me. A quick step at my side startled me, and there was my new friend.

"Before I could speak, he raised his cap, and with the most respectful bow, begged leave to accompany me to the city.

"You must pardon my presumption, but I am confident you are not used to walking unattended, nor is it proper that you should do so on this road."

"I felt annoyed for a moment, but thinking how kindly he had relieved my anxiety a few minutes before, I conquered my pride and accepted his offer of escort as candidly as he had made it. We stopped for an instant to take a last look at the noble ship, now under full sail and fast leaving the land; and then, as we pursued our walk, I told him Bessie's story, taking care not to give him any clue to my own name.

"I guessed your secret," he said, laughing.

"I knew you did," I answered. "But now that I am within the city, I cannot consent to detain you any longer."

"And so we parted, Mary, and I have never seen him since. We soon after went to Bermuda, and when I told papa what I had done, I was very careful not to say much about my polite friend, for he had such objections to my making acquaintances among his military friends that I thought the least said the better.

"Bessie wrote to me when they arrived in India. She was not discovered until they were far out to sea, and then the gentlemen with whom she had come on board, interested themselves so much about her that one of the officer's wives took her under her protection. The ladies all joined in fitting her out with plenty of clothes, and she was comfortably cared for during the whole voyage."

"And did you never learn your hero's name?"

"No. I never dared to make inquiries. Besides, there were so many officers in garrison at that time that it would have been useless to attempt to find out by describing him."

"And have you never felt as if you would like to see him again?"

"I have, many times. Often, when out riding with papa, I have looked up at the grim walls of the old fort, and wondered if he was there yet, and once when I was shopping in H—, with some ladies of our acquaintance, I thought I saw him crossing the street; but I was mistaken, and they teased me not a little for starting and turning pale at the sight of the handsome Captain Belmont. But what makes you ask me so many questions about him, Mary?"

"Because I think I can tell you the name of your unknown cavalier."

"Nonsense, Mary, you don't mean it."

"I do, indeed. I once heard a young gentleman speak of that adventure in this very room, and from one circumstance of his seeing your hand, I know it must be the same. I could not attempt to repeat all he said about the 'little white fingers' that so cleverly betrayed you; but he is quite as anxious to discover who the 'unknown' is as you are."

"But his name, Mary—his name."

"Captain Percival Stewart, and he is the only son of that dear old Mrs. Stewart that we went to call on last week."

"What! at the little Paradise?"

"Yes."

The day came at last, so anxiously looked for by my cousin, when Violet was to become Mrs. Caesar Diggs, and I was to lose the best cook I ever had.

It was not until the very last minute that Annie was satisfied with her arrangements, and then having hung up the last garland, and pinned the bride's last white ribbon, she ran up to her room, and in a few minutes came down again, looking so fair and beautiful with her white dress and sunny curls, that I could not help clasping her in my arms and kissing her again and again. She was in high spirits and laughed and talked with almost childish glee about the grand wedding, the beauty of the bride, and the comic gravity of the whole party assembled on the occasion.

She had insisted on bearing the expense of the little festival herself, only getting my permission to hold it at our house, and several times during the evening she came to tell me how pleasant it was to see people happy. "I am so happy myself that I enjoy seeing the others merry, too. I feel to-night as if I should never be sad again in the world."

Poor child, at that hour, next evening, she lay

prostrate and weeping on her couch, in silence and darkness, suffering the keenest sorrow that could rend her heart. Her father, her kind, indulgent father, was no more! He had died on shipboard, and his child in the first paroxysm of her grief, wildly reproached herself for not accompanying him. It was a severe blow, and for months I tried in vain to cheer her drooping spirits, and divert her mind from the one sad thought that continually occupied her.

The spring came with its birds and flowers, but my cousin had lost all interest in her once loved employments, and passed the beautiful days in her chamber, with closed doors and darkened windows. I was unceasing in my endeavors to save her from the consequences of her injurious indulgence of sorrow, and one day heard some news from a gossiping neighbor that gave me fresh hope.

I hastened to Annie's room and asked her to accompany me on a visit to a sick friend. I expected a refusal, and was prepared to meet it, and so pressingly urged my request that she at last complied, though very unwillingly. I gave her no time to repent of her promise, but hurried her off, and kept her so busy talking that our walk seemed much shorter than it really was.

Looking with astonishment at the house where we stopped, she asked, eagerly, was "Mrs. Stewart ill?" but our entrance prevented my giving her an answer, and as the lady herself came forward to meet and welcome us, Annie said no more until we entered the pretty little parlor, where we found an occupant in the shape of a very handsome, but exceedingly feeble and delicate looking young man.

One glance at my cousin's face was sufficient; I saw she recognized the stranger; and I introduced them, watching at the same time the effect of her voice on the poor invalid, for as such had Percival Stewart returned to his home. After we had conversed some time, Percival appeared to discover something familiar in his companion's tone and manner, for fixing his dark eyes on her, he asked her if it was not possible that they had met before. Annie blushed, and I hastened to say that it was very probable they had.

"I have almost lost my memory, and in fact my mind has become quite shattered from long suffering, but still I have a faint recollection of meeting Miss Weston somewhere before. I wish I could remember clearly." He put his hand to his head, and laid back again on his sofa cushions with a heavy sigh.

I saw the tears in Annie's eyes as she bent over him and half whispered, "Can I help you to remember?" She had drawn off her glove,

and as his eyes fell on the thin white hand, a flush of joy for a moment dyed his pale cheek.

"I searched for you till searching was vain, and now when I am dying you have come to comfort me."

He pressed the little hand to his cheek, and closed his eyes as if weary with the effort of speaking.

At this moment, Mrs. Stewart came to the door and beckoned me out. She was suffering much anxiety, and eagerly asked my opinion of the state of her son's health.

"He has so little hope that I am afraid to indulge any myself. God help me if my boy should die! He is my all!"

I comforted the mother as well as I could, and after some farther conversation, we returned to the parlor.

Percival still held my cousin's hand, and I fancied, as we entered the room, that I saw him press it to his lips. Annie drew down her veil and rose to go.

"You will come again soon? Your visit has done me good already."

On my way home I asked my cousin what she thought of him.

"He is dying from low spirits and disappointment," she replied.

"We must try to cure the first, and he will soon be able to bear the last."

"Mary, you will think it strange conduct, but I have promised Percival Stewart that I will be his wife if he lives to claim my hand. I do not think he would have made such a hasty proposal if he had been quite in his right mind; but you see how weak he is, and I did not dare to refuse him."

"But you have done a very serious thing, my little girl. Are you sure that you can love Percival well enough to fulfil your promise?"

"Quite sure, Mary."

It has always been my plan to let love affairs take their own course, having long ago come to the conclusion that interference does no good, and frequently much harm. I had known Captain Stewart from his boyhood, had perfect confidence in his principles, and felt that my cousin could not bestow her hand and fortune on one more worthy.

I soon saw a change in Annie herself. She no longer secluded herself to indulge in unavailing grief, but joined me in my walks and rides as usual, and of course always accompanied me on my visits to the Stewarts.

Percival was long an invalid; but when the autumn sun shone bright and warm on our pleasant old mansion, he had gained sufficient strength

to return our visits, and wander through the fine old orchard, plucking the choicest fruit, and weaving garlands for Annie out of my most precious flowers. They were married in the spring, and Annie's home is in the "Little Paradise" she had so greatly admired.

Percival never quite recovered his health, but their ample means prevents all necessity for his exertion, and with his books, his flowers, his music and his lovely wife, he finds numberless reasons to be thankful, and I believe has a grateful appreciation of his many blessings.

Mrs. Stewart still holds her position as housekeeper and head of the family—Annie, with comic horror, having refused to touch the keys or assume the least control. I made no remark, but I knew that, with her usual tact, my cousin had done precisely what she knew would please her mother-in-law; and I felt convinced that she would be a source of happiness to the old lady, who never was blessed with a daughter of her own. My opinion has proved correct.

In the course of our acquaintance, Annie has told me a number of interesting recollections of military life, some of the best of which I intend at some future time to put into readable shape.

A SOFT PILLOW.

Whitefield and a pious companion were much annoyed one night, at a public house, by a set of gamblers in the room adjoining where they slept. Their noisy clamor and horrid blasphemy so excited Whitefield's abhorrence and pious sympathy that he could not rest.

"I will go in to them, and reprove their wickedness," he said. His companion remonstrated in vain. He went. His words of reproof fell apparently powerless upon them. Returning, he laid down to sleep. His companion asked him rather abruptly:

"What did you gain by it?"

"A soft pillow," he said, patiently, and soon fell asleep.

Yes, a "soft pillow" is the reward of fidelity, the companion of a clear conscience. It is sufficient remuneration for doing right, in the absence of all other reward. And none know more truly the value of a soft pillow, than those parents, whose anxiety for wayward children is enhanced by a consciousness of neglect. Those who faithfully rebuke, and properly restrain them by their Christian deportment and religious counsels, can sleep quietly in their day of trial.

Parents! do your duty now, in the fear of God, and when old age comes on, you may lay down upon a soft pillow, assured of His favor who has said, "Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old, he will not depart from it."—*Christian Freeman*.

The foundation of all virtue is in home, and the cultivation of the social and moral powers by the fireside; and whatever will increase the number of happy homes, will increase the virtue and happiness of the nation.

THE MYSTERIOUS RINGING.

BY EDGAR S. FARNSWORTH.

WE were moving gently along over a smooth sea, with hardly breeze enough to keep the sails drawing. The night was beautifully clear and starlight, and the weather being warm, our watch by the time two bells had struck, unable to overcome the sense of drowsiness with which they were oppressed, on account of having nothing to do, had, with the exception of a youngster on the lookout, stretched themselves upon deck, and not a few of them were wandering in dream-land. Silence reigned throughout the ship. Not a sound was heard but the occasional flapping of the sail against the mast as the wind sometimes died away for an instant and the "measured tread" of the officer of the watch as he paced up and down the quarter-deck.

Three bells were at length struck by the man at the wheel, and were immediately answered by the lookout striking three upon the bell on the forecable. This aroused the sleeping watch for an instant, but seeing every appearance favorable for a continuance of pleasant weather, they one by one dropped off to sleep again, after an injunction from one of the men to the boy on the lookout, to keep a good lookout—not only ahead, but to see if the mate started to come forward; and in case of his doing so, to "rouse 'em up, quicker."

But a little time had elapsed, however, before they were—to use the expression of the old salt "roused up quicker," not by the mate's coming forward, but by a violent ringing of the bell upon the forecable, which brought the sleeping watch to their feet so suddenly, that the very next moment when the officers of the watch came forward, he did not at all mistrust but what that portion of the crew of the old ship *Huntress* over which he was lord and master, at least every other four hours, was as watchful as set as ever sailed under the stars and stripes.

"Who struck that bell?" said the mate, addressing the watch.

As no one replied, he repeated the question; but not getting an answer, he turned to the boy upon the lookout.

"Joe," said he, "did you ring that bell?"

"No, sir," replied the boy, who was nearly frightened out of his senses by the "thunder-like tones" with which he was questioned.

"Do you know who *did* ring it?" continued the mate, in the same gruff voice.

"No, sir," said Joe.

"Men, did you hear that bell ring a moment ago?" said the mate, turning to the men.

"Yes, sir," was the immediate reply from them all.

"And does any one know who rung it?" continued the mate. No one replied.

"Singular, indeed," said he "that the bell should have been rung so violently, and yet, nobody knows who rung it; but never mind, it's all right *this* time, but recollect, if that bell ever rings again, anything more than the regular half hour 'striking,' I shall expect that you will all be able to tell who rung it, in case I should be so inquisitive as to wish to know."

He then turned and went aft, and everything was soon as quiet as it had been before the ringing of the bell; excepting the men were discussing in low tones the affair of the ringing, and wondering who could have been the perpetrator of such an imprudent act.

When our watch went below at eight bells, we had nearly forgotten the affair of the ringing; but we had hardly got "turned in," when what should we hear but the fore-castle bell ringing again, and this time louder than before!

"What the deuce are you ringing that bell for?" sung out the second mate, from the quarter-deck.

The ringing suddenly stopped—but the next instant, the above named officer made his appearance forward amongst the men.

"What in the name of all that's salt, have you been ringing that bell for?" said he. He looked first at one and then another; but they all denied most vehemently having touched the bell-rope, or being within reach of the bell at the time of the ringing.

"One thing is certain, then," said he; "you either lie most prodigiously, or else some lubberly scoundrel in the other watch has had hold of the bell-rope; anyway, it wouldn't be healthy for ye to let me hear that bell ring in that manner agin, that's all."

Having thus delivered himself, he started to go aft, but he had hardly got abaft the mainmast, when ding-ding-ding, went the bell. He immediately turned and went forward again, but this time without speaking, until he had got amongst the men; when he merely remarked that he'd give a month's wages to know who rung that bell. He was interrupted by the oldest man in the watch, who stepped forward and said:

"Please sir, I was standing within four feet of the bell all the while; and upon my word and honor, sir, nobody touched the bell-rope."

"Mightn't it be a ghost that did it?" remarked another old salt. "It's more than once afore to-night I've thought the old ship was haunted; no longer ago than last night, sir—"

"Hush up that gab o'yourn about ghosts!" interrupted the second officer. "I don't believe in the article, myself."

He had hardly ceased speaking, when ding-ding went the bell: but this time only two separate strokes, and not nearly so loud as before.

Reader, if at that identical moment you could have seen the aforesaid officer, you would have been inclined to think that he did believe in ghosts; notwithstanding his disclaimer to the contrary; for his face was, at the least calculation, three shades whiter than before the last two strokes of the bell, and with his eyes fixed upon the rope, at the moment the bell struck.

"By Jove! Jack," said he, turning to the man who first hinted as to the probability of their being a ghost on board, "I agree with ye as regards the old ship being haunted; for I can testify that no live man was near that bell *that* time, anyhow."

It was now a fixed fact that the bell had not been rung by any one in either watch, and of course, if no one in the ship's crew had a hand in it, it must have been done by some supernatural agency; at least, such was the conclusion the watch upon deck had arrived at, when the captain, who had been awakened by the bell ringing out of time, came upon deck and made his appearance among them.

"What's all this disturbance about, Mr. Ash-ton?" said he, addressing the second mate.

The officer stated the facts to him, as related above, and was "backed up" by the statements of the whole watch; but for all that, the captain did not believe in the existence of ghosts in general, nor on board his ship, in particular. He resolved to investigate the affair himself; and much to the mortification of the second officer, he declared that he didn't believe the bell could ring when he was on deck without his knowing who rung it; but for all that, the bell *did* ring, the moment he ceased speaking.

He sprang immediately to the bell, and examined it closely; he saw nothing, however, which confirmed him in his belief that the ringing was caused by some one of the crew. The bell-rope was laying upon deck in plain sight, and he was certain that no one had hold of it *this* time. After giving as his opinion that it was "bloody strange," he went below, and made no further attempts to investigate the matter that night.

We heard no more of the mysterious ringing for some time; and, strange to say, for the past day or two, there had been *several things* spoken of on board, that did not in any way relate to ghosts.

This state of things was not destined to last,

however, for one dark night while our watch were sitting in a group on the fore-castle, spinning yarns, the bell suddenly began to ring. This caused a general stampede from the fore-castle, not one of our watch daring to remain. The captain was on deck at the time and immediately gave orders for calling the other watch; then after sending all hands to the quarter deck, he sent the lookout on to the fore-yard with orders to remain there until called down; then stationed himself within a few feet of the bell to investigate if possible the cause of the ringing. After waiting some time, without hearing anything more of it, he began to curse the author of the ringing, whether man or ghost, when he was interrupted by the bell slowly beginning to toll. If at that moment a hurricane had struck the ship with everything set, he would not have started to his feet quicker than he did then. As before, he examined the bell, but could find nothing in the least out of the way. The bell had ceased tolling, however, upon his starting to his feet.

He made no further attempts to investigate the affair, as he was pretty thoroughly convinced that his men were innocent concerning this matter, if never before.

We heard no more of the ringing during the rest of the voyage; but when we arrived at Calcutta, our men, with one or two exceptions, left the ship, declaring that no inducement whatever could prevail upon them to make the homeward passage in her.

For my own part, I resolved to stick by the ship; for I had no doubt that sooner or later, we should ascertain the cause of the mysterious ringing; and we did the very first night after getting in port, although up to the time of our arrival, I had not the slightest idea of how it was done, nor did any one on board know the cause of the ringing, with the exception of my humble self, until the arrival of the ship at New York.

Close by the after part of the fore-castle where the bell was hung, was a large sheep pen. The top of this pen was about upon a level with the lower part of the bell. Upon the night of our arrival at Calcutta, all hands went ashore, with the exception of the cabin boy and myself. We were to keep an anchor watch until twelve o'clock, then were to be relieved by the second mate, and the only foremast hand besides myself who had not left the ship. The cabin boy had the watch from eight to ten; then, as I supposed, went immediately to his bed. He did not sleep in the fore-castle, with the men; but he and the steward occupied berths in the store-room. I relieved him at ten o'clock, and had not been on deck

more than half an hour, when, as I stood leaning against the taffrail, I saw him come sily upon deck and look around.

I thought in an instant that Jim was up to some mischief, and resolved to keep watch of his movements, although I pretended not to see him. Judge of my surprise, when I saw him go forward and climb into the sheep pen.

In a moment more, ding-ding went the fore-castle bell, in precisely the same manner it had done so many times at sea. I now saw through the whole matter. Our whole crew had been nearly frightened out of their senses by the mischief of that boy. Now that I saw through it all, the affair looked so perfectly ridiculous, I burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, and it was several minutes before I could compose myself enough to go forward and ascertain "how it was done."

As soon as I could check my laughter, I went forward softly and tried to look into the pen, but it was so dark I could see nothing. The greater part of the pen was covered with a flat roof. I went aft and got a lantern, and hiding it underneath my jacket crept forward to the pen, and suddenly taking the lantern from my jacket, held it over into the pen. There, underneath the covered part, sat Jim (the cabin boy), with a piece of stout wire in his hand, about four feet in length; and looking decidedly more sheepish than all the regular inhabitants of the pen put together. I burst out laughing again. Jim, upon seeing this, knew that he had nothing to fear from me, so immediately owned up; then showed a specimen of his ringing. The young scamp had left his berth, unnoticed, upon the nights when we had heard the ringing; and having watched his opportunity, had gone forward, and into the pen. The back of the pen was boarded up perfectly tight, but in one of the boards near the top there happened to be a knot which he could easily slip from the board into the pen. He could then put his wire through the knot hole to the tongue of the bell, and ring at pleasure; taking care, whenever they came to examine the bell, to withdraw the wire and slip the knot back.

The knot fitted so perfectly that if we had examined that part of the pen near the bell we never should have mistrusted that the unseen agent of the ringing was within the pen. Jim played a dangerous game, however, for if the captain or either of the officers had caught him at it, we reckon the *fis* would have all been upon the other side of the question. As it was, I promised not to report him, unless he should get to cutting up more "rustics," but to this day I cannot help laughing, when I think of the circumstances connected with the ringing of that bell.

WORDS OF CHEER.

BY W. A. FOSB.

Onward, onward in the pathway
Which the pure and good have trod,
Never weary, never faltering,
Resting on the arm of God;
Wheresoever duty calls thee,
Where the truth demands thy aid,
Go thou to the mighty battle,
Firmly, boldly, undismayed.

With the flag of justice o'er thee,
And thine own true heart within,
With the hosts of wrong before thee,
Firmly stand amid the din.
As of old, lo! unseen legions
Help thee in the mighty fray,
And the smiles of God's approval,
Like the sunbeams, round thee play.

In the ranks of error are there
Legions 'gainst the little band,
Who for justice, truth and mercy,
Scoffed, despised, insulted, stand?
Heed it not; but if alone
Be thy banner still unfurled,
God and thou at length shall conquer,
Though arrayed against the world.

JACK WILLIS'S VOYAGE:

—OR,—

THE DOUBLE VENTURE.

BY GIDDINGS H. BALLOU.

"Six knots an hour, and only a fairish breeze. After all, the old *Eagle* is not to be despised, in the way of sailing."

"You are right, captain; and in the hands of her present commander, I do not doubt that she will be able to show Johnny Bull a good pair of heels, in case of emergency."

"I hope so," answered the first speaker, with a shadow of anxiety on his countenance; for if she should fall into the hands of the enemy, I should be done for most deplorably."

"Ay," rejoined his companion. "You are thinking of a certain agreement between yourself and Wetmore—is it not so? And by the way, if you do not object to imparting your confidence, I would like to be informed a little more minutely concerning the relation which subsists between yourself and Wetmore, and (pardon my mentioning her) a certain young lady of whom you have a pretty high opinion."

"I have no objection in the least, Chesley. And to begin at once, I think I have told you that my first meeting with Lucy Wetmore was at a ball, where I was captivated at sight, and was fully in love from the moment of my intro-

duction to her. Of course, I made it my business to see her again; and persevered, till, as I flatter myself, I succeeded in inspiring some interest in the object of my attentions. My acquaintance with Miss Wetmore commenced about a year before her father's death. While old Peter Wetmore was living, I was forced to pay my regards to Lucy rather 'under the rose,' as the saying has it. The old gentleman was very rich, as you well know, and estimated by many to be worth near half a million. I had nothing, or next to nothing, for I had earned but little, and most of that little had been swept away in the old barque *Emerald*, which was lost just about the commencement of the war. You knew Mr. Wetmore pretty well, and therefore may be aware that he had a great horror of fortune hunters, and kept a very suspicious regard on the train of admirers who clustered about his daughter. It was a very natural feeling, after all, and I cannot blame him much for it. But under the circumstances, it was impossible that I could gain anything by thrusting myself in his way. Indeed, Lucy and I talked the whole matter over together. She assured me that she had no thought of mercenary design on my part. We were young, and we could wait. I was determined to rise in my pursuit. When I got to be master of a good ship, and had acquired the reputation of one or two prosperous voyages, then it might be safe to show my designs more boldly.

"Several months afterward, Mr. Wetmore died. In his will, he left to his daughter the sum of fifty thousand dollars on the arrival of her twenty-first birthday. The sum of thirty thousand dollars was to be added on her attaining the age of twenty-five. The whole bequest, however, was holden under the following condition: That if, during the life of her brother and without his consent, she should marry a gentleman possessing less than forty thousand dollars in his own right, then the bequest should revert to her brother. Furthermore, while Lucy remains unmarried, George has the commercial use of these sums, giving security by mortgage, and paying a small percentage of interest."

"Capital!" observed Chesley, interrupting the course of the narrative. "The old gentleman has arranged a nice little scheme for keeping the daughter out of the bonds of matrimony. But if I am right, there is some understanding between you and George with regard to this."

"Exactly so. I will put the conclusion in a nut-shell. George Wetmore was not long in learning the attachment which existed between myself and Lucy. Nor was it intended that he

should be kept in ignorance of its existence. At last Mr. Wetmore and I had a talk about the matter. He told me that he had no disposition to go to extremes—said that he was willing to do what was right and fair, as far as he understood—and many other things which I can't now recollect. Finally, he told me that if I succeeded in closing up this present voyage safely, and secured the net profit which was hoped for (about a hundred and fifty per cent.), then he would stand neutral; and if Lucy gave me her hand, he would, for a reasonable bonus, affix his consent to the marriage contract. So here am I, Mr. Chesley, on a double venture; first for ship and owners, and last, but not least, Lucy and her eighty thousand dollars. Mr. Chesley, I hope you will believe that the money weighs little with me, in comparison with my thought of her. And I suspect that I should be selfish enough to ask her to be mine, if the marriage swept off every dollar of her fortune. But you were brought up in wealth, and you enjoy its benefits still. You can understand, therefore, why I dread to think of the sacrifice of all her property, and of the thousand comforts and privileges its possession can alone ensure her."

While Captain Willis was speaking, his friend regarded him attentively.

"I was never very intimately acquainted with Miss Wetmore," he replied, when the other had finished. "I have heard that she has the reputation of being a little coquettish; but she hardly looks it, to my idea. I am certainly not ready to believe that she would wantonly deceive so estimable a young fellow as Jack Willis. At all events, I am willing to take it for granted that all is straight between you and your lady love. But to speak plainly, I have no faith in George Wetmore beyond the extent of absolute legal obligation. He is not troubled with any nicety of moral principle, and will not hesitate to trample on the rights and feelings of others in order to promote his own interest. I have had dealings with him, and know the truth of what I say. He will not scruple to deceive you, to overreach you, and to cast you off altogether when you have served his purpose. And, Captain Jack, to speak honestly, I believe that George Wetmore has not the slightest idea of giving consent to a marriage between yourself and his sister, and that he would, on the contrary, throw every obstacle in the way of its occurrence."

"You surprise me, Chesley," he replied. "I have always found the Wetmores fair dealers, both father and son. Surely, you must have stated matters rather strongly?"

"It may be so," answered the other, after a

short pause, wherein he seemed busy in thought. "Men are not always the same to different persons and under different circumstances. My statement may be a rather strong one."

The conversation ceased. Captain Willis, with spirits slightly depressed by Chesley's words, rose from his seat and went on deck. Hardly had he arrived here, when his ear was greeted by a familiar sound, but one less pleasing now than it would have been in other times.

"Sail ho!" shouted a voice from the foremast head.

"Where away?" cried the master, leaping into the main rigging.

"On the larboard quarter."

"Mr. Matson, hand me the glass, if you please," said Captain Willis, mounting still higher. "As I live," was his muttered soliloquy, while he carefully examined the stranger, "we are in for it, that's certain. Mr. Jones," he said, as he coolly made his way down to the deck, "just see that every sail tells to its utmost. The breeze is somewhat fresh, but I think we can clap on a little more aft. At any rate, give her all she will bear; only see that you don't get her by the head. Cutter or no cutter, we will see what the fellow astern is made of. There's no doubt of one thing, and that is that he has got his mind made up for a slap at the old Eagle. It's not our business to fight with such fellows as long as we can run away; so we'll try the part of discretion for the present. Helm there, luff a little. So now, steady."

The tall masts bent under their weight of canvas, while the Eagle, leaning over from the breeze, rushed through the foaming waves. Captain Jack cast a look aloft, and satisfying himself that everything there was doing its duty, called his men aft and made them a pithy address, which was received with three hearty cheers; and each man proceeded to the post assigned him in case of action.

"No fears of them, Jones!" said Captain Willis, as he met the glance of his officer. "They well know the mercies of John Bull's prison-ships, and will not readily put them to the trial without a little fighting."

It was about sunrise when the strange sail was discovered. The Eagle was then some twenty leagues from the north shore of Cuba, with the wind at northeast. In two hours time the stranger gained so far upon the chase, that Captain Willis was able to verify by the glass a suspicion which had already entered his mind.

"That's her among a thousand!" he exclaimed, shutting the glass with a jerk. "It's

the Alert—one of the fastest vessels in the British navy, as I know to my cost. Well, well—if the cutter cuts us down this time, it won't be without our leaving at least the mark of our teeth upon her."

The brig continued on her former course, save that now and then her head was brought a little closer to the wind. This management was not uncriticised by some "old salts" of the fore-castle.

"Jim," said one, "what's in the old man's noodle to keep her up this way? I should think that rascally cutter gained full fast enough upon us already, without our trying to help her any."

"Can't say, Ben," replied the other. "But there's some crotchet or other in our captain's main-top, or he wouldn't be doing things this sort. Depend on't, we shall see before long what it means. There it is again. 'Luff—sheets aft!' work before us, Ben!"

At one o'clock the land was in full view, right ahead. The sailors obeyed the orders of their officers in silence, looking at each other in surprise.

"Jerusalem, Ben!" at length exclaimed a grizzle-headed Yorker. "Here's a fix! The skipper has put us where there isn't a ha'penny's chance to get clear; and if he knows what he's going to do, it's what I *don't* know."

"Call Black Bill," said Captain Willis.

The order was transmitted, and out of the cook-room came Bill, grinning with delight.

"Well, doctor," said the captain, "are you sure that you can accomplish all you promised? Can you put the good brig safely in?"

"Guess em *can*, massa," said the negro, bowing and scraping his foot with all due deference. "Know him berry well, massa. Many time come from Barbadoes here. Know him well, for sarten, massa!"

"Very well, doctor," replied Captain Willis; "I believe we must put you in pilot. There's no time to lose, for the tide has begun to ebb already. But mind what you're about, darkey. We'll make a man of you, if you do the thing as it should be."

The negro was duly installed upon the quarter. Every feature in his face seemed impressed with conscious importance. But "Black Bill" was no common serf. The royal blood of Ashantee coursed in his veins, and his new dignity at once developed in him a naturally strong and acute perception. The orders which issued from his sable lips were prompt, well directed and effective. His former acquaintances of the fore-castle looked on him with astonishment.

Very soon, the Eagle opened a narrow passage between two headlands, on one of which was situated a small lighthouse. Here was the entrance

to the tide harbor of Carrena, a port which had long been deserted by all commerce, save that of the little island coasters. The harbor was unsafe for anchorage of vessels of large size, and the entrance to other than an adept was peculiarly troublesome. But "Black Bill" was evidently at home. He noted the filling of the sails, the objects on shore, the bearing of the light; every change necessary in disposition of ship was accurately and promptly executed. In little more than half an hour from the time of entrance, the Eagle was at anchor near the town.

Late in the afternoon, the English cutter lay off the headlands which guarded the entrance into the harbor. Captain Tracy impatiently paced the quarter, and ever and anon cast an eye to leeward, as if debating within himself in what manner he should further proceed.

"Hab blue-fish, massa? Berry nice blue-fish, massa. Good for 'tomach. Help um appetite, massa."

"Be off, you black scamp!" shouted the lieutenant.

Captain Tracy glanced at the countenance of the disappointed black, who was slowly turning away his boat.

"Jameson," said the commander, "you may tell the fellow to come aboard. He may possibly be of use to us."

"Hallo, darkey!" cried Jameson. "We'll take some of your fish, if you'll bring them aboard, and tell the steward how to dress them."

"Ki! not know how cook blue-fish? Ki-hi! Wall, we tell him."

Sambo was quickly on deck, and in close confab with the captain's steward, when Jameson called him away.

"Boy," said the lieutenant, "do you suppose you could show us a passage into yonder harbor?"

Sambo's eyes rolled with ecstasy, as he grasped the silver Jameson placed in his hand.

"Hi, massa! 'Pose I can. Have carry ship in afore now, many time, more'n I can count."

Captain Tracy, who had been overhearing the conversation, now stepped forward.

"Look here, boy!" said he, displaying to the greedy gaze of the negro several tempting gold pieces. "Look here. You say you can carry us into the harbor. If you do it safely, here is the reward you shall receive. But if you deceive us, or attempt to play the rogue in any way, *this* is the reward which we shall give you."

And the speaker drew from his breast-pocket a pistol, whose muzzle turned in quiet significance upon the negro. Poor Sambo started at sight of the weapon; his face turned of a slaty pallor, while he ejaculated, with broken utterance.

"O, massa—don't! don't! Frighten poor niggah berry much, sah! Hab great dislike to loaded gun, massa."

"Stop, stop, Sambo!" said Jameson, who with much difficulty restrained his laughter at the ludicrous terror of the negro. "The captain wont hurt you, so long as you play us no tricks and tell us no lies. Do you know enough about the harbor to show us a safe passage in?"

"Yes, massa—I tole you so afore. Know ebery ting about de harbor. Hab 'tand pilot much to sa'sfaction of commerce. But must wait now, till tide down on de bar yonder."

Tracy smiled, and turned to his lieutenant.

"Jameson, we must try it, I think. Were it not for the mishap which occurred to our two boats, we might be spared a slight risk. Put Andrews at the wheel, and keep a good lookout a-head. We must move as soon as the flood will permit. Our sable friend appears to have some knowledge of what he undertakes, but we must trust to him as little as possible."

Some time elapsed before the tide admitted passage over the bar which the negro had indicated. Meanwhile, Jameson took pains to sound the new comer concerning the landmarks and directions of the somewhat tortuous passage, and became convinced that the pilot, although simple and unsophisticated, was by no means devoid of intelligence and the knowledge conferred by observation and experience. Jameson communicated this conviction to his commander, who, when the moment of action arrived, felt a corresponding security regarding his movements.

"You are sure of your course?" was the anxious inquiry, as the cutter moved rapidly through the gathering shadows of night.

"Yes, massa—keep um light right ober de quarter."

"Well, sir, remember what will happen to you if you lead us into difficulty."

"Yes, massa. Know um berry well. Hab 'tand pilot berry much to sa'sfaction ob—"

He did not finish the sentence. A sudden shock made the vessel quiver in every plank.

"Furies!" shouted Captain Tracy, in a hoarse voice, springing from the deck on which he had been thrown by the violence of the shock. "The black scoundrel—by heaven he's gone! Hard-a-weather—hard-a-weather, man! Tacks and sheets—be lively there! We must have her aback, Jameson."

It was of no avail. The words were scarcely out of his mouth, when there came another shock, a grating and groaning, and the noise of water gurgling between decks.

"Jameson," said the commander, "see that

our two remaining boats are in readiness; but be cool and steady. We must not forsake our poor Alert as long as she holds life and breath."

Half an hour afterward, the light of white sails came glimmering through the night.

"The rascally Yankee!" groaned Jameson, as the brig came rushing past.

"Know um berry well, massa!" shouted a well known voice from the deck of the Eagle. "Keep um light ober de quarter!"

In little more than a fortnight afterward, the Eagle was again fast at the southern side of Long Wharf. Fifteen minutes later, and Captain Willis had reached the counting-room of Wetmore. The latter expressed himself much pleased with the result of a voyage which he was informed had netted him two hundred per cent. profit. Nevertheless, he had much regret, he said, to be the bearer of intelligence which doubtless would cause disappointment to his esteemed friend. His sister was at present in New York, but had left in his care a letter directed to Captain Willis. The latter hastily read the note, which was in the handwriting of Lucy Wetmore. The purport of it informed him that the writer was much grieved at the necessity of declaring that her feelings had undergone a change, and that the relation which had formerly existed between them must henceforth cease. The close contained the additional intelligence that she had just become engaged, and would shortly be married to a merchant of New York, with whom she would return to Boston. There were frequent expressions of continued friendly regard to Captain Willis, and of sorrow at the disappointment which her words would be likely to cause him. With feelings of the bitterest chagrin, he crushed the letter in his hand.

"The business of the voyage must be finished at once," he said. "By to-morrow eve, I am ready for sea once more."

In an hour afterward, he hastened across the Common to the residence of Chesley, who had just arrived from the vessel. The captain received a warm welcome from his friend.

"What fortune?" inquired the latter, with a meaning eye.

"Read that," replied Willis, throwing the crumpled paper on the table near which they stood.

Chesley ran his eye over Lucy's note, and his face was flushed with indignation at its contents.

"I do not blame you for being a little down in the mouth," he said, "considering the turn which things have taken. But believe me, the fit wont last very long. You are well rid of her, captain. There cannot be much heart in

the girl, if, after having carried things so far, she turns you off in this cool way. For my part, I think that you have reason to congratulate yourself on your escape."

This well-meant speech had little effect towards soothing the pain which Willis experienced. He reached forth his hand to take the letter. But Chesley prevented him.

"Hold," he said. "Permit me to glance at this once more."

"Captain Willis," he added, after a momentary examination, "I wish you to leave this note in my keeping for a day or two. I have an object in view which I will not mention to you just at present. I give you my word that no improper use shall be made of the letter. And, by the way, there is a Miss Leeds here, on a visit to my sister. Our fair guest is well acquainted with Lucy Wetmore, and very probably can inform me of the actual whereabouts of that young lady—a point concerning which I have some curiosity."

He was absent from the room a quarter of an hour or more, at the end of which time he returned with a countenance plainly expressive of satisfaction in the intelligence he had obtained.

"If I am not mistaken, friend Willis," said Chesley, "we shall soon find a little light shining through the cloud which now overhangs you. If you will call on me to-morrow forenoon, between eight and nine o'clock, I may be able to give you information which will be for your advantage. Miss Wetmore has been at Watertown for nearly a month, and so—but stay! Whom have we here?"

A carriage stopped before the street door, and the driver, descending, applied himself to the knocker. In the carriage, which was open, sat Lucy Wetmore. Chesley, with the intention of anticipating the servant, flew down stairs and presented himself at the door. The driver had been charged to inquire if Miss Leeds was within. Chesley answered in the affirmative, and then, as if suddenly recognizing the occupant of the vehicle, stepped forward to the carriage and offered a courteous greeting. Inviting the lady to descend, he added a few words which produced a very visible agitation in her whom he addressed. Presently, accepting his assistance, she alighted, and with him entered the house. Willis could hardly contain himself during the minutes which elapsed before Chesley again returned to him. At length, his friend presented himself. His countenance was cheerful—even elate.

"I wish you joy, my lad," he cried; "for I think that a very short time will suffice to put an entirely different face on this matter. Come

down, and pay your respects to Miss Wetmore. Miss Leeds and I will shortly leave the coast clear for your honorable self, when I have every reason to believe that you will have no difficulty in arriving at a satisfactory understanding with the lady of your regards. The fact is, my dear sir, that letter is a *flam*—a shameful forgery. I suspected it to be so the moment that I gave the note a particular examination, and the fact is now made plain to me."

Willis descended to the parlor, where the unaffected kindness with which Miss Wetmore received him did much to re-assure his hopes. Before she left the house, he had the pleasure of knowing that her sentiments toward himself had remained unchanged, and were like to remain so—notwithstanding the arts of her brother. When Willis communicated the state of affairs to Chesley, the latter was delighted with the added proof of his own penetration, and asserted his opinion that the play (as he expressed it) was rapidly drawing to a close.

"It so happens," he said, "that I have certain facts in my possession, which, if divulged, would seriously affect the reputation of Wetmore, not only in his private, but also in his business relations. It seems to me, now, that their publicity would affect him even more than I had once supposed. He is aware of my knowledge, to some extent; and I had occasion to tell him, near a year ago, that his way, henceforth, must be pretty straight in order to avoid disclosure of the facts to which I refer. As he has conducted himself so basely in this matter between you and his sister, I have no scruple in using both my powers of persuasion and my powers of compulsion to induce him to give his consent to your marriage with Lucy. I think that my efforts will be successful. Whether my opinion be correct or not, time will quickly discover."

The event proved him in the right; for, in the first week of August, there appeared in the city papers the following announcement, contained in the list of marriages:

"On Wednesday, at the residence of George Wetmore, Esq., Captain John Willis to Lucy, only daughter of the late Peter Wetmore."

In one or two of the journals there appeared, in celebration of the event, certain verses, which now rest in quiet oblivion with thousands of like effusions which have followed, or gone before. The wedding was a gay and brilliant one; and it was remarked by many of the guests, that their obliging host had made every preparation which could add to the zest and enjoyment of the occasion, and that he was, doubtless, well pleased with the match which had taken place.

MY LOVE.

BY H. J. A. EDWARDS.

In spring, when nature's waking smile
Is mingled oft with glistening tears,
My love is fond and true the while,
Rejoicing in life's early years.

In summer, when the fields are fair,
The groves with cooling shade invite,
I wander forth to meet her there,
While eve's dim hue fades into night.

How quickly then the moments fly,
Concealed by the fond dreams of youth,
When clouds veil not the beauteous sky,
And fancy, brilliant, seems as truth.

In autumn, when the drooping fringe
Hangs loose upon the golden corn,
I see, alas! no ruddy tinge
Upon her cheek in quiet morn.

When the bright frost has killed the flower,
And leaves are stripped from every tree,
Then comes the sad and lonely hour,
Which steals my love forever from me.

In winter, when the snow is deep
Within the churchyard damp and cold,
My love is sleeping her long sleep,
And white the snow and damp the mould,
In winter when the snow is deep.

THE CONSCRIPT:

—OR,—

THE PRICE OF PEACE.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

THE day has dawned sad and gloomy. The roll of the drum has been heard since morning; the labors of the field are suspended; the inhabitants of the village are stationed by groups in the streets, and discussing, in a low tone, the summonses of the young people summoned to put their hands in the fatal urn.* Every face wears an expression of anxiety, as if some calamity threatened the country. Each sighs and raises eyes to heaven as he passes by certain houses not as tombs. A few more hours, and sounds of joy or sobs of sorrow will issue thence! Now relatives, a prey to anxiety, remain sad and motionless, watching and fearing the progress of hours which are to bring them joy or despair. The young people, in the meantime, keep up their courage, and laugh and sing as they prepare to go to the place where the drawing is to be. But their laugh is hollow, their voices tremble, and their forced gayety deceives no one. In fact, the fearful experiment of this day is to see how many conscripts are, in France, drawn by lot.

decide their whole existence. Must they soon leave this village where they were born—their relatives, their comrades, their betrothed ones? for in the country, people marry young. At twenty, a young man has almost always made his choice. It is too soon—but what is to be done? Custom decrees it thus; and while in the fashionable world we see every day men of forty years and more marry young girls, a youth of twenty-eight rarely finds, in this country, a young girl who will marry him.

The bell of the church was ringing; the pastor was about to celebrate mass to invoke for the conscripts the protection of Heaven. All were present, accompanied by their families. Never had they prayed with such fervor. When men are powerless, the most skeptical have recourse to Providence; they are happy then to believe in Providence, for chance is blind and deaf!

The mass finished, the drum again sounds; it is the signal of departure. There are embraces, encouragements, and the conscripts march; the fathers accompany their sons; the mothers return to their homes to pray once more; the young girls sigh, and the silence of death reigns in this village, usually so brilliant and gay.

The fable relates that in the days of King Minos, the inhabitants of the Isle of Crete were compelled to deliver each year seven young men, and as many young girls, to satisfy the appetites of a monster called the Minotaur. A man, a prince, a demi-god killed the Minotaur and delivered his country. Who shall deliver us from war? What was this Minotaur, compared to that thousand-headed hydra who absorbs men by hundreds, thousands, millions? who changes wheat-fields into fields of battle? who makes the earth drink blood like water? who compels the nations, under penalty of entire destruction, to fell ranks of men like forest-trees? who removes every year from the family, from agriculture, from industry, the elite of the people? who makes widows by hundreds and orphans by thousands? who breaks the hearts of mothers and lovers, and who disgusts us ever with glory, when we think of the price which must be paid for it? Who shall deliver us from war?

"Louise, what o'clock is it?" said, for the twentieth time since the departure of the conscripts, one of the poor mothers, a prey to the suffering of anxiety and uncertainty.

"Two o'clock, aunt," replied a beautiful young girl, with a sad and pensive air.

"Only two? This day will never end!"

"Alas, poor aunt," replied the young girl, "if the news is to be bad, it will come soon enough!"

And she embraced the mother with filial tenderness.

"True, my child, but if you knew how painful this uncertainty is!"

"Shall I go a little way to meet them?" said she. "I can see from afar the colors of the ribbons, and will run to tell you. You will know your fate a few minutes sooner."

"Do so, my daughter; as for me, I cannot walk. Anxiety has taken away my strength."

"I will go," said Louise. "But do not worry—what good will it do?"

And she went out, leaving the poor woman to her sad thoughts. When she had gone a few steps, she encountered one of her companions.

"Come with me to meet them, Charlotte," said she to her. "I am ashamed to be seen going alone; but my aunt sent me."

"Why, then, should you be ashamed?" said Charlotte. "Is not Jean your betrothed?"

"Jean is not my betrothed, any more than his mother; but I love them both as a sister, and I ought to do so, for my aunt has been a good mother to me."

"I think so. A niece who has two acres of land and a house of her own may well be taken care of, where one has two sons!"

"I do not know what her idea is," said Louise; "but she has never mentioned it to me."

"And they?"

"Still less! They look upon me as a little girl. Remember that I am only sixteen."

"Why, then, have neither of them made a choice elsewhere?"

"I do not know—ask them."

"But, according to your ideas, which is the best?" persisted Charlotte.

"They are both good, and I love one as much as the other."

"That is well," said Charlotte, laughing; "so if Jean goes, Jacques will still be left you."

"Let me alone," said Louise, pettishly; "I am not ready to talk of marriage! But apropos of Jacques," pursued she, "it is a bad sign that we do not meet him, for he promised, if his brother had a good number, to hasten home to tell us."

"O, he will remain to drink with the rest!"

"He is not in the habit of it!" said Louise, angrily.

"May we not jest a little about the boys?" said Charlotte; "they say what they please about us!"

"My cousins never speak evil of me, I am sure, and I will not hear it said of them."

"Your cousins! your cousins! Be easy—nobody will eat them."

At that moment the sound of the drum, heard in the distance, interrupted the conversation of the two friends. Very soon cries and songs were intermingled with it, and the conscripts appeared at a turn in the road. Louise became very pale.

"Do you see him?" asked she, with emotion.

"Not yet—they are too far off; but I shall soon be able to distinguish them."

There was silence. The two young girls looked earnestly. Suddenly Charlotte exclaimed:

"I see Jean! I see Jean!"

"Where?" said Louise, anxiously, for her short sight did not permit her to distinguish yet.

"Louise, you will marry Jacques," said Charlotte; "Jean is a soldier!"

"My poor aunt!" exclaimed Louise, clasping her hands.

At this moment, a young man detached himself from the group of conscripts. It was Jacques, who, having recognized his cousin, hastened to meet her. Her face was pale and anxious, and even if Louise had not then perceived the tri-colored ribbons with which Jean was decorated, the expression of his brother's countenance would have informed her of his misfortune.

"He has the fourteen!" exclaimed he, angrily, as he accosted the young girls. "My mother will be sorry, for she prefers Jean."

"She loves you both well," said Louise, without daring to deny the fact, which was known to every one; "but how shall we tell her this bad news? She sent me to meet you, and now I dare not return to her."

"Nor I," said Jacques.

"Well," said Charlotte, "you can both go. She has but to look at you to know the result, for you are as pale as if you came from the other world."

"She is right," said Louise.

And the two cousins, quickening their pace, took the road to the village, preceding the conscripts. * * * *

Since the departure of Louise, her aunt had not moved. Seated in a low chair, in the corner, by the extinct fire, she was absorbed in sorrowful reflections, with her head buried in her hands. The door, left open, permitted the two young people to enter without being heard, and they were consulting each other with a look to ask what was to be done, when the poor woman, shaking off her torpor, suddenly stood up. Then only she perceived her niece and her eldest son, motionless before her.

"Ah," said she, falling back into her chair, "Jean is a soldier!"

Both remained silent. The poor mother asked no questions; but she burst into tears. There could be no ray of hope, since Louise did not tell her to hope! The latter sat down by her, took her hand, which she pressed tenderly, and silently mingled her own tears with hers.

"Well, are you all crying here?" suddenly exclaimed a conscript, as he entered the house. "Good morning, mother; good morning, Louise; good morning, Jacques!" And he sang in a husky voice the song of departure.

The poor youth evidently made all this noise to conceal his regret; and repeated libations taken at all the cabarets of the route, had much to do with his resignation and good humor.

"My poor child!" exclaimed the mother, springing towards him, as if to defend him against an immediate danger; "they will kill me! they will kill me!"

"Do not cry, mother," said the young man, clasping her in his arms; "you will end by making me cry too, and I have no desire to pass for a coward among my comrades; that would not do for a soldier. What do you say, Louise?"

"My poor Jean!" said she, embracing him.

"What would you? I would rather have remained here in peace, to plant my cabbages, and perhaps by-and-by we might have been married; but now I have no chance. So much the better for Jacques."

"We need not talk of that," said Louise; "am I not the sister of you both?"

"For the present, sly one," pursued Jean, appealing to his brother, who, when he spoke of marriage, had cast down his head with an air of constraint.

"Louise is too young to talk of that," said the latter, with effort; "and besides, her position with our mother and her orphan condition impose the greatest reserve upon us. When she has attained her majority, she can choose for herself."

"I am rich," suddenly exclaimed Louise; "I am rich, and Jean is as a brother to me! Do not weep, aunt—Jean shall not go!" And she left the house, running.

M. Michaud, the guardian of Louise, whose godfather he also was, lived at the other extremity of the village. It was towards his house that she directed her steps. She entered it, all out of breath, and found her guardian occupied in taking his repast, in company with his son, a youth of about eighteen.

"Ah, it is you, goddaughter," said he, with his mouth full; "will you eat a bit with us?"

"Thank you, you are very kind; but I am not hungry—my heart is too full."

Then, as the impassible guardian continued to eat, without saying anything, she asked:

"You know that my cousin Jean has been drawn by lot?"

"He will make a fine grenadier," said M. Michaud, tranquilly.

"But, godfather," persisted Louise, "I do not wish him to go; do you not understand?"

"O, you do not wish him to go! But what will you do about it?"

"I will purchase a substitute."

"Ah," said the guardian, laying down his fork, "you have money then?"

"No, godfather," said Louise, embarrassed, seeing the expression of her godfather suddenly change; "but I have property, and you know it better than any one, since you are my godfather. This is the reason I came to find you, for Jean must not go."

"Why so, if you please?"

"Because his mother will die."

"That would be a pity; but what can I do about it?"

"Give me the means to redeem Jean by selling a little of my property."

"You do not know, then, that at your majority I must give an account to the last cent?"

"Well, it seems to me I have the control of my own property."

"A minor has the control of nothing. You must be twenty-one, or have a husband, before you can dispose of a cent; and your husband would be dissatisfied when I come to render an account, if I should dispose of your fortune thus."

"O, as for that, godfather," said Louise, blushing, "you need not be afraid about the future, for I shall perhaps marry one of my cousins, and Jacques could not reproach me for saving his brother—still less Jean, if I should marry him."

"Then you do not know which?"

"No, godfather; I had never thought of it until to-day—I am so young! But, on reflection, it is the best thing I can do. My aunt is a good mother to me, and I shall perhaps never like any one better."

"But your cousins are too old for you, who are only sixteen."

"I like it better so, godfather; it seems to me that if my husband was of the same age as myself, I could not respect him."

M. Michaud made a slight grimace.

"You are a child," said he; "in a few years, you will perhaps think otherwise."

"I do not believe it, godfather. But the business, at present, is to ransom my cousin—we can talk of the rest by-and-by."

"I tell you that it is impossible, and that neither you nor I can dispose of your property before your majority."

"And if I should marry immediately?"

"At sixteen! I would certainly not allow you to commit such a folly—you are too young! It will be soon enough when you are twenty-one; if you wish to make a foolish marriage then, you will be your own mistress, but not before."

"My good godfather, I entreat you!" said Louise, supplicatingly.

"I tell you it is impossible," said M. Michaud.

The good Louise had really believed that nothing could be easier than to ransom her cousin. On seeing her hopes disappointed, she began to weep bitterly.

"My poor aunt, she will die!" said she. "Men are so hard-hearted!"

"I am hard-hearted because I will not let you ruin yourself. But I know my duty," said M. Michaud, with importance.

"Adieu, godfather!" said Louise, going towards the door. "I am sorry to have disturbed you." And she went out discouraged, sighing.

On re-entering her aunt's house, she found her as she had left her, in company with her two sons; for on seeing Louise go out, she had suspected the step she was about to take, and had detained Jean, until she could learn the result.

As for Jacques, he had incurred his mother's anger, by seeking to make her comprehend the vanity of her hopes.

"I will go in his stead," said he, suddenly. "The state demands but one soldier—what matters it? Is not this a good idea, Louise? What say you to it?"

"I say that it is you whom I love!" exclaimed Louise, throwing herself tearfully into his arms. "Whether you go or stay, I will have no other husband than you!"

"Is it possible? and I was going, thinking you loved Jean."

"As a brother," said she, extending her hand to the conscript. "But you shall not go. I will ask my guardian to let me marry you immediately, and then we will ransom our brother without needing his permission."

"No, Louise—no, that must not be; you are too young. It would be wrong to profit by a moment of excitement, which you would perhaps regret afterwards. Besides, seven years of my life do not seem too much to purchase the right to consecrate to you the rest."

"Ah, you are noble and good, and I love you!" said his mother, suddenly. And she embraced him as she had never done before. *

"It is strange!" said Louise to herself, on the evening of the same day. "Where were my eyes, that I did not perceive the difference between the two brothers? Jean is a handsome youth, doubtless, but common, coarse; while Jacques always appears like a gentleman. And then what a good heart he has!"

At the expiration of a month, the widow announced to her neighbors that her son Jacques, after having accompanied his brother to the regiment, had returned with a fever. A week more passed away; at last the invalid went out, and showed himself. It was Jean! Judge of the commentaries, the conjectures, the exclamations! Godfather Michaud said nothing, but he wrote to the prefect to inform him of this substitution of one person for another. The prefect, in his turn, wrote to the minister of war, who wrote to the colonel of the regiment where Jacques had enlisted instead of his brother. The colonel replied that Jacques was his best recruit, that he would make an excellent soldier, and that it was of very little importance that he had taken the place of his brother, since he filled it honorably—so that the affair remained there, to the great displeasure of M. Michaud, who was still persuaded that Louise loved Jean.

As for Jean, he was of too vulgar a nature to comprehend all the delicacy and greatness of his brother's conduct. Delighted, at first, to be liberated, he at last came to the conclusion that Jacques loved to travel, and desired a military life. Six months after his brother's departure, he offered himself to Louise, who refused him without hesitation.

"I love you as a brother," said she; "but do not speak to me thus, for I shall despise you and consider you my enemy."

"But if Jacques should be killed in war?" persisted Jean.

"I would put on mourning and remain all my life faithful to his memory."

"As you please; then I will marry Charlotte."

In fact, from this moment Jean declared himself the lover of Charlotte and their marriage soon took place.

Two years passed thus. Louise was eighteen. M. Michaud, re-assured by the marriage of Jean and Charlotte, at last unmasked his batteries and proposed that his ward should marry his son. But the latter declared that she would await her majority before she made a choice.

About this time, she received a letter from Algiers. Jacques was in Africa, and was a sergeant. From this day, poor Louise had not a moment's repose. How could she, when he she loved was exposed to the balls of the enemy, to

danger from fever, to the teeth of lions? Her only occupation was now to read the newspapers. She eagerly sought the news from Africa. One day, she read as follows:

"We regret to announce that a part of the garrison of Nemours has just been destroyed by the heroic imprudence of its chief, who has himself found death in this unfortunate affair."

The paper fell from the hands of Louise. Nemours! The last letter of Jacques was dated Nemours! Poor Louise! At her request, M. Michand wrote to the minister of war to learn the names of the men killed in the affair of Sidi-Brahim. A week afterwards, he received the list. Jacques's name was among the first!

Louise now renounced all hope and devoted herself to the education of her little godson, the eldest child of Jean and Charlotte. He came to her every morning and spent the day with her. One morning little Jacques arrived very animated.

"Godmother," said he, "will you give me leave to go and see the soldiers?"

"What soldiers?" said Louise.

"Those who are to pass the night here. They are going to Paris to be reviewed; there will be two of them at our house."

"By-and-by," said Louise, pensively. "The day is long; you will have time to see them."

The child pouted a little, and then began to spell with a bad grace in the book which his godmother placed before him. At the end of ten minutes, he stopped.

"Do you hear the drum?" said he.

"Yes," said Louise; "let the drum go, and continue your lesson."

The child sighed, and finished the page. After the lesson, they breakfasted as usual. Suddenly a double knock was heard at the door.

"Enter," said Louise.

The door opened, and an officer, thin and of dark complexion, appeared on the threshold.

"Pardon me, madame," said he to Louise, as he saluted her, "but I am taking my rounds! Have you any soldiers quartered here?"

"No, sir," said she, somewhat troubled; "I live alone, and never lodge any one."

"Madame is a widow?" said the officer, pointing to the black dress of the young girl.

Louise bowed, without replying. She was willing that this stranger should ascribe to her a title to which she felt she had a right.

"You have a charming child, madame," said the soldier, approaching Jacques.

"It is my godson," said Louise, blushing.

"It is astonishing," continued the officer, looking at the child, "how much he resembles a comrade whom I knew in Africa!"

"You have been in Africa, then?" said Louise, falling back into her chair.

"Yes, madame," said he, taking the one to which Louise pointed; for, incapable of standing, she felt that she ought also to invite the stranger to be seated.

A thought had occurred to the young girl: Could this soldier, who resembled little Jacques so much, have been—? A word would have dispelled her doubts, but she hesitated to pronounce it, lest the officer should utter a name unknown to her. She was silent for a moment to taste one sweet hope, like the prisoner, who, awaking after a dream of liberty, keeps his eyes shut that he may not see the bars of his prison! The officer had taken little Jacques in his lap, and was looking at him attentively.

"Does he remind you of some deceased friend?" at last asked Louise.

"He of whom the child reminds me is not dead, madame, although he has long passed for such! Escaped as if by miracle from a horrible massacre, a prisoner two years among the Arabs, he has been able at last, after infinite fatigue and suffering, to rejoin his flag."

"And—you left him in Africa?" asked Louise, in a stifled voice, while she stealthily observed the countenance of the officer who, on his part, manifested much emotion.

"No," said he. "On arriving at the regiment, exhausted by his long suffering, he obtained leave to retire from the service, and at present, has returned to his country."

At this moment, the hurried eyes of the soldier encountered those of Louise earnestly fixed upon him.

"It is Jacques! it is you!" exclaimed she, at last rising.

His only reply was to extend his arms to her.

"Louise," at that moment exclaimed the voice of Charlotte, "lend me some money, I beg of you. Jean has come home drunk again, and I have not a cent in the house."

Jacques smiled at Charlotte, who, surprised to find a soldier with her friend, had remained fixed in the threshold.

"Here, sister Charlotte," said he, presenting a gold piece to the young woman. "Louise and I are coming to sup with you."

"His sister!" said Charlotte, looking at Louise.

"It is Jacques!" exclaimed the latter.

"Impossible! he is so dark, so thin—and that beard! And then he is an officer!"

"A captain, my good sister," said Jacques, embracing her.

"But," said Louise, "you were only a sergeant when you arrived in Africa!"

"True; but in a campaign, one is soon promoted. And then balls and fevers do not respect officers any more than soldiers, so that those who fall give place to others. I succeeded a lieutenant who was killed, and when I escaped from captivity, he who had replaced me had just died of dysentery, and I re-entered the same regiment; then the general-in-chief, learning my return, appointed me captain."

"You will not return, then," said Louise.

"No," said he, smiling, "unless my life here should be made unhappy."

"But," pursued she, "why did you not inform us of your return?"

"I had my reasons for that; I had long passed for dead, and wished to know for myself how my resurrection would be received. After three years of silence, you might have been married. I wished to return here as a stranger, examine the ground, and depart without making myself known if I had been forgotten."

"Here is a surprise!" said Charlotte. "Jean will be happy, for he has regretted you much—even though he has become a drunkard."

"He will reform," said Jacques, smiling; "I will talk to him and you shall see."

"I will run and find him," said she, "and I am sure he will leave the cabaret quick, now!"

"No, do not; I wish to surprise him."

Little Jacques had profited by these explanations to run after the soldiers. The captain, in his turn, took the road to the door.

"Will you leave me already?" said Louise.

"I must return for an instant to the mayor's office to speak to M. Michaud. He did not recognize me just now, and will be surprised."

"And what is your pressing business there?"

"To give him your name and mine. To-day is Wednesday, and we must be published ten days, which will permit us to marry next week on Saturday."

GETTING AND SAYING.

It is not so much of an art to get money as to save it. The proverb tells us that any fool can do the former, but it requires a wise man to accomplish the latter. Still there is no need of being avaricious, like Lady Hardwicke, the lady of the Lord Chancellor of England, who loved money as well as he did, and what *he got, she saved*. The purse in which the Great Seal is carried, is of very expensive embroidery, and was provided, during his time, every year. Lady Hardwicke took care that it should not be provided for the seal bearer's profit, for she annually retained the purse herself, having previously ordered that the velvet should be of the length of one of the state rooms at Wimpole. So many of them were saved that at length she had enough to hang the state rooms and make curtains for the bed!—*Eastern Argus*.

BOILING A TEA-KETTLE.

Which is the most trying to a woman—a greenhorn of a servant girl, or a stove that "wont draw" the day she expects company? Mrs. Jones hired the other day, a Miss McDermott, just from Cork. Miss McDermott was ordered "to boil the tea-kettle."

"The what?"

"The tea-kettle."

"An' do you mane that?"

"Certainly—if I did not I would not have ordered you to do it—and be quick about it."

"Yes, ma'am."

Miss McDermott obeyed orders. In about half an hour afterwards Mrs. Jones resumed the conversation.

"Where's the tea-kettle, Bridget?"

"In the dinner-pot, ma'am."

"In the dinner-pot!"

"Yes, ma'am. You told me to boil it, and I've had it on the scald for an hour."

Mrs. Jones could bear no more. She had a rush of blood to the head, and went into a swoon. The last we saw of her she was carried up stairs in an arm-chair.—*N. Y. Spirit of the Times*.

JUDICIAL INTEGRITY.

Judge Sewall, of Massachusetts, who died in 1760, went one day into a hatter's shop, in order to purchase a pair of second-hand brushes for cleaning his shoes. The master of the shop presented him with a couple. "What is your price?" said the judge. "If they will answer your purpose," replied the other, "you may have them and welcome." The judge, on hearing this, laid them down, and bowing, was leaving the shop, upon which the hatter said to him: "Pray, sir, your honor has forgotten the principal object of your visit." "By no means," answered the judge. "If you please to set a price, I am ready to purchase; but ever since it has fallen to my lot to occupy a seat on the bench, I have studiously avoided receiving the value of a single copper, lest at some future period of my life, it might have some kind of influence in determining my judgment."—*Granite Freeman*.

THE GREATEST WONDER YET.

Calvin Edson, and all the fat women, dwarfs and giants, are eclipsed by a man now on exhibition at Havana, who was born without either legs or arms, but who, having tenaciously set himself to work to conquer the inconveniences naturally consequent upon such deprivation, has made himself a wonder by the variety of his feats. Among other things, he announces that he is able to spin a top with such perfection that it will hit any spot named, to spin a dollar over a table, and put it in his left ear and take it out again, to make a knot with a halter, to thread a needle, to ascend and descend a ladder, to uncork a bottle with a corkscrew, to load a fowling piece and kill anything designated, or put out a candle with a simple wad—quite enough wonders for a man without either legs or arms.—*Hingham Patriot*.

Thorough knowledge only enables a man to think more justly.

FEMALE GAMBLERS.

In this country we have few or no female gamblers; and let us not malign our fair countrywomen by crediting the fact to the want of opportunity. Opportunity is never wanting where any passion is to be gratified. Let us rather attribute a freedom from this scathing and blighting vice to the high tone of mind and morals which seeks for a healthy excitement in ennobling deeds of charity and the refined pleasures of cultivated society. It is appalling to contemplate a man with his whole soul engrossed in the chances of the gaming-table; at one moment raised to the acme of feverish hope, at another plunged into the depths of a rayless despair. It is harrowing to watch his tremulous hand as he stakes the price of his children's bread with it, or draws towards him those guilty winnings which are only a snare and a temptation. What then must it be to a woman under such circumstances! Yet this is a common enough spectacle abroad, at the continent watering-places, and particularly at Baden-Baden, where gaming is authorized, and one of the real, if unconfessed, attractions of the place. An English lady thus records some of her observations on the conduct of her sex at the gaming-table, and the picture is a terrible one: "On no occasion did I watch higher play than on the evening of the dress ball. All the best company in Baden were assembled; the birds of prey, whose profession it was to watch them, doubtless, came armed for the encounter, and prepared to 'fool them to the top of their bent.' The following day was Sunday. We passed through the public walks on our way to church; and having time to spare, looked into the rooms, which even at that early hour had a crowd of people hanging round the gaming-tables. On our return, we entered them again, and then this frightful scene of madness was at its height.

"I doubt if anything, less than the evidence of the senses, can enable any one fully to credit and comprehend the spectacle that a gaming-table offers. I saw women, distinguished by rank, elegant in person, modest, and even reserved in manner, sitting at the *rouge et noir* table, with *rateaux* and marking cards in their hands; the former to push forward their bets and draw in their winnings, the latter to prick down the events of the game. I saw such at different hours through the whole of Sunday. To name these is impossible; but I grieve to say that two English women were among them. There was one of this set whom I watched day after day during the whole period of our stay, with more interest than, I believed, was reason-

able; for had I studied any other as attentively, I might have found less to lament. She was young—certainly not more than twenty-five—and though not regularly nor brilliantly handsome, most singularly winning both in person and demeanor. Her dress was elegant, but peculiarly plain and simple. A close white silk bonnet and gauze veil; a quite-colored silk gown, with less of flourish and frill by the half than any other person; a delicate little hand, which, when ungloved, displayed some handsome rings; a jewelled watch of peculiar splendor, and a countenance expressive of anxious thoughtfulness must be remembered by many who were at Baden, in 1833. They must remember, too, that enter the rooms when they would, morning, noon or night, still they found her nearly at the same play, at the *rouge et noir* table.

"Her husband, who had as unquestionably the air of a gentleman as she had of a lady, though not always close to her, was never very distant. He did not play himself; and I fancied, as he hovered near her, that his countenance expressed anxiety; but he returned the sweet smile with which she always met his eye with an answering smile; and I saw not the slightest indication that he wished to withdraw her from the table. There was an expression in the upper part of her face that my blundering science would have construed into something very foreign to the propensity she showed; but there she sat, hour after hour, and day after day, not even allowing the blessed Sabbath, that gives rest to all, to bring it to her; there she sat, constantly throwing down handfuls of five franc pieces, and sometimes drawing them back again, till her young face grew rigid from weariness, and all the lustre of her eye faded into a glare of vexed inanity. Alas! alas! is that fair woman a mother? God forbid!"

THE BODY AVENGED.

By too much sitting still the body becomes unhealthy, and soon the mind. This is Nature's law. She will never see her children wronged. If the mind, which rules the body, ever forgets itself so far as to trample upon its slave, the slave is never generous enough to forgive the injury; but will rise and smite its oppressor. Thus has many a monarch mind been dethroned.—*Longfellow*.

Brood no longer, ye dreamers, but awake, shake off your sloth and work, and when you work, look to it that you work in the right direction! Not for fame, for it will cheat you; not for what you call happiness, for it will slip from your grasp. Ascertain your duty, and then discharge it.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

THE PRESS AND THE SWORD.

Bulwer says that "in the hands of men entirely great the pen is mightier than the sword." We, Americans, who claim to be entirely great, have found the means of uniting these powerful engines of civilization. We have brought columns of type to support columns of infantry, and covered the cannon of the artillery with the "shooting-sticks" of the printers. The army that marched into Mexico was largely recruited by disciples of Faust, so that, on one occasion, when General Scott, wishing to issue a proclamation, requested on parade that if there happened to be a printer in the ranks he would advance, two hundred stalwart men stepped forth two paces to the front. A day or two after the occupation of Matamoras by the American troops, the swarthy denizens of that old rambling town were startled by an unusual cry from the lips of an old gray-headed fellow, with a bundle under his arm, who, in a strange jargon of Spanish and English, proclaimed: "Here-ers the Republica of the Rio Grande and Amigo de los Pueblos—only one beet (bit)!" As he shuffled along the rectangular streets, there was none to impede his progress but the throng of customers. No policeman, with his badge, stopped the old boy to ask if he were licensed. Even the sentinels, along whose channelled bayonets flashed the rays of a noontide sun, forgot to challenge him: it was enough that he was a "member of the press," and on he passed. The dark-eyed and half-clad señoritas, spite of their languid habits of indifference, bent from their casements and gazed at him with a wondering interest. The sombrero-shadowed Mexicano lifted his corn-cob pipe from his lips, and perhaps a *Carrajo!* ascended with the smoke. And such was the *avatar* of the American press in Mexico—an historical event. The papers published in the different cities of Mexico during the campaign were really very creditable affairs. Their typographical appearance was as good as could be expected under the circumstances; they were edited with much ability, and many of their issues were spicy and sparkling. We hope that copies of all these papers have been preserved.

REMEMBER.—Good sense and sound reason should be the staple of our writing and speaking.

FEMALE INFLUENCE.

Some writer says, "women govern everything, because they govern those who govern everything." Their influence is not the less powerful, because, like the dew of heaven, it descends unseen. Though the fairer and better portion of humanity do not appear on the rostrum—and Heaven forbid they should!—yet as mothers, as wives, as sweethearts, their counsels are probably felt in the halls of legislation. In the old days of Rome it was said that Numa Pompilius consulted with the nymph Egeria on affairs of state. If Randolph of Roanoke had not lost his Egeria in early life, his public career would have been very different. Many, perhaps all eminent statesmen of modern days, have had their female counsellors. Madame de Stael was the adviser of Benjamin Constant in his happiest days, and the beautiful and unfortunate Madame Roland of her husband. Still later, we find Madame de Krudener, whose oracles were consulted by the Emperor Alexander, and the Princess de Dino, so propitious to the mind of Talleyrand, to whom she supplied wit and repartee. Many of the smartest sayings of this old diplomatic fox originated with this accomplished lady. The Countess de Meulan was the friend and adviser of Guizot, Louis Philippe's famous prime minister. But Guizot was also under the influence of the Princess de Lieven, one of the most famous political blue-stockings in Europe. It is observable, by the way, that while the lords of creation rely upon female wit for support and counsel, female sovereigns very rarely employ female counsellors. This tends to balance the reciprocal influence of the sexes in the government of the world.

COST OF DRESSING THE LADIES.—The imports of silks have risen in value since the year 1847 from less than \$12,000,000 to over \$24,000,000, and the customs from \$1,833,850 to \$6,129,583.

THE REASON.—A gentlemanly thief, detected in the exercise of his profession by a lady of this city, stated that "the times were so hard that he was obliged to steal in order to live."

Ballow's Dollar Monthly is the cheapest magazine in the world—Office Branch.

VANITY FAIR.

"Vanity of vanities!" exclaimed the wise man—"all is vanity!" And looking abroad in the world around us, how many proofs do we hold of the truth of the axiom. There is vanity in that gaudy bonnet, with its costly lace—the sweep of those voluminous silken skirts—the unnecessary display of those dainty French coats at the cleanest of street crossings. There is vanity in that male D'Orsay-ish figure, with its curled hair, its diamond breastpin and its sparkling ring on the finger. But not alone in raiment and fine linen does vanity stalk abroad. In that garb of more than Puritanic plainness—the positive extreme of attire—is quite as strong a proof of vanity as the tailor's gorgeous walking advertisement that just preceded it. Does not the wearer seem to say, "Look at me! How rich mecker—how much holier I am than these gaudy butterflies of fashion that hover and flutter about me!" As proud a heart beats under that sober kersey as beneath that satin boddy or that embroidered vest. When Satan was walking in the environs of London,

"He saw a cottage by the wayside,
A cottage of gentility,
And he duly smiled, for his darling vice
Was the pride that apes humility."

But pride and vanity have been doomed to fall, even in the days of "Lucifer, son of the morning," this blessed Anno Domini. Christopher North somewhere tells a story of a young preacher who was one of the vainest of mortals. On one occasion he delivered a discourse on which he particularly prided himself, declaimed in what he considered a fascinating style, and produced, as he fancied, the profoundest impression. But among the auditors who seemed to be most attentive and moved, even to tears, was a poor man in widow's weeds, who hung upon his words and seemed to devour every word he uttered. Attracted by this attention, our youthful hero lost time in learning her name and calling on the widow. She told him how much she was interested in him and the cause.

"My poor husband," said she, "was a gardener. We lived on the produce of a little plot of ground. He used to carry the vegetables to market in baskets on the back of a faithful little donkey. At last it pleased Providence to remove my poor husband to a better world. Then I was left alone with my donkey, and went to market myself. But misfortunes never come single. The donkey died, too. You can't think, how much I was attached to him, and how much I miss him. Now, yesterday, the moment I heard you, the tones of your voice reminded

me of my poor donkey, and I couldn't help shedding tears—indeed I couldn't. I know it was wrong to be thinking of a poor animal in such a sacred place, but I hope I shall be forgiven, for you were so like him that indeed I couldn't help it, sir."

It is needless to say, that after this explanation the visitor hastily took leave, and that his countenance was not quite so concoited in its expression as when he entered the presence of the mourner.

BOARDING HOUSE.

The life of a female boarding-house keeper must be a wretched one. If the lady who wrote the following advertisement finds customers who comply with her terms, she will be fortunate: "The gentlemen must not put their feet on the mantel in winter, nor out of the window in summer, and the lady must not write her name on the glass with a quartz pin. If she uses an airtight, she must regulate the damper herself, and not ring every ten minutes for the chambermaid. The single gentleman must not play the trombone, nor make love to the servants, nor comb his whiskers at the table. If he does, he won't answer. The lady must not turn up her nose at everything on the table, unless she has a natural pug, and none of the party must drink or talk with a mouthful of victuals, nor must they fight for the top buckwheat cake. Terms liberal, board to be paid weekly in advance." This is certainly an odd mode of inviting customers.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY.—Once introduced to the family circle, this wonderfully cheap and charming magazine is sure to become a great favorite. Its cheerful pages should gladden every fireside in the country. As long as bright eyes love to read delightful stories, its success must continue.—*Weekly Albion*.

We might fill our pages with commendatory notices like the above. The success of our Magazine has surpassed all former experience which we have gained in the publishing business. It is already second in circulation to but one other magazine in the world!

MORBID CURIOSITY.—The silver cream jug from which Sir John Sadlier is said to have drunk poison, lately sold in England for \$128, far above its value; and the rope which hanged Palmer was divided into inch bits and sold for a fabulous price. Poor human nature!

CASH.—The word "cash" is derived from the Italian *cassa*, the chest in which merchants keep their money. "A powerful gentleman is Senor Don Cash," says an old Spanish song.

PATERNAL ADVICE.

Jack Muggins! you have announced to us your intention of embarking in the next Liverpool steamer, to make what you call the "tower" of Europe, and you ask our advice upon the step, as people usually do after having fully made up their minds. Since you have honored us by requesting the expression of our opinion, we will give it to you for what it is worth: Don't you go. We think we see you opening your eyes, caressing your incipient mustache, and preparing to ask "why not?" We will therefore anticipate your question, and reply: In the first place, you are too young. We know that the blood of Young America rises at that suggestion, but we repeat that you are too young. Scarcely a year has passed since the ashes of the paternal Muggins were deposited in their resting-place at Mount Auburn, and not three since you came to years of discretion (?) and the possession of the handsome fortune left you by your progenitor. Youth and fortune combined under certain circumstances, are glorious prerogatives, but you, Muggins, do not possess those circumstances. You are young, but you are very green; rich, but very careless, and European capitals abound in sharpers that out-Yankee Yankee sharpers. You would come home shorn like a sheep; but more resembling that other quadruped so amply furnished with auditory organs.

And again, Jack: you do not know enough about your own country. A wealthy American, travelling abroad, is beset with interrogatories respecting our history, our institutions, our products, our manufactures, and our arts; for somehow or other, in spite of prejudice and incredulity, the idea has crept abroad that this is "a great country." Now we are constrained to say, Jack,—and we do it in no spirit of unkindness,—that your information on these subjects is extremely limited, and that you would find it difficult to substantiate even the single proposition which embraces the Alpha and Omega of your historical knowledge, viz., that "General Washington fit the Battle of New Orleans." Remember that every travelling American is to a certain extent the representative of his country, and has it in his power to increase or diminish the respect for our flag.

But, if you know little about our own country, you know still less about Europe. Your geographical deficiencies are of no account. Travel is the practical study of geography; and you would soon discover that Rome is not situated on the Neva, and that Great Britain is not an island of the Grecian Archipelago. But it is absolutely necessary to know something of the

history of the old world before visiting its celebrated places. You can't get up any enthusiasm about sacred localities, if you learn the event and its memorial at the same time. Besides, you know nothing about architecture, painting and sculpture, and it is art more than nature that challenges your admiration abroad.

Moreover, you speak only your own language, and that very incorrectly! Hence you would be compelled in self-defence to associate abroad only with Americans and English, and what sort of a change would that be? And you would have to see with the eyes and think with the minds of couriers, *ciceroni* and *valets de place*.

Our word for it, young man, you are not ripe for travel. Think better of your project, even if its abandonment costs you the forfeiture of your passage money. Get books and masters; read and study for five years, and then go abroad and you will travel with pleasure, improvement and credit. Such, Jack Muggins, is our advice, and there are many in your plight who would be benefited by the same counsel.

DUELLING.—Gustavus of Sweden had a very comfortable way of arranging duels. Two officers once called on him and asked his permission to cut each other's throats according to the code of honor. He consented, and, having intimated to them his intention of witnessing the combat, at the appointed hour appeared on the ground. Then turning to the officers who were about to engage, he said, "Now, gentlemen, fight—fight till one of you fall. And I have brought the provost marshal with me to behead the survivor." It is remarkable how suddenly the gentlemen discovered they could reconcile their differences without fighting.

A HANDBOOK OF TRAVEL.—That incorrigible wag, Punch, advertises "A handbook of travel round a lady in full dress, with a large folding map showing the utmost limit of patience and crinoline to which the circumference, as recently enlarged, at present extends."

QUERIES AND ANSWERS.—What fruit is most like the capital of Maryland? An apple is (Annapolis). What tea is universally used in the United States? Liberty. Why ought short persons to be fondest of the letter T? It makes *all* tall.

THE ALTERNATIVE.—An idle girl, recently arraigned before our police for some offence, was offered her choice between the House of Correction and a husband. She chose the latter as the lesser evil.

THE MODERN LANGUAGES.

Mr. Richard S. Willis, in a recent number of his excellent journal, the "New York Musical World," illustrates very forcibly the importance of an acquaintance with the modern European languages, and particularly French, to Americans going abroad for instruction or even amusement. Most of our travellers lose nine-tenths of the enjoyment and information they might acquire through this deficiency; and it is well known that many of our ministers and consuls, otherwise well educated men, cut a sorry and ridiculous figure in Europe, and fail of attaining the purposes for which they were sent abroad by our government. He says: "Without rushing into an extreme, and decrying all study of the classics, as men are perhaps prone to do on having their eyes opened, on the contrary insisting on them as the best allies in gaining the modern languages, I would as strongly insist, that from the freshman, or the first academic year onward, a course of French, at least, should industriously be pursued. Better one book of Greek or Latin the less, and one of a modern language the more. French will at least save a man from embarrassment and mortification—with this he saves his credit."

Mr. Willis also alludes to the importance of untravelled Americans acquiring at least the two great modern languages—German and French—with four or five millions of our own countrymen (by adoption) speaking the former. In view of the foreign immigration, he thinks it "not befitting" or even "paying, that this free-masonry of foreign languages should be filling our air—that men with whom we are daily trading and trafficking and politicizing should talk side over the shoulder to their companions, and we know not a word they are saying, or planning, or plotting."

There is much in these hints worth pondering and acting on. Charles V. said: "Every language which a man acquires renders him another man;" so that the man who should be master of five hundred different languages, of which specimens were recorded by Professor Adelung, would be equal to a little army. The acquisition of a modern language is not the terrific task used to be when the initial step was the swallowing an octavo grammar and a thick lexicon. Labor-saving processes have been introduced in mental operations as well as manufactures; old time has been discarded, and it is very possible for a student of energy to acquire in a few months a sufficient knowledge of French or Spanish to enable him to make himself understood and to transact business in their languages.

There is no excuse for Americans being behind-hand in this matter, for they have a remarkable faculty for the acquisition of foreign tongues.

PENMANSHIP.

We do not think half the attention is paid to penmanship in our days that used to be in the good old "slow and sure" times. The hurry of the age has led to a neglect of this accomplishment. But there is no economy of time in illegible writing. If a hurried scrawl saves time to the penman, it imposes a heavy sacrifice of time on the victim who is doomed to decipher it. Rufus Choate's manuscript is the despair of printers. It is generally believed that men of genius write a very obscure, infirm and eccentric character—such as Byron, Chalmers, Jeffrey and Napoleon. Their thoughts flow too rapid to permit good mechanical execution. Washington wrote a fair, manly, straight-forward line, every letter legible and distinct, while his namesake, Washington Irving, writes a perfect lawyer's hand, as though he wished no one to read it but himself. Edmund Burke's hand was uneven and hurried; Lord Brougham writes a hasty hand, but with a good pen and full of ink. Wellington's notes were exceedingly hieroglyphical; and Dr. Chalmers seems to have written with the feather end of his goose quill.

A REMARKABLE TOWN.—In the town of Harrison, Westchester county, N. Y., consisting of a population of upward of 2000, says an exchange, there is no church, unless the dwelling-like meeting house of the Quakers may be called one. The town has no minister, no lawyer, no doctor, and no drug store.

FOR EVERY FIRESIDE.—No family in the land is too poor to afford *Ballou's Dollar Monthly*. What a fund of pleasure and innocent enjoyment its visits afford to the home circle! What sweet sensibilities its well written stories give rise to; how delicately yet effectually is the goodly moral conveyed. The more of such works that parents put into the hands of their children the more enlarged views of life, the more refinement, and the more domestic pleasure will be disseminated.—*Saturday Courier*.

COMPOSITION.—In composing, as a general rule, run your pen through every word you have written; you have no idea what vigor it will give your style.

BENEVOLENCE.—There is an old lady in Greenbush, N. Y., so careful of her property that she wont allow her geese to go into the water without life-preservers attached to each.

IS IT TRUE?—A Mrs. Sally Sly says that "when a man marries he goes to the penitentiary for life."

THE INFIRMITIES OF GENIUS.

The errors and infirmities of genius have generally been treated in two ways, both alike erroneous. One party, making no allowance for the temptations that beset genius, both from within and without, have stigmatized its faults with unfeeling, unmanly and unphilosophical harshness, judging the erring man of genius by a severer rule than they would apply to common mortals; while another set of men have sought to extenuate and find apologies for every aberration from the right path on the part of the man of uncommon gifts, as if genius conferred an exemption from the rules of common morality. The time has arrived when men view this subject in a clearer light—or, rather, perhaps, the sphere and immunities of individuals are better defined. A man is no longer ostracised merely because he is a poet, or painter, or a sculptor, cut off from sympathy and regarded with suspicion, because differing from the mass in his taste and capabilities. But in fact, genius is no longer such an anomaly, because taste and talent are nearly universal, and men stand altogether upon a more level footing.

In speaking of Burns, Christopher North says: "While the hypocritical and the base exaggerated all that illustrious man's aberrations from the right path, nor had the heart to acknowledge the manifold temptations strewn around his feet, the enthusiastic and generous ran into the other extreme, and weakly—I must not say wickedly—strove to extenuate them into mere trifles—in too many instances to deny them altogether; and when too flagrant to be denied, dared to declare that we were bound to forget and forgive them on the score of the poet's genius—as if genius, the guardian of virtue, could ever be regarded as the pander to vice and the slave of sin. Thus they were willing to sacrifice morality, rather than that the idol set up before their imagination should be degraded; and did far worse injury, and offered far worse insult to Virtue and Religion by their slurring over the offences of Burns against both, than ever was done by those offences themselves; for Burns bitterly repented what they almost canonized; and the evil practice of one man can never do so much injury to society as the evil theory of a thousand. Burns erred greatly and grievously; and since the world knows that he did, as well from friends as from foes, let us be lenient and merciful to him whose worth was great; but just and faithful to that law of right, which must on no consideration be violated by our judgments, but which must maintain and exercise its severe and sovereign favor over all trans-

gressions, and more especially over the transgressions of those to whom nature has granted endowments that might have been, had their possessors nobly willed it, the ministers of unmingled good to themselves and the whole human race."

These opinions, calmly expressed, must carry conviction; and the more especially since the individual selected for illustration was one whom the writer both admired and eulogized.

SIZE OF THE WEST.—Illinois would make forty such States as Rhode Island, and Minnesota sixty. Missouri is larger than all New England. Ohio exceeds either Ireland, Scotland or Portugal, and equals Belgium and Switzerland together. Missouri is more than half as large as Italy, and larger than Denmark, Holland, Belgium, and Switzerland. Missouri and Illinois are larger than England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales.

MOUNT HOLYOKE.—On the top of Mount Holyoke, on a clear day, ten mountains can be seen; one in New Hampshire, one in Vermont, one each in New York and Connecticut, and six in Massachusetts. The spectator always sees lying below him, thirty towns in Massachusetts, and six in Connecticut.

POETRY.—Literary productions in rhyme and metre do not comprise all poetry. The prose of Irving and of Hawthorne embodies the essence of true poetry. And, moreover, "the written poem is only poetry talking, and the statue, the picture, and the musical composition, are poetry acting."

NATURAL.—A female physician in Philadelphia advertises that she can cure all sorts of diseases, but particularly affections of the heart. This was always a speciality of ladies—and also to cause the heart-ache.

TO MAKE PRIME VINEGAR.—Mix one quart of molasses, three gallons of rain water and one pint of yeast. Let it ferment and stand four weeks, and you will have the best of vinegar.

OLD TIMES.—When Bishop Berkeley preached at Newport, in 1729, he wrote home, "The town of Newport contains 6000 souls, and is the most thriving place in all America for bigness."

FUDGE.—The grant of a right to use a coat of arms in England is obtained by applying at the Herald's College, and paying about \$400.

A CURE FOR INTEMPERANCE.

It is said that the worst use you can put a man to is to hang him. The next worst use is certainly to flog him. To lay the lash upon the backs of men to whom the honor of their country's flag is committed, on shore and afloat, is only to degrade them hopelessly, and break their spirit. This principle has been long recognized in this country, and is beginning to make its way abroad. Such were the views of a British officer in command of a regiment in Guernsey. Yet he was in a trying position, for liquor was cheap on the island, the soldiers would get drunk, and the lash had usually been resorted to as a punishment for the intemperate and a terror to their comrades. Accordingly this humane officer (we are sorry that we cannot recall his name) appealed to the honorable feelings of his men, resolved at the same time to make drunkenness as unpleasant as possible, without, however, resorting in any case to the lash. He issued an order saying that he would not flog, but trust to the soldier's self-respect for keeping sober on duty.

Next day a man was found drunk and confined. The colonel, accompanied by the surgeon, went to the guard-house and felt the man's pulse. He was declared to be in a fever. Nothing could be truer. He was therefore rolled in a blanket, and four soldiers bore him through the barracks, his comrades all laughing at the care taken of him. On reaching the hospital, the patient was put to bed and blistered between the shoulders, fed on bread and water for a week, and then discharged cured. He was then brought on parade, when the commanding officer congratulated him on his recovery from the fever, and sent him to join his company, where he was laughed at and jeered by his comrades for the space of a week. Many others underwent the same treatment, but the joke, though very amusing to the temperate, ceased to be so to the inebriates. The experiment was completely successful. Not a man of that regiment was flogged in Guernsey after the blister system had been introduced, and in a fortnight after its inauguration, there was no such thing as a man drunk on parade; though the regiment had previously been in a notoriously bad condition.

THE CONFESSION OF A FOND MOTHER.—Over-indulgence, like too much sugar, only spoils at it was meant to sweeten.

FRENCH INGENUITY.—We have got plenty of dines on our coast, but it requires French ists to put them into boxes.

FALSE PRIDE.

False pride—if indeed any sort of pride is otherwise—is a very ridiculous littleness. There are men who would blush up to the eyes if detected in carrying home a bundle. Yet this sort of pride frequently has a fall, and necessity sometimes works a radical cure. One of our dandy officers in Mexico, who, when in New York, voted it vulgar to carry an umbrella, made nothing of marching to his quarters the bearer of a roasting pig and greens, captured in a foraging excursion. Chief Justice Marshall, when living at Richmond, gave a lesson to one of these over-nice gentry. Nothing was more usual than to see him returning at sunrise with poultry in one hand and vegetables in the other. On one of these occasions, a would-be-fashionable young man from the North, who had recently removed to Richmond, was swearing violently because he could hire no one to take home his turkey. Marshall stepped up, and ascertaining of him where he lived, replied, "That is my way, and I will take it for you." When arrived at his dwelling, the young man inquired, "What shall I pay you?" "O, nothing," was the rejoinder, "you are welcome—it was on my way, and no trouble." "Who is that polite old gentleman who brought home my turkey for me?" inquired the other of a bystander, as Marshall stepped away. "That," replied he, "is John Marshall, Chief Justice of the United States." The young man, astounded, exclaimed: "Why did he bring home my turkey?" "To give you a severe reprimand, and teach you to attend to your own business," was the answer.

MARRIAGE.—Dr. Franklin advises a young man in search of a wife to take her "from a bunch," because, in a family where there is a group of damsels, emulation induces them to improve and cultivate themselves, whereas only daughters are apt to be spoiled children.

MONOPOLY.—All the sword blades made for the English army are the work of four men, three of whom are brothers. There is a secret in the mode of manufacture, known only by these four, and which they jealously guard.

AGRICULTURAL.—The crop of hops was very large this year. It will be larger during the dancing season—which will also develop the corn crop.

WATER.—It is stated that there are 261 miles of pipes laid to supply the city of Philadelphia with water.

Foreign Miscellany.

Thebes, in Egypt, presents ruins 26 miles round. It had 100 gates.

A census just taken in Greece shows the population to be 1,043,251 souls.

A man in England in pulling down an old house he had bought found 2003 guineas.

The censorship of the press has been rendered still more rigorous in St. Petersburg.

The late Crimean war has swept away the savings of England's forty years of peace.

The rumor is revived of a Congress on the affairs of Italy, to which the principal Italian States will be invited.

At Antwerp, on the 17th ult, there was a brilliant celebration in honor of the twenty-five years' peaceful reign of the King of Holland.

The widow of Lord Byron is yet alive and hearty. She has recently purchased the residence of the late poet Rogers, in London.

The Russian government is about to send out next month from Cronstadt, two corvettes on a scientific voyage round the world.

The number of newspapers published this year in Switzerland, which has a population of 800,000 souls, is 263, being twelve more than in 1855.

The grape disease is reported again to have appeared in the Canary Islands, to the despair of the people.

Marshal Lannes's widow, just dead, was one of the loveliest women of the first imperial court.

Lord Clarendon has received from the American government testimonials to be presented to British seamen for services rendered to American vessels in distress.

Mr. Heald, the young Englishman of fortune who married Lola Montez shortly after her separation from the king of Bavaria, died at Falkstone, England, last month, of consumption.

An original sketch of a Holy Family, painted by Raphael for Francis I., of France, has just been discovered in Florence. The possessor of this treasure is an Italian refugee.

Madame Pfeiffer, the celebrated female traveler, is on her way to Madagascar, into the interior of which savage country she intends to penetrate.

Sardinia contains over 9000 schools, with over 400,000 pupils, besides numerous classical institutions, and three great universities with over 6000 students.

The height of that sacred spot, Mount Zion, is two thousand five hundred and thirty-five feet above the level of the Mediterranean Sea, and about three hundred feet above the valley below.

It is calculated that £12,000,000 have been spent in draining and subsoiling land in Ireland during the last ten years, and an immense increase in production has been the result.

At the Crystal Palace in London, when the fountains are in operation, they have 11,788 jets playing, and the quantity of water displayed simultaneously in them is about 120,000 gallons per minute.

There are in Russia 6000 miles of telegraph used for government messages.

In England they post the "Times" leaders in the country towns like bulletins.

A cunning Frenchman has invented a parasol which serves also for a fan.

Paris proper has increased two hundred thousand in population since Louis Napoleon's first assumed sway.

The two Chambers of the States General of the Netherlands have voted funds necessary for converting all the paddle steamers of the Dutch navy into screws.

The Council of the Order of St. Maurice and Lazarus of Piedmont has subscribed the sum of 2000*fr.* for the ordnance intended for the fortification of Alessandria.

The Sisters of Charity have purchased a large property at Baktche Pacha, on the Bosphorus, for the purpose of establishing an hospital for the aged of both sexes.

In the interior of Peru there has been discovered a beautiful tunnel under a river, the work of the old Inca Indians, and a lasting proof of their civilization.

A singular phenomenon lately took place at Rouen, France, about 11 o'clock at night. An immense cloud of small white moths burst over the town, and completely covered the ground in a very few seconds.

Mr. John Frost, a chartist, who returned to Newport, England, lately, after fourteen years' banishment, was received by hundreds of people, who dragged him along the streets in a coach dressed with evergreens.

In London, out of a population of two and a half millions, only five hundred thousand attend church. In Liverpool, the proportion of attendants on public worship is about one third of the population. The case seems pretty much the same in all great cities.

Paper is now made in Belgium from refuse tanned leather. After the tanning is washed from the leather, about twenty per cent. of old hemp rope is mixed with the scraps, and the whole is cut up and reduced to a pulp, from which the paper is made.

Mormonism is making such rapid progress in Denmark as to cause the religious and reflecting part of the inhabitants to look with dread to the future, as it may exercise a most baneful influence on the peasantry and lower classes, who are exclusively to be found among the converts.

There stands on the old market place of Magdeburg the statue of Emperor Otto the Great, almost 1000 years old, beside which are the statues of his two wives. Remarkable for their great antiquity, and as they have withstood even the destruction of the city in 1631, they are undergoing a thorough renovation.

Robert Schumann, an eminent musical composer and pianist, recently died at Bonn, Germany, aged 46. Some of his symphonies and many of his songs are familiar to American audiences, and have created genuine admiration of Schumann's great merit as a composer. For the last two years of his life he was a confirmed lunatic.

Record of the Times.

Mr. McCormick's reaping machines have been very successful in France.

Abdul Medjid is the best ruler Turkey has had for many years.

Actors and dancers are famous for reaching extreme old age.

According to Webster, there are 100,000 words in the English language.

In Hardenburg, Germany, they used to choose the man with the longest beard, burgomaster.

Marshal Pelissier has been made a duke by Napoleon III.

When a lady intends to blow you up, ask her to commit her remarks to paper.

The new dome of the capitol at Washington will cost a million and a half.

The most modest thing in the world is a clock—it is always "running itself down."

The population of California is generally set at from 350,000 to 400,000 souls.

A man who recently jumped from a burning house put on a life preserver to break his fall!

There are in New Orleans twenty-eight hundred drinking houses to a population of 80,000.

There are over eighty brickyards in the single town of Haverstraw, on the Hudson.

The victor in an argument can afford to dispense with "the last word."

There are thirty newspapers in Cuba, but with the government mazzle on, they don't amount to much.

Congress has passed an appropriation of \$88,000 for the Portsmouth (N. H.) custom-house and post-office.

The proprietor of a temperance nine-pin alley, in Charleston, offers "Harper's Illustrated Bible" as a prize for 300 pins! A new feature in nine-pins.

Longfellow, the poet, pays a tax of \$1000. This is something for a poet; that class are generally thought to be rather innocent of any taxes except of the brain.

Sulphate of zinc can be purchased at any druggist's, in the form of salt, and a pound of it dissolved in two pails of warm water and thrown into an offensive cesspool will soon deodorise it.

A cannon ball, shot from a British ship during the Revolution, while bombarding Amboy, was recovered a few days since in tearing down a building, deeply imbedded in a piece of oak timber.

The last Parliamentary return shows that on the 31st of March last, the amount of unredeemed national debt of Great Britain was £775,312,94 (\$3,876,563,470), and the annual charge for upon the nation near twenty-four millions sterling.

In San Francisco a manufactory of sugar has been established upon a large scale. The capacity of the works is said to be equal to refining 300 to 400 tons of sugar, and 20,000 gallons of syrup a month. Supplies of raw sugars are ported from Manilla and Batavia.

It is said that there is not an ounce of pure otto of rose sold in this country.

The art of photography is so advanced that books are illustrated by means of it.

Gutenberg and Faust printed the Bible with metal types in 1440.

A London paper says that bonnets are almost invisible to the naked eye.

It is said that the Turkish women will be allowed to go unveiled henceforth.

A gentleman should possess a man's courage and a woman's tenderness—says a lady.

Mrs. Dudley, of Albany, N. Y., has given in all \$76,500 to the observatory that bears her name.

A Benedict says it's not half so hard to get married as to get furniture.

A house without a woman is like a world without a sky—dark and dreary.

The valuation of Scotland last year amounted to more than fifty-five millions dollars.

The criminals in the United States cost nineteen millions of dollars annually.

An uncut gem is of no use—ditto an uncultivated man or woman.

It is impossible to live with one in whose truthfulness we can't confide.

A servant lately delivered this message: "Master's compliments and he's dead, sir."

Bayard Taylor writes that Thackeray's daughters are charming, unaffected and original.

The Cincinnati Commercial says: "Within the past three weeks nine marriages have been solemnized on the Fifth Street ferry boat."

According to official data, the whole number of persons who have emigrated to the United States during the thirty-six years, previous to Dec. 31, 1855, have amounted to 4,482,837.

Supposing the sea to have a mean depth of 1000 feet, it has been calculated that the amount of common salt it would contain would be equal, in extent, to five times the mass of the Alps.

Whitefield preached in thirty-five years eighteen thousand sermons. He once put himself on what he called short allowance, namely, three sermons on the Sabbath and one only on every week day.

Our colored brethren are not afraid to be funny at their own expense. On one of their New York houses of worship they have judiciously emblazoned the peculiarly appropriate words of Scripture—"The people that sat in darkness saw a great light."

Augusta Maywood is the name of an American *danceuse*, now preparing herself for the stage, in Italy, who is described as possessing, in combination, "all the grace of Cerito, the finish of Rosati, and the force of a Hercules, with the pantomime genius of Ristori." She will soon visit London, to bid for fortune's favors.

The stimulus given to the India trade by the Russian war seems to have infused new energy in the British home government in aiding the development of the resources of the East.—The crops this year are said to be large, and the exports from Calcutta, Bombay, and other parts, will be enormously great.

Merry Making.

What is it that causes a cold, cures a cold, and pays the doctor? A draft.

We know a man, the tones of whose voice is so silvery that his words pass for shillings.

Why are kisses like the creation? Because they are made out of nothing, and are very good.

An indirect way of getting a glass of water at a watering-place is to call for a third cup of tea.

Why is the letter I in Cicero like Denmark? Because it's between two seas (C's).

Women dread a wit as they do a gun; they are always afraid lest it should go off and injure some one.

"What is the occasion of that bell ringing, Tom?" "Well, I presume it is occasioned by somebody at the end of the rope."

Why is a man who prefers his oysters on the half shell like a prima donna? Because both are fond of a *fu-rror*.

No proof of temperance—a man with his hat off, at midnight, explaining to a lamp-post the principles of his party.

The schoolmaster, who flogs the boy, feels it a great deal more than the boy he is flogging; at least the schoolmaster always says so!

Virtue is no security in this world. What can be more upright than pump logs and editors? Yet both are destined to be *bored*.

How can a man who has no wings, be said to be "winged" in an affair of honor? Because in fighting a duel he makes a goose of himself.

A Hibernian Senator, speaking of suicide, said, "The only way to stop it, is to make it a capital offence."

Ladies generally shop in couples. When a lady has any money to spend, she dearly loves taking a friend with her to see her spend it.

"You have only yourself to please," said a married friend to an old bachelor. "True," replied he, "but you cannot tell what a difficult task I find it."

A friend of ours on being told that, if he wanted good health, he must "forego cigars," answered that he "would rather go *four* cigars than forego one."

A witty editor, who has just failed, says he did it with all the honors of war, and retired from the field with colors flying—sheriff's flags fluttering from two windows and the door.

"Solomon, I fear you are forgetting me," said a bright-eyed girl to her lover, the other day. "Yes, Sue," said slow Sol, excusing himself, "I have been for getting you these two years."

An English journal lately contained the following announcement:—"To be sold, one hundred and thirty-one lawsuits, the property of an advocate retiring from business. N. B.—The clients are rich and obstinate."

A schoolmaster in Cornwall, advertising his establishment, says—"Every boarder must be supplied with a Bible and a prayer-book, a knife and fork, three towels, and a silver desert spoon; all of which, *except the books* become the proprietor's perquisite on the pupil's quitting school."

Among the advertisements in a late London paper, we read that "Two sisters *want washing*."

Why is a cowardly soldier like butter? Because he is sure to *run* when exposed to *fire*.

"I say, Tom, how is your wife?" "She *aint* no better, I thank *you*, doctor."

Compliments are only prismatic bubbles, blown with the aid of "soft soap."

When is a man shaved with a silver razor? When he cuts off his heirs with a shilling.

It has been remarked that any man can be an orator who possesses the two great requisites of brass and volubility.

A shop in this city announces:—"Tonic Ale. For invalids by the dozen, in quart or pint bottles!" These invalids must be very small.

A cockney made his appearance in Sand Lake last week. He is an amateur sportsman. The last seen of him he was gunning after mud-turtle.

When a lazy man says "I'll do it at my leisure," you may take it for granted he'll never do it at all.

A baby is a living I O U—a "little Bill," drawn upon manhood, that is only honored when it arrives at maturity.

Even a railway engine is not the toughest material in the world, for it has its "tender" part attached to it.

An illiterate person once sent a note to a wag-gish friend, requesting the loan of his *noose paper*, and received in return his friend's *marriage certificate*!

It is said that after the murder of Captain Cook, the cannibals at Hawaii reversed the old proverb, and now have it that "Too many Cooks don't spoil the broth."

In New Zealand, when the marriage ceremony takes place, it is a very old custom to knock the heads of the bride and bridegroom together previous to their union.

"I say, Bill, 'ave you seen Wotdycallum?" "Wot, do you mean Wots'isname?" "O, no, not 'im; that 'ere tother." "O, ah! I seed 'im fast enuff."

When you hear an old bachelor inveighing against the extravagance of women, infer that he has never calculated the hundreds of dollars he has spent for wine and cigars.

A doctor told his patient that he must give him an emetic. "It's no use," said the patient, "I have tried it twice before, and it would not stay on my stomach five minutes."

Dr. Quincy being asked why there were more women than men, replied—"It is in conformity with the arrangements of nature; we always see more of heaven than earth."

The King of Denmark is selling one of his colonies, a newspaper paragraph says, "for a mere song." We have made inquiries in the city, and have ascertained that the song alluded to is "I've no money."

A gentleman from the rural districts—after vainly endeavoring to solve the mystery of chafing dishes, said: "Look-a-here, waiter, bring me some oysters, but have 'em biled down stairs. I don't want none of them darned little cook stores."

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WHOLE No. 24.

THE WILL.

BY MRS. MARY MAYNARD.

"Come in, Miss Ellen,—come in, child, out of the storm. I'm right glad to see you, my dear, for I have my heart full of trouble."

"Why, what is the matter, dame, that you should allow anything to make you low-spirited?" And the visitor flung off her hood and cloak, and revealed the form and features of a beautiful girl of seventeen. Her long black curls were wet with the snow flakes, but hastily pushing them from her forehead, she shook the particles off which yet remained on her dress, and then taking the old lady's hands in her own, looked smilingly up in her eyes while she repeated her question.

"What is the matter, dame? What makes you look so sad? Here I have come all the way up the mountain to see how you were this stormy day; and instead of being delighted to see me, you look as melancholy as if you had not a friend in the world. Give me my cloak again; I am going right home."

"No, no, Miss Ellen dear, you are not going home, and you know I am always glad to see you. But I have got a sick gentleman here, and I am afraid I can't make him comfortable, and sometimes I think he will die, and I have not had a wink of sleep these three nights, and I feel quite downhearted."

"Quite a list of troubles, dame; but don't despair. You know I am an excellent nurse, and will help you take care of your 'sick gentleman,' if you like; but first tell me who he is?"

"Ah, that I don't know any more than your-

self, Miss Ellen. He was on the mountain, and trying to get to the top of 'Owen's Cliff,' the loose stones gave way; he had a dreadful fall, and was bruised terribly with the earth and stuff that fell on him."

"I suppose he was searching for those curious stones the party made such a talk about last summer, dame. But he should not have ventured up there, poor old gentleman."

"Old! he is not old, Miss Ellen. He is a young man, with pretty black hair, and the handsomest eyes—"

"A young man! Dame, you must be mistaken. You don't mean to tell me that it is a young man?" And the speaker, in great agitation, stood before her companion, with pale cheek and quivering lips, while the old woman, frightened at the change in her looks, stammered:

"O, don't look so, Miss Ellen dear! You look just as if you were going to faint. What shall I get you? What will your aunt say if you get sick? O dear, O dear!" And in a perfect flutter of alarm, the easily excited dame ran about the little kitchen and clasped her hands in helpless fright.

"Dame! come and sit down here quietly by me." Ellen Thornton was quite calm now, though her cheek and lip were white, and her hands clasped tightly on her heart.

"Don't be frightened; you know I never get sick or faint, or scream, or any such nonsense; so sit down and tell me all you know about this stranger."

As all the dame knew had already been told, the conversation was soon at an end, and Ellen, with that calm, stern manner, so overpowering to her nervous companion, then said :

"Take me where I can see him. I think I know this gentleman ; and if I do, you must let me share your care and trouble with him."

"Do you know him, Miss Ellen?"

Dame Jones's whisper was a fond one, and the sick man raised his head and looked towards the half opened door where the two females were standing.

"Godfrey!"

The slight girlish figure crossed the room, and kneeling beside the low couch, bent over the feverish hands extended to meet her, and trembling in every nerve, poured forth a piteous confession.

"Hush! hush, darling! you must not blame yourself. It was impossible for you to know."

"But I tried to hate you, Godfrey; and O, I thought such wicked thoughts!—and you lying here so ill all the time!"

The poor girl moaned with remorseful sorrow; every nerve was quivering with mental agony, and yet not a tear came to relieve her.

"Ellen, I am very severely injured. You must not think on the past any more, but collect all your energies, and strive to assist me in this unforeseen difficulty. I thought to get better without a physician, but it is impossible. Even now I fear I have delayed too long. Send for one instantly; and while the messenger is away, give me that writing-case; a few lines I must write, let the consequences be what they may. And now, darling, kiss me once. In another hour I may not recognize you, for already I fear the fierce fever rushing through my brain; and even now, the events of the past few days are passing from my memory."

Poor Ellen Thornton! The touch of those burning lips was felt on her cheek for days, weeks, months—nay, when years had rolled round, long years of suffering and sorrow, of wretchedness and neglect, the recollection of that first kiss, of those fond love words, was sufficient to check the angry feelings rising in her heart, sufficient to calm the excited temper, to banish the whisperings of revenge.

Unweariedly she attended him in that long illness. What to her were cold and storm, the lonely mountain height, the snow-covered path, and the thousand dangers that beset her on every side? No pain, no weariness was felt, as toiling up the lonely way, she hastened to share Dame Jones's solitary watch. And the reward, what was it? Would you know? You shall hear.

After long weeks of suffering, the stranger recovered. He knew all that he owed to that confiding and innocent girl, whose heart he had won; and believing that he loved her, without one thought of the future, without once asking himself the question, "Is it right?" he married her. Yes, actually married her; but not under the proud name he owned, the name his wife ought to have borne. No, his pride would not allow him to do that; to introduce the uncultivated, passionate, beautiful girl to his patrician relatives, as his wife—never! But he married her, and for a few months they lived in a dream of bliss.

But soon came an imperative summons from his home—a summons he must obey. They parted, and never more on earth did Ellen see him she had so idolized. A few weeks of anxious expectation, followed by a few more of dreadful forebodings, and it was all over. There were no shrieks of agony, no tears, no outward signs, to tell of the broken heart; but Ellen Thornton never smiled again after reading that fatal letter. It was ever with her, ever before her eyes; and engraven into her very brain were the words, "You are not, you have never been, my wife. Before I ever saw you, another held that place; and though I loved you well, and even now think too often of you, I could not, if free, place you in the position my wife must occupy. Forget that you ever saw me; you have nothing to reproach yourself with and may yet be happy; but do not seek to find me—it would be worse than useless loss of time." Cold, cruel and selfish, his words quenched forever the joy of that poor girl.

Alone in her little cottage (for the aunt, who had taken her, a little orphan, was no more) she lived for five years after the birth of her child, and at her death, the boy—little Godfrey—became the adopted son of the good old minister, who had married his parents, and who never ceased to deplore the part he had taken in causing the misery of the once merry and beautiful Ellen Thornton.

When Godfrey became old enough to understand his position, his adopted father acquainted him with the events of his mother's life, and thenceforth arose in the boy's mind a burning desire to discover whose son he really was; but circumstances prevented his fulfilling his intention until the death of his old friend, which occurred when he was sixteen.

"I am bringing home quite an addition to our establishment, dear mother, in the person of a youth I picked up among the Welsh Moun-

tains. I met him at the funeral of his friend and adopted father, and as the poor lad was utterly alone in the world, and moreover won my fancy by his exceeding good looks and winning ways, I offered him the situation of my secretary—I had to create the office, for his pride would have taken offence at being dependent—and he gladly accepted the same. To my sister he will be invaluable, as in him she will find a kindred spirit in the pursuits she loves—natural history and botany,—but his knowledge so far surpasses hers that I sometimes feel afraid she will be jealous of him. Joking apart, he is a very gentlemanly, well-informed boy, considering where he has been brought up, and needs but very little polishing to fit him for any society. Of course, after taking him under my protection, I shall put him in the way of ‘rising in the world;’ and who knows but my protegee may become quite a celebrated character some day?”

“Have you well considered the responsibility you have assumed, my dear Arthur, in taking this young man under your protection?” asked Mrs. O——, some days after reading the above; her son in the meantime having arrived at home with his handsome young secretary.

“O, you know I never consider much about anything, mother,” replied the young man, with a happy laugh. “I saw him, took a fancy to him, and determined to be his friend. To be able to gratify such fancies is one of the privileges of our station, dear mother.”

“And one I am well pleased to see you exercise, my dear boy—only do so with discretion. If you will allow me to advise you in this instance, I should say, give young Thornton an opportunity of completing his education; he will then be competent to take a secretaryship from another, should you no longer wish to retain him near yourself.”

“The very plan I had arranged. It shall be put into effect at once.”

And forthwith Ellen Thornton’s orphan was put under the care of a clergyman—who increased his small salary by preparing young men for college—and when pronounced “finished,” was sent to Cambridge, and a salary allowed him sufficient, with his handsome face and figure, and gentlemanly deportment, to prevent too close inquiries into his birth and parentage.

The question of “Who is he?” was generally answered by some such remark as, “A protegee of Arthur O——’s;—the son of some Welsh parson, or doctor, or something; but a con-founded handsome, stylish looking fellow, isn’t he?” A question no one could avoid answering in the affirmative; for, in addition to the aristo-

cratic air he owed to his father, Godfrey possessed all his mother’s bright beauty; and the peculiar charm of his manner arose from its similarity to hers.

Ever an agreeable companion, his society was sought after by many of the young collegians, who, had they known his history, would have spurned him from their aristocratic presence. But Godfrey sought no one’s acquaintance; he had resolved to make the most of his advantages; time was very valuable to him now, and his very reserve and distance helped to make him thought of consequence by his companions.

“What do you intend doing with that Thornton, Arthur?” inquired Albert M—— of his cousin, as they sat in one of the spacious parlors of O—— House one day, some six months after Godfrey’s return from college.

“I have not quite decided yet; and, to tell the truth, I am so much attached to his society that I hate to think of parting with him at all. But why do you ask?”

“O, for no particular reason, save that I think the fellow puts on too many airs considering his position. I am astonished that you allow Caroline to be so much in his society, and I think he has a great deal of impudence to put himself forward as he does. Look at them now,” he continued, pointing to the distant conservatory, through the glass doors of which Godfrey and Caroline were seen busily examining some new and beautiful plants she had just received.

“Well, I see them; and what of it, Albert? Caroline loves her flowers, and is delighted to have a companion of the same taste; and Godfrey, in his gratitude for what we have done for him, seizes every opportunity of being of service to us. My mother would not allow them to be together if she thought there was any danger; but Caroline is only a child yet.”

“Well, if the fellow is so fond of flowers, you would have done better to have made him your gardener.”

“It was my pleasure to do just as I have done,” was the somewhat haughty reply; “and no one has the right to question me. The fact is, Albert, you have not forgiven poor Thornton for outdoing you at Cambridge; and considering your advantages, your spite is hardly worthy of you, my good cousin.”

A dark look of rage came over the countenance of the young man thus addressed. He clutched the arm of his chair violently, and turning to his cousin, exclaimed:

“I don’t pretend to disguise my feelings; I hate him, and have ever since the hour I first

beheld him. It is all very well for you to choose your own company, but I think some respect ought to be shown to your relations and their feelings. Do you suppose that I, the son of Sir Geoffrey M——, wish to be continually brought in contact with a low-born adventurer like that?—or that I like to witness the familiarity that exists between him and the lady I have long looked on as my future bride?"

There was an instant's silence, and then a hasty step crossed the room, a heavy hand was laid on the speaker's arm, and a voice, calm and distinct, exclaimed:

"Silence, sir!—nor dare to apply terms of disgrace to one of whom you know nothing ill or evil. You are well aware that I am no adventurer, that in every way I have striven to repay the kindness of your cousin, that again and again I have been overruled by him in my determination to seek my way in the world, and that it was by his interference alone that I was prevented from leaving England more than once. You have dared to find fault with my acquaintance with my benefactor's sister; I did not heretofore know that you had a right to do so; knowing it now, I can only say—I am sorry for her sake."

"Villain! would you presume to address me so?"

Albert sprang up, and his cousin's sudden grasp of his arm alone prevented the intended blow. The entrance of Mrs. O—— and her daughter caused them all to draw back, and Godfrey left the room. That night he refused to admit even his friend Arthur. The following morning a servant delivered a letter at the bedside of the latter, and in it he learned that his protegee had left his protection forever.

Hastening to his room, Arthur found that he had indeed left them. His clothes and some few of his books were gone; but the valuables with which from time to time he had himself presented him, were in their usual places.

"Let every article remain as it is," was the young master's orders to the wondering domestics. "Mr. Thornton will soon come home again, and I wish his room to be undisturbed."

But days and weeks passed, and no tidings came from the absent one, and Arthur mourned sincerely for the loss of his friend.

"But, aunt, my hopes have been so long centered on this, I cannot give it up."

"I have told you all that has passed, Albert. Caroline refuses you, and I have no wish to control my child in such a case, nor should I have supposed you would wish it."

"It is only girlish nonsense, aunt. I am certain you could overcome her objections if you tried. You know how much my father wishes it; nothing but his ill health prevented his being here to-day."

"You must see Caroline yourself, then, if you do not think I am telling you the whole truth; but I warn you that you will hear some things that may not please you."

"Caroline."

The young girl started at the voice. She had been carefully cutting the withered leaves from a beautiful white moss rose, and the occupation had given rise to painful remembrances of the past. That white rose, her favorite flower, was Godfrey Thornton's gift, and she never looked on its delicate blossoms without thoughts of him. The interruption to her reverie was disagreeable—the intruder, even more so.

"Caroline, your mother has given me permission to seek you here. I need not tell you for what purpose."

Albert M——'s voice trembled slightly, in spite of his habitual assurance. He did not like the cold, contemptuous look with which his cousin was regarding him.

"And did not my mother acquaint you with my wishes on the subject?"

"She did; but I could not take such a message as decisive after all the hopes I have cherished—"

"You had no foundation for hopes, Albert; and the decision my mother acquainted you with is my final one."

"And what objection can you possibly have to me, Caroline?" he exclaimed, his anger breaking forth and his face flushing, as he moved towards her and attempted to take her hand. "But I see how it is; that beggarly adventurer is still in your thoughts, and the love I once thought I possessed is given to him; the heart I have so earnestly sought for is bestowed on him without being asked for."

With a cheek whiter than her snowy robe, and a proud gleam in the usually mild blue eyes, Caroline stood before her cousin, and even he, fierce and ill-tempered as he then was, quailed before that look and the bitter words that accompanied it.

"Sir Geoffrey is very low, sir; he took a fit soon after you went away yesterday, and the doctors say he cannot live through the night. You had better not go up too sudden, sir, they told me."

"Stand aside, old man!"

The words were accompanied by a violent push, and as Albert disappeared up the wide staircase, the old servant shook his clenched hand after him and uttered bitter words and threats of vengeance.

"I'll teach him some day to call me 'old man,' and push me aside with scorn. He little thinks that I know what I know." And, muttering, he went away, to meditate on plans far from friendly to the imprudent young man.

"Father! father! don't say that, unless you would drive me to distraction at once. It is not, cannot be true!"

"My son, as certainly as I am to leave this world, so certainly have I told you the truth. You are my son, but your mother was not my wife. Before I married her, another had stood beside me at the altar; and though I cruelly forsook her, made her believe that she was the deceived one, and have never since inquired about her fate, she was my wife, my legal wife, and her child, if living, is my heir."

There was a stifled groan, and overcome with his various passions, the young man rushed from the room.

It was not until some hours had elapsed that he had sufficiently overcome his emotion to stand once more at the bedside of the dying man. Conquering every outward display of feeling, he made the most minute inquiries into the past, and learned the whole sad story of poor Ellen Thornton's cruel deception and desertion.

Many times had Sir Geoffery heard the name of Arthur's protege, and yet the similarity had never occurred to him. As Ellen, alone, he remembered the beautiful girl he had betrayed, and her other name seldom or never came in his mind.

But with Albert it was different. The whole truth flashed on him at once. The names, the lonely Welsh hamlet, the likeness he well remembered to have existed between Godfrey and his own parent, all, all served to convince him that the hated intruder at his aunt's, and the long lost heir of his father, were one and the same.

The old man loved the son he had so long reared as his only child, and in his will he had well provided for his future. But he felt that he was dying, and to do justice to the long neglected offspring of his once loved Ellen was the one ought that engaged his mind. A will, in accordance with the extraordinary circumstances the case, had been made in Albert's absence, and entrusted to the care of the old and faithful servant, before mentioned, with strict injunctions

to deliver it to the care of a certain lawyer, whose place of residence was too far distant to allow of his being summoned in time.

For many months this old servant had suspected his young master of being too attentive to his pretty grand-daughter, who resided in the neighboring village; and though his suspicions had not received complete confirmation, he had discovered enough to excite his anger, and induce him to drop hints to the young man relative to the same.

To one of Albert's disposition, this was sufficient to arouse his everlasting hatred. He had long pursued the girl, and the presumption of her careful relative excited him to the fiercest rage—rage, which had, however, to be hidden from the knowledge of his parent, in whose estimation old William was perfection itself, an opinion which manifested itself in the confidence he ever placed in his faithful retainer.

To overcome old William's conscientious scruples, and bribe him into giving up the will and keeping secret all he knew, was Albert's first determination, and he spent the interval between Sir Geoffery's death and funeral in fruitless endeavors to accomplish the same. As well might he have exercised his eloquence on the elements. The old man, true to his trust, scornfully rejected his glittering temptations, and ridiculed the idea of his being so lavish of what rightfully belonged to another.

One last endeavor Albert made, as useless as the others, and then he swore a solemn oath that the obstinate old man should never live to carry out the wishes of the dead. Suddenly changing his manner, he appeared to give consent to his departure, and urged the importance of haste, and the great saving of time it would be if William proceeded to the neighboring town over night.

A little suspicious that all was not right, but still far from imagining anything like the truth, the old man started on his journey and stopped at his daughter's home to spend the night. There were none to warn the faithful old servant of his danger—none to tell him that the murderer was on his track. He went to his chamber, deposited his precious charge safely beneath his pillow, laid down to slumber, and in the morning was found a disfigured corpse.

Taking advantage of the knowledge he possessed of the premises, Albert had effected an entrance, killed his enemy, and possessed himself of the fatal will. But alas for his wicked hopes, the unfortunate girl, whose destroyer he had been, at once saw the error she had committed, and filled with remorse for her conduct,

and blaming herself for the death of her grandparent, she fled at once from her home, intending to seek out the gentleman for whom that will had been intended and confide to him the whole story.

The story of the murder excited but little interest out of the county in which it occurred. It was generally believed that old William had started with a considerable sum of money on his person; that a party of miserable, distressed miners from the neighboring collieries—who had for some time infested the country round, committing various depredations—must in some way have discovered this, and killed him for what they believed he possessed.

Some efforts were made to discover the perpetrators of the horrid deed, a reward was offered, and Albert made a great show of anxiety and grief on the subject; but as nothing was elicited, it gradually died away; the widowed daughter received all her father's effects, with a handsome addition from the heir, and he, on his part, flattered himself that no suspicion would ever reach him.

Of the unfortunate girl, whose disappearance none could account for, nothing was heard for several weeks; and even her mother at last yielded to the conviction that she must have made way with herself, although many suspected the poor creature to have been implicated in the murder, if not the sole doer of the deed. It had been part of old William's plan to tell his granddaughter the story of the will, hoping, by exposing Albert's conduct, to put her on her guard against him. To the mother, he made no mention of his business, and hence the apparent safety of the guilty young man.

But in spite of his seeming security, Albert felt far from safe or easy in the position he had assumed on the death of his father. Occupying a place he knew rightfully belonged to another; suffering all the terrors of a guilty conscience, and much distressed at the disappearance of his unfortunate victim, his state of mind was in no respect enviable. To make another effort to obtain his cousin Caroline's hand was a determination acted on without loss of time. Should the truth ever become known, and he be obliged to resign his possessions to the rightful heir, Caroline's fortune would be a handsome addition to his own; and the connection would be a desirable one, if only to secure Arthur's protection for his sister's husband, whom it was most probable he would befriend, even when found to be guilty of the blackest crime.

All these selfish considerations induced him to once more visit O—— House in the character

of a suitor for the fair hand of the heiress; and as he did not hasten to unfold his purpose, but rather sought to interest his cousin in his recent afflictions by a studied show of melancholy, he seemed to have a fairer prospect than ever. Caroline's tender heart was melted with compassion at the visible change in his appearance—a change she attributed to grief for the loss of his parent,—and so kind and sisterly was her behaviour that he was at last emboldened once more to state his hopes.

It was in the midst of their conversation, and just as she had for the last time declared the utter hopelessness of his suit, that a letter was delivered to the young man. One hasty glance over it showed him the precipice on which he stood.

It was from his late father's friend, the lawyer, to whom the search for the missing son had been confided; and without scruple or hesitation, he avowed his knowledge of the whole transaction, his determination to see justice done, and his conviction of who the murderer was, as well as his intention of proving it.

To the guilty Albert, this letter sounded like a death-warrant. He instantly rushed from the presence of his cousin, procured one of Arthur's pistols, and when next seen was lying a disfigured corpse in a neighboring field.

"You do not seem half so much rejoiced as I had expected you would, Godfrey, under the circumstances," said Arthur O——, as the two sat in the rooms of the former at Paris.

"My joy is considerably dashed with sorrow, Arthur, and if you think for a moment you must see, not without reason. In the hour that I discover my long sought father, I also hear that he is no more; I come into possession of a splendid fortune, and I learn that it is bought at the expense of my only brother's life. One other question yet remains to be decided; should that be contrary to my wishes, my fortune is valueless. I shall entrust it to you—to whom I owe everything in this world—and fulfil my intention of travelling; an intention my poverty has hitherto rendered impossible of accomplishment."

"And that one 'undecided question,' Godfrey? Will you not give me a brother's privilege and tell me all your hopes and fears?"

"If favorable, that will give you a 'brother's privilege,' Arthur, and on that rests my every hope of happiness."

"Godfrey, I have long suspected it—you will succeed." And with a warm hand-clasp, the young man closed the conversation and left the apartment.

"Mama, do you not feel uneasy at Arthur's long absence? He went away so suddenly, too, and has never written yet."

"I received a letter from him this morning, dear. He will be with us to-night; and a gentleman accompanies him—a suitor for my dear child's hand."

Caroline O—— glanced at her black dress, and a visible shudder passed over her. The fearful shock of her cousin's death had occasioned a fit of sickness, from which she was only just recovering, and her pale cheek grew paler at the thought of the stranger and his errand.

"Mama, I cannot see this gentleman. Indeed, I am not fit to mix in society now. I shall never marry, I am certain I shall not; and Arthur should not bring a stranger here when he knows how ill I am."

"My dear Caroline, you will be allowed to follow your own inclination, as you have always done; but you must see him once, if only out of regard to Arthur's feelings."

"I may see him, mama; but I am firm in my determination never to marry. You do not wish me to leave you, my own mama?"

"A very wise resolution, my little sister; and I am glad my friend is here to learn his fate at once," said Arthur's cheerful voice; and turning, the young girl beheld her brother, and one she never hoped to meet again on earth.

"Godfrey!"

The voice was weak and faint, and she seemed on the point of falling from her seat. To spring forward and catch her in his arms, while Arthur beckoned his mother from the room, was the work of an instant; and then kneeling at her feet, he asked her to give him the love without which his path through life must be a dreary one.

It was not until after she had promised him he asked that Caroline learned the change which had taken place in Godfrey's fortunes. To her it made no difference; he was her Godfrey still. To him it was a most precious assurance, that for himself alone the gentle girl had loved him.

Six months after the restoration of the heir of M—— Manor, there was a happy wedding party gathered beneath the hospitable roof of O—— House. And if the bride did look somewhat pale, and glance timidly around her, as they stood before the altar of the old chapel, it was nothing more than a passing recollection of painful events. She felt the warm pressure of the hand that held her own; she looked in the handsome, beaming countenance of him who had just promised to love and cherish her through life, and with a smile and a tear at her

superstitious terrors, she clung to his arm, and went forth safe under his fond protection.

Arthur, pitying his mother's loneliness, promised to provide her with a daughter to take the place of the one she had lost, and true to his word, a very few months saw a young mistress of O—— House. Since then there have been no complaints of the dulness of the old mansion. Arthur's merry, bright-eyed wife—Arthur's beautiful, spoiled children—and Arthur himself, afford plentiful occupation for the time and thoughts of the affectionate old lady.

It is quite an event when she leaves home to visit at M——, those lovely, gentle, little grandchildren, who remind her so strongly of their mother in her childhood.

BROTHER JONATHAN.

The origin of this term, as applied to the United States, is as follows: When General Washington, after being appointed Commander of the Army of the Revolutionary War, went to Massachusetts to organize it, he found a great want of ammunition and other means of defence; and on one occasion it seemed that no means could be devised for the necessary safety. Jonathan Trumbull, the elder, was then governor of the State of Connecticut; and the general, placing great reliance on his excellency's judgment, remarked, "We must consult Brother Jonathan on the subject." The general did so, and the governor was successful in supplying many of the wants of the army; and thenceforth, when difficulties arose, and the army was spread over the country, it became a by-pharse, "We must consult Brother Jonathan," and the name has now become a designation for the whole country, as John Bull has for England.—*New York Atlas.*

SMALL FARMS.

We desire to impress on the common-sense reasoning of every man, the great importance of having no more land in cultivation than can be well cultivated. By no means attempt to manage more than you can manage well. Be a farmer, not a mere scraper, lazily scratching up sufficient earth to destroy the face of the soil, and throw seed away, or you will always have to scratch hard for a living. But make your farm a source of pride, and it surely will become a source of profit. Make the object to be, not to have many, but rich acres.—*Ploughman.*

INGENIOUS PAINTER.

A famous artist made a painting in which all the different nations of the earth were represented in the peculiar dress of their country. Instead, however, of clothing the Frenchman, he drew him in his shirt, with a bundle of cloth under his arm. Being asked the reason, he replied: "The French dress themselves so many different ways, and change their fashions so often, that whatever dress I should put on him, in a short time he would not be known; having the stuff, he may cut it to his liking."—*Tribune.*

AT THE ALTAR.

BY BOLANTRÉ.

She stood there at the altar,
Bright gems were on her brow,
And in a voice of music
She breathed the nuptial vow;
But yet she did not love him
Who stood there by her side,
And 'twas with deep reluctance
She vowed to be his bride.

But friends are rich and powerful,
She doeth as they say;
And thinks, with heart nigh bursting,
Of one now far away.
For, O, how will he judge her,
When hears he she has wed?
That henceforth he must view her
As one unto him dead?

O, cruel thought and bitter!
The crystal tear-drops start,
And down her cheek they trickle,
From out her pent-up heart.
A tear unto his memory!
Her love is not yet dead,
Although she's now another's,
And to another wed.

LILLIE HOLBROOK.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

"I WILL never marry a woman with red hair," said Aubrey Kinnard.

"Take care what you say, Aubrey," said his cousin, Margaret Ashton. "All these resolutions invariably end in doing the very thing protested against. I would not be afraid to stake a considerable sum, that you will marry a red-haired woman, after all."

"Not if she was as handsome as an angel, and as good as you are, Maggie!"

"Thank you, for writing me down good, instead of handsome, Aubrey—and there are not many ladies who would thank you for it either; so I suppose it is another proof of my goodness. But your compliment does not prove your assertion, and your assertion does not prove the fact; and my opinion is, that you will marry one whom I have in my mind now, although you have never seen her."

"And pray who may that be, Maggie?"

"My particular friend, Lillie Holbrook. She is coming to make me a visit, and I defy you to resist her, red-haired though she be."

"I defy her! Seriously, Mag, it is an objection I never could get over."

"Well, give me your word that you won't be engaged to any one till you have seen Lillie?"

"Very readily. I have no thoughts of giving up my freedom yet." And the good-natured, indolent fellow threw himself into a luxurious chair, and with his feet in another, he proceeded to smoke his fragrant Havana, in lazy forgetfulness of everything else.

"What do you live for, Aubrey?" asked his cousin, as she watched his placid countenance.

"To tease you, Maggie."

"Nay, you cannot do that, Aubrey, because I care so little for your talk. But I am really anxious about your state. Young, rich, not particularly good-looking! but passably so; with nothing to employ your time after two o'clock, and no incentive to active and healthful toil for the mind or body—at least no visible incentive—I am afraid you are passing away this season of youth almost too lavishly, and that by-and-by, when age comes, you will have no resources against it."

"What can I do, Maggie?"

"Read—for one thing. Those vile cigars stupify your brain, when you ought to be storing it with knowledge. You have talents, Aubrey, but you will not use them; and I believe the best wish for you from those who love you, would be that you should lose your property, and your present situation in the bank, and become dependent on your own invention for support."

"Thank you, dear! Your wish is very benevolent; but I cannot say that I respond to it."

"Very likely, and yet I believe your character would increase in value a thousand-fold. Life has been too easy to you, Aubrey. You have never known the 'uses of adversity'—your spirit needs uplifting, and it can never be uplifted, while these indulgences of life lie so thickly around you. You have never mastered a difficulty—never earned an enjoyment."

Margaret was right. Aubrey Kinnard needed discipline—the discipline of sorrow or of poverty, to bring out his interior resources. He had talents, but they lay dormant, because there was no outward necessity for their use. He had not genius—for that will always make itself known—but he really had talents, only that he did not see why he should trouble himself with application to any pursuit, when fortune had saved him the anxiety of providing for the future.

He had benevolence—that transient, sympathetic benevolence which cannot bear to look upon apparent suffering—but he had not that deep and wide-spread feeling which prompts to acts of self-sacrifice, and which seeks for objects on which to expend its energies. That was the benevolence which Margaret Ashton would have encouraged. Aubrey had seemed to her as a

brother. His father's house had been her home from childhood, and as he had no sister, he came to think of Margaret in that light. She, too, was rich in her own right. She was richer, too, in a strong and active mind, a firm will, a steady, inflexible sense of right, and an active and self-denying benevolence.

Lillie Holbrook was her dearest friend, and she had often wished that Aubrey could know her. She was just such a woman as he ought to marry, and although averse to match-making in general, she determined in this particular case, to throw them if possible into each other's society.

Aubrey was out of town for a few days, and when he returned, it was to find Miss Holbrook fairly installed for a long visit. She was all, and more than all, that Margaret had so often painted to him, but alas! she had the obnoxious colored hair! True, it was long and soft and glossy, and hung in rich curls on her neck and shoulders, and in all other respects she was a lovely and attractive girl; but he never—no never, could get over that objection, he told Margaret. He begged her not to talk of him to her friend, for he could fulfil no hopes that she might raise.

"Aubrey! Lillie Holbrook would never marry a man who was so indolent and purposeless as yourself. She told me so herself."

"Then you have already talked me over. Was that kind or delicate, Maggie?"

"Don't be so hasty, Aubrey. You have never been mentioned in any way; but we often converse upon preferences, and the very character which you possess, was this morning unconsciously described by Lillie, and her opinion given."

Aubrey was piqued and fretful—and as it was a rare mood for him to be in, Margaret rather enjoyed it. She did not irritate him by words, but she looked all that she felt, and he saw that she was thinking of his life, so unworthy as he knew she thought it.

At that moment, it made him unjust to both Margaret and her friend; although he could not but acknowledge, when his temper cooled, that they were so different to the common class of young ladies. Those with whom he had been acquainted, had flattered, rather than found fault with him, and he found a pleasant variety, from the sweets with which he had been too often cloyed, in this independent lady who dared pick flaws in characters which no doubt, she compared to his. At any rate, it made him resolve to cultivate her acquaintance more fully. But how should he do it? Lolling in his cousin's room all the afternoon hours, while they sat at work,

would not, it seemed, recommend him to those utilitarian ladies. What exploit should he attempt? He applied to Margaret, but she could not mark out any path for him. He must think for himself.

There was a long time, in which he forsook his usual seat in Margaret's room. Sayings that dropped from her, and harder still, from her friend, bore such a reproachful bearing upon the indolence and uselessness of his life, that he felt displeased and irritable.

"A good sign!" said Lillie. "Your cousin will be something yet! I knew there was good metal there, if you could but strike the right spot."

She had been talking to him of the grandeur of a life devoted to the interests of humanity, self-sacrificing, active, fearless of rebuke. She painted the glory of such a life, as compared with one given up to merely selfish enjoyment or inactive indolence. He applied all her sayings to himself, and was vexed with himself and with her, while he could not but acknowledge that he deserved it, when his life was so aimless. He could not but own that his chief purpose was to live for his own enjoyment—not mental enjoyment—but purely the enjoyment of the senses.

And now in his few and transient visits to his cousin's room, where the two sat in conclave, he laughingly told them, upon his faults, he began to feel that Lillie Holbrook was a woman whom a man might both love and reverence; love, for her beauty and genuine kindness of heart, and reverence for her noble independence of mere show and fashion.

"Is not Lillie's hair darker since she came here?" he asked Margaret, one morning, when, for a great wonder, he found his cousin alone.

"Much the same as usual, I think," said Margaret. "Quite red, isn't it? And what a pity it is, when she is so handsome otherwise."

"It does not strike me as being so very red, Maggie. At least it is not the color which I dislike so much. It seems to me that it is of that shade called amber by the poets."

"No, Aubrey, poor Lillie's hair is decidedly red, and she calls it so. She does not like it any better than you do—but she is too wise a girl to quarrel with nature about the shade of her hair."

It was all in vain. Aubrey grew deeper and deeper in love with Lillie, and one day, he made a desperate offer of his heart and hand, and was refused! Kindly and gently, it is true, but decidedly. And she was the only woman to whom he had spoken those words, and she, too, had the very obnoxious hair, and had refused him!

He was absent after this for some time. Even

his father and mother did not know where he was gone, and Margaret was quite uneasy. Lillie never disclosed to her friend what had passed between them; nor did Margaret suspect, when he returned, haggard and miserable, that her friend was the cause.

Aubrey had other causes too, of trouble. A clerk in the bank with which he was connected, was suspected of wrong. Aubrey had not left town as they supposed, but was watching him, unsuspected, night and day, and yet the man escaped him. The embezzlement covered the whole amount of Aubrey's property; and when he arose the next morning, he was a beggar! Much of his father's property was in the same connection, and of his, barely enough was left to secure the old people against the chances of poverty. Fortunately, Margaret's fortune was invested elsewhere. Such was the news which he had to communicate; and he suffered severely in doing so.

The next morning the bank declared its failure. The embezzlement was only one of a series of enormous frauds, practised by this clerk, and an accomplice, in which they were successful enough to escape detection, until it was too late.

"Where are you going, Aubrey?" said Margaret, one morning, a week after this affair, as she saw him come down stairs with his cloak on his arm and his valise in hand.

"I sail in the next steamer to California, cousin. I'm going to New York this afternoon."

"And never told me until now, Aubrey! I would not have thought it of you."

"I could not bear to talk about my resolution, Margaret, especially as it was the first one that I ever made in regard to business. I have not yet told my mother."

"Poor auntie! how will she bear it?"

"Poorly enough, at first, but she will get reconciled at last. It was no use to prolong her suffering, so I am going away, and shall then write her just before I sail. I must not have her tears shake my purpose, as I fear they will, if I tell her now."

"And is this to be our good-by?" said Margaret, as her cousin pressed her hand. "And do you say nothing to Lillie?"

"Where is she?"

"In the drawing room, alone."

Aubrey made a movement forward as if he would have gone in, but he came back to Margaret, and charged her with a simple farewell. "I shall return in a year, Maggie. Take good care of my mother, and write me every mail."

He was gone before she had recovered her surprise.

How lonely seemed the house without Aubrey! Lillie, too, was about departing, and urged Margaret to accompany her; but she would not leave Mrs. Kinnard alone. Margaret was ever self-sacrificing, and she remembered Aubrey's words. So she staid, and Lillie departed, with the promise of another visit soon.

Aubrey's first letter was calm and composed. He was looking round for something to retrieve his fallen fortunes. The next told of his success; and still another of discouragement. He had been very ill, but had now recovered.

Margaret noticed that ever after he had written one of despondency, he followed it up quickly with one of strong and hopeful cheer. There was an evident growth in his mind, which she rejoiced to think was genuine and progressive. Lillie came again, and the letters were duly shown to her. She read them quietly, without comment.

"You seem quite indifferent about Aubrey, Lillie," said Margaret. "I hoped you would be more interested." Lillie colored violently.

"Why, Lillie! there is some mystery here, with which I am not to be made acquainted, it seems."

"No mystery at all, Margaret. Aubrey wanted to marry me, when he was rich and prosperous, and indolent. I refused that Aubrey—but here is another Aubrey, who writes these letters, and who seems to be altogether of a different character. He is poor and struggling, it seems, for a living—but I tell you, Margaret, *this* Aubrey would have a different answer from me now."

Margaret sat speechless with wonder. She had not dreamed of it before. She sat so long without speaking or raising her eyes, that Lillie began to think that she was offended, but her bright and satisfied look, when she did look up, was sufficient.

"Just what I always wished, Lillie, and yet I am vexed that neither of you told me before."

"What was the use, when nothing was to come of it, Maggie? Of course, Aubrey would not trumpet his own refusal, and you would hardly expect me to boast of his offer."

"Right, Lillie, I see I was foolish to expect it;" but still Margaret puzzled her brain about Aubrey's offering himself to Lillie. Had he not always disdained red hair, and Lillie's was indisputably red.

Another letter from Aubrey! and Lillie was as anxious to hear it as Maggie was to read it.

"Where do you think I am at this moment, Cousin Margaret? At the mines, where for the last fortnight, I have been hard at work, digging.

I am writing you on the leaf of a book, which I brought with me, to register my days' work. I have been successful beyond my most sanguine hopes. I work hard, sleep hard, and our eating is of the very *hardest* description; yet I am perfectly well, and you would be astonished to see me. I have expanded from a small man to a large one. Bone and sinew seem to have enlarged, and I breathe so easy here! Not a single cigar has profaned the lips which you kissed at parting. Maggie, I did not tell you that I offered myself to your friend, and that she refused me with a sublime indifference that was anything but complimentary. Well—I did! notwithstanding that I did not like her hair! But she is a noble girl—and when I return—who knows if I may not meet with better success with her. I know that she despised me for my indolent life. I wish she was here now to admire me, as I take the lead in our hard enterprise here.

"I wear a hunting-shirt and trowsers of a coarse, strong material; a leathern belt, in which is my knife. With this I cut all my food, holding bread, meat, etc., in my left hand. Boots of soles two inches thick, or nearly that, adorn my lower limbs, and a hat of almost fabulous size covers my head. Nothing superfluous—no cravat, suspender, vest, coat or stockings fetter me. I have a blanket, which I throw down on the grass, sometimes on a rock, and sleep so soundly! Life is worth something here. Sometimes, I think I shall never go back—but I yearn for home and friends—for Cousin Maggie, dear girl! and for Lillie—she *shall* love me when I go home. I am worthy of her now. I feel that I am worthy now of the love of woman. No wonder that she did not love such an effeminate, selfish fellow as I have been. You see now, Maggie, I am carrying out what you said of me. You encouraged me, when you said that I had talents. I am thankful for all the help you have been to me. If women only knew their influence, and would direct it aright, we men would be all the better. Now for hard work a few months longer, and then—for Lillie!"

"You may write him all that I said to you about him, Margaret, if you wish. I have no objection."

And Margaret wrote; and soon Lillie received a letter from him, and with it came a picture, taken in his miner's dress; and which, had they not known that it was taken for Aubrey, would have been perfectly undistinguishable. Were that flowing hair—that immense beard, and those broad shoulders, the adjuncts of the small, deli-

cate-looking youth, whose white hand rivalled a lady's, and who never lifted any burden heavier than his cloak, before he went away?

Do you want to know if Aubrey returned and married Lillie? Of course he did. Did you ever know any one to have a fixed purpose in anything and not carry it out? And Margaret—*she* is not married yet, for how could the two families get along without her? She lives to counsel, to aid and support their courage and strength in the great battle of life. She still loves an arch jest at Aubrey about red hair; but he declares that Lillie's is not red, and that her jests fall powerless. Still, she can well perceive that he is daily examining that of his little Margaret, to see if it will be darker than her mother's.

"I hope it will, Aubrey," Margaret says maliciously—"for it is an objection you never could get over," you know."

CONCERN FOR OTHERS.

During a heavy storm off the coast of Spain, a dismayed merchantman was observed by a British frigate drifting before the gale. Every eye and glass were on her, and a canvass shelter on a deck almost level with the sea suggested the idea that there yet might be life on board. With all his faults, no man is more alive to humanity than the rough and hardy mariner; and so the order instantly sounds to put the ship about, and presently a boat puts off with instructions to bear down upon the wreck. Away after that drifting hulk go these gallant men through the swell of a roaring sea; they reach it; they shout; and now a strange object rolls out of that canvass screen against the lee shroud of a broken mast. Hauled into the boat it proves to be the trunk of a man, bent head and knees together, and so dried and shrivelled as to be hardly felt within the ample clothes, and so light that a mere boy lifted it on board. It is laid on the deck; in horror and pity the crew gather round it; it shows signs of life; they draw nearer; it moves, and then mutters—mutters in a deep, sepulchral voice, "There is another man." Saved himself, the first use the saved one made of speech was to seek to save another. O, learn that blessed lesson. Be daily practising it. And so long as in our homes, among our friends, in this wreck of a world which is drifting down to ruin, there lies an unconverted one, there is "another man;" let us go to that man, and plead for Christ; go to Christ and plead for that man, the cry, "Lord save me, I perish!" changed to one as welcome to the Saviour's ear, "Lord, save them, they perish!" —*Dr. Guthrie.*

We are apt to mistake our vocation in looking out of the way for occasions to exercise great and rare virtues, and by stepping over ordinary ones which lie directly in the road before us. When we read, we fancy we could be martyrs; when we come to act, we find we cannot bear even a provoking word.

SEVENTEEN.

A Birthday Melody for "HATTIE HAYDEN."

BY WILLIAM EMERSON.

Seventeen!

Witching time for merry maiden,
As she wanders o'er life's green,
With the flowers of pleasure laden.

Seventeen!

Spring-time this, of girlish splendor;
Hope of it alone is queen,
With but fancy to defend her.

Seventeen!

Angels, guard her in her beauty!
Let your white wings intervene,
Should her young heart stray from duty.

Seventeen!

This of life the vernal season,
When the trusting heart will lean
More to fancy—less to reason.

Seventeen!

When the young heart has some idol,
And the hopes of life are seen
Running to some sweet-toned idyl.

Seventeen!

Hattie's years thus far have written
Gladness on a brow serene,
And a heart by woe unsmitten.

Seventeen!

And we wish her in her beauty
Of some brave heart to be queen,
With true love the line of duty.

THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE:

—OR,—

POISONING A HUSBAND!

BY EMMA CARRA.

"If you ever take another glass of brandy in this house, Nelson," said his wife, "believe me, it shall contain poison; for I have lived a drunkard's wife long enough, and I care not how quick the world is rid of me."

"Not if they despatch you from a platform with a rope, Kitty?"

"No, not if they despatch me from a platform with a rope; for I repeat with emphasis, I am tired of being a drunkard's wife. I cannot walk the streets but there seems to be a mark set upon me more fatal than the one God caused to afflict Cain. I hear it whispered from almost every corner, 'there goes a drunkard's wife!' and then our children are pointed at as the children of a sot! Let me try as hard as I may to keep them clothed and sent regularly to school, they meet with nothing but jeers and scoffs; while I,

for the last ten years, have been a victim to your brutal appetite. So now I warn you in season that I will endure it no longer. If you place another bottle of brandy in that closet, and afterwards attempt to drink of it, you shall die! for I am desperate, nor care how soon the scenes of life close, if there is to be no end to your bestial habits."

And the wife's cheek was almost ghastly pale, and there was an unnatural expression in her eye which made her husband quail beneath her wild glance; but he tried to laugh—for he was sober now, and he wished to make his home pleasant until it suited his purpose to go out again and spend what rightly belonged to his family, to enrich the rum-seller. The wife had known him too long to indulge the delusive hope that kindness would bring about his reform; so, with a determined air, she made the threat that caused her husband to quail, though he tried to appear jovial and unconcerned. But the wife had a piercing eye, and with one keen glance she read his thoughts; but she did not falter or swerve from what she had spoken.

"O, Kitty, you wouldn't poison your husband, would you?" continued he, with a shade of anxiety on his face.

"Ask me no more questions," said the wife, with no smile on her lips; "you have heard what I said and now wait to see the issue."

"O come, Kitty—don't be so hard with me; you know, after all, I am the best friend you have, and that I love you and the children."

"Yes, but you love the bottle better than either, Nelson, and I have borne with meekness too many hard words from you—ay, even blows in your heats of intoxication, to expect now that I shall ever have a pleasant home again. When you are sober for a few hours, as you are now, your intellect is covered with such a mist that you are the Nelson Brewer that I married years ago no longer; so I cannot transfer to you the love which I bore him when the flush of youth was on my cheek, for you are a drunkard, and do not merit the love of a wife and children. When you lifted the cup so often to your lips, his spirit left your bloated body, and since that time my life has been worse than widowhood, though for my children's sake, and that they might have bread—though at times scantily fed—I have remained in your miserable home, and sometimes, when in a hopeful mood, I have thought perchance you might reform; but I have given it all up now! Hope has fled, and I see nought but the alms-house, and a drunkard's grave in the future."

Mr. Brewer made no further remarks. He sat

in silence a little while, looking out into the narrow court, seeing his pale, meagre children playing with the children of the neighborhood—as miserable as themselves—and a sigh half escaped him; but he tried to smother it, and in a few moments inquired of his wife if she would soon have supper ready.

"There is not an ounce of food in the house," said the wife, with a mournful air.

"Well, it sha'n't be so long, Kitty," returned the husband, pleasantly. And as he arose and went out, he stopped on his way and encircled his wife's neck with his arm, and playfully gave her a kiss.

The wife for the moment forgot her serious mood, but ere she could give a response, he darted through the outer door and was gone. With a heavy sigh, she resumed her needle and listened to the voices of the children as they came in at the open window; nor did she expect to see her husband again till he came reeling in, as usual, at a late hour of the night. But scarcely half an hour passed ere she heard his footsteps in the entry, and in another moment he entered, bearing in his hands sufficient food, when cooked, to provide a comfortable supper. Mrs. Brewer did not utter any exclamation of joy at what she saw; she only arose quickly, put away her sewing, and went about preparing the meal. And when it was ready, it was eaten in silence by the parents; but the children could not restrain their joy, nor did their mother chide them for their manifestations of delight as their father reached them cake after cake, and served them liberally.

"Kiss me, Kitty," said the husband, pleasantly, as he arose from the table and passing around to where she was sitting, presented his cheek near her lips.

The wife was silent for a moment, and there seemed to be a struggle going on in her bosom, for a tear was in her eye and a changing expression on her face; but in an instant more, they passed away, and looking sternly into her husband's face, she said:

"No, Nelson, I will never kiss a drunkard's cheek again."

"I am not drunk now, Kitty."

"Well, keep sober long enough to give me confidence that you will reform permanently, and then perhaps I may feel some of the tenderness for you I felt in other days, but not now should I wish to bestow a caress on you." And Mrs. Brewer pushed her chair from the table, while her husband turned away and went out.

"Don't be cross to father," said the eldest born, a beautiful child of twelve years, "for he

has not been drinking to-day. And see what a nice supper he bought for us! So speak pleasant to him, and maybe he wont drink any more."

The mother drew her child nearer, and lifting the heavy chestnut curls that clustered around her neck and occasionally shaded her face, whispered in her ear something that pleased the child; and she broke out into a hearty laugh, which brought others of the group to their side with loud protestations that they, too, must have whispered in their ears that which made their sister Mary laugh. So Mrs. Brewer again pressed her lips to listening ears, but her words brought no merriment, although they seemed to satisfy the children.

Mrs. Brewer now resumed her needle, for it was by her industry and superior skill with it that her children were kept in as comfortable a condition as they were, while attending school, as her husband had long since lost all pride in the appearance of his family. The little Mary now cleared the table, and placed the coarse, scant furniture in order around the room, and then she, too, took her needle and seated herself beside her mother, and with an expression half merry and half in fear, said:

"And do you really intend to do so, mother?"

"I do, child; but hush! you must not speak so loud, for your brothers and sisters might hear, and they are not old enough yet to trust with important secrets."

Mary drew nearer her mother's side, and together they talked and sewed—the latter on garments for the family, and the other toiled on cheap slop work that she might obtain a pair of shop-worn shoes for the next Sabbath's wear, at an exorbitant price, now lying on the shopman's shelves.

And then when the sun withdrew for the night, and an artificial light was needed, the drunkard's children sought their humble beds, while the wife and mother waited at the window in darkness to listen for the coming of him she wished, yet dreaded, to see; for she knew not whether his footsteps would be steady. She heard the city clock strike nine, ten, and then eleven, and her heart grew faint, for every moment seemed to bring the time nearer when she would see her husband reeling in, and hear the fearful oaths that would come from his lips, and in imagination she felt his heavy hand fall with ponderous weight on her defenceless shoulders—heard the children, as in times gone by, when awakened at midnight, shrieking with fear, and then pass the night in sleepless misery. And now distant footsteps echoed up the street and

neared the door, and the latch was lifted. It was he! Nelson Brewer stood within his little kitchen and with kind words inquired of his wife why she sat so late and waited.

"That I might know if the bottle had been filled," answered the wife with firmness.

"And do you indeed, Kitty, mean to put poison in that bottle if I bring it home filled?"

"I do, Nelson;" and the same look of determination accompanied her words.

"Well," said the husband, "there it is empty;" and he drew from his outside pocket a large black bottle and turned the bottom upward. "But I can get drink and will; so you might as well be peaceable and let me bring it home and drink it, or I shall reel through the streets after I have drank it elsewhere."

"No matter," said the wife, sternly, "you cannot always evade me, and when you feel the death pangs shooting through your veins, you will remember my words." And she arose and went to her room.

Mr. Brewer took the seat his wife left at the window, and with the cool night breeze blowing on his heated brow, his mind went back to former years when she first became the sharer of his home—how beautiful she looked when he brought her from the homestead away up among the trees and flowers, and what a happy prospect was his the first year or two of his married life—for his business was prosperous and his Kitty proved to be all that he thought she was, faithful, loving and prudent. But temptation came, and he had yielded in spite of the tears and entreaties of her he had promised to love, cherish and protect—notwithstanding that the little flock which increased around him needed his active exertions to make them what society required; and he contrasted those first years of manhood with the last few of his life. What changes seemed to have been wrought in everything!—in his wife's love and in people's respect towards him—and he began to believe now, what had been hinted to him by a neighbor, that his wife was growing insane, for she seemed so strange—so different from her former self, that he felt frightened at her threat, and felt, too, that her determined manner was proof sufficient that she meant what she said. So as the drunkard sat and thought, ill's seemed to thicken, in his imagination at least, till with a troubled brow he arose, closed the window, and sought his pillow.

Mrs. Brewer was sleeping, and the husband tried to sleep too; but he could not, for he remembered even in his dreams the fearful threat of poisoning made by his wife, and he saw over again with mental exaggeration her wild ex-

pression and pale cheeks as she spoke, and he resolved that he would drink no more, but try to soothe her mind and restore it to its former state.

And the next day came and Mr. Brewer was sober, and the empty bottle stood in the cupboard untouched. A week went by and then a month or more, and still Mr. Brewer shunned his former haunts and went daily to his shop, and now his wife began to have hope that the fetters that once bound her husband were broken, and there would be no more misery in their home; so the old smile of other days came back again, and when he playfully caressed her, she did not turn coldly away, but spoke words of encouragement even stronger than she felt, and pictured happy days in the future. Her manner pleased her husband, for it rid him of his care for her intellect; but with ease of mind came longing after old companions, and once more he fell.

The contrast to the wife was dreadful, as he again reeled into his home, but there was no renewal of the former conversation about poisoning. And thus several weeks went by, when Mr. Brewer, forgetting his wife's threat and his former fears, staggered into his miserable home with a well-filled bottle secreted in his pocket. Going slyly to the closet, he pushed it far back into the corner of a shelf, and then crept along to his room and laid his head on his pillow to take a drunkard's troubled sleep. Though Mrs. Brewer did not apparently look up from her work, she noticed every movement of her husband. But she made no remark; and when he was gone, she told Mary to put the younger children to bed, for she had business out. Then wrapping a shawl around her shoulders, she sought the street.

The children were soundly sleeping when Mrs. Brewer returned. Even Mary, who was left as housekeeper, had leaned her head back in the rocking-chair and closed her eyes, and when her mother awoke her, she sprang suddenly up, and with a wild expression inquired if she had been to get the poison.

"Go to bed, child," said the mother, "for it is late." And Mary, with a bewildered air, obeyed.

When Mary had retired, her mother took from her pocket a folded paper, and taking the bottle from the shelf, poured the contents of the paper—a powder—into the liquid within, and replaced it in the corner. The next morning she aroused the children early, and after due preparation told them to go to the Common and play till school-time, and then from there go to the schoolhouse.

Mr. Brewer's potations seemed to have been deeper than usual the previous night, for he did not waken from his lethargic sleep until after the school-bell sounded, when with a fevered and misty brain he crawled from his bed and half staggered into his comfortless kitchen. There was no one present; so going to the cupboard, he espied, standing as he had left it, the dark bottle in the corner apparently untouched. His burning thirst was too intense now to remember anything but that the means to gratify his appetite was before him; he did not even notice the sediment in the bottom, nor the peculiar taste that lingered in his mouth after the liquid was swallowed. And now that thirst was quenched, he again with unsteady step sought the old-fashioned bed-room back of the kitchen, and when he had once more pressed his pillow, he tried to sleep; but a peculiar sensation stole gently, at first, through his veins, that kept him wakeful, and then it gradually increased until pains began to shoot through his frame. The threat of Mrs. Brewer was uttered so long ago, and in her frenzied hours, that the husband had ceased to think of it; but now, as his pains increased and he could not account for them, the previous threat shot through his mind, and with a loud groan, he tried to raise himself from the bed; but his head was dizzy, and he fell heavily back, loudly calling on the name of his wife.

In an instant, the door that led from the kitchen was thrown furiously open, and Mrs. Brewer, with blanched cheeks and dishevelled hair, entered.

"Did you call me, Nelson?" said the wife.

"I did call you," replied he, slowly. "O, Kitty! what have you done?"

"What I said I would do—and now you must die! Ha, ha, ha! You have cursed the earth long enough."

Large drops of cold perspiration stood on the invalid's face, and his features were so distorted that none could have recognized in him the inebriate of yesterday, for the pallor of death was on his brow, and every limb was rigid. But Mrs. Brewer seemed to observe it all with joy, and gave vent to her feelings in a wild, idiotic laugh, while the husband, with failing strength, begged humbly, prayerfully, that she would hastily procure him an antidote for the poison, and he called on Him who alone has power to stay death to witness that he would never, *never* touch again that which would intoxicate.

"I believe you not," said the wife, "for you have promised me too often. I could save you even now, if I would, for I have an antidote; but I will not—you shall die!"

"Then I will save myself," half shrieked the husband, as with a convulsive movement he threw himself from the bed and tried to gain the outer door. But his wife sprang between him and it, and turning the key, she withdrew it and threw it out of a back window into the garden beyond. "Then I will leap from the window," said he, his voice growing fainter and fainter at every moment.

"*Never!*" shouted the wife, in a demoniac state; and she drew from beneath the small shawl that was thrown around her shoulders a pistol, and aimed it at his breast. "Dare take another step towards that window and I fire!" said she, assuming a determined attitude.

Mr. Brewer was overpowered! He felt that he had not courage to battle with death and a maniac; so sinking upon his knees, while his body was convulsed with pain, he offered up a prayer sincere and heartfelt that if he could but be once more restored to health no intoxicating drink should ever wet his lips again.

"If I could believe you!" said the wife, more calmly looking on.

"You may—you may!" he returned, almost gasping.

"Swear it again and again and kiss this book," continued the wife, "and then if I believe you I will save you; but if not, you have but a few moments more to live."

The husband grasped the worn Bible, and again and again repeated the oath, then sealed it with a kiss, and fell backward exhausted, fainting.

Mrs. Brewer stepped to the little closet and laid by the pistol; then returning, she raised his head from the floor and placed it on a pillow, and taking from her bosom a paper, she mixed the contents with water and held it to her husband's lips. With difficulty it was swallowed, and in a few moments after, Mr. Brewer commenced vomiting, and then his pains grew less.

Mrs. Brewer did not nurse her husband with tender care, but much the same as a maniac would nurse some favorite pet—anxious at times and then neglectful. But it was several weeks ere he ventured to go out from his home, for his wife acted so strangely that he feared she would do injury to herself or children—and well he knew if she had been sane, she would not have tried to poison him, even though he had been more intemperate than he was.

Mr. Brewer did not like to expose what his wife had done, nor did he allude to it even to her, for he felt that he was the cause of her mental derangement. But when, after his recovery, she proposed that they should move into another neighborhood where he would not meet with so

many of his old associates, he readily agreed to it, and from this time there was a gradual change working in Mr. Brewer's home. The black bottle was broken, the old furniture was cast off for some of better quality, the children went better clad to school, and little Mary no longer sewed on slop-work, that she might purchase shoes for the Sabbath. The wife's mind grew more calm and peaceful now, though she never alluded to the past; and so years rolled by, and the husband still kept the oath he took when he thought death so near him.

His sons and daughters had now attained to the stature of men and women, amid peace and plenty, and though time had added to the father's age, one would have thought him younger now than when he took the oath. And so had time dealt gently with the mother, for bloom still lingered on her cheek, and a happy smile rested permanently on her face.

One evening a dark-haired youth—the accepted lover of Mary—had closed the outer door and left the eldest daughter and her mother alone, seated beside the winter's grate.

"Mother," said Mary, "do you not remember, many years ago, when we were very poor and father was intemperate, what you whispered in my ear one evening?"

"I do, Mary."

"Well, I have often thought it very strange that you would never allow me to allude to it afterwards, but I knew something unusual took place about that time, for one day when I came from school, I found father very sick, and you would not permit us to ask him any questions. But I recollect well that from that time he never drank again, and we were better off. Say, mother, did you attempt to poison?"

The mother sat silent for a moment, and then looking up with a smile, she answered:

"No, Mary, I never did; but he thought I did, and I have never undeceived him. It was a desperate game I played—one in which I knew if I were successful, I should never regret it, and if I were not, I could not be more miserable than I was as I saw his intemperate habits increasing."

"And will you tell me all the particulars?"

"Yes, child." And Mrs. Brewer looked cautiously around the room to make sure they were alone—and when she became satisfied they were, she commenced. "When your father first became intemperate, it grieved me to the heart—and I tried to reason with him and convince him how wretched would be our lot, if he did not desist. But he paid but little attention to me, except for the moment, and then sought his old companions again. Then I begged him

with tears to shun intoxication—but all to no purpose. He would make me fair promises only to break them, and thus year after year wore on until I resolved to try another plan, and this I told to a neighbor whom I could trust, and to our family physician, who knew my trials and felt great sympathy for me. It was that before your father I should appear slightly insane, and then at a given time should threaten to poison him. I knew your father always had great dread of a maniac, and well he knew he had given me trouble enough to make me insane; so I acted well my part, for I was always called a good mimic, and now I had too much at stake not to do my best. You heard me make the threat, but I knew I could trust you; so I whispered in your ear it was all pretence. But still you feared, and I did not like to talk about it afterwards, for that morning's scene did well-nigh drive me mad, and nothing but the greatest firmness preserved me. Well, Dr. Selby prepared—I could not say what—but it had the desired effect, and I knew if he died it would be by fright alone, and that I had an antidote for his pains when I saw fit to give it."

"And would you indeed have shot my father?" inquired Mary, trembling.

Mrs. Brewer could not refrain from smiling.

"I guess not, Mary, as the pistol had no lock on it, or I should have been afraid to handle it. It was an old one I found in my neighbor's attic that morning, and I hardly know what prompted me to take it. But it answered a very good purpose, as he was too frightened to know a pistol from a cane."

"And when that scene was over, did you recover your mental faculties all at once?"

"Not before him, child, but gradually; and dreadful as seems that time to me when I look back, I cannot even now regret it, for we have all lived happily since. But I think it is not best to tell your father even now, for he might think hard of me for the stratagem I employed, but I meant it only for the good of all."

"O!" exclaimed Mary; and her mother, on looking up, saw a pair of dark, laughing eyes peering through the crevice of the door, and then her husband entered, and placing his arm around the neck of his wife, said pleasantly:

"I have heard all about it now, and the mystery is all cleared up, for I have sometimes had doubts about your ever really trying to poison me. But that pistol! Ha, ha, ha! Well, I believed it all then, and now I am very glad I did, for it worked a reform in me that has made my life happy since, and which will continue while God gives me strength to keep my oath."

SAYING, ALL IS OVER NOW.

BY WILLIE E. FABOR.

The regal summer's host of flowers
Were whispering to the wind,
And sombre shadows marked the hours
For lighter hues designed;
With meek hands folded o'er their bloom,
They to the cool breeze bow,
And, as if conscious of their doom,
Say, all is over now!

We sported through the sunny hours
In robes of gaudy hue;
We decked the green embosomed bowers,
Where maidens came to woo;
We lingered on the sunny plain,
We crowned the hillock's brow—
The valley held its floral train,
But all is over now.

When Summer drooped her head and died,
She left her children lone;
And Autumn comes, with steps of pride,
To take her vacant throne.
We fold our robes—we hide our bloom,
And to the mandate bow;
The frost king reads our final doom,
And all is over now.

BERTHA ALTON'S COUNTRY LOVER.

BY ANNIE CLAIR.

"It is not right, Bertha, you know it is not, to treat Harry Weston in this heartless manner."

"In what have I offended, gentle cousin?"

"You promised to go with Harry to the picnic to-morrow afternoon, and not five minutes since, I heard you make an engagement with that insufferable coxcomb, Fred Wilson, for the same hour we were to start for the grove."

"And is that all, dear Grace?" cried Bertha Alton, with a wild, ringing laugh; "but how can one expect you to understand such things, when you have spent all your life in the rural districts, away from civilization?"

"But I think you ought to have kept your engagement with Harry; for he is very sensitive, and I think he has met with but little of kindness. He has been left an orphan since he was an infant, and it is said Mr. Stanley has not treated him well. Come, send an excuse to Wilson, that you had made a previous engagement."

"I shall do no such thing; but you may tell Harry that I had forgotten I had made an engagement with Wilson. I shall not reject the attentions of such an accomplished gentleman as Wilson, for those of a country farmer. I relinquish all claims in that direction to your ladyship, and hope you will have a pleasant time at your excursion."

"But it will not be true, Bertha, that you had made a previous engagement with Wilson; therefore I shall not tell Harry so. I shall give him the true reason, or none."

"Well, please yourself, then, it does not matter much. I only flirted with Harry because he seemed to be the reigning favorite; but since Wilson's arrival the wind is in another quarter."

"I hope you will not suffer for this heartlessness, Bertha; you surely would not think of marrying Wilson!"

"Marrying Wilson! Who but you would ever think of such a thing? Still, I don't know, if he has a plenty of that 'root of all evil.' I have not ascertained yet how that is; but I tell you, Grace, I must be mistress of a splendid establishment; I must have the gay and fashionable world worshipping at my shrine. I must be second to none in wealth, rank and influence."

"But surely you would not purchase these at the expense of happiness?"

"At the expense of happiness! I tell you these things and happiness are identical. But I see you are displeased with me. Up here in the wilderness, you see, there is nothing to amuse one, but a little flirtation, otherwise I should die of melancholy. But, Grace, do not wear that sober face any longer, it is not becoming; and—hush—do not speak, I cannot listen to any more moralizing at present; but to make some atonement for the slight you think a 'dear friend' has received, I will tell you a bit of a compliment. When you left the room yesterday, Fred wished to know if you could not be persuaded to accompany us to-morrow. I told him of your engagement, and he did not urge the matter, but replied, 'That cousin of yours is the most beautiful creature I ever saw, present company excepted; and what a graceful figure, and what a lovely complexion.' I declare, Grace, it is improving this minute. Ah! cousin mine, I would not like you for a rival after a year's existence in fashionable society; but what do you think of the compliment? I would like to know how highly you appreciate it?"

"At its true value, Bertha."

"O, there comes Fred up the avenue; and now for my bonnet and shawl. *Adieu*."

The reader must pardon us if we digress a little, while we give a short sketch of the individuals thus unceremoniously brought before them.

Harry Weston was the adopted son of a farmer who lived among the hills of the 'old Granite State,' and from his earliest youth was inured to labor and to poverty. From his childhood he had evinced a great desire for a thorough education, and at the age of twenty-one, he had, by

hard labor in the summer, and teaching in the winter, found means to fit himself for college, and was on the following year to enter an institution in his native State.

About this time he became acquainted with Bertha Alton, who with some good traits of character had two bad ones: one, she was a worshipper at Mammon's shrine, and prized wealth and display above everything else. Another was, she was a coquette; there was no disputing the matter—it had never been doubted since the time when at children's parties, she would deny a kiss in order to have it stolen, and then run pouting into the corner. She, like Harry, was an orphan, and lived with an aunt, who, though not rich, contrived to keep up appearances, at the sacrifice of domestic necessities. She had early instilled into Bertha the idea that wealth was the one thing needful, and educated her with the end, that she was to be mistress of a splendid establishment, always in view.

She had come from her city home to spend the summer with Grace's parents, for the first time since she was a child of three years old. Young, and very beautiful, she had been completely spoiled by flattery the first season that she entered the fashionable circle, where her aunt had reigned before her, its brightest ornament. Nor was Mrs. Gray yet tired of the homage she had commanded so long, and there was but little affection between her and her niece, whom she looked on as a mile stone to remind her of the length of her journey.

What Bertha might have been with different training is not for us to decide. Now she was proud, imperious and impulsive, and encouraged and sought Harry Weston's attention notwithstanding the resolution she fancied he had made to avoid her. Previous to her arrival, he and Grace had many a pleasant walk through the village, for Harry loved to tell her his plans, while the blood would rush to her cheek, and the fire to her eye, and she would speak words of encouragement, and predict for him a bright and brilliant future. But on cousin Bertha's arrival, these pleasant walks were discontinued, and in their place were boat-rides, picnics, and horseback excursions, and various other kinds of amusement, until Grace thought she did not have a quiet moment to herself.

But notwithstanding all this, Bertha declared she had never seen so dull a place, and heartily wished herself back in the city. Grace wished she was there, too, though she never owned so much, no, not even to herself, but she saw Harry was changed since the arrival of her handsome cousin, and it was with pain she saw her trifling

with one whose every thought she believed was true nobleness. Bertha knew there was a struggle in Weston's heart, but she did not doubt that in the end she would conquer; for when had she failed in any conquest she had set her heart upon?

And she did not *now* fail. They went the whole round of lovers' experiences. They flirted and quarrelled, then became reconciled, and took morning rides and moonlight promenades; they read in the same volume, joined in the same dance at the village festival; but still the word love had not as yet been spoken by either.

But the time came. It is an old saying, that "birds of the air carry news;" whether true or not we do not pretend to say. But in some way Harry heard a rumor that he was not the only one the lady smiled on, and jealousy got the mastery; and in a paroxysm of doubt he revealed the full extent of his affection. Bertha smiled favorably on his suit, and with one of her most bewitching smiles, and with the most apparent earnestness, requested him not to doubt her; and for a brief season they were apparently very happy in each other's society.

Had Bertha fully understood the heart she was trifling with, she would have paused a moment ere she won and then cast it away for one with whom she had formed a slight acquaintance in her city home. Frederic Wilson had followed Bertha Alton, after a short acquaintance, during which he became fascinated with her beauty and brilliancy, into the country, to spend the remainder of his college vacation in her society.

Without being absolutely dissolute or vicious, he was possessed of no fixed principles, and without any particular aim in view, seemed to live a sort of butterfly life, thinking only of present amusement and gratification. Possessed of an ample fortune which would soon be at his own disposal, he did not see the use of troubling himself about the future, forgetting that in a country where the wheel of fortune is ever rolling, the princely merchant or millionaire of to-day may to-morrow be cast from his proud eminence, and obliged to labor with his own aristocratic hands for the comforts of life. There was a gleam of triumph on Bertha's face, as she saw Wilson had followed her to her country residence, and she thought he would be a far more eligible subject to display as a new lover, than the high-minded and honorable, though humble Harry Weston.

She had made an engagement to accompany Harry and Grace on a picnic excursion on the day of the commencement of our story. But a few moments after Weston bade her adieu, ere "Mr. Wilson" was announced; and Bertha, being a little ashamed of the unfashionable appear-

ance of her country lover, determined, during the stay of the city bean, to treat him with a cold indifference which she doubted not would be readily forgiven should she again choose to favor him with her smiles.

There was a shadow of disappointment that passed over Harry's brow, which Grace did not fail to notice, when she told him Bertha would not accompany them; and she thought he did not enjoy the afternoon much. When returning home they met Wilson and Bertha, who seemed so much occupied with each other's society that they did not recognize Grace or Harry until they had almost passed; and then a smile from the gentleman, and a cool bow from the lady, caused the blood to tinge her cheek and a tear to start to her eye, more for her companion's sake than for her own.

Every haughty feeling was aroused when Harry saw the true state of things. The idea that he had been deserted for one like Wilson, was very mortifying to his pride; and though he was not one to love, when esteem, the necessary prelude to love, was gone, yet it was a long time before he could meet her calmly.

But all this did not evidently cause Bertha much trouble; her pride was gratified, in the knowledge that he once loved her, and she gloried in the thought that one whom her cousin could not win in her whole lifetime, had offered his homage at her shrine on the short acquaintance of three weeks.

Wilson's visits were now made almost daily, while Bertha who had ascertained that he was the possessor of a large fortune, strove to draw him to her side by a display of all the accomplishments she was mistress of. But while seated at Bertha's side, and playing with her fan, or discussing the merits of the last novel, or the talents of the new theatrical star his eyes would seek the window where Grace was engaged with her embroidery or book, with no slight interest.—It was late in the evening, and Grace sat alone in the little parlor. Bertha having got tired of waiting for Wilson, had retired to her chamber, a few moments previous. Grace was somewhat sad this evening, for Harry Weston had that day taken leave of her to commence his collegiate course at Dartmouth. He had always been so kind to her that she loved him as a brother—so Grace thought—for she had not yet analyzed the feelings with which she regarded him.

The door was softly opened, and before Grace was aware that any one had entered, a form was at her side, and the words, "Miss Lindon," caused her to give a sudden start, and she saw Frederick Wilson.

"Please to be seated, Mr. Wilson, and I will call Bertha directly."

"But it is not Miss Alton that I came to see; as I passed the window I saw you were alone, and I entered to have a few moments' conversation, if you will do me the favor to listen."

Again she motioned for him to be seated, wondering what he had to communicate. He placed himself at her side.

"It is but a short time that I have known you, Miss Lindon, but short as the time is, I have learned to love you; do not start, but listen to me—hear me, I have—"

"But Mr. Wilson, I cannot listen to you; you have been my cousin's constant companion for the last few weeks, bestowing on her all a lover's attentions, and now to insult me with a declaration like this. Go, and I will forget it."

"But I love her not! O, Grace, I love her not; ever since I have known your true, noble soul, uncontaminated by the conventionalities of frivolity and fashion, this heart has been faithful to its worship of thee. I am weary of the hollow show and glitter which have surrounded me from childhood; of the heartless, useless life I am living, with myself. I am weary of the world, and all but you, that it contains. But O, Grace, give me but leave to hope, and from this hour I will commence a new life; I will endeavor to make some being the wiser, and better, and happier, for my having lived. Give me only leave to hope, even at a far distant day, when I shall be more worthy of you, and you shall see that with that hope of your love, I will become a different being."

"I cannot give you a shadow of hope; but indeed I wish you happy; and believe me, you can be so without the poor reward of my love; there is a higher purpose to live for, than human approbation; there are tears to be wiped from the eyes of the sorrowing; there are many faint and weary ones that bow in anguish, not thinking that a kind Father ordains all in infinite goodness and wisdom."

"And with you to counsel and direct—but I see by your averted face, that it is useless to say more—Farewell," and pressing her hand to his lips, he was gone. * * *

"Strange, Wilson has gone without taking leave of me," said Bertha Alton one morning, as she and Grace sat gazing out of the window; "but it is getting so dull here. What has become of Harry Weston?"

"He went away last week to Hanover."

"O yes, I had forgotten. It was too bad to win him from his allegiance to you, sweet cousin; but, indeed, I did not know that it would cause

that cheek to flush and the voice to tremble at the mere mention of his name."

"It is not that, Bertha; you know he never cared for me, but I believe he loved you, and it was not worth causing a pang to a heart like his, for the mere gratification of an idle vanity."

"But then it is so pleasant to think I have listened to three declarations of love, and next Wednesday is my seventeenth birthday. It is strange Wilson should have left me as he did, after taking the trouble of coming here, when he might have been at Newport or Saratoga; but never mind we shall meet again, and I will repay him for past neglect." * * *

Four years had fled by, each one laden with changes and histories of its own, since Bertha Alton and Grace Lindon sat in the little brown cottage home of the latter. Those four years had proved sad pages in Grace's life history, for during that time her parents had gone to immortality, leaving their eldest daughter the guide and protector of their three younger children.

Mr. Lindon had not possessed a large share of this world's goods and the cottage was sold to pay the expenses of his illness. The clergyman who lived in Grace's native village, offered to take the two younger children until something could be provided for their support, and Grace had taken the situation of governess, and her salary enabled her to support herself and one of her sisters who was now attending a school a short distance from the city. * * *

"The invitations are all given out, Bertha, are they not?" said Mrs. Gray, as she sat in her elegant drawing-room, gazing intently into the face of her companion.

"They are all sent, with the exception of Mrs. Montague's, but I have hesitated about sending hers. She patronizes Grace so much, that I fear she will be angry if she is not included in the invitation."

"I invite a governess! and the talented and aristocratic Mr. Weston to be one of the guests! I do not fancy it would be a very pleasant party to her. With the exception of Mrs. Montague, there will be no one for her to speak to the whole evening."

"But she met Wilson the summer that I spent at Uncle Lindon's, and he would not fail to recognize her. But after all, I do not think Grace will accept the invitation. Your coldness has entirely frightened her away, and it is a long time since she has called here."

"Ah, trust me for that; I saw how it would be when she was so constantly calling to see you, and I took particular pains to let her know her visits were not acceptable. I do not think she

will come; and we may say in the note 'Mr. and Mrs. Montague and Miss Lindon, etc.' But this Mr. Weston; I never heard of him till the last two weeks. Since that time I have heard of nothing else; who is he? and where did he come from? He is wealthy, of course; did you not say he was intimate with the Pembertons?"

"He is very intimate with Colonel M——, and through him became acquainted with the Pembertons; whether wealthy or not I do not know, but it does not matter, for he has talents and eloquence that Colonel M—— says will win him a proud eminence in political life. I understand he has already received an appointment at Washington. I do not know what there is about this Mr. Weston, but there is surely something very familiar in his countenance; I think I must have met some one that had a slight resemblance, but I have never seen one half so noble and distinguished-looking; and then I think he must have felt the same with regard to me, for when I was introduced at Mrs. Hamilton's, he said something about its being so long time since had seen me, that he scarcely recognized me; and then when I looked up inquiringly, he saw by my looks that I did not know him, and apologized by replying that he met so many strange faces he might be pardoned if he sometimes made a mistake of the kind; but he showed me more attention than any other person present, with the exception of John Pemberton. I am glad he is so soon to be married; and aunt, you must spare no expense in my dress for this eventful evening, there is no knowing what the result will be."

"No expense shall be spared, Bertha, but you must remember that this game cannot be played much longer; and before two months have passed, the auctioneer's flag will wave over this door; but by that time you must be mistress of another mansion; and it will be your own fault if you are not so."

"Do not fear for me, aunt; it took some manoeuvring to bring Wilson to a declaration, but it came at last; when I replied, that never having thought of the matter, I would like a month to reflect on the affair, before that time the distinguished lawyer—but no more, it is time to call the carriage to go out and purchase the dress for the coming occasion."

It was late on the evening of the assembly at Mrs. Gray's, and anxious eyes were turned in the direction of the door, but all to no purpose. Bertha Alton had never looked more beautiful. The broad, dark braid of hair wound round her head, just above her forehead, gave an almost regal appearance to that superb face. The rounded arms were encircled with bracelets of pearls

sprinkled here and there with diamonds, which glistened like stars in the midst of clouds. The dress of white satin fell in graceful folds around the queenly form, as she moved around the apartment, while murmurs of "brilliant," "beautiful," ran around the room. If he could only see her now—so Bertha thought, but he came not; she had been told that he went but little into such assemblies, but she had thought he would come to-night. She did not condescend to notice her cousin Grace, who was quietly seated in a corner with her simple muslin, without ornament, save the single rosebud in her hair. Once, only once, Mrs. Gray had spoken to her, and then the words: "So you came this evening? Bertha thought you would not, you went into society so little since you lost your parent," caused the tears to start to her eyes, and the regret that she had yielded to the solicitations of Mrs. Montague to be present at the assembly. But hark! Miss Pemberton, Colonel M—— and Mr. Weston are announced.

Bertha Alton was leaning listlessly on Fred Wilson's arm, without hearing half the remarks he addressed to her, but suddenly her eyes flash with new light, the smile plays around her mouth, and the bloom on her cheek betrays strong emotion. She withdraws her hand from Wilson's arm, and there was no lack of animation now, for she did her best to please, as she stood at the side of the admired and gifted stranger.

Weston was indeed a fine and distinguished-looking man, with large, full, hazel eyes, fringed with long, black lashes, and his countenance at that moment was half serious. His features were marked and fine, combined with great vigor and character of expression, varying with every changing feeling or momentary emotion. After conversing a few moments with Bertha Alton, he retired to the recess of a window, and stood gazing upon the crowd down the room; soon his eye rests on a fair girl, of a sweet loveliness that might have won from the most fastidious that admiration given to personal beauty. But Weston had grown indifferent as well as fastidious, and why should his eye rest there with more than its wonted interest?

Soon he crossed the room and with frank cordiality reached out his hand.

"I trust I do not need an introduction here," he said, a moment afterwards, placing himself by her side.

How little he needed it the flushed cheek and trembling hand which he had detained might have told him, but not for worlds could she at that moment have spoken.

"You seem quite retired, this evening, Grace;

you must still allow me to call you Grace, for it seems so cold and hollow to use formality to one who was my earliest friend and companion. But see, the guests are about descending to the refreshment room; please allow me to conduct you?"

Bertha saw Weston leading her cousin through the hall, and she gazed in amazement. Where *could* they have met? But from parts of the conversation which she heard, the past all came back to her mind; and overwhelmed with mortification and disappointment, she did not again seek his society, but at the expiration of Wilson's month of probation she became his wife, and removed with him to a distant city. * *

Years have passed away and Harry Weston's movements have been chronicled, as matters of interest to the public. But to sketch the progress of such a character through the shifting scenes of his upward career; to observe him in his associations with the great, the daring and acute, should be the work of a more gifted pen. One simple incident shall close our story:

"Who do you think, dearest Grace," said the Honorable Harry Weston, to his wife, "I have engaged for my private secretary?"

"I am sure I cannot imagine."

"The husband of Bertha Alton, that was; he has spent a large fortune, and this morning came to me for employment, so I took him for a short time on trial."

INVENTOR OF PICKLED HERRING.

Some of our most valuable inventions are of so simple a character that the only wonder about them seems to be that they were never found out before. It is said that the emperor of Russia has just returned from a visit to the little town of Borgo, on the Baltic, where he took part in the ceremony of laying the foundation of a monument to the memory of the fisherman Beukels, who first introduced the plan of preserving herrings by salting and packing them. Formerly the vast numbers of herrings which were captured on the northern and western shores of the empire, were lost to the world by the rapid decomposition of the fish. Beukels conceived the happy idea of salting them, and having instructed his neighbors how to preserve them by this process, went himself to Finland and taught the Fins how to deal with the fish. As a reward for his public spirit the name of Beukels has been handed down to posterity as a benefactor of mankind. The emperor Charles the Fifth visited his tomb; Peter the Great granted a pension to one of his descendants, and now Alexander has laid the foundation stone of a monument to be erected in his honor.—*Portfolio*.

Wisdom allows nothing to be good that will not be so forever—no man to be happy but he that needs no other happiness than what is within himself—no man to be great or powerful that is not master of himself.

LULEE :

—OR,—

THE FAIR SLAVE OF ISMID.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

THE city of Ismid is situated at the head of a gulf of the same name, and is touched by the great road from Constantinople to the southward. The place contains but little of material interest, save one old castellated structure, and the remains of antiquity which are to be found in the yards of the tomb-stone corners. It was anciently the seat of the kings of Bithynia, and once the residence of Hannibal, and if I may believe the begging *tshawooska* who acted as my guide, I had the pleasure of standing in the very apartment where that mighty general used to sleep. But what I saw has little to do with my story.

Ismid is the seat of a pasha, and at the time of which I write Benmousoff held that high office. He was a fat, lazy Turk, over half a century old, and if he was honest it was because he could make the most money by being so. The pasha had one son named Gaib. This was his only child, and he loved him well—so well that he would even stretch his authority at times to please him. Gaib was five-and-twenty when for the first time in his life the thought of marriage entered his head. He did once make some advances to the daughter of the Capitan Bey, but he was coldly turned away, and all thoughts of love were banished. The truth was, Gaib was not only of a wilful and ugly disposition, but he was very homely in person, having only one eye, and being otherwise disfigured. So the youth resolved that he would not force himself upon the fair sex again until he could find one whom he could command to share his lot.

One day Gaib entered his father's presence in great haste.

"What is it, my son?" the old pasha asked, noting the youth's excitement.

"In the market-place—at the shop of old Abraham—there is a Greek girl named Lulee. She is for sale. I want her for a wife."

"A wife, Gaib? And will my son take a wife from among the Greeks? Can you find—"

"Stop, my father. Go first and see Lulee. Such beauty ne'er before was meted out to human form. I must have her, and you must go and see her?"

"But how much does the old Jew ask for her?"

"He asks two thousand piastres."

"A great sum, my child."

"For great worth. But come—you must go with me to the market. My heart is set upon the possession of this slave, and I must have her."

The pasha saw that his son was determined, and he threw on his *beneish*, and prepared to follow on to the bazaar. When the father and son reached the shop of Abraham, they were at once admitted to the room where the slave was. Even the old pasha was wonder-struck by the girl's marvellous beauty. She was not over seventeen, and as fair as the very roses that clustered about the lattice near which she sat. There was much of the voluptuous in her round, full, perfect form; but in her beautiful face all was purity and native modesty, with a tremulous, shrinking expression, which revealed but a little of the anguish which lay at her heart. Her story, as told by the Jew, was simply this: About a year before she had been stolen away from her home in Greece and brought hither by a corsair. He (the Jew) bought her at once, and had since kept her at work in his kitchen. But now he had found a cheaper cook, and he wanted the money for the fair Greek.

Benmousoff acknowledged that he had never before seen a female so lovely, and knowing that no respectable free woman would take his son for a husband, he resolved to buy the lovely slave. Accordingly he paid over to the Jew two thousand piastres, and the maiden was delivered into his keeping.

"You are mine now," the pasha said, as he took the girl by the hand to lead her away.

Lulee crouched close to the old man, at the same time casting upon Gaib one of those frightened looks such as a fawn might give a wolf. She drew down her veil, and then Benmousoff led her from the place. When they reached the pasha's seraglio, Gaib followed them.

"Lulee," spoke the old man, "you may banish all your fears, for your station is to be an honorable one. My son takes you for his wife."

"Your son!" uttered the Greek, with a fearful start. "Where is he?"

"He stands by your side."

Lulee cast one frightened look upon the young man, and then, with her small white hands clasped, she uttered:

"Spare me—O, spare me! I can cook, and wash, and scrub; and I can be as faithful as the sun. But spare me from this! O, have compassion!"

First Gaib's countenance assumed a troubled, chagrined expression, but a look of anger quickly followed. He moved to the maiden's side and placed his hand upon her shoulder.

"Lulee," he said, in a low, hissing tone, "you are to be my wife. If you are wise, you will beware. There are tortures more painful than death—and fate may hold in store a position worse than that of wife!"

With a quick, cold shudder, the poor girl shrank back and covered her face. The wild heaving of her bosom told how deep was her agony, but no tears came to relieve her burdened soul.

"Yes, Lulee," said the old man, "thou art for my son, and he will make thee his wife. Be faithful, and thou shalt be happy."

Ere long the fair slave was conducted to the apartment which had been set apart for her, and here, when she was alone, she wept. Little dreamed the pasha and his son the secret of the Greek girl's heart.

Night came on, and a black slave came and lighted the lamp which hung in Lulee's room. It emitted a grateful perfume as it burned, and cast a soft light upon the place. Surely the apartment was a sumptuous one, and the eye tired not in viewing the costly trappings that decorated the ceiling and walls. Yet Lulee noticed it not. With her head bowed, she groaned in the deep agony of her soul, and anon a bursting prayer came forth from her lips. Thus she sat when her door was slowly, noiselessly opened, and a human being, muffled up in a long cloak, entered the apartment. Lulee started up, and the expression upon her face was a curious one. There was more of some strong, reckless determination, than of resignation. And then her right hand was hidden in her bosom, and one who had stood by her side might have seen that she clasped the jewelled hilt of a small dagger.

The person who had entered stood a moment near the door, and as he seemed to have recognized the maiden, he let the cloak fall from his shoulders and then turned his gaze full upon Lulee. He was a young man—not over three-and twenty—tall and nobly formed, with these dark eyes and richly flowing hair, and those pure, classical features which mark the Greek youth.

"Lulee," he said, in a low, sweet tone, "have I found thee at last?"

"Alphon!" burst from the maiden's lips, and she gave a spring forward. "I am not deceived! O, speak to me!"

But ere he could speak, she was folded to his bosom, and for a while the two wept in silence.

"Lulee—Lulee," the youth whispered, in a tremulous, fearful tone, "art thou yet a wife?—the wife of any man?"

"No, no, Alphon," the maiden quickly uttered. "O, no. So far Gpd has been most kind."

"But the old pasha bought thee for a wife?"

"Ay—for his son. But no stain should have come upon me. I am prepared. Since first I left my native shores I have not lost this last, sure friend." As she spoke, she drew forth a small dagger, and the expression which rested upon her face at that moment showed that Gaib could never have found a living wife in his slave.

"Bless thee," the youth murmured, as he again caught the fair girl to his bosom. "Lulee, I have found thee at last, and henceforth we live or die together. For one long year I have searched for thee in vain. When they snatched thee from our home, I knew it not until two days had passed. Who was it that did the deed—and how?"

"A foul corsair—a Turk—landed near our cot at Dyro—and I was upon the beach. The demon seized me and bore me off, and brought me here and sold me to the old Jew, with whom I have lived ever since until this day."

"I sought that Jew, for I had learned that thou wast with him," returned Alphon, folding the maiden again to his bosom. "I saw him but half an hour after the pasha had taken thee away, and since then I have watched about this place. I was in the garden when they brought thee to this room, and I saw thee pass in. I saw the black when she came to light the lamp, and when she was gone I staked my life upon the hazard of reaching thee. A friendly vine gave me access to the balcony of the corridor, and with my dagger I easily picked the lock of the outer door. Now flee with me. A vessel awaits my coming."

"Flee?" murmured Lulee, gazing first into Alphon's face, and then bowing her head until it rested upon his bosom.

"Ay. Thou hast not forgotten our vows, sweet Lulee. Thy heart is not—"

"—sh! Mistake me not. O, Alphon, for this long year I have only lived in the love of thy noble heart. In the darkest hour of all that time I have never wholly lost my hope of seeing thee once more. Flee? O, yes. I could face a thousand deaths so that I only gained a step towards the land of my birth, and the home of my father. Lead the way, beloved."

Lulee raised her head from her lover's shoulder as she spoke, and she had just turned to obtain a light capote which hung near, when a heavy step was heard in the corridor. The lovers started with affright, for now each had something beside self at stake.

"Flee!" gasped Lulee.

"But whither?" asked Alphon, gazing quickly around.

There was no place within the apartment for concealment, and if there had been the youth could not have reached it, for hardly had the words passed from his lips when the door was opened, and Gaib entered the chamber; and as he gave utterance to an oath of astonishment and rage, Alphon drew his dagger. But Gaib moved not towards him. He took a wiser course. As soon as he could comprehend the meaning of what he saw, he leaped back into the corridor and called out for his slaves. It so happened that four stout eunuchs were engaged within a short distance, and they were quickly upon the spot.

"In there!" cried Gaib, pointing to the room he had just left. "Seize the dog and bind him!"

The eunuchs rushed in with yatagans drawn, and but for Lulee the youth would have been instantly killed, for he had prepared to fight to the last. She knew his bold, daring spirit, and she saw the danger which threatened him; so she threw herself upon him, murmuring as she did so: "Die not now, Alphon."

On the next moment the youth was seized by both arms, and he could resist no more.

"Away with him!" shouted Gaib. "Take him to the prison and tell the keeper the pasha sent him."

The ill-fated youth cast one look upon Lulee ere he was led away, and as he turned from her she fell fainting to the floor. Gaib raised her up and laid her upon a seat, and then called some of the women, who were quickly on hand. The young man waited an hour, but Lulee still remained unconscious, and he retired. Once she opened her eyes, and a ray of intelligence gleamed therefrom, but it quickly passed away.

Midnight came, and Gaib returned to the chamber, but he found the beautiful Greek now raving. He stood awhile by her side, but she seemed not to know him.

"That was a jacin, or some evil genie, who came in here," said one of the women.

But Gaib made no reply. He waited until he was assured that she had not her senses, and then he departed. Two of the females were left to watch by the couch of the Greek. It was some two hours after Gaib had gone that Lulee opened her eyes and found the two women asleep. She gazed quickly about, and then she clasped her hands and prayed, and the name of Alphon was in her prayer. While she was thus engaged, one of the watchers awoke. In an instant the expression of Lulee's countenance

changed, and only meaningless words dropped from her lips.

"Poor thing!" uttered the sympathizing black. "It was surely some child of darkness who came here to see her—perhaps Eblis himself. Fair lady, how feel you?"

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed Lulee, with a wild expression. And then she muttered over many words of no meaning.

The daylight came, and Gaib visited his slave again, but he gained no reason from her. He sent for the physician, and when the man of drugs came, he asked him to cure his beautiful beloved. The physician examined her case, and then shook his head.

"Her reason hath left her," he said.

"But what shall cure her?" asked Gaib.

"Some of my medicine, and patience," answered the physician.

Accordingly he dealt out some simple drugs, and promised to call again on the following morning, if not sent for before.

Once during the day Lulee was left alone, for her attendants thought her asleep. When they were gone, she arose to a sitting posture and clasped her hands.

"O God of all mercy!" she calmly but fervently prayed, "save him, O save him! Let not the hand of evil fall upon him." Then she bowed her head, and not until she heard the footsteps of the coming attendant did she lie down again. And when the attendant had come that look of intelligence had passed away, and the honest women who watched her thought her still insane.

And so the night came again, and when Gaib came he found his purchased bride still insensible to his presence. He gazed upon her a few moments in silence, and then, with a sudden earnestness, he clasped his hands and hastened from the apartment.

Alphon sat upon the cold stone floor of one of the deep, strong dungeons of the prison of Ismid. The day had gone, and the deep blackness of starless night was upon him. No chains were yet upon his limbs, for the dungeon was strong enough. He sat there, with his hands clasped, and he only looked for death to release him from the place. Thus he sat when the sound of feet were heard without—then came the creaking of the heavy bolts—and then the door was opened, as the prisoner could tell, not only by the grating of the rusty hinges, but also by the stream of light which came pouring into the dungeon. The new-comer was enveloped in a sort of long *perdjee*, but for a while the sud-

den transition to such light deprived the prisoner of the power of sight.

"Prisoner," spoke the intruder, placing his lantern upon a low wooden bench, "I have come to ask a few questions of thee; and if you value your future welfare, you will give me truthful answers."

It was the voice of Gaib. The youthful prisoner knew it in a moment. But ere he answered, his eyes had become used to the light, and he could now quite plainly distinguish his visitor's features.

"Speak on," he calmly answered, rising to his feet; for until this moment he had remained in a sitting position.

"You were in one of the apartments of the pasha's harem last night, and with the young Greek girl, named Lulee?" said Gaib.

"I was," replied Alphion.

"Now tell me why you were there?"

The prisoner paused ere he answered, but he finally resolved to tell the truth.

"I will tell you," he said, at length: "Long ere the gentle Lulee was torn away from her home I knew and loved her, and, more than that, she loved me. I had asked her to become my wife, and she had promised. When the foul Turk stole her away I was absent. O, had I been there they should have found their graves in the sands of our coast! But I was away. When I returned, Lulee was gone. Her poor old father limped out and told me the sad story. He had seen the whole, but he could not prevent it. I started off, and for the long year I have searched in vain until yesterday, when I learned that she had been taken to your seraglio."

"And why came you to her?"

"To free her from your power."

"And for nothing else?"

"Else?" repeated Alphion, with a burning cheek. "Beware, sir, that you do not—"

"Hold," uttered Gaib, in a tone of relief. "I believe your words. I feared at first that you meant a more accursed blow than to deprive me of her presence. But I knew not why you were there, and hence have I come to see you."

"Did not Lulee tell thee?"

"No. She could not."

"Could not?"

"No. Her mind is unbalanced. She has spoken no word of sense since you were with her."

The Greek youth started as he heard this, and for a moment he stood as one fear-struck; but on the next instant he trembled as though an electric shock had passed through his system, and then his features settled into a look of strange intent.

"Is the maiden sick?" he asked; but in a tone which, to a close observer, would have shown that his real thoughts had nothing to do with the question.

"Not very," was the answer.

"Poor Lulee!" murmured Alphion, bowing his head and covering his face with his hands. "Thou art lost to me forever!" Yet the speaker lost not sight of his visitor, for had Gaib looked sharply he might have seen, like a diamond in the dark with a single ray of light reflected from it, the gleaming of the youth's dark eye.

But Gaib suspected nothing. He believed that the Greek's agony had crushed him. He stood, with his hands folded in his capote, silently and earnestly regarding the prisoner. In an instant the Greek bounded forward and forced Gaib back upon the wooden bench, and, ere the astounded man could recover, his short sabre was taken from him and he was defenceless.

"Now, foul Turk," uttered Alphion, between his clenched teeth, "thou art in my power, and as sure as there is a Great Spirit who sees us both, I will kill thee if thou dost not obey me! Mark me—I fear not the taking of thy life, for well do I know that I have been doomed. I would kill thee as I would crush the asp I found among my choice fruit!"

"Mercy! Do not murder me here in cold blood! I will cry—"

"—sh!" interrupted the Greek. "Make but one sound above thy breath, and this weapon finds thy heart. I speak not idly now. But obey me, and thou shalt be spared. Do as I bid thee, and I'll harm thee not."

"And what wouldst thou?" Gaib gasped, utterly fear-stricken.

"Remove thy capote and thy beneish—thy sash and belt—thy shoes and trowsers, and cap. Come—hasten."

"But wherefore this?"

"To save me the work of killing thee, and then taking these things from thy dead body."

"But what want you with them?"

"Mind you not that. I only bid you remove the garments.—By the powers of heaven, sir, you live not a minute longer if you hesitate!"

Gaib gazed upon the prisoner's powerful frame—he felt the iron grip upon his arm—and, moreover, he saw the gleaming sabre pointed to his heart. With a deep groan he threw off his *feredjee*, or capote; then he removed his beneish—a cloth garment, worn over the linen jubbee. But here he hesitated.

"What would you do with these things?" he eagerly asked.

"Why, since thou art so inquisitive, I will

tell thee: I would make my escape from this accursed place; and when once clear of it I will never be found in Iamid again. Now off with thy shoes, and then the trowsers."

"But—"

"Ha! Shall I strike?"

"Hold! Mercy!"

"Quick, then!"

Gaib quickly divested himself of his shoes and trowsers, and when this was done the Greek seized him and threw him down. With his handkerchief he firmly bound the young Turk's arms behind him, and then with his red woollen scarf, or sash, he as firmly bound his legs. This done, he lifted Gaib to a sitting posture, and then, with the latter's own kerchief, he bound up his mouth so firmly that he could not utter a sound above a mere guttural groan.

Alphion's next move was to remove his own upper garments, and in their place he donned those of his victim. When he had wound Gaib's sash about his loins, and buckled on his sabre, and donned the heavily tasselled cap, he turned to the bound man, and said:

"Now I fancy that I may pass in the dark for the pasha's son. If the jailor treats you as well as he did me, he will bring you a crust of bread in the morning, and then he may set you free. Farewell—and if I never see you again, you may keep my poor garments in remembrance of one who has only placed you in durance for a few hours that he might escape an ignominious death."

The poor Turk made a desperate movement, but he could not arise to his feet, and without waiting longer, Alphion picked up the lantern and turned towards the door. When he reached the low vaulted passage, he closed the door after him and bolted it, and then he hastened away toward the stairs. He remembered well the way by which he had come down, and he had no difficulty in finding the same way back. He had to ascend only one flight of steps, and though the upper corridor was long and narrow, yet it was straight, and ere long the fugitive came to the office. There were two *Arnaouts* there, one of whom was asleep over a sort of leewan, while the other sat bobbing his head over his pipe. But they both started up as Alphion entered, and looked as energetic and wakeful as two weasels.

"Suppose I leave this lantern here," said the Greek, imitating Gaib's voice as nearly as possible, and hiding the imperfection that might exist in a grunting, hasty whisper. He knew not whether the lantern belonged to the prison or not, but he was on the safe side.

"As you please, jewel of the age," returned one of the Albanians, bowing low.

So the youth set the lantern down; but as he was about to turn away, the last speaker interrupted him:

"Does the dog die to-morrow?"

"Yes. But you may carry him his breakfast."

"We will obey."

In a few minutes more the youthful Greek was in the street. He felt assured now, and with a bolder step, he hastened on. There was no moon, but the stars were all out, and Alphion knew his way.

Lulee lay upon her couch, and near her sat two female blacks. One of them was sleeping while the other kept watch. The maiden seemed to be sleeping, though ever and anon her eyes would open, and some incoherent sentences fall from her lips. Thus she lay when the door of the apartment opened, and a man entered.

"Who is it?" asked Lulee, in a quick whisper.

"It is our master—Gaib."

"Slaves," spoke the intruder, turning his face from the light, and letting the heavy tassels of his cap dangle over his brow and eyes, "leave me with my betrothed for a while. Go to your own apartments and sleep, and when I am tired of watching I will send for thee."

This was spoken in a low, hoarse whisper, as though the speaker were afraid of disturbing the seeming sleeper. The slaves seemed glad to obey the order, for they quickly arose, and with low bows, they made their way from the room. When their footsteps had died away in the distance, the youth turned towards the couch.

"Lulee!" he pronounced, in a low, sweet tone.

The maiden started up with a wild movement.

"Who spoke?" she uttered, gazing into the man's face.

"—ah! Make no noise, loved one. 'Tis thine own Alphion. But say—is thy mind strong now?"

The maiden moved quickly forward and threw her arms about her lover's neck.

"Yes, yes, Alphion—and it has not been otherwise. It was but a deception of mine to stay the dreadful fate which seemed so near. But how is this? Surely, this is Gaib's garb."

"Yes; and Gaib now lies bound in the very dungeon where I was thrown. He came to learn who and what I was, seeing that he could gain nothing from you. But wait not now; we can talk of this hereafter. Hasten now and prepare thyself, for the way is open before us. Before I came up I saw that one of the gates was

open, and the coast clear. O, hasten, Lulee, and look boldly forward, for liberty and home are before us!"

Lulee needed no second bidding. She threw on such articles of clothing as were at hand, and then turned to her lover. He led the way to the corridor, and from thence out upon the balcony. There he unwound the long, silken sash from his loins, and quickly knotting the end, he bade Lulee seize it and hold fast. Then he lifted her over the railing, and without difficulty lowered her to the earth. Then he followed by means of the grape vine, which he had used once before, and when he reached the maiden's side he caught her hand and led her quietly away through the garden. The gate was found and readily opened, and in a few moments more they were in the street.

Once they were stopped by a janizary, who seemed to have just awakened from a sound sleep, but he detained them not, for he quickly recognized the son of the pasha. Alphon took his way towards the southern portion of the city, and with rapid steps they kept on until they had reached the foot of the hill upon which the town stands, and shortly afterwards the youth stopped before a small wooden house and knocked loudly, at the same time giving a whistle peculiar to the Greek boatmen. In a few moments the door was opened, and a man, habited in the garb of a Greek sailor, made his appearance with a small lantern in his hand.

"Otho," spoke the applicant, "I am here with my holy prize. O, if you love me, let us be off at once!"

"Ha! Alphon? By heavens, 'tis! But come in. My crew are all on hand.—And is this our gentle Lulee?" the sailor continued, as he entered the house. "O, 'tis. You know me, Lulee?"

"Yes, good Otho."

But enough of this. The stout sailor wiped a tear from his eye as he felt the gentle pressure of Lulee's warm lips upon his rough cheek, and then he turned and left the apartment. Ere long he returned, followed by three others of like profession, and Lulee quickly comprehended that the noble, generous Otho had volunteered himself, his crew, and his vessel, in the work of assisting Alphon to find and to rescue her.

The party soon set out with Otho now for their guide, and at the distance of half a mile they came to a small cove wherein lay a boat. They entered, and were soon skipping over the wind-ruffled waters of the gulf. The vessel was reached, and just as the moon arose, which told that 'twas the hour of midnight, the sails were spread, and under a fair breeze the little polacca started

off. Long before daylight the swiftly flying craft had reached the sea of Marmora, and by the morning of the day after she entered the Mediterranean. * * *

At the door of a small cot which stood close by the beach of Dyro, where the mountains of Maina sweep almost down to the water's edge, and where lived those hardy Greeks who had never bowed to the proud Turk, sat an old man who held in one hand a crutch. His head was silvered over with the frosts of many years, and his once noble face was deeply furrowed both by time and care. He sat there watching the movements of a polacca which had anchored in the little bay. A boat was coming off, and he could see that 'twas full of his own countrymen. Soon it touched the beach, and a light form sprang out upon the sand. It was a female form—and with a wildly beating heart the old man started up. On came the fairy-like form, bounding like a roe, and in a few moments more she flung her arms about the old man's neck, and as a flood of warm tears gushed forth she murmured the name of "*Father*."

"Lulee! Lulee! My own loved, lost Lulee!" gasped the transported parent, as he strained his child to his bosom.

Ay—it was Lulee; and ere long Alphon also came for the old man's blessing. And then Otho and his noble followers came to share the joy.

One bright Sabbath morning a happy party were assembled in the little chapel of Dyro. That same white-haired old man was there, and so were Alphon and Lulee—and there the old vow was repeated by the two youthful lovers, and under its virtue the priest made them one for life.

Lulee never heard from her Turkish master again, and the memory of her servitude in Ismid was but as the passing of a summer's cloud. It gave her no pangs of grief nor did it ever cause her to shudder, for now her happiness was the more apparent, and the breath of her native shores and mountains was made doubly sweet by the contrast. She kept the little dagger, for it was to that she had once given her all of honor in charge; while her husband kept the gaudy trappings of Gaib as a memento of that unfortunate wife-hunter, whom he had left locked up in a dark dungeon, and who had since, by the death of his father and sublime appointment, become a pasha, but without a wife.

Without reason, there can be no religion; for in every step we take in examining the evidences of revelation, in interpreting its meaning, or in assenting to its doctrines, the exercise of this faculty is indispensable.

A HOME IN HEAVEN.

A home in heaven! O the blissful thought,
How it should stir our inmost heart with joy;
And a free gift, by Jesus' suffering bought,
What gratitude should all our mind employ.

A home in heaven! it eases all our pains,
To contemplate the glorious, blissful theme;
Away, dull earth, with all thy sordid claims,
With all thy pleasing scenes thou'rt but a dream.

A home in heaven! could heart desire more?
To be with God in that celestial land;
O, bliss unspeakable! my cup runs o'er;
Great Father, take me quick to thy right hand!

A home in heaven! the summit of all bliss,
Where God the Father will be all in all,
And the bright home where Christ the Saviour is,
Before whose throne a ransomed world will fall.

A home in heaven! the climax of delight,
Where all the blest shall live and love forever,
And our bright sun may never set in night,
But endless day roll on, and on forever.

A home in heaven! unspeakable ecstasy!
Dissolve our hearts in fervid, perfect love;
O, the sublime and rapturous thought, to be
Submerged and swallowed up in God—above.

A MYSTERIOUS MANIFESTATION.

BY N. T. MUNROE.

It was a still, warm, pleasant summer evening, and Mrs. Sherman had just succeeded in hushing the last baby into a sound sleep, and stood by the window looking out upon the quiet scene. She was a little weary, for the day had been warm, the children had needed a great deal of looking after, she was not very strong herself, and a feeling of relief came over her as she laid "the blessed baby" in its crib, safely for the night. The good man had gone out to a lecture, or concert, or something of the kind—she did not exactly know what—and as the evening was too warm for work, and the lounge looked very inviting, Mrs. Sherman threw herself down to indulge the weariness which the day's labor had induced. The soft evening breeze came into the open window and fanned her forehead as she lay there, and with thoughts of the dear children, the husband, and the many cares of her little household running through her matronly brain, she was fast yielding to the sleeping god, when the door-bell rung. One would have thought she had been attached to the bell-wire, by the suddenness with which she rose to her recumbent position.

"O dear!" said she, all in a tremor, "visitors, and I in such a state!" And she began to shake out her dress, smooth down her collar, and ran

to the glass to brush her hair and make herself look presentable.

Her chamber door stood open, and while standing at the glass she caught sight of her domestic's face, which caused her to stop her preparations and turn short round with a "For mercy's sake, Bridget, what is the matter?"

"O, ma'am, the bell rung and I went to the door, and sure not a living soul was there."

Mrs. Sherman was easily startled, and her heart beat quick at the intelligence; but it would not do to let the affrighted servant know her weakness, so she merely said:

"It was some roguish boys, I suppose. Are you sure you fastened the door?"

"Yes, ma'am, but do you really suppose it was the boys?"

"Why, what else could it be?" said she.

"Goodness knows, ma'am, but the heart of me is leaping in my throat this minute." And turning on her heel she went down stairs.

Two or three minutes had scarcely elapsed when the bell rung again. Bridget went to the door, Mrs. Sherman leaned over the bannister—the door swung open—not a soul was there. Again the girl came rushing up the stairs.

"O, ma'am, nobody is there again; what can it be?" And her eyes stood out with fear and wonder.

"I don't know, I'm sure, Bridget, what it means!" And her own heart grew fainter every minute. "Don't go to the door again," said she, "no matter who comes, but stay up here with me."

In this state of fear and alarm the evening passed away, and when Mr. Sherman came home, he found, much to his surprise, no notice taken of his repeated ringing of the bell, and was obliged to walk round to the back door where his knock was answered by Bridget, in a great state of trepidation.

"Why, what's the matter, Bridget? Didn't you hear the bell?"

"O, Mr. Sherman, my mistress told me not to go to the door, no matter who rung."

"Why so, Bridget?"

"O, sir, such an evening as we have had; the house is surely haunted. The bell has done nothing but ring all the evening, and it's little but mistress and myself are frightened out of our wits!"

"What do you mean, Bridget? Who has been ringing the bell?"

"And it's just what we don't know, sir; but it rings when no mortal hand touches it."

"Some boys, I suppose," said Mr. Sherman, passing up stairs. Here the same story was re-

peated by his affrighted wife, and even while she was in the act of relating the strange events, the bell pealed forth again its startling summons.

"There it is again, George, what can it mean?" said Mrs. Sherman, clasping her hands over her trembling heart, for she was terribly nervous. Mr. Sherman went down and opened the door—not a soul was there. It was after ten at night; he went out and walked around the house; all was quiet; he even stood in the street watching the front door of his house, and even while he thus stood, the bell rung. It was very strange; no hand had touched the knob; what could it mean? He went in—his wife was in a terribly excited state, and Bridget was going round the house with wide staring eyes, calling upon all the saints in the calendar.

After much conjecture and cogitation they retired to rest, and for the remainder of the night the house was quiet.

The next morning they all slept late. The children woke first and clamored for their breakfast. Mrs. Sherman tried to shake off the effects of last night's fright, and proceeded to dress the little ones, when again the bell rung. She dropped the garment she held in her hand and listened. She heard Bridget open the door, but there was no voice, no inquiry. She rose and went and leaned over the bannister. The poor servant girl stood with the door open, staring with amazed looks into the street.

"Anybody there, Bridget?" she whispered.

"Not a soul, ma'am," she answered, in a mysterious tone.

"Shut the door, Bridget, and don't open it again." She obeyed.

"Sure it's as well not to be opening the door to folks who can come through the key-hole."

"What is to become of us, George?" said Mrs. Sherman, going back into her chamber. "I cannot live in this way."

"It does indeed seem very unaccountable," said Mr. Sherman.

Ding-a-ling, went the bell again, and Mrs. Sherman threw herself on the side of the bed and burst into tears. Mr. Sherman went down stairs and opened the front door, but not a soul was there!

"This is very strange," said he, with a half-vexed, half-puzzled air.

He passed out into the kitchen where Bridget was preparing breakfast, and here he was met with a most unwelcome surprise:

"O, what is to become of us," said she, "the silver spoons and forks are all gone. I have looked all around but I cannot find them. Sure, what has come upon the house."

The plot thickened; the spoons, the forks and other valuable articles were most surely missing, and Mr. Sherman began to think the house had been robbed. Just then his wife came down, and on hearing of the missing articles, it added not a little to her former state of nervousness.

"O, George, I cannot stay here! I cannot stay in this house another night," and she sank upon a chair and sobbed hysterically.

Some of the neighbors came in after breakfast, to whom the story was told, of the mysterious bell-ringing, and the missing articles. One said, some one must have been concealed in the house; another had not a doubt but it was spiritual manifestations; but Mrs. Sherman could not but wonder what use the spirits could have for spoons and forks. But all were puzzled and could come to no final solution of the mystery. Mr. Sherman asked himself a hundred questions. Could there be any one concealed in the house? and if so, could that person have rung the bell? for it was certain the bell was rung by no person outside; and then again, could a person conceal, ring the bell, the wire merely passing through the entry into the kitchen? This was preposterous. Could it have been rung without material agency? He believed not. As he was thus sitting in his study, he heard his wife's step as she passed through the entry to her chamber, she was going to get the babe to sleep. The house was silent save occasionally the sound of Bridget's footsteps as she pursued her work below stairs. As he sat thus, thinking what could be the cause of all this mystery, he began to feel himself yielding to the influence of sleep, when suddenly loud and long rung the bell, and almost simultaneously came a shriek from his wife's apartment. He started up and rushed to her chamber; she was pale with fright.

"O, George," said she, "what can this mean?"

"Be calm," said he, "I will go and see."

At this instant Bridget rushed up stairs.

"The blessed virgin protect me, but I cannot stay in the house another night!"

"Nonsense," said Mr. Sherman, who saw that his wife was growing paler and paler every minute, "what is going to hurt you? You needn't go to the door, and if robbers come, they cannot carry us off bodily."

So saying, Mr. Sherman went down and opened the door, and behold a form of flesh and blood stood before him.

"Ah, Sherman, how do you do?"

"Glad to see you, doctor, will you walk in?"

The gentleman proved to be the family physician; a small, brisk man, who carried a little cane, with which he was in the habit of giving

vigorous little strokes or thrusts to himself, or anything which came in his way. He had bright, twinkling eyes, which danced from object to object, with the rapidity of thought; he had a quick, nervous way of talking; his hands were never still, his eyes were never quiet; he never sat more than five minutes in a place; he was the very spirit of unrest and nervousness. Just the one to delight in a little mystery for the mere sake of ferreting it out.

He followed Mr. Sherman into the parlor and took a chair, then suddenly jumped up again. With a little stroke of his cane upon his left leg, he said:

"I heard that something mysterious had happened in your house—bells ringing without hands and spoons disappearing—is it so?" And down went the little cane upon the other leg, as he whirled completely round and faced Mr. Sherman.

"Something of the kind has happened," said Mr. Sherman.

"Ah," said he, rubbing his hands nervously, and walking back and forth in the room, "tell me about it." And he sat himself desperately into a chair, and fell to tapping his boot with his cane.

Mr. Sherman related the case in as few words as possible, and when he had finished, the little man jumped from his chair and rushed to the front door.

"Let me see," said he, and his eyes sought the bell-wire. "Ah, it goes right along the ceiling, through the entry into the kitchen, all in plain sight, no chance for that, I see. I didn't know," said he, to Mr. Sherman, "but I could explain it. I heard your bell had rung without hands—I thought I might explain it—I knew of a case once, where the bell kept ringing mysteriously—folks got frightened half to death—wife got nervous—husband grew desperate, threatened to desert the house—I called in—I traced the bell-wire—it was carried through the ceiling, where the rats in their peregrinations had got hold of it, and caused all the fright—did not know but this might be so here; but it cannot be."

"Even if the rats had rung the bell," said Mr. Sherman, "they would not have been very likely to have carried off the spoons and forks."

"No, no," said he, shaking his head, "it was not rats, that's certain. I understand your wife is very uneasy about these things."

"Yes," said Mr. Sherman.

At this moment Mrs. Sherman entered the room.

"Ah, madam," said the little man, going forward to meet her, "happy to see you—sorry that

you have such cause for alarm—very strange, very strange—but it will all come clear in time, you may depend; don't think it is spirits, or any of that nonsense. Little ones all well?" said he, abruptly.

Mrs. Sherman said they were.

"You are a little alarmed, I see—not to be wondered at with your nervous temperament—I would advise you to take aconite alternate with belladonna; you have the medicine, I presume? I have some patients to visit now; I will be back again soon." And the doctor hurried away.

When dinner was prepared, Mrs. Sherman was scarcely able to eat.

"I don't think, George, I shall be able to stay in the house to night, I am dreadfully nervous."

"I think," said her husband, "that after tea you had better take the children and go into Mrs. C——'s and spend the night."

This was agreed upon, and Mrs. Sherman took the children and went up stairs while Mr. Sherman, taking a book, went into the parlor. He laid down on the sofa and was fast asleep when his wife came in.

"George," whispered she, "I think Bridget is preparing to leave, for she came into my chamber, and the poor girl was dreadfully frightened, and said that for all the world she could not stay in the house another night. I told her I could not possibly spare her, she must not go. But she persisted, saying there were spirits about the house, she knew. She was sorry to leave me and the children, but she must go."

Mr. Sherman started up, and as he was going up stairs he met Bridget coming down, all dressed for her departure.

"Where are you going, Bridget?" said he.

"To my sister's, sir," said she.

"Not to-night?" said he.

"Yes, sir, I cannot stay in the house where there are such strange doings."

"Pooh, Bridget, go up stairs and take off your things, we cannot spare you; Mrs. Sherman is very nervous and wants you to help take care of the children."

"And indeed, haven't I nerves too?" said she, "and I cannot stay in the house another night."

"You needn't stay in the house to-night, you can go with Mrs. Sherman. I shall watch here so that your things will be perfectly safe."

Bridget looked sullen and displeased; however, she went up stairs, took off her bonnet and came down to the kitchen, where she was sitting moodily by the window, when the little doctor came in.

"Ah, how do you do, Bridget? I thought I would come in this way, so as not to disturb Mr.

and Mrs. Sherman. Has the bell rung much to-day?"

"Ah yes, sir, it is ringing all the time."

"And what do you suppose, Bridget," and he came close up to her, "what do you suppose is the cause of all this?"

"I am sure I cannot tell, sir."

"It frightens you a little, Bridget, doesn't it?"

"Ah, sir, and the life is scared almost out of me; and do you think it is the spirits, the same as the ladies tell about, that tips the tables and upsets the chairs?"

"I don't know, Bridget, but if spirits, they must be very bad ones. Is Mr. Sherman at home?"

"Yes, sir, he is."

"Will you call him?"

Bridget left the room. No sooner had she gone than the little doctor jumping into a chair, succeeding in securing a small piece of wire with a feather attached, to the tongue of the bell; after doing this he walked very quietly into the parlor, and was sitting there when Mr. Sherman, Mrs. Sherman and the children came in. They were talking very earnestly, when suddenly the bell was rung loud and long. They looked at each other a moment, then Mr. Sherman started for the door, followed by Mrs. Sherman and the children. The door was opened, no one was there. But where was the doctor? At the first alarm he had started for the kitchen where he found Bridget standing in the middle of the room, in a terrible state of alarm. He scarcely heeded her, but taking up the broom which stood in the corner of the kitchen, carried it into the parlor. Looking very attentively at this article of household labor, he pulled therefrom a small feather which he held between his thumb and finger with a very significant look. As his quick eye glanced over the group just returned to the room, he saw that Mrs. Sherman was very pale. He stepped to the kitchen door, "Bridget," said he, "bring a glass of water, your mistress is faint." He was still holding the broom in one hand, the little feather in the other, when she entered.

Mr. Sherman took the glass from her hand, and as she turned to leave the room:

"Bridget," said the doctor, "stop a moment." She obeyed.

"Bridget," said he, "I think you must know more about this bell-ringing than any one else, for it rings only when you are in the kitchen. What say, Bridget?" But Bridget said nothing.

"Without this broom I think you will be hardly able to go on with your operations, and as the amusement must be rather stale by this time, perhaps it would be as well to defer any more

manifestations of your skill in this line; all that remains for you now, is to bring forward the missing articles."

Without a word of reply, but with the strongest indignation in her countenance and manner, the girl turned and left the room.

"Why, doctor," said Mrs. Sherman, "why do you accuse Bridget of all this trouble?"

"My dear madam," said the doctor, walking briskly up to her, "listen for a moment, and I will convince you. I knew that the bell would never ring without material agency, so I cast about me to think what it could be—I thought of Bridget—I determined to test her—I took a small piece of wire which I succeeded in securing to the bell, to this I attached a feather, in such a manner that the least touch would brush it off. Soon the bell rings—the door is opened—no one is there—I go out into the kitchen—take up the broom standing in the corner—behold, there is the very feather which I had attached to the bell—you perceive, madam, the inference I draw from all this?"

"But why should she do all this?"

"That is more than I know. I merely deal in facts. Has she been with you long?"

"Some weeks, and we like her very much."

"It would be well to search her trunk, as no doubt she will be packing off as soon as possible."

"I think, doctor, you must be mistaken. I don't think Bridget could be guilty, for she has been as much alarmed as any of us."

"Can't help it, madam; but I am convinced that no stronger agency has been at work, than this simple broom."

"But what possible benefit could this be to her, she will only lose her place thereby?"

"But you forget, my dear madam, that she did not intend being found out."

"You are very hard, doctor," said the kind-hearted lady. "I think you will yet find she is innocent."

Mr. Sherman who had been absent from the room, now entered.

"I have, by Bridget's request, searched her trunks and found nothing to confirm my suspicions, and she loudly protests her innocence."

Mrs. Sherman looked at the doctor with a triumphant air.

"I cannot help that," said the imperturbable doctor; "the bell-ringing and the robbery are by some means connected. Call Bridget, if you please."

Bridget was called, but as she came down the back stairs, the doctor stepped up the front. He went into her chamber, looked into her closet, it was empty, every article was in her trunk. He

pulled the clothes from the bed—the mattresses from the bedstead—but found nothing—with his little cane he gave vigorous strokes to the feather bed, but nothing rewarded his search, and he stood for a few minutes as if nonplussed. Then he took up a pillow—pulled off the case—examined the ends very carefully—something attracted his keen eye—he squeezed the feathers in his hand—he pulled out his penknife and ripped open the end—out came the feathers—out came also silver spoons and forks—open came the other pillow, and out came more missing articles. He went to the stairs and called for Mr. Sherman; up came the gentleman and his wife.

"Look at here!" said the doctor, pointing to the feathers, spoons and forks, laying about the floor. "What do you think now, madam?"

Mrs. Sherman said nothing, but rushed to the door and screamed, "Bridget! Bridget!"

Bridget came, gave one look at the room and its contents, and stood as immovable as a statue.

"Do you know anything of all this, Bridget?"

"No, ma'am," said she.

"Have you any idea how all those things came into your pillows? Own the truth, Bridget and we will try and forgive you."

"I know nothing about them, ma'am."

"How can you say so, Bridget?" said Mrs. Sherman, the tears standing in her eyes.

"Why should I have done this, ma'am? What did I want of your spoons and forks? It's enough to have one's life frightened out of them by such doings. If I ever get out of this horrid house, sure and I'll never set foot in it again!"

"But how came these things in your pillows, Bridget?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," and so she persisted in her innocence, and left the house that very night taking all her effects with her; for Mrs. Sherman was so kind-hearted that she would not give her consent for her husband to pursue any vigorous measures against her, although circumstances went so much towards proving her guilt. Mrs. Sherman's shattered nerves gradually recovered their tone, the family quiet was restored, and whether Bridget was guilty or no, certain it is there was no mysterious bell-rings after her departure, and the silver was never after found stowed away in the pillows.

Some months after these strange occurrences, as Mr. and Mrs. Sherman were sitting together, the doctor came in holding a paper in his hand, and in his usual abrupt manner began:

"My dear madam, I have a paragraph I wish to read: 'Bridget MacCarthy was brought before the Police Court, charged with taking spoons and other valuable articles, from the family with

whom she was at service. The court brought her in guilty, and sent her to the House of Correction for three years.'

Mrs. Sherman's work dropped from her hands. "Poor girl, I was in hopes that her experience here would have been a lesson to her. What can induce her to pursue such a course?"

"I suppose," said the doctor, with a very wise look, "it is an infirmity of her nature. I have heard of many cases of a similar character. In low life this disease is called the depravity of the heart—vicious propensity—in high life, it is treated with much more lenity, and is called, a monomania—a morbid state of the mind—and is considered more a misfortune than a fault; but it is my opinion that the disease is the same in both cases, and that a strict system of diet, and some wholesome restraint is necessary for the good of the patient; and even then, the disease often baffles all the skill and tact of the physician. I hope that poor Bridget's medical attendant will be successful in arresting the progress of her disease, for it is one of those complaints for which I am sorry to say homeopathy has no specific."

NOT TO BE DONE.

A pleasant correspondent of a Boston paper, writing from New Orleans, gives the following incident:

You can buy nothing in New Orleans (which is the case I believe in most southern and western cities), for less than a "picayune," one-sixteenth of a dollar. Coppers are hardly known; and "nine-pence"—Boston currency—pass indiscriminately for "bits" or one-eighth of a dollar. I was amused at a little incident which I saw on board one of the western boats. A man from the North tried to pass ten coppers upon a "Sucker," a native of Illinois, for a dime.

"What be they?" inquired the Sucker, turning over the coppers in unfeigned ignorance.

"I calculate they are cents," replied the Northerner. "Can't you read?"

"I reckon not," said the other; "and what's more, old boss, I allow I don't want to. What is cents, mister?"

"I vow to the judges," said the Northerner, "you are worse than the heathen! Cents is money, sartin! Ten of them are worth one dime. Can't you see it says 'E. Pluribus Unum,' that's the Latin for 'Hail Columbia!' and here it's inscribed, one cent."

"Look at here, stranger," responded the sucker, putting the thumb of his right hand into his ear, and inclining his fingers forward, "you may run that saw on a Hoosier, or a Wolverine, but I'm dod rosted if you Yankee me with the con-tusive stuff."

And he marched off to the social hall, to indulge in a drink of corn whiskey, in compliment to his own sagacity.

It is much better to endeavor to forget one's misfortunes, than to speak often of them.

LINES UPON A FINISHED JOURNAL.

BY JAMES F. FITES.

An open record now before me lies,
 With "Fins" on the page. It is to me
 A mirror of my mind, wherein I see
 The full reflection of my thoughts—my eyes
 Now wander o'er its pages, tracing here
 Some well remembered incident, long past,
 And here some playful fancy—here in haste
 I've jotted down a phantasy—a tear
 Is dropped upon this page, for here at last
 I see the name of one who from the earth has passed.

And Memory, true servant, doth recall
 Each sad or pleasing circumstance—my grief,
 My joy, which I have written on the leaf,
 Are conjured up before me by her call
 To be reflected o'er. The past is gone,
 And ne'er can be recalled by act of ours.
 "Thou unrelenting past!" The withered flowers,
 The sad misdeeds, for which no tears atone,
 All, all are thine. Thou dwell'st in gloomy towers,
 And naught escapes thy bleak, deserted, rock-bound shores.

Our lives are truly journals. May each page
 Be pure and white with record of good deeds;
 And as Time onward in his course proceeds,
 And outwardly we're changed by stealthy age,
 O, let not change pervade our hearts and souls—
 Let our life-journal be unspotted still—
 Let no dark stain disgrace it, let no ill
 E'er harm it, and when finally death rolls
 Our book of life—marks "Fins" at the last,
 We may lie down and sleep, unmindful of the past.

THE TREASURE OF THE STUDIO.

BY FRANCES M. CHESBRO.

THE winds and storms of half a century had swept about the half ruined walls of an old family mansion, located in the heart of the county of H—. It was a fine old aristocratic building, with balconies leading from the upper stories, large gothic windows with curiously carved shutters, that in the main building were closed throughout the whole season of storms and sunshine. The original part of this massive building had been for many years vacated; so long had human life been absent from it, that it had assumed a forbidding aspect. Its dark, sombre color had become even more gloomy by long neglect, moss clung to its roof, and rank weeds sprang up under the door sills and window crevices.

The older inhabitants of the town could remember when the mansion was alive with gaiety and beauty; young people and children kept away the sombre shadows by their gay voices, and the sunlight streamed into open windows, and lit up the dark panelling and carved ceiling

with a rich beauty. It was then the residence of an old English family, who brought from their native country all the national customs and habits in which they had been bred. The Christmas holiday and festival fetes were scrupulously observed, and hospitality reigned here from the beginning of the new year till the last hour of its ending.

James Gordon, with his parents and young bride, came to this country with no further intention than travelling for pleasure, and being attracted by the beauty and romance of this mansion, bought it, and fitted it up according to their English tastes, thinking to make of it a permanent home. In a few years the aged parents died and left their large inheritance to the son, who had accompanied them to this new land and administered to their last hours. Here children were born to the young emigrants, who grew up in the enjoyment of comfort and luxury. Tutors and governesses were provided for the education of the young people, until the sons were fitted for a college life.

The eldest son, Richard, was a boy of rare promise. He combined in his character a strange and wild recklessness with the most intellectual tastes, not only for books and study, but for art. He had all a woman's delicate instinct for beauty in nature and life. He was a poet in soul, and his inspiration found expression through the pencil and canvass, rather than through the usual medium of poetic feeling. His excessive love of art drew away his mind from classical studies, and thus disappointed the hopes of his parents, who greatly desired him to follow the profession of the law.

It was useless to strive to influence the mind of the young student. Nature had designed him for an artist, and in no other sphere would he succeed. At the age of sixteen he entered the university, and for the first time in his life went out from the influences of home. Tutors had been provided for his previous preparatory studies, so that life outside these mansion walls was new and strange to him.

Among the inmates of the family at this period of their history, was a young English girl, a distant relative, who was called by them Cousin Emma. She was the orphan child of an old and tried friend of James Gordon, who having died a few years previous, while in this country, left little Emily to the care and protection of his old friend. Her mother had died in the child's infancy, and the father's great anxiety and trust had been to educate and accomplish this one darling child. She was left in possession of a fortune, so that in a pecuniary point of

view she was wholly independent of the friends with whom she resided.

James Gordon and wife set their hearts, on the first appearance of this beautiful girl into their family, upon an alliance between her and their favorite son. According to their English customs, they made this wish known to the young people, and at the time of Richard's entering the university, he was formally betrothed to Cousin Emma.

There was still another young girl, a year older than Emma, who now became a resident of the mansion, occupying the position of governess to the two little daughters, Lily and Fannie. She was highly accomplished, and in every way amply fitted for her important office, as companion and teacher to the children under her charge. She, too, was an orphan, but, unlike Cousin Emma, she was not an heiress. Her father was a clergyman, who, by dint of great industry had contrived to give his children a fine education, knowing that in case of his death they would be thrown upon their own resources as a means of support. Mary, the eldest daughter, had been bred under refining influences, and her tastes were early cultivated for art and poetry, and all delicate and womanly accomplishments. She sang and played the guitar most admirably, having inherited from both her parents a natural talent for music.

There was but little sympathy between Mary James and Cousin Emma. The latter was more interested in society and fashion than in books or nature. She was beautiful, and possessed those charming, graceful manners that rendered her a most attractive person, and consequently she drew admirers wherever she appeared.

Before Richard Gordon left home for the university, he had arranged for himself a studio, where he employed every leisure moment in his favorite employment. The apartment was in the upper story of the main building, and was fitted up with the most exquisite taste to suit the fastidious young man. Copies from the best artists hung about the walls, and statuettes, and the finest models of sculpture, occupied the recesses and niches of the room. Here the young student spent many of his happiest youthful hours.

During the college vacations, Richard was at home, and as he grew older, his love for art increased and became an absorbing passion. He now found a new enjoyment in his work, from the sympathy of Mary James, the young governess, whose pleasing ways and cultivated mind had gained for her the companionship of the members of the family.

The four years of college life passed rapidly away. It seemed like a dream to the young people. Richard had looked eagerly forward to its termination, for then he anticipated a return to his artist employments. Cousin Emma had looked forward to it with all a young girl's pride for her lover. She hoped that Richard would decide upon the law, and enter a profession that would raise him, if successfully practised, to a high niche in fame. There was still another, who, in the silence of her heart, looked forward to this happy time. She longed to have the young student at home again, to enjoy his artistic tastes, to sit in his studio and quietly watch his pencil fly over the canvass, bringing life and beauty out of nothingness. She loved to trace his bold imagination dash off the wild images that flitted through his brain. She wished him near her to consult on all subjects of taste and literature. It had been an era in her life when she had been admitted into the confidence of the young artist.

Had not Cousin Emma been so self-conscious of her own power to charm and sway the hearts of those around her, she must have felt a woman's jealousy for her powerful rival, Mary James. She had indeed the greatest reason to be so, but Emma could not understand how the simple girl of questionable beauty, and quiet, unassuming manners, could take precedence of her. She placed no great value on the poetic tastes of the young girl, and never for a moment supposed they could influence others more than herself.

Richard Gordon, now a young man of rare personal attractions, was proud of his beautiful betrothed, and if the thought of marriage ever crossed his mind at all, it was as the husband of the heiress. In the enjoyment of his congenial pursuits, he very seldom gave a thought to that far-off event, and it lay in his mind as a part of his family history, a poetic idea, that one day might or might not become a reality. He did not reason about it, or ask himself the question, whether or no he loved his fair betrothed. It had been arranged by his parents that he should marry her, and thus far he had seen no cause to rebel. In his gay moments, when his mind needed reaction from his engrossing duties, he sought the society of Cousin Emma; her gaiety and brilliancy came in well at such times, and pleased him.

Far different was the influence Mary James exercised over the young man. When his mind was filled with his art, when images of beauty were flooding his soul, and struggling to gain expression on canvass, then he sought the sym-

pathy and refinement of Mary. He wished her by him when he sat in his studio absorbed in some new creation. She was his inspiration. Even her presence gave a new charm to his already brilliant works of imagination. From her face, he caught the light and shade that he wove into his work. Her grace suggested a new beauty to his figures, and if ever he was for a moment lost or undecided in the arrangement of his picture, Mary's instinctive love of beauty set him right.

In this way a year passed, and Richard Gordon was of age. This important era in the life of the young man wrought a great change in his character. Before this, he had naturally yielded to the will of others without arousing himself to question their authority. Now a strong, defiant spirit rose in his soul, and all at once he sprang up into a resolute man, that could no more be swayed by the mere will of others than the strong oak will bend to each summer breeze that sweeps through its branches. He was now of age. His parents and betrothed urged more strongly than ever their desire that he should throw aside his childish pursuits, and take some profession, and go out into the world to make for himself an honorable name among men.

This was the first great cause that Richard found for open rebellion to parental authority. He felt that he should never succeed out of his studio, and his hopes drew the most extravagant expectations for his advancement in this direction. He would go to Italy and study under the very shadow of the works of old and renowned artists. He would gain inspiration from the poetic influences of that golden clime. This was his dream, and woven in it was a still wilder scheme.

If Mary's quiet sympathy inspired him in his small efforts, how much more necessary would she be to his happiness and success as he rose in his upward path to fame. His whole soul was bound up in these two objects. Emma would only be a drawback to his life. Her beauty and accomplishments might gratify him, but he felt that they, too, might unconsciously draw him away from his beloved art. A life of hard, active labor was before him; he could not count on moments of leisure. His heart clung to Mary, and she seemed so connected with the past years of his growing experience that he could not imagine how life would seem bereft of her presence. For five years he had looked to her for encouragement and sympathy, and it had supported him, even with the whole family influence opposed to his pursuits.

With a manly pride, Richard made known his

feelings to his parents, and met with resolute opposition. Their whole plans for their eldest and most gifted child were being set aside and treated with indifference by his headstrong will. They refused to give their consent to the union. But they mistook the spirit of Richard when they passed this stern decree. They did not anticipate rebellion. It came, nevertheless, but so quickly, that they were wholly unprepared for it.

Before the end of one month, Richard fled from his home, taking with him his beloved Mary, for the land of his boyish dreams. A letter left upon his writing-desk explained in a cool, manly way his reasons for taking the step, and his withdrawal to all claims upon the family inheritance, excepting what had already been settled by law upon him previously. This scanty income would bring the necessity of hard, indefatigable labor. He accepted this life for the sake of what he had gained by the exchange; he uttered no word of reproach or unkindness. In fact, the letter to his mother expressed all the tenderness that he had ever cherished for her. Even then, in his rebellion to parental authority, he was not unworthy his good heart.

This event was the breaking up of the family. With their notions of honor, they felt that lasting disgrace had fallen upon the house that bore their name. They were completely crushed by the blow. The name of the loved one was erased from the family record, and ceased to be a household word. In this way they disowned the son who had brought such calamity upon them; but in their hearts they loved him still, and mourned and wept over him as their lost, erring son.

The family continued to live here for some time after this event, but it ceased to be the cheerful, hospitable mansion of olden times. They discarded all sympathy, and shut themselves up in their seclusion to brood upon their troubles. Then all at once the house was deserted; the heavy shutters were closed, and the gray old building left to its gloomy shadows. Thus it remained for many years. The people, who were acquainted with the events I have related, had mostly passed away, and their children now occupied the places of trust then held by the parents.

One summer day the curiosity of the town was greatly excited by an arrival at the old ruined mansion. A lady of perhaps fifty-five years came, accompanied by a young and pretty girl, and took up their residence in this old building. The main part of the house remained closed, and was never opened, even to admit a stray sunbeam. This was the condition of affairs at the time our story opens.

Very little could be gathered of the history of the occupants of the old building. All that was at all definite was, that the elderly lady was not the mother of the young girl under her charge. She was an orphan child, whom the good woman had taken from feelings of charity at first, but had afterwards adopted from a strong attachment. She had given to the maiden her own home, and in all respects was she as an own daughter to her. It was said that the lady had never married. She was still a beautiful woman, though her face showed traces of suffering and mental struggle. She was wealthy, as every article about her person and household arrangements betokened.

Mira, the young girl, possessed a dreamy, romantic nature, and her tastes were gratified by living amid the ruins of this old English mansion. She would wander alone for hours among the dim shadows of the main building, exploring the empty, solitary rooms, and penetrating into the most secret recesses of the gloomy old ruins.

On one occasion, in wandering about the mansion, Mira ascended the upper staircase, that tottered under her tread, and passed along a dark hall, following a streak of light that seemed to come from a crevice under the door of some small apartment. Her heart almost failed her as she placed her hand upon the latch, for she fancied she heard near her the sound of low sobs, accompanied by a faint moan. She instantly retreated, and secreting herself in a dark corner, she awaited the solving of the mystery. As she stood there, almost breathless, she continued to hear stifled sobs, and the broken words of some human voice. Presently she heard a light footstep sounding from within the room. She awaited now with anxious fear the appearance of ghost or human being, as it might be.

After a short interval, the door of the apartment swung open, and a lady, pale, and with the traces of tears still on her eyelids, passed out of the room, and hurried down the staircase. Mira sprang forward a few steps to catch one more glance of the person who had flitted past her, and this look convinced her that it was her own guardian and adopted mother. What could be the meaning of this strange event? Mira did not suppose her parent had ever seen the old ruins until coming to live among them. What could be the associations connected with that one little room, that had the power to draw the beautiful woman into its shadowy gloom to weep and moan?

Mira's curiosity was too much excited to be checked now when at its height. Instinctively

she pressed forward and entered the room that had been the scene of this strange drama. In an instant she found herself in the interior of an artist's studio. A faint light falling from the roof rendered objects half discernible. All about her lay fragments of paintings, some nearly completed, others just commenced, but all, save one, in a fragmentary state. The one that bore the marks of finished completion, was the face of a young girl. The dimness of the apartment gave a dreamy, spiritual light to the countenance, and Mira thought she had never seen anything so lovely before.

In a maze of wonder and delight, Mira sat down on a broken stool and gazed at this picture for many moments, unable to remove her eyes from the fascinating portrait. When she did withdraw them, it was to admire more works of beauty and art lying broken and half disfigured about the room. Here was indeed a mystery; her romantic tastes would have delighted in this dim studio, with its fragmentary ruins, as a daily retreat; but the thought of intruding upon the sanctity of another's grief might prevent a second visit to the mysterious apartment.

That night Mira lay in a wakeful state, and pondered the meaning of all this strange adventure. Weeks passed by, but she did not dare to gratify her curiosity by a second visit to this charmed spot. During this time she had been gaining some acquaintance with the walks and scenery about the town. She often took her pencil and sketch-book and wandered off on the hills, or in the woods, to take some one of the many fine views of the surrounding country.

On one of these excursions, Mira came suddenly upon a young man, to all appearances a stranger in those parts, who seemed to be engaged in the same employment as herself. He looked up from his work as the young girl passed down a path in the woods to gain an opening. Some movement of his arrested her attention, and she started in hurried surprise as she caught the eye of the fine looking stranger.

"Do not let me alarm you, lady," said the young man, rising from the bed of moss on which he had been reclining. "I see we are both engaged in the same employment. Let this be my excuse for addressing you. Will you allow me to look at your sketches?"

The courteous address of the stranger gained the confidence of Mira at once, and without any apologies or affectation, she placed her portfolio in his hand, claiming his in exchange.

"You have much fine scenery here from which to sketch. Look at this hasty outline I have just drawn, and tell me if you recognize it."

"Ah, that is very good—it is the old mansion where I dwell, with the hill and woodland back of it."

"Do you indeed live in this fine old castle? It reminds me of the buildings in my own land."

Mira looked up, surprised, and now noticed that the person before her bore the complexion of one reared under Italy's sun, although his accent was decidedly English. The stranger noticed her look of surprise, and said:

"I claim America as my original native land, for my parents spent their youth here on this soil, but Italy was my birth-place."

"You are an artist?" Mira ventured to say to the young man, as she continued to admire the outline she held in her hand.

"I hope to be one, lady, though I now dare not lay claim to that honorable title. I inherited a love of art from my parents. My father, I am not ashamed to call by the name of artist."

Mira wished to ask the stranger if he was stopping in their town, but feared to be deemed inquisitive; but her curiosity was soon gratified by the stranger himself, who informed her he was travelling for the purpose of improving his knowledge of landscape-sketching, and had been attracted by the romantic beauty of the scenery about this town and its surroundings, and had decided to spend a few months in the vicinity. They walked towards the mansion together, and their conversation turned mostly on painting and sketching. Mira had not very remarkable talent for art, but she had a delicate taste that had been but slightly cultivated, and she drew and sketched from nature simply for amusement, to fill up the long days with pleasant employment.

Now a new interest was excited in the mind of Mira for art in its high and beautiful relation to nature and life. A new revelation was being opened to her, and for the first time in her life did she begin to value aright what little talent she possessed. She felt the greatest desire to tell the stranger of the treasure she had found in the studio of the mansion. She knew the portrait was one of remarkable merit, and she longed to bring it out of its musty, shadowy retreat, to the admiration of the artist.

Mira thought to be very discreet, and keep the secret of the portrait in her own mind, but somehow, before she reached the mansion, it had escaped her lips. She reasoned to herself that it was too precious a relic to be kept out of sight, when here, before her, was a real artist, who might be able to trace its history, or at least be the means of bringing it to the knowledge of lovers of art.

The curiosity of the student was greatly excited, as we may judge, but he knew that it would be proper to first gain an acquaintance with the lady of the mansion before asking the privilege of examining the mysterious portrait; especially did he feel a delicacy in making a request, however much it might be to his advantage to do so, that seemed to be so painfully connected with the lady's happiness. It might awaken feelings in her mind that were too sacred to be probed, even by the hand of friendship; and as yet he was a stranger to her. He resolved to wait a more favorable time, and to restrain his curiosity.

Mira related to her guardian her meeting with the stranger, and requested permission to invite him to the house. The lady seemed interested in the recital and gave free consent. Soon the young Italian student was on terms of intimacy at the mansion. There was something in his looks and appearance that attracted the attention of the lady and elicited her confidence. She fancied she could trace resemblances that were so striking as to give her a painful pleasure in his presence, but usually she found delight and companionship in the society of the gifted young stranger.

On one occasion, when the artist called at the mansion to instruct Mira in some department of drawing, which he had been teaching her for a few weeks previous, the lady was absent, and a good opportunity seemed to offer for exploring the studio. Mira did not dare make the request of her protector, not knowing but some painful association might thereby be awakened, yet she felt an irresistible desire drawing her on to a closer examination of the beautiful portrait. The face, as she saw it in its dim, spiritual light had haunted her waking and sleeping hours.

Accordingly, they together ascended the old staircase, and passed through the dark hall, guided by the same faint light that had before attracted Mira's attention. On entering the studio, she perceived that some person had been there since her former visit, for the paintings had been differently arranged. The fragments of old statues and models had been carefully collected from the heaps of rubbish scattered throughout the apartment, and were arranged on shelves in an orderly manner. The paintings were leaning against the wall, all excepting the one portrait. She feared that this had been removed, but on further search, she found it, with its face draped in thin gauze, turned towards the wall, screened from the dust by many larger frames.

With an exclamation of joy, Mira drew out to

the light the treasure of the studio, and held it up before the eye of the artist. A deathly pallor spread over his face, as he gave a quick look at the beautiful picture, and he cried :

"O, Heaven!—it is the face of my sainted mother!"

Mira was half stupefied by surprise and fear. What had she done? What mystery had she, by her curiosity, brought to light? Whom would it affect?—and what would come of it? All these thoughts passed through her mind, as the stranger stood in mute delight and homage before the image of his dead mother. Neither of them heard the soft footstep that was approaching through the long and gloomy hall.

In an instant the lady stood in the presence of the young artist and his companion. All three were struck dumb, and for a moment no one broke the silence. The stranger was the first to speak.

"Tell me, my good lady,—tell me the history of this portrait. I have a painful interest in asking it of you. It is the exact semblance of my dear, sainted mother—Mary Gordon."

The lady uttered a low cry, and fell fainting upon the floor.

"O, mother, dear mother, I have killed you!" cried the frantic Mira. "What can I do to bring her back to life? O, my mother, my mother!"

The blow of the fall had already partly restored the lady. In an instant she seemed to summon all the resolution of a strong nature to her aid, to bring herself to consciousness. In a low voice, she said :

"No, Mira, you have not harmed me. Help me to the drawing-room, and I will relieve my heart of its only secret. Perhaps it will beat more calmly when it has thrown off this one grief that has kept us apart and separated me from the whole world."

She then related to the young people the history of the family who formerly resided in the old mansion—the same that we have already given to the reader. Richard Gordon, the heir to that proud inheritance, was her betrothed lover. Within these walls she had lived and loved, suffered, and received the retribution that followed her ambitious pride, that scorned the idea of an artist husband. This was indeed Cousin Emma, the beautiful heiress, changed by sorrow and disappointment into the noble, self-denying woman.

When the lady had finished her story, she begged of the artist to give her a faithful account of his life and all that concerned his parents.

The young student was indeed proud to tell

of the renown his father had gained as an artist in Italy. His pictures were already sought as models for young students; his name ranked with the proudest names in the catalogue of artistic fame. He spoke, too, with great tenderness of his poet mother, who had died but a few years before. She had been to her son what Emma knew she was in former times to her lover, inspiration in his art. Her love of beauty had been re-created in her son, and her last breath was devoted to encouragement and appreciative sympathy.

Thus after the lapse of a quarter of a century were the fragments of this broken family again brought together. Richard Gordon, on learning of the existence of Cousin Emma, crossed the ocean, to extend to her all the sympathy and affection she so much needed in her loneliness. They were the only surviving members of that once large family. Italy was the home of Richard Gordon. It was here he had commenced life and struggled on to a renowned manhood. Here he would spend his days, and live over again his youth in the hopes of his gifted son. After a sojourn of a year in the land of his birth, he returned to Italy, accompanied by his son and his young bride—Mira—and the dear good mother, who had been so faithful a guardian to the young girl she had reared unto womanhood.

Now, in a pleasant, luxurious home in sunny Italy, dwell in perfect peace and love the only remaining members of the family of Gordons, and in the artist's studio hangs the sacred portrait, and each heart cherishes it as a precious emblem of restored confidence and happiness. Even Cousin Emma now regards it with worshipful homage, feeling that if it once brought suffering to her soul, it has at length brought peace and restoration. It hangs there with its beautiful influence silently diffusing itself throughout that artist home, a part of its life, and an ever living, an ever inspiring joy.

TASTES.—We chew tobacco, the Hindoo takes to lime, while the Patagonian finds contentment "in a bit of guano." The children of this country delight in candy; those of Africa in rock salt. A Frenchman "goes his length" on fried frogs; an Esquimaux thinks a stewed candle the climax of dainties. The fancy dish of the South Sea Islanders is broiled clergymen, while they never get hold of a grass-colored umbrella without boiling it up for greens.—*Traveller.*

The Lacedæmonians applied their minds to no learning but what was useful; and would not suffer the professors of any speculative sciences to live in their government, lest by their disputations, and empty notions, they should deprave the true excellency of virtue.

**"RUN OUT YOUR TONGUE, AND SHUT
YOUR EYES."**

BY JOHN THORNHERRY.

Old Dr. Jennings was a man
'Twould do your soul good once to meet;
So full was he of tenderness,
And yet of every odd conceit.
He had a way he called his own,
With all his patients, rich and poor;
For this no better was than that,
And all alike went through his door.

Among the host of sickly ones,
Eat up of spleen and sluggish bile,
That sought his aid from day to day,
Was an old lady, Mrs. Guile.
In truth, she was as well as he,
Or you, good reader, if not sick;
But she was rich, and that was why
Her ailments kept collecting thick.

The doctor could not go abroad,
No matter where, or how, or when,
But he was haunted with her face,
The wretchedest of wretched men.
He knew that *hypo* was the cause,—
He knew her illness was all made;
And he resolved at last to try
And put an end to such a trade.

One day she met him on the street,
On every side with people jammed;
She stopped, of course: she always stopped:
She coughed, and coughed; and he—he 'ham'd.'
"O, Dr. Jennings, sir!" said she,
"I feel so bad to-day, *right here*."
And put her hands across her chest,
And poured her troubles in his ear.

"Let's see!" the doctor gruffly spake;
"Run out your tongue, and shut your eyes!"
She did as she was bid; and he
Passed on to some new enterprise.
For full three minutes thus she stood,
Exposed to everybody's jeers,
And woke at last to find herself
A fool among her lady peers!

She called upon him for his bill,
And never took another pill.

THE DREAM AT SEA.

BY WILLIAM O. EATON.

THE wealthy mercantile house of Carmer & Co. had given the charge of the good ship Albatross to Captain John Manvers, a perfect sailor, and a master whose many successful voyages had given him a reputation significant of good luck to all ventures under his control.

The wife of Captain Manvers, though an accomplished lady, and a woman of sound common sense in other matters, was a firm believer in dreams, not altogether without reason, she hav-

ing experienced the fulfilment of many a dream, remarkable in itself, and more remarkable in its having been the prophecy of truth.

"Well, wife," said Captain Manvers at parting, "will my voyage be a prosperous one? What have you dreamed about it?"

"I know you smile incredulously, John," she said, "whenever I speak of my dreams coming to pass, and so often, I will not relate them to you, singular as my experience has been. At this time, for a wonder, I have no dream to speak of; but let me caution you—and I hope you will not think the warning a visionary one—against too much confidence in some of those foreigners whom you have enlisted in your crew. I have seen them, as you know, on board, and if there is a man among them all whom you should fear, it is your first mate, that dark-browed, mischievous-looking Luigi, the Portuguese. He looks like a pirate, and I believe that if he ever has a chance, he will be one."

"But the others?"

"Half a dozen of those swarthy countrymen of his, to me appeared like heartless and fierce-minded creatures, the very sight of whom made my blood curdle."

"Pooh! pooh!" exclaimed Captain Manvers, "you must not judge hard-working men by their exterior. Some of the best and bravest seamen I ever commanded have been ill-looking fellows—at least not calculated to please a lady's eye. They are all right enough, never fear. And don't let superstition make you so nervously suspicious."

"I rely so much upon my superstition, as you call it," replied the wife, gravely, "that I wish I *had* dreamed about your voyage; but let me propose this to you. For curiosity's sake, suppose that on the fourteenth day out, we recall this moment, and you give heed to the dream which you chance to have that night. And whatever it may be, receive it as an index of what is to follow, and be governed accordingly."

"Be it so," replied Captain Manvers. "I shall not be forgetful; but I promise you I sleep very soundly on the water, and it is as likely as not that I shall not dream at all."

The ship Albatross set sail, and was soon filling her white wings over the blue waters, bound to a tropical port.

The ship's crew numbered twenty, all told, and of these but seven were Americans, about as many, including Luigi, were Spanish or Portuguese, and the remainder English and Irish. The Spanish and Portuguese had shipped ostensibly for the purpose of a conveyance to the first port at which they were to touch, where they

were to re-ship for home, if chance should offer, as was expected.

A few days after they had sailed, it was discovered that much of the stock of provisions was in such bad condition, that it was found necessary to put all on short allowance, and this caused no little discontent among a portion of the crew, making them very bellicose, particularly the Spaniards and Portuguese, to whom, the captain expected that Luigi had made false representations about the matter, as he gathered from their broken accents that they attributed the bad provision to meanness and design on the part of Captain Manvers. This dissatisfaction was shared by others of the crew, though not to so great an extent; yet there was such dissatisfaction evinced at mess, and when the men were about their work, that the captain's uneasiness daily grew greater. All he could do was to protest that he was innocent of any such intention, and to exhort them to be content with the misfortune.

But numbers of the crew shook their heads incredulously, and when they had an opportunity, conversed sulkily together in knots, or went about their work tardily and with ill-nature, often requiring orders to be several times repeated, before they would perform them.

Luigi, the captain remarked, seemed daily to be gaining ground in the favor of the men, most of them treating him with more respect than they did the captain; and Luigi himself took frequent occasion to exhibit to his superior officer signs of dislike, and disrespect for his authority; all of which, under the circumstances, the latter felt himself obliged to put up with, anxiously yearning for arrival at the port where he could get rid of so troublesome a set.

Before he was ten days out, Captain Manvers came to the conclusion that Luigi was the *real* master of the Albatross, and overmatched him in the good will of the crew; and this he attributed chiefly to the ill luck about the provisions; though the more familiarized he became with the first mate, the more he suspected that he was incessantly intriguing with the men, and the more he loathed the snake-like expression of his small, dark, sunken, glittering eye.

"My wife was right," thought he; "and never have I had such a vile set of fellows to deal with. But I will be wary with them, and strengthen myself as well as I can."

The fourteenth day came, and Captain Manvers remembered the proposal of his wife.

"Whatever I dream will bode no good, at least," mused he, "harassed as I am, night and day by these mongrels; and mayhap, however bad the dream may be, that it may prove true,

as she suggested; for I expect but little good from this half of the voyage, as things stand."

As he thus reflected upon his unpleasant position, there was a noise of a scuffle upon deck, and he hastened thither to learn the cause. He there found Luigi in a struggle with one of the men, an Irishman, who, though Luigi was a powerful man, was about to get the advantage of him in the encounter, when the mate drew a dirk, which he was about to plunge into the sailor's side, which the captain prevented, by rushing in and seizing the blade with his naked hand, succeeding in wrenching it from the bloody-minded Portuguese, and flinging the weapon overboard; at this juncture his presence produced a cessation of hostilities.

"Howly Mary! Captain Manvers, ye did that very nately, long life to you!" panted the rescued seaman, as he leaned exhausted against the bulwarks, adjusting his torn shirt. "May I never sup soup, but I'll do as much for you, some of those days."

"What is all this trouble about?" inquired the captain, turning to Luigi, who was quivering with rage, his snake eyes glaring like a demon's. Luigi looked with intense hatred at the captain, and deigned no reply; while the Spaniards and Portuguese clamored in their peculiar gibberish, like so many crazy monkeys, for the refractory sailor to be put in irons, forthwith; one of them officiously bringing the "ruffles" to the spot.

"Avast there, John Portugee!" at this instant said an American sailor, stepping up between him and Captain Manvers, "or I'll shiver your top-lights in a jiffy! O'Rafferty's not to blame, your honor. The mate tripped over his foot, and struck him for his own awkwardness, and he resented it as it becomes a man for to do. You wouldn't iron him for that, captain, would you?"

"No, Peters, no, the man shall go free," replied the captain, looking proudly upon the listening mate, whose countrymen with the majority of the men, had ranged themselves together to watch the result. "If he did wrong in assaulting his officer, the wrong was offset by the drawing of a knife. It is a violation of my rules, for any one to carry a weapon about his person. Let me see no more of this wrangling, men," he added, turning to the throng gathered about Luigi. "There has been unnecessary trouble and disaffection enough already. I have marked it among you, and I wish to see no more of it. Be warned against ill advisers, men, or that may happen which you will bitterly repeat."

He walked away, overhearing the murmurs of that part of the crew who seemed inclined to side with Luigi, right or wrong.

"Cospetto!" hissed Luigi to those about him, as he ground his teeth at the double discomfiture, "worse *will* come of it, ere long!" And with a significant shrug and glance at O'Rafferty, who was now conversing with Peters, he held a low-toned interview with his companions, of no agreeable nature, judging from their looks and gestures. O'Rafferty caught the eye of Luigi, as its venomous glance was bent upon him for an instant.

"O niver mind, ye murderin blackguard. I fear neither yer ugly toad's eye nor yer knife, bad luck to it, that's to the bottom of the say, or will be soon. An O'Rafferty niver demeaned himself so far, as to take a knife upon his enemy. By the powers, if I had ye ashore, I'd—I'd—"

The sentence was unfinished, owing to the caution of Peters, who whispered to the irate Hibernian to keep cool and be on his guard; and during the rest of the day the affair was much dwelt upon by the men, who from that time took sides decisively, either for or against the captain, the majority being with Luigi—for they had been sounded by him often before, on a matter of darker import, and their piratical proclivities were found to be all that he could wish.

The fourteenth night had come, and Captain Manvers, as he retired to rest, knew that his wife was thinking of her promise; and musing upon her whimsical ideas of dreams, he fell asleep. He dreamed, and his dream was of no pleasant cast. In his sleep he saw afar off the shore to which they were hastening, and his heart beat joyfully as he thought how soon his difficulties were to cease. Suddenly the sky grew dark and the waters answered to the angry rumbling of the clouds. A storm was upon them! a tropical storm, and his men were ordered to their posts. They refused, Luigi demanding that first he should deliver up the command, or perish. Altercation ended in a quarrel. But few were faithful to him. They resisted. A bloody struggle ensued, himself encountering Luigi, and the villain's knife was raised to pierce his heart, just as a boat was leaving the ship with O'Rafferty in it.

With an herculean effort he strove to disengage himself, when—suddenly he awoke! Through the agony of his dream his brow was covered with perspiration, and his heart beat audibly. The light burned dimly, but with sufficient brightness to enable him to discover Luigi's figure stealing through the doorway.

"Who's there?" he cried, starting up.

There was no answer, but the door was slammed violently to. He sprang towards it and looked out, but nobody was to be seen.

"To thieve or murder, doubtless," he muttered, and trimming the lamp, he examined the pistols under his pillow. They were in order, and he determined, till they should reach their port, to keep them so, and carry them about him at all hours.

"She told me to be governed by the dream, whatever it might be, and I should be a fool to do otherwise, as I am situated. But I must do more. I must sound my men; and I think already I know whom I can trust—pity they should be so few!"

In pursuance of this resolution, that day he discovered, through the representations of O'Rafferty and Peters, who had not been unmindful of the actions of the others, that there were but eight in all, on whom he could rely.

He mentioned his dream, enjoining secrecy; and as if the vision had been a revelation from Heaven, preparations were made for the worst; first against surprise, and then for escape, should the faithful few be defeated. They were armed privately, and such weapons as they could not use were concealed in the hold of the ship. Things looked so menacingly that the captain decided for once in his life, to follow the counsel of a mere dream—but a dream enforced in impressiveness by dreary realities. Lashings were secretly prepared, and a boat so arranged, that, should a struggle come, and discomfiture await them, even in a storm, escape might not be wholly hopeless. These affairs concerted, they awaited the surmised event, of which none had any positive intimation.

For several days nothing unusual occurred on board the Albatross, and save the accustomed grumbling, dark looks, and reluctant labors of the Luigi party, no sign of mutiny was apparent on board.

One day, the breeze freshening into a gale, Luigi was speaking to the man at the wheel, in the hearing of the captain, in a boastful mood, how he had managed the tiller in a Mediterranean tempest, with no aid from a wheel or rope, steadying the swerving helm simply by his hand.

"Santa Maria!" said the helmsman, "not easy, Senor Luigi."

"Easy!" answered Luigi, scowling and looking darkly at the captain, "I could do it as easy—as I can fling Manvers into the sea!"

"Hist!" whispered the helmsman, in a serious tone.

The words were not lost upon the captain, who resolved, whatever might be his fate, not to allow himself to be a proof of Luigi's strength in such a feat.

Towards noon the gale increased, and the

heavens became rapidly overcast, while the hot breath of an approaching storm made foamy and billowy the scared waters.

"Fulfilment!" reflected the captain, as he paced the deck, pale and agitated, while the mate was giving orders. "I now believe that dream. Thanks to its warning, if it prove the means of saving life, though mine be forfeited."

The tempest increased. Cautioning his chosen men to be on the alert, the captain gave certain orders about the reefing of the sails, when suddenly the suspected men mustered together and Luigi stepped forward:

"Why do you not do as I ordered?" demanded the captain, expecting an outbreak, his men prudently disposed near by.

"Because we demand that you surrender the ship to us, unconditionally," exclaimed the mate, "or—" and he drew a pistol—"you see life or land no more!"

"That for your demand, mutineer!" shouted the captain, instantly presenting a pistol, already cocked, which he had held behind him, and he fired. But the eye of Luigi was quick enough to forewarn him. He sprang aside and the ball entered the brain of one of his comrades, who fell dead upon the deck.

"Revenge! Blood for blood!" was the piratical cry of the fallen man's companions, and they sprang forward, half-astounded at this sudden anticipation of their project.

The precautions of the captain's party having left them unarmed, save, with here and there a dirk, they had thought to have overborne all resistance by mere main force, and to have cast all opponents into the sea.

As they leaped forward to their fiendish task Luigi fired at the captain, but only just as the latter closed with him, so that the aim was unsteady, and the bullet flew harmless through the crest of a wave.

"Boat! Rescue!" exclaimed the captain, as he grappled Luigi's throat, with the grasp of desperate indignation.

Half a dozen bullets responded to the cry of the captain, and sent three or four of Luigi's party, dead or disabled to the deck, so enhancing the surprise and dismay of the other mutineers, that they held aloof for a few moments, while the struggle between the captain and mate was going on.

Nor did the treacherous crew observe till too late, the activity of the supple O'Rafferty, who, with Peters, had quietly and quickly lowered the boat which had been fortunately prepared for this dream-foreboded exigency; and which, though it seemed scarce able to live in the heavy

sea which threatened to engulf it, had been laid alongside before the manœuvre was understood by them.

The remainder of the captain's party, huddled at that point, were stoutly battling with their assailants, when a mighty sea fell like an avalanche upon the ship, with such almost annihilating force, that the mutineers were obliged to desist, to save themselves from being washed overboard. This timely wave, too, saved the captain's life; for blinding the gaze and making uncertain the foot of Luigi, whose dagger, even as the dream had foretold, was uplifted for the life of his adversary, it completely foiled his purpose, and he fell with an oath to the deck, the captain tumbling, drenched to the skin, upon him.

As soon as the vessel righted, Captain Manvers himself righted, and managed to plant a stunning blow under the ear of his not quite so active mate, from whom, by this expertness, he was released.

"Come, boat! boat!" now cried out O'Rafferty; "what's the good of a boat, ye spalpeens, if you don't get into it?" And indeed there was little prospect that the boat would be good at all, for anybody, for it was half full of water and in such a sea.

But no time was to be lost. The mutineers were on the point of a rally and a rush, but ere they had resolved upon it, their intended victims were beyond their reach, and pushing off, were soon tossing in their wooden shell, upon the uncertain ocean.

There was no attempt to guide or row her. Their reliance was only in the lashings which each had carried about his person, and with which they now fastened themselves to their frail bark; and upon the fact that they had converted it into a sort of life-boat, some days before, by means of tarred canvass, secured air-tight, beneath her seats. Thus, and with silent prayers to God, they trusted the heaving bosom of the deep.

As occasionally they disappeared in the trough of the sea, their late companions marked and mocked at them, thinking with the rise of every wave, to see them no more; but now the latter found work enough for themselves to do, for the dying and the dead were among them, they were short-handed, and the tempest grew fiercer and fiercer, and their terror-stricken hearts, made feebler by conscious guilt, made them despair of the help of Heaven.

And God helped them not. The frail boat of the faithful rode out the storm, and was borne to the coast in safety; and the strand, though foreign, was friendly, and they reached their homes

once more; but for them, the mutineers, no such happy end was destined; their manageless, unmanageable ship—the ship they so coveted the control of, and for which they had been willing to pawn their souls—tossed on and on, each moment yielding to the avenging thunder strokes of old Ocean, till when at last they were hurled among giant fragments to the shore, they fell there mangled, but to die.

Their bones have long bleached upon the floor of that watery realm, over which they thought to have sailed, through many a bloody triumph, and to guilty pleasures and fortunes, their joy the terror of their helpless kind. But the survivors, whose fidelity received its reward, by the interposition of the all-potent arm of Heaven, still live to tell the story of that voyage, and teach their offspring to believe in dreams.

LOVING AND FORGIVING.

Man has an unfortunate readiness, in the evil hour after receiving an affront to draw together all the moon-spots on the other person into an outline of shadow, and a night-piece, and to transform a single deed into a whole life; and this only in order that he may thoroughly relish the pleasure of being angry. In love, he has fortunately the opposite faculty of crowding together all the light parts and rays of its object into one focus, by means of the burning glass of imagination, and letting its sun burn without its spots; but he too generally does this only when the beloved and often censured being is already beyond the skies. In order, however, that we do this sooner and oftener, we ought to act like Winckelmann, but only in another way. As he set aside a particular half hour of each day for the purpose of beholding and meditating on his too happy existence in Rome, so we ought daily or weekly to dedicate and sanctify a solitary hour for the purpose of summing up the virtues of our families, our wives, our children and our friends—and viewing them in this beautiful crowded assemblage of their good qualities. And, indeed, we should do so for this reason, that we may not forgive and love too late, when the beloved beings are already departed hence, and are beyond our reach.—*Jean Paul Richter.*

CHANTRY, THE SCULPTOR.

One day, when Chantry, the sculptor, had reached the height of his fame, and was paying a visit to Mr. Rodgers, at his residence overlooking the Green Park, he said, laying his hand on a pedestal, ornamented with a Grecian scroll—"Sir, do you remember a journeyman carver waiting, some years ago, in this room, to receive instructions respecting this identical stand, and the side-board at the other end of the room? I was that workman, then a journeyman, receiving 30s. a week."—*Art and Artists.*

The best way to discipline one's heart against scandal is to believe all stories to be false that ought not to be true.

THE FIRST LOCOMOTIVE.

In 1784, in Redruth, England, as a worthy pastor was returning from a visit to his flock, late in the twilight, he saw before him a strange nondescript, as large as a black ram, with eyes flashing fire, and breathing very hard, running furiously towards his shins. Providentially he sprang aside, and before his assailant could turn upon him, he had run such a distance as gave hope of deliverance, when he came full butt against a man running in the opposite direction. "Run for your life! back! back!" cries the parson. "Have you seen my steamer?" asked the stranger. "I've seen the evil spirit himself; run! run!" "By Jove!" exclaimed the stranger; "how far ahead is he?"

The tone of this question, and the company of a human creature, in some measure dispelled the fright of the faithful man, and assured him that he, if any one, should have courage to face the powers of darkness; so he turned and ran after the stranger, who, as he thought, by mistake had taken the wrong direction. They soon came up to the object of their pursuit, which had got into a ditch, and was roaring terrifically. To the astonishment of the parson, the stranger seized and dragged the fiery monster to the road.

"She got away from me, sir. I was giving her a try; the bit of road being good for a run." "O, goodness! well, she is yours, then. Pray, what is she?"

"A steamer, sir, I call her. She is a little experiment of mine, got up to try whether Mr. Watt's idea of running coaches by steam can be carried out. I think it can, sir, if capital can be got for it."

"Indeed! indeed! Pray, my dear sir, who may you be?"

"I am William Murdoch, at your service; a mechanical engineer, superintending the erection of pumping engines for Boulton & Watt, in the mines hereabouts."

Great was the relief and satisfaction of the worthy parson on discovering that what he imagined to be something broke loose from an unsafe place, was but a bit of honest mancraft—a lunatic conceit it might be, but harmless, except when it ran away, and might frighten children, perhaps hurt them.

This miniature engine was the first embodiment of the idea of locomotion on roads by steam.—*Railroad Advocate.*

EFFECTS OF TEA.

Dr. John Burdell, a distinguished dentist of New York, boiled down a pound of young hyson tea, from a quart to half a pint, and ten drops killed a rabbit three months old; and when boiled down to one gill, eight drops killed a cat of the same age in a few minutes! Think of it. Most persons who drink tea, use not less than a pound in three months; and yet a pound of hyson tea contains poison enough to kill, according to the above experiment, more than seventeen thousand rabbits, or nearly two hundred a day; and if boiled down to a gill, it contains poison enough to kill 10,860 cats in the same space of time! Dr. Burdell made similar trials with coffee and black tea, and found the results nearly the same.—*Sunderland's Book of Health.*

STANZAS.

Among the grassy groves, where all was calm and still,
I sat me down, and let thoughts come and go at will.
Dost see yon little mound, with the lily on its top,
Approach not carelessly, it is a hallowed spot;
A mother's first young bud of promise is laid there,
Whereon in star-lit hours she often drops a tear.

Here, too, at matin hours she's sometimes to be found,
And whispers many a prayer for the rosebud in the ground.
O weep not thou, young mother, thy darling is at rest,
Escaped from this bleak world to its Redeemer's breast;
Our Father took it home, away from suffering here,
He called it up to heaven, to be an angel there.

Then weep not, young mother, or weep for those still here;
Think of its happy state in yon celestial sphere.
I know tears give relief when the heart is much oppressed,
But we should mourn in faith that all is for the best;
You will meet your babe again in yon bright home above,
When you leave this dreary vale for the haven of joy and love.

J. F.

THE BANK BILL.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

THE night was far advanced—the sound of carriages and of foot passengers had ceased. I was slowly returning home, buried in the saddest reflections. I had exhausted my resources, wearied the good will of my friends; I had arrived at that degree of poverty which one conceals as a disgrace, and was returning in despair after a day of vain endeavors to improve my condition. I no longer hoped, except in a miracle. My head was cast down—my eyes fixed on vacancy. They were attracted by a little black object lying in the shadow of a building. I stooped. It was a pocket-book, about the size of a porte-monnaie. But a moment before, I had said to myself: "If I could only find a bank-bill!" and I had, for several minutes, sought minutely on the sidewalk, picking up all the bits of paper I perceived. I had quickly blushed for my folly, and recovered my senses. Now, it was precisely at this instant when I had been thinking so much of finding something that the idea did not appear absurd, that I held a pocket-book in my hand. It is impossible to imagine my sensations.

I had often reflected on an analogous situation, but I had formed but an imperfect idea of the emotion I then felt. I was overcome by a weakness which chilled my very marrow, a perspiration of the brow, a nervous tremor, dizziness of the head and violent palpitation of the heart. Reflection suddenly rendered me calm. I had so little faith in a fortunate chance, that I was convinced I should find in the pocket-book only insignificant paper. I put it in my pocket and continued my route.

I had taken but a few steps, when I saw in the distance, by the gas-light, a man coming towards me. Agitation disturbed my vision. It seemed to me as if this man was stooping to look for something. I am now persuaded that it was not so. But then the illusion was such, that I was overcome with fear. I suddenly imagined that this was the owner of the pocket-book, and that this pocket-book contained papers of importance. I will be sincere; a very dishonest sentiment spontaneously seized me. I turned and ran without knowing whither. In my confusion, there was a ringing in my ears, my breathing sounded like the bellows of a forge, which made me for a moment think myself pursued, and I felt almost sick. I suffered more than we suffer in nightmares in which we attempt to flee in spite of the inertia of our limbs. After a mad race through twenty streets, I at last reached my house and rang the bell. I rushed in and shut the door after me with feverish violence; there, I paused a moment to breathe. My limbs bent beneath me. I ascended the stairs to my room. The same reflection which had already calmed me, calmed me a second time. "I am mad, there is nothing in it," said I to myself. I entered my room more tranquil. I seated myself before a table and drew the pocket-book from my pocket. I noticed that, in spite of myself, my hands trembled as if suddenly attacked with the palsy.

It was a little pocket-book in shagreen, its color bottle green, and without a lock. Never did the most exciting romance awaken in me such lively interest. There were four pockets, of which one was closed by a clasp. I scarcely breathed. I emptied the three open pockets which contained, simply: First, a receipt for rent; second, two letters; third, a note for three hundred francs lent; fourth, a bit of court plaster; fifth, a piece of very old lace; sixth, the recipe for a cough medicine; seventh, the bill of an artist in hair. The closed pocket remained. I opened it, singularly cooled by the finding of the above-named articles. I was wrong, for I drew from it—and a powerful emotion like an electric shock seized me—a bill of a thousand francs!

O, what a sensation! I know not how long I remained in ecstasy before this little silken, veined paper, whose letters, M. I. L. L. E. F. R. A. N. C. S., flashed in my eyes like the blade of a razor. I scarcely thought that this bill might not belong to me. I was beside myself with joy. "A thousand francs! it is a fortune! it belongs to me!" An instant afterwards I doubted the legitimacy of my right, and suffered in proportion

tised extortion and usury in an uncommon degree. So at least thought Madame Laure de G., since she did not hesitate to write to her thus :

"Your threats of speaking to my husband afflict me much, my dear Turpin, and are incomprehensible to me. You have too much good sense not to understand that you would do me an irreparable wrong, and that without profit to you. Restore to me my note, and I will give you another for three hundred and fifty francs, payable the 8th of next month. I can do no more. In case that be not sufficient, I will pledge you jewels enough to cover twice the sum. But do not threaten us with such miseries. You have not forgotten how much I was attached to you when you were housekeeper in my family? Be sure that I still love you much."

"LAURE DE G.

"10th April, 1850."

What else need I know? According to my system, I ought to believe myself really and truly the proprietor of the bill. And yet the conviction did not fill my mind in such a manner as to leave no room for doubt. There was a struggle which caused me at intervals a painful heaviness of heart. An instant afterwards, there was an ineffable, extravagant joy, to be comprehended only by him who has nothing, and who knows the value of money.

In order to enjoy my fortune in peace, I had to combine the intrigue of a long comedy. I might awaken suspicion by an increase of expenses, since I was known to be poor. I must live in the sight of my friends as I had been accustomed to do, in apparent poverty.

To change the bill, was not a little embarrassing. It was possible that M^{lle} Turpin might have communicated her loss to the prefect of the police, and that a description of the bill had been sent to the brokers. My exterior was far from betokening wealth. Would not he to whom I should apply to change my bill ask my name? Would he not follow me?—keep watch of me? What, then, should I do? I resolved to conceal the bill for some time and act with consummate prudence and discretion.

I had been in the habit of visiting a merchant who lived in one of the streets at right angles with the Rue St. Denis. Chance had brought among these people, more or less commercial in their habits, some artists and literati, so that there was quite a mixed society. I resolved to go there the same evening, with a view of procuring some details on the mode of changing money.

It was yet daylight. I had determined not to stop to read the handbills. It was in vain, for a yellow paper entered a corner of my eye and made me turn my head. "Lost." I trembled

from head to foot, and read the handbill feverishly. It offered a reward of fifteen francs for the recovery of a lost parrot. Further on, a similar announcement struck my eye. This time, the subject was a greyhound. The emotion had not been the less disagreeable. I resolved not to turn my head again.

But here a voice which I could not silence made itself heard in my brain and said :

"What is the difference between what you meditate and theft? In algebraic style, to find and not to restore is equal to stealing. To find does not constitute a right any more than to take. If I had to make a distinction between you and a robber, it would certainly not be to your advantage. The robber uses, on occasion, cunning, address, boldness; he knows that he risks his liberty—sometimes his life; but you, you appropriate to yourself the property of others basely, without risk and without peril, having not even to fear the injury of a suspicion."

I replied, timidly :

"This woman is rich and avaricious; she has ten times more than enough for her subsistence. I have every reason to believe that she has not come honestly by this money—that she has stolen a part of it. Would it not be the height of absurdity for me to assume a disinterestedness so useless to her, so prejudicial to me, an unfortunate man, who knows not even how he is to subsist another day?"

"Pitiable reasoning! Theft is theft, whether it be committed on the poor or on the rich. Then, evil does not excuse evil. If this woman has been a thief, it is no reason you should be such. Restore the bill, or you will be all your life a miserable shadow of yourself, and never outlive your own contempt—more to be feared a thousand times than that of others."

By this time, I had reached my place of destination. I spoke just now of coincidences, and the stupefaction in which they always plunged me. I am about to state a new one which seemed to me miraculous. I had come with the intention of bringing on the carpet the subject of the changing of bills. There was present a gentleman, a cousin of the lady of the house, who was called Ernest. Until now, I had scarcely noticed the name. Suddenly this name, connected with an observation which he made on the head-dress of his cousin, caused me a singular sensation. This was the reason why: In the pocket-book, it will be remembered, was found among other things a hair dresser's bill; I had hastily glanced over it. It was the receipt for some hair valued at fifteen francs, furnished by a M. Ernest, artist in hair, Rue St. Denis.

past, I read the papers. I hoped thus to divert my attention. The first article which chanced to meet my eye was this :

"Yesterday afternoon, François, a hackney-coachman, found in his carriage a pocket-book containing valuable papers. He immediately carried it to the police office !"

What a lesson ! I threw aside the paper angrily. I took another ; but I was truly unfortunate. Chance seemed to persecute me. I did all I could not to read this other article, but vainly ; the characters would attract my eyes in spite of myself :

"A brave workman, whose name we hasten to publish, Joseph Pidoux, living at Rue Bourg l'Abbe, No. 6, found, Wednesday evening, on returning home, a pocket-book, which besides insignificant papers, contained two bank-bills—one of a hundred and the other of two hundred francs. The next morning, Pidoux went to report it to the loser. This act is the more praiseworthy, that Pidoux has a numerous family, and that he is at present out of work. Facts of this kind are not so rare that we need to be surprised at them. But we are glad to have them to record, were it only as a reply to the calumnies which are often uttered against our honest and laborious working population."

"But I have read a hundred such facts in the papers !" said I to myself. And I remembered a fact which had been related to me a week before concerning a poor young girl who, like myself, had found at midnight on the sidewalk a pocket-book containing a thousand francs, which she had unhesitatingly restored to the owner, refusing even the reward which had been offered. All these examples distracted my mind and inspired me with a profound contempt for myself. I should not have waited a second longer. I should have risen, taken the pocket-book, and hastened to return it. I resolved to wait until the morrow. Decidedly I was a wretch.

I paid by cruel nightmares this last effort of my vicious inclinations. But I had had enough of them. I put the pocket-book in my pocket, after having made a memorandum of the papers it contained and copied the two letters, for I wished to punish myself by one day confessing publicly my guilt, and I went to the Passage Verdeau, where I easily found Mlle Turpin. This old woman examined me suspiciously. I told her why I came. She seized the pocket-book and opened it with feverish vivacity. Once certain that nothing had been subtracted from it, she looked at me insolently and said : "You have been a long time in bringing it to me."

The reproach fell so heavily, that I blushed to the white of my eyes. My confusion and my embarrassed countenance induced her to believe

that I expected the reward she had promised in handbills.

"Ho !" grunted she ; "fifty francs for the trouble of stooping !"

I recovered myself immediately. I turned my back upon the old woman and went out without even taking leave of her.

We recoil before an act of probity, for fear of suffering, almost as we hesitate to have a tooth extracted ; but, in both cases, as soon as the thing is done, we feel a profound—an ineffable satisfaction. This was my case. On leaving, notwithstanding a remnant of bitter sadness, I felt more at ease and praised myself for my act. I dare affirm that there was but little merit in it. Of what use had been my reason, my intelligence, the education which had been given me, the books I had read ? The clearest result of this intellectual development had been to reduce me to a problematic honesty, incontestably below that of a hackney-coachman and a poor girl.

At least, I ought to congratulate myself on this adventure, since, dating from that day, I was radically cured of that deplorable affection, common to so many unfortunates, which consists in a passionate desire to find something. What I endured during three days of possession, more than sufficed to ensure my virtue in the future.

A CHARACTER.

"Old Bumblebee" gained the title from the fact of his catching a bumblebee one day as he was shingling his barn, and in attempting to destroy the insect with his hatchet, cut off the ends of his thumb and forefinger, letting the insect go unharmed. Other mishaps happened to the same old codger in the same barn. In one of his abstractions he shingled over his spare hatchet ; and cutting a small aperture in the building to let a little daylight in, this man actually set in a wooden pane as being economical and not likely to be broken ! Uncle T., in one of his oblivious freaks, nailed his left arm so firmly betwixt two boards of a fence he was putting up, that he had to call help to get extricated from his self-imprisonment. He once put a button on the gate instead of the post. But the rarest freak of all was when he ran through the streets with his hands, about three feet asunder, held before him, begging the passers-by not to disturb him, as he had got the measure of a doorway with him.—*Newburyport Herald*.

PRECAUTION AGAINST POISON.—In Germany, to prevent poison being obtained for evil purposes, none is allowed to be sold without a written order or certificate from a physician. To prevent rat poison being made bad use of, or taken by mistake, the arsenic is mixed with tallow and lamp black, which makes a compound that no human being could partake of.

TO S. ANNE.

BY R. G. VAN PELT.

I think of thee when morn's first light
Breaks o'er the earth and sea;
When sunset's crimson dies at night,
My thoughts are all for thee.

My thoughts are thine mid toil and strife,
And all life's pleasures free,
Are thine, forever thine; my heart
Throbs only, love, for thee.

My thoughts are thine from morn till night,
Wherever I may be;
And should I never see thee more,
I'll always think of thee.

Now if this love prove mutual love,
It would be wrong to sever;
For love like mine, both true and kind,
Can never perish—never!

VASCO DE GAMA.

BY FRANCES P. PEPPERELL.

AT the close of the fifteenth century, Genoa, once queen of the Indian commerce, was fast losing her supremacy, owing to the discoveries of the Portuguese in the Southern Ocean, and the transfer of trade by them to the cities on the coast of the North Sea. Thus Diaz, the discoverer of the southern point of Africa, was held up to the execration of the Genoese, and when Malabar was taken possession of, none but those who have experienced that hatred, most intense when kindled by avarice, can imagine the curses showered on the illustrious name of Vasco de Gama. Most virulent and yet most silent of the Genoese in abuse, was the rich, old merchant, Marino di Vinci, who, pulling down a close, black velvet cap over his silver-gray locks, would concentrate a whole tornado of rough-rolled *r*'s into one word, and stalk angrily off; but that one word was an oration. Yet a populace seldom look at the specifics, and while macaroni was plenty, this people thought nothing of the future, and felt but little the decline of their national grandeur.

The dwelling of the old merchant was built up on the very wharves; ware-house after ware-house (and some of them now closed and empty, so that every time he passed them he gnashed his teeth,) extended along, ending in a solid, stone erection, whose roots were washed by the bay, and whose narrow windows were frequently wet with the spray. Behind and on each side, the constant hubbub of commerce blithely clashed, but before it lay only the bay, with boundless waters flecked with white sails, and one long

point of land running out cool and green into the sea.

Here, nourished from her childhood with no affluence of affection, for he had not loved her mother, had grown up into girlhood and beauty, his only child, Leonora. Her mother was from the hated northern climes—could he love too fondly the child whose loveliness combined the excellencies of both races, whose golden tresses and fair, lustrous skin of the North showed no less splendid than the dark, radiant eyes and haughty features of the South?

The Signor Marino di Vinci had that day completed a negotiation (through the agency of a foreigner to be sure, but, as he confessed, well-bred and noble,) which had enriched him many a scudi. His heart being warmed into a not unusual liberality, he pressed the stranger to receive his hospitality during his stay in Genoa. And thus with his guest he entered the light and lofty apartment looking out on the sea, where sat his daughter, and not thinking to present him, having indeed only imperfectly heard his name, he passed out for a moment.

A year before, Leonora had spent with an aunt in Spain, and it could hardly be supposed that a young girl should be so indifferent, as she had appeared, to all the lusters who waved their perfumed love-locks under her lattice, unless one more successful had forestalled them. Be that as it may, she kept her own counsel, and if she treasured one form, one glance in secret, or trembled when her father rolled his *r*'s over one name, no one perceived it, and she was still, for all that the world, save one, knew, as free as air.

Now, as the stranger entered, Leonora glanced up a moment and then glanced down, but in the two different glances volumes might be interpreted. The stranger had risen from his seat and approached her broidery frame; gently placing his hand before her work, he drew her head back, and kissed the smooth, white forehead.

"And thou, Leonora!" he said, in Portuguese.

She sprang up, returned his kiss with a quick fervor, and then, glowing all over with joy and shame, as quickly turned away.

"No more, Leonora?"

But she held up her needle threateningly and resumed her seat; the stranger had just time to follow her example when the door opened and the old merchant again entered.

"Ah, I see, signor," said he, "that you and my daughter have already made recognition," and he plunged at once into a lively conversation with the handsome stranger, which the height of this part of the building above the adjacent noises made easy and pleasant, till luncheon

entered. Doing the honors of her father's table with a graceful ease, Leonora listened enchanted to the wonderful tales of travel that poured from the guest's lips, as skilfully elicited by the polite and interested Signor di Vinci. There was nothing egotistical in the recital of these adventures; indeed, all the stranger told was clothed with so great modesty and quiet dignity, as to leave the impression that the half was not heard.

"Let me offer you this candied fruit, signor," said the merchant; "poor stuff, to have eaten the fruits of all climes just plucked from the bough, but invaluable here. See what a golden light is in the purple syrup! Think you the ambrosia was of more delicious perfume?"

"Not to be named with it!" answered the stranger, as seriously as his host. "It is besides peculiarly pleasant to me, as being the first produce of Asia that ever passed my lips."

"How so, may I ask?" pressed di Vinci.

"Ah, on an endless voyage, doubling the cape for the first time, on that day most sacred in the annals of Portugal, when taking possession of Malabar—"

"Malabar!" cried the merchant, his eyes sparkling over his angrily contracted face; "Portugal? You were then with that accursed Vasco de Gama?"

"Signor," said the stranger, rising and leaning one hand on his chair, "I am Vasco de Gama."

The amazement of the old man filled the room with a protracted silence. At last, without looking up, he breathed a deep sigh.

"And I have broken bread with you!" he said, between his teeth.

"And whom has it injured?"

"Me! Me and my people! Your expeditions have torn life by the bleeding roots from Genoa."

"It is in my power to restore what I took."

The old man looked keenly and craftily up.

"Ha!" said he, "such great things were never offered without reason. Not without an object did you put that barter in my hands this morning. I was a fool to believe in a disinterested man, and he of all others, a Portuguese. I see now! My pretty half-breed there has not lived a twelve-month on the Spanish frontier for naught. So we did not *finish* the bargain this morning. I must now perform *my* share. Well, signor, you want my daughter?"

If Vasco de Gama could have quailed, it would have been beneath the scorching glances of the merchant, but only drawing himself to his full height, he returned:

"I do. Will you give her to me?"

The old man laughed.

"Will you build up Genoa?"

"It were impossible."

"Ignoble boaster! Not a moment since you said you could restore her life."

"I said I could restore what I took. The argosies whose prows I turned northward I can turn again to the gulf of Genoa; but who will receive their costly bales of Arabian spices, Indian stuffs, Asian jewels? Who will load them with fresh merchandize, who steer them out of the dangerous Straits, who sell their freights left behind? You, Signor di Vinci, and some half-score others! But where are the thousands who made the grass-grown Rialto a swarming mart? Signor! my hulls would rot in your harbors. I could, I repeat, bring back what I took away, but what nature first took away—never! Your Genoese are rotting in idleness, blistering their souls out on hot pavements; they have neither energy, learning, skill nor strength; far rather begging or stealing than earning. Signor, people, not circumstances, make a place what it is. The trade left your ports because your people were so miserable. Hardy northern air and bracing industry came out to meet it, sailing into Antwerp and sister cities. I, as a Southerner, should have been glad to retain it in the Mediterranean, even despite the dangers of the Straits."

The old man's rage quivered in him till the table, on which he leaned, shook.

"Well, Signor Vasco de Gama," he replied, with a calm voice, nevertheless, "you shall not have my daughter! Now go your ways, sirrah! If in Genoa an hour from now, you shall swing higher than Haman!"

"My craft is at your walls, signor," returned his guest, "and it will not sail till the evening wind rises, some seven or eight hours hence. Be assured I shall not leave Genoa till then, or till I choose!" And kissing the hand of Leonora before her enraged father's eyes, he bowed himself out of the room.

Long they sat there, father and daughter, in the stately dining-hall; he with his head bowed in his hands. A servant entered with a dish of plums, whence Leonora adroitly drew a strip of written paper, from her lover.

A long, long time they sat there confronting each other, till the sunset reddened and darkened, and twilight began. The song of the stirring sailors without became audible—the rising wind rustling round the corners of the stone masonry, like a fine lady flirting her silks—the ordering tones of the officers—the weighing of the anchors below. The tall masts raked across the narrow windows; the vessel stood out to sea. And all this time despair was settling on Leonora's heart.

neath. Slipping from beneath her tent, Leonora stole softly forth and wandered round at no great distance. The stillness enchanted her, as step by step she increased the space between herself and the caravan, watching the unknown stars of a southern hemisphere, now going back in her thoughts to the primeval times when all men dwelt in tents, and now wondering whither de Gama bent his conquering sail. At last, tired of this as of everything else, she turned; the tents were nowhere to be seen. Everything had vanished like a dream, and new sandhills with their fantastic phantasmagoria, white, deceptive and supernatural in the moonlight, shut her in, and excluded the little yellow flame of the fire over which she had left the foreheads of the dark Bedouins shining. There was no point by which to direct her course; she could tell neither north nor south; to advance either way might be equally dangerous. She called aloud; her voice fell dead and echoless in the silence; they would think it some jackall howling over a dead beast. She called again; better her father's caravan, hateful as it was, than this. Lost in the desert. Dreadful fate! They could not be at a great distance, but as well be in that new, western world.

At last, fixing a point in a large, red star before her, she climbed one of the little sandhills and gazed in that direction—all was vacant,—level expanses of desert and scattered groupings of mounds. Turning, she sought an opposite hill, taking care that this time the star should be behind her—all as before; in the other two directions, now, the star at the left on one, at the right on the other. Hope kindled in her bosom, she could not doubt of success, and ran forward gaily. Suddenly a low, half whistle struck her listening ear, the blow of a hoof almost smothered in sand, and leaping between the hills, a small, sinewy horse sprang down, whose Arab rider spurred him close beside her, and all in a flash, had placed his hands on her waist, swung her into the saddle, with a soft-toned Arabic exclamation, and was dashing through the desert again while holding her in a close grasp. At last, in answer to all her angry and vehement expostulations and entreaties, as she wrung her hands believing he could not understand her:

"Patience, lady, I implore," said he, in excellent Italian. "Cries are as unavailing as threats. Can you see me in the starlight? Confess that I am young and comely, that I am strong and brave. For what did I sail up the Nile with the white lily of Genoa? for what track her course three days—but to win her? Be silent! Sheikh Hassan has a right to the fairest bride that lives!"

"You do not wish," said Leonora, thinking the gentlest course the best, "to make another man's wife, yours? Besides it is not lawful."

"Law!" he quoted. "What is law to me who am freer than air? And thou art no one's wife?"

"You are mistaken. I was married almost three weeks since at Palermo."

"Who is your husband?"

"Vasco de Gama."

"Are you jesting?"

"I am speaking the truth."

The Arab was silent. Still they rushed across the desert. At last, "It will make no difference," he said, lightly, "you are mine now."

"You do not dare," began Leonora.

"Ah, if you put it on my daring, lady—I dare anything."

"My husband will reward you for me nobly."

"Am I like other Arab chiefs, to be bought and sold? Thy husband is bound for Goa now by this time, I think?"

"How do you know?"

"Do you suppose I do not mark the course of my greatest enemy?"

"Enemy?" said she, looking up wonderingly.

"Ay, enemy! Truly I count him so, who, displacing our camels with his white-winged ships, turns the burdens that once they bore, into other routes, and robs our people of their heritage and occupation! And if not that indeed, is he not mine enemy who possesses what I covet? You, lady?"

"If you wish for my love, you woo in an odd way."

"The deserts are full of Arab women pining for love of me; it were singular could I not gain the love of one simple girl from Genoa."

"You cannot," answered Leonora, with a calm smile of confident hope.

An hour passed and no more words were spoken on either side during that time, till at last the silence was broken by Sheikh Hassan.

"Listen, lady. Goa is thousands of weary, desert miles away from us; thousands of weary, salt sea miles away from de Gama. We shall be there first by many days. Yet I will take thee there and await him. If he takes the city, I battling on the walls, thou art his; if he falls, mine! Such as thou art, are worth fighting for! And till then be no man's wife. I give thee freedom, which thou didst not have when I found thee!" And true to his plighted word the Arab placed her in a family of women and continued with them their ceaseless wanderings, slowly and slower approaching the south pole, till six months were over; then crossing the Himalah,

SOLILOQUY OF MAJOR ANDRE.

BY MILDRED MONTROSE.

And must I die in early youth?
 While life looks bright and fair to me?
 To perish far from childhood's scenes,
 Alone upon a gallows-tree?
 And was it then for this I left
 The comforts of my happy home,
 And parted from those friends beloved,
 For whose dear sakes I wished to roam?

My mother, in thy calm dark eye
 How many bitter tears would swell,
 Couldst thou but know the fate to-night,
 Of one whom thou hast loved so well;
 To me thou breath'dst in childhood's days,
 Of hopes that death could not destroy;
 Those teachings, mother, now shall be
 The comforts of your dying boy.

My sister, in this trying hour
 My memory swift will fly to thee;
 Perchance within thy rustic bower
 Thy prayers arise to Heaven for me;
 But ere to-morrow's autumn sun
 Shall gild the sparkling western wave,
 His fading light shall fall upon
 Thy brother's lone, dishonored grave.

But there is one, my heart will shrink
 From bidding thee, beloved, farewell;
 Too well I know what bitter pangs
 Within that gentle heart will dwell.
 The brilliant dream of fame and love,
 For me, alas, must now be o'er;
 My life's short path would brighter be,
 Could I but clasp that form once more.

It may not be—I now must bid
 To friends, to hope, to love adieu;
 For death comes on with sweeping wing,
 And shuts the future from my view.
 Ambition's hopes must now be crushed,
 Within my heart they cannot dwell;
 My thoughts are of long-cherished friends—
 Once more a long and last farewell.

THE HAUNTED BRIG.

BY R. LINTON WEATHERBB.

It was an autumn evening. The dead leaves were falling about the garden, and all was still save the noise of the flood lapping the sea-weed on the shore. Two persons were walking beneath the old trees in the garden, one was a young man in whom was exhibited somewhat of the mien of a sailor, though scarce twenty summers had broadened his shoulders, and though a foreign sun had browned his cheek, yet he was "full of lusty life." Upon his arm leaned a lovely, laughing creature, just bursting into glorious womanhood; her eye sparkled with the fires of wit and mischief; she seemed one who

could laugh at every disappointment, and by whom to be beloved was bliss. Silver-toned words were dropping from her rosy lips. She gaily reproved him of the broad shoulders at her side.

"Do you sail so soon then? How naughty, Rupert. I shall be getting jealous of Mistress Ocean. You have scarcely arrived, and now you are anxious to go. Mayhap some pretty one of the luxuriant South calls you from your cold maiden of the North. Ha! methinks that brown cheek waxes a little brighter at the accusation. O, you naughty, naughty boy! Remain a few days longer and attend our picnic. I shall be alone without my manly Rupert. Come, say you will."

"Were it possible, Clara, I would, but I must sail. I should have been away three days ago, but for those superstitious fellows who have got an idea that the vessel is haunted. And now they will not sail without I stay to-night in the fore-castle and unravel the mystery for them. If I succeed in shaming them, we are to sail to-morrow. The whole village is astir with their foolish stories."

"You don't believe in ghosts, then?"

"Nor does Clara, I presume."

"I believe in *ghosts*, the evil spirits which haunt the vessel of Rupert Lyons and in—"

"Good night, Clara." And Rupert walked towards the wharf.

The scene was on the banks of one of those quiet little harbors, where merchants sometimes grow silently rich, away from the noise and smoke of the crowded city. It was in Prince Edward's Island, a good many years ago, when commerce was an infant there. I was a young man then, and had charge of a small brig sailing to the South. We had just completed taking in a cargo for New Orleans, and intended trading among the West India Islands until spring should unlock the harbors of my fatherland, which winter always fastened with strong bars of ice. My employer was the principal merchant of the place, and lived near the wharf. We were distantly related by marriage, but a near tie of friendship bound us closer than blood. Perhaps that tie was Clara Sea, perhaps it was; at any rate I had always lived with him previous to going to sea, and now, when in port, spent all my leisure hours at their pleasant home; there was Rupert's room still, and Rupert's slippers, and his writing-desk, and his rifle, and his dog.

I was passionately fond of the sea, and being scarce out of my teens, the acme of my ambition was to make shorter stays and quicker voyages than any other vessel; and now that I had a

share in the business, private interest supplied to ambition what it might be losing of youthful enthusiasm. Upon the whole I am afraid I was but a sorry lover, and my coldness and neglect were sufficient incentives to awaken the witty sarcasms of the pretty Clara, which were always joined by the jovial laugh of old Mr. Sea.

According to the statements of the crew, the brig had been haunted for several nights previous to the completing of her load, by nocturnal visits; and these still continued to be kept up. One had seen a small, whitish figure jump from the wharf, hop quickly across the deck and leap into the water; another had seen two figures passing quickly around the shed on the wharf and all had heard loud reports at midnight, as of the explosion of a gun upon the deck. The combination of these strange events had so terrified the superstitious sailors, that many of them refused to sail until I should convince them by other means than words that they were laboring under a delusion. And now, when three days were gone, and their lively imaginations were enlarging everything tenfold, I determined to watch one night and weigh anchor on the morrow; and for that purpose, on the evening alluded to, after taking a hasty leave of Clara, I proceeded in the direction of the vessel. The long wharf was deserted by all the craft, and not a spar arose above the wharf save those of our little brig which lay moored at the further end. Two small schooners had just moved into the channel, and were awaiting a more favorable wind. The night was growing rather dark, but disturbed only by soft zephyrs which sighed softly in the rigging. Having arrived at the outer block, and before going on board I made a review of the place. Near the bow of the vessel and opening in the other direction, was a shed or storehouse, erected on the wharf, for convenience in loading and unloading. Entering and casting a searching glance around the interior, I satisfied myself that no one was there concealed. Barrels and boxes were piled against its walls. In this corner was heaped a lot of large turnips, in that were arranged ears, and spare yards, and oyster-tongs, and in the centre were several heavy anchors and two or three superannuated, heavy guns. Leaving this and stepping on board I found the men in a feverish state of excitement.

I endeavored to shame them out of their fears by laughing at what I termed their folly, upon which they promised that if I watched in the fore-castle, where they deemed the most danger was to be encountered, and if I could explain the mysterious visitation to their satisfaction, they would sail the next day. Taking with me two

of the most timid, and sending the rest to the cabin, I went below, and stretching myself on a sea-chest, was sinking into a deep slumber, when a noise, as of something falling on deck, brought me to my feet, and immediately a rolling sound was heard followed by a sudden plash as of something falling overboard; this was repeated thrice at intervals of about a minute, each time, however, increasing in loudness, when all was hushed. Taking advantage of the pause, I directed my two men upon no account to make a disturbance, unless I called, and went on deck.

After searching everywhere, and putting my ear down to listen, until completely tired out, I wrapped myself up in a foresail and awaited in curious anxiety. Remaining half an hour without any signs of a repetition, I again went below and prepared to sleep. I had barely time to get comfortably stretched, when, as I had just begun to doze, a noise, louder, heavier and more terrible than any preceding one, brought my timid companions trembling to my side; but, unlike the former, it did not extend beyond the deck, no rumbling over head, no splash of water was heard, it ended as if something had been crushed to atoms where it fell; then followed the same gentle, lulling sound of the water upon the vessel's prow, the same gentle breeze was heard moaning in the rigging, and the dread silence of the fore-castle was broken only by the loud heart-beats of my superstitious attendants.

I crawled noiselessly from below, and hearing a slight rustling in the direction of the shed, I passed over the bow and moved softly round to listen. On arriving at the opening in front I looked cautiously in, and what was my surprise to see a figure approach from the further corner, with something held in what appeared to be an outstretched arm. It moved slowly and guardedly towards the spot where I stood concealed by a large box. Quick as lightning the truth flashed across my mind. I closely scrutinized the object. It was held by a *small, gloved hand*, which was now near my face, and *lo, it was a huge turnip!* The figure placed itself in an attitude as if to throw it with more than ordinary strength, when I stepped forward and there fell into my arms the form of Clara Sea. Another *slight report* might have been heard, and the ghost would trouble us no more. I waited till the day of the picnic, and the one following—and another, and another—until the old man began to go oftener than usual on the wharf, and then sailed out of port, perhaps not so enthusiastic a sailor, but a more devoted lover. Clara's artifice, if it did not frighten us into giving up the voyage, hastened a marriage ceremony!

IMPROMPTU.

CONSOLATION TO A SUNBURNT BEAUTY.

BY FRANK FRELOVE.

Who votes the salute of Apollo a blemish?

The god of the lyre stoops admiringly down,
From the wine of thy cheek his own bloom to replenish—
Repay ye the kiss of a god with a frown?

Who votes the salute of Apollo a blemish—

Precariously seized 'neath a straw-plaited shade?
Of all things in Cupidom slightly coquettish,
Is a straw-plaited gipsie on sparkling-eyed maid!

Who votes the salute of Apollo a blemish?

What though in his warmth he thy crimson embrown?
The sun-god the fount of thy life shall replenish:
Then, beauty, meet thou not his kiss with a frown.

THE DUELLO.

A TALE OF LOVE AND CHIVALRY.

BY FREDERICK W. SAUNDERS.

It was a lovely, warm and yellow afternoon of the pleasant Indian summer season, that the subject of the present memoir, with love in his heart, and his best coat on his back, stood before the mirror in his room at the hotel, giving the finishing touches to his toilet, preparatory to a call upon that ever-so-much-too-pretty-to-be-described young lady, Miss Mary Jones. And as he stood gazing complacently at the fascinating image reflected in the glass, giving divers and sundry twitches to his dickey, and pokes of the fingers to his carefully arranged locks, while he practised a killing smile, and pictured to himself with a decidedly pleasant sensation how pretty little Mary's heart must bound and flutter when approached by such a noble specimen of humanity, he was startled by a loud rap at the door.

"Come in," he ejaculated, rather sharply; for he was none too well pleased at being interrupted in his pleasant occupations; "come in."

The immediate and very natural effect of this peremptory summons was the opening of the door and the entrance of a tall, stout-built gentleman in riding boots and spurs, and with a profusion of bushy, yellow whiskers—or rather mane—which imparted to his glowing countenance that safe and winning expression which characterizes a first class Nubian lion of the male sex. This pleasant apparition having deliberately closed the doors behind him, advanced into the room, and placing his hat and gloves upon the table, drew himself up to his full height, with the interrogatory:

"Mr. Jinx, I believe?"

"I have the honor to bear that name, sir," I replied, motioning him to be seated.

"I thank you—no, sir," he returned, with a magnificent wave of the hand and a military "ahem!" of the most appalling dimensions, at the same time drawing a letter from his pocket and extending it towards me. "I have the honor to be the bearer of a communication from my honorable friend, Bellerophon Smithers, Esq."

"Bellerophon Smithers!" I exclaimed, with a start, and the least little bit of a tremor in my voice; "Bellerophon Smithers!"

"Bellerophon Smithers."

"O—ah—yes—exactly; that is to say—precisely," I muttered, taking the letter and turning my back upon him, that he might not observe my confusion.

Removing the envelope from the missive, I enjoyed the ecstatic pleasure of reading the following delightful production:

"MR. A. JINX,—SIR:—Immediately upon receiving this message from the hands of my friend, Captain Fitz Battleaxe, you will inform him when, within the period of twenty-four hours, and at what place, within a circuit of five miles, you will meet me for the purpose of giving me that satisfaction every gentleman has a right to demand.

"Sir, let there be no cowardly apology or evasion—I shall admit of neither. In case your answer is not immediate and to the purpose, I shall give myself the pleasure of calling upon you with a cowhide; after administering which, you will be fitted with that garment which gentlemen of this vicinity consider the proper dress of a coward, to wit—tar and feathers; a dress, by the way, which, in my opinion, will not be altogether new to you.

"BELLEROPHON SMITHERS.

"P. S.—I have further to inform you that there will be no occasion for you to call in the interim upon Miss Mary Jones, to whom both your attentions and yourself are as disgusting as you are contemptible in the eyes of everybody else. B. S."

"So," I exclaimed, turning towards Captain Fitz Battleaxe, with all the ferocity of manner I could assume at short notice; "so Mr. Smithers expects me to fight him, does he?"

"I incline to the opinion that my friend intends to compel you to fight him," returned the captain, pompously.

"Compel me to fight him!" I roared, in a voice of such tremendous power that the word "compel" ought of right to be here printed in that species of type which is used in announcing the name of a theatrical star on a placard. "Compel me, sir—rrr! I'd have you to know that it is I who will compel him. Yes, sir, I'd have you to know that I'm absolutely thirsting for that snub-nosed puppy's blood! But I beg

"But, I say, captain—Captain Fitz Battleaxe!" I exclaimed, rushing after him, and singing out down the stairway: "please represent to your friend that it will be unnecessary for him to order breakfast, or anything of that sort, to come off after our meeting, as it will only be a useless expense and give his administrators the trouble of setting the bill. By the way, captain, you must breakfast with me when it's over. And now I think of it, captain, a surgeon will also be unnecessary, as I don't like half way work, and never miss the heart. Good morning to you."

"Good morning, Mr. Jinx."

And his heavy boots tramped down the stairs and out of the house; whereupon I returned to my room, bolted the door, and throwing myself into a chair, reviewed the events of the preceding two or three weeks, while the perspiration bathed my forehead and ran down upon my cheeks, and off from the end of my nose.

"Good heavens!" I mentally exclaimed, after a few minutes of unenviable self-communion. "If I haven't got myself into a fix then I can only say I must be wholly and altogether unacquainted with the proper definition of the word 'fix.' Here am I, a quiet, inoffensive gentleman, who, in company with a friend, has come down here to this out-of-the-way place to rusticate for a few weeks. Almost the first day of my arrival, I am introduced to Miss Mary Jones, a young lady, as pretty as a pink, as proud as a peacock, and rather coquettish—to say nothing about her fortune of thirty thousand dollars. I forthwith began to play the agreeable to the young lady, and with such success as to render furious this great yellow-headed monster of a Smithers, who has also been playing the agreeable for some time. Smithers tries to drive me from the field, and fails; I try to drive Smithers from the field, and also fail. The young lady whom we both adore—to say nothing of her little fortune of thirty thousand dollars—will decide in favor of neither, but keeps both in tow like two sculpins on a double-hooked line. At length Smithers becomes enraged at some decided preference shown to myself, and that he may remove such an insurmountable obstacle from his path, sends this great hulking ogre of a fellow, Captain Fitz Battleaxe, with a face like a lion, and a figure like the king of the Visigoths, with a challenge! I put on the courageous and terrific, trying to bluff the great hulking fellow off; great hulking fellow wont be bluffed off, but, on the contrary, rather seems to admire my spirit! Not knowing what else to do, I keep up the false pretence until it is all arranged for

us to meet in mortal combat to-morrow morning at sunrise, at the Blasted Cypress in Dead Man's Hollow. I'm blasted if I know where the place is, or ever want to!"

Here I was compelled to pause in my soliloquy to give a shudder; the name of "Dead Man's Hollow" was so suggestive that a succession of cold shivers kept chasing each other down my back and into my boots for several minutes. Recovering, I proceeded with the summing up:

"Now, then, the question arises, what the deuce am I to do? Yes, verily, that is a question—what *am* I to do? This monster of a Smithers is a regular fire-eater, a dead shot, who has the reputation of being able to 'ring the bell' nine times out of ten; gad, he'll ring my bell for me if he ever gets a pop at my figure,—while on my part, I never fired a pistol above half a dozen times in my life, and if my memory serves, I didn't hit anything either one of those half dozen times. At this moment I am persuaded that I should not be able to hit the gable end of a barn at four paces, much less the figure of a bloodthirsty wretch, who at the same moment would be pointing the muzzle of a pistol right down my throat. But this is nothing to the case; I am merely reviewing the difficulties without suggesting a remedy. I can't fight him—that's clear; it would be nothing more nor less than suicide to think of such a thing. Not that I am afraid—far from it! I flatter myself I have an abundance of the description of courage that is needed for a man to face the enemies of his country in the field of battle, where he has thousands to keep him company, and the rat tat, tatting drum, and the squeal, squeal, squealing life, to lead him

"To his gory bed or to victory!"

But it is a very different sort of thing to go out at daybreak, on foot and alone, in cool blood and on an empty stomach, to be shot down like a woodchuck in a corner. The question now comes up again—what am I to do? Now, Jinx," I exclaimed, aloud, getting up and pacing my chamber floor; "now, Jinx, my good fellow, what do you propose to do to get out of this scrape? You might run, certainly, but then you would leave a most dismal reputation behind, and worse than all, pretty Mary Jones would forever after hold you in the most unutterable contempt, whereby your heart would be most fearfully lacerated—not to mention her little fortune of thirty thousand dollars; no, you can't run, that's sure. But hold! a glorious idea presents itself. You will write an anonymous letter to the authorities, informing them of the contemplated duel, and the place and time

"Is there anything else, Tompkins?" I asked, as he stood twiddling the latch in a hesitating, uncertain sort of way.

"No; only—you wouldn't like to have me sit up with you to-night nor nothing, would you?"

"No, no; of course not. I want to get a good night's rest, so as to be on hand in the morning. So now to please me go right straight along to-bed, or you'll look so sleepy that I shall be ashamed to take you along with me to-morrow. Now do go, there's a good fellow."

"Well, then, good night, if you insist upon it," he said, pressing my hand, while the tears gathered in the honest fellow's eyes.

"Good night," I replied, returning the pressure, and fairly pushing him into the passage and closing the door upon him.

I listened to his retreating footsteps along the entry, and waited to hear the squeaking of his rickety bed, as he turned in; but the regular tramp, tramp, tramp, as he paced back and forth across his chamber floor, soon convinced me that he had no intention of sleeping, whatever I might be disposed to do. This was excessively provoking, and I was just upon the point of going to him and compelling him by force of arms to go to sleep, when I heard him again coming towards my room. This time there was an evident purpose in his coming, for he deliberately closed the door behind him, and advancing into the room, set his candle down upon the table and himself on a chair, where he remained looking steadfastly and mournfully at me.

"Well, what the deuce do you want now, Tompkins?" I snarled.

"Why, the fact is, Jinx," he replied, twirling his thumbs and crossing and uncrossing his legs uneasily; "the fact is, I have been thinking about this business of yours and have hit upon a plan to fix it all right. This brute of a Smithers, you know, is what they call a dead shot, while you are a little out of practice—that is, you haven't been doing anything of the kind lately. Now the plan I thought of was this: You know I am a first rate shot—you know that, don't you? A splendid shot! Never miss my mark with a pistol!" (Tompkins might well say that, for to my certain knowledge he never fired a pistol in his life, and didn't know a percussion cap from a side of sole leather). "Well, what I was thinking was, that you might be taken unexpectedly sick; a sudden attack of—of—say a sudden attack of the dropsy, or the whooping cough, or something dreadful; and not liking to disappoint Smithers, you would let your second take up your quarrel. Wouldn't it

be a great joke, when Smithers found that instead of meeting a person out of practice, like yourself, he had got to fight a dead shot and a regular fire-eater like me?"

"Pooh, pooh, Tompkins, don't be a fool."

"I aint a fool, Jinx; I give you my word I aint; but you know it's very different with me from what it is with you. You have got friends, lots of friends, who would be inconsolable if you were to be—that is to say—if you were to be—sort of—of killed; while 'taint so with me. If there was any accident happen to me, why, there would be nobody to fret about it, don't you see; there isn't anybody cares much of anything for me I aint anybody without you; I'm only the tail to your kite; if you come down, I'm sure to be floored; while you might part with me and still be as good as new, don't you see? And then wouldn't it be fun to see how surprised our friend Smithers would be to find he'd got me to fight with; he, he, he!" And poor Tompkins made a dismal effort to appear jolly.

"Now, Tompkins, don't talk nonsense," I replied, coughing violently; for I had swallowed a piece of cigar, or something, that sort of choked me. "Your feelings do honor to your heart, I suppose, but we fighting men don't understand that sort of thing! We, warriors, delight in blood! I may say, we absolutely revel in slaughter! No, no—I wouldn't fail of meeting him on any consideration."

"No, Jinx, you mustn't think of doing such a thing!" he replied, with more firmness than I had supposed him capable of.

"Why, Tompkins, what a fool you are!" I returned, with a burst of confidence; for I saw there was no getting rid of him unless I let him into the secret. "To tell you the truth, my boy, I have no notion of shooting Smithers, or letting him shoot me. We shall meet on the ground, to be sure, but I've got a little plan of my own that will prevent any evil consequences. There, does that satisfy you? Now go to-bed, do, or you will prevent me from putting my plan in execution."

"By jingo, old fellow! I am a fool, as you say," he exclaimed, with animation. "I ought to have known you would fix things. By Jove! I'm the happiest fellow south of Mason & Dixon's line. Yes, I will go to-bed. Good night." And he scampered along the passage, whistling like a fifer.

Having disposed of him, I managed with some little difficulty to get out of the house unobserved, and took my way towards the residence of the justice whom I intended to favor with my warning epistle. It was yet quite early

conducted in triumph back to the village with a little million of boys at our tail, and placed in durance vile at the hotel—Tompkins and myself in one room, guarded by three constables, and Smithers and his second in another, similarly guarded—where we awaited the opening of the court, which was to be held for our especial benefit, for the purpose of imposing a fine in consequence of our gross violation of the laws of the State, and the peace and dignity thereof; and also to place us under good and sufficient bonds to keep the peace toward mankind generally and each other particularly, for the space of a given number of months.

Numerous versions of the story of the attempted duel and its unfortunate interruption were rapidly noised abroad through all the region round about, very naturally producing the most intense excitement, so much so, indeed, that by nine o'clock, A. M., the large hall over "the store," where the town justice was usually dispensed, was literally packed with a curious and eager multitude, a "handsome" proportion of which were ladies, among whom I had the satisfaction of observing Miss Mary Jones, the pretty cause of all this hubbub and commotion. She was looking unusually charming, even for her, with her wavy, silken, yellow hair, her dimpled chin and violet-colored eyes—not to mention her little fortune of thirty thousand dollars. I caught her eye as we were marshalled into the hall. She knew well enough what had been the occasion of our going out "for to fight," the minx, and she smiled so sweetly and approvingly upon me that for the moment I felt really sorry I had not allowed my opponent to pitch a small hunk of lead in among my vitals for her sake. But my rapture was somewhat qualified upon perceiving that she bestowed an equally fascinating glance upon my rival—these gals, confound 'em, can't be satisfied with taking a man's heart right out of his thorax, but unless they can render him of all flesh the most miserable with jealousy, they do not seem to consider their conquest half completed.

The entire assembly were evidently very much disposed in our favor; for after all, people do like spunk, however peaceable and law-abiding they may be themselves. The gentlemen crowded about us, and shook hands alternately with Smithers and myself, while the ladies showed their dear little white teeth at us whenever we looked towards them.

Presently three justices marched in and took their seats at the upper end of the hall, looking very grave and learned, and consequently very stupid. Several legal gentlemen were already

in attendance, one of whom was the prosecuting attorney, or whatever else he may be called. I may be giving him the wrong title, for I'm no lawyer myself, and do not pretend to much knowledge of law—that is to say, in criminal matters,—but if you take me on the way of transacting business in a debtor's court, I am thar. Well, as I was saying, the prosecuting attorney opened the case by commenting somewhat at length upon the heinousness of the crime we had meditated, stating that he had been warned of the affair the day before, and wound up by asking permission to introduce a few witnesses.

At this stage of the proceedings, a very young legal gentleman got upon his legs, and in a grandiloquent period announced his intention of defending us; a proceeding on his part which brought Captain Fitz Battleaxe to his feet, with the mild remark:

"Look here, young man, just sit down or I'll knock you down; our case is ridiculous enough now without you making it more so."

"Why, I intended to defend you!" exclaimed the amazed disciple of—of the old scratch.

"Yes, I know it," replied Fitz Battleaxe, sharply; "take the other side of the case, and you may spout till doomsday if it pleases you."

The demolished counsel vanished, and the case proceeded.

"James Squealpig, take the stand," said the prosecuting attorney.

A little, short, chunky, foxy-looking fellow took the stand and was sworn.

"Now, Mr. Squealpig," said the counsel, "you came to me yesterday with the information that this meeting was to take place. I want you to state to the court how you discovered the fact."

"I didn't discover it at all; I was told."

"Very well; who told you?"

"The man that sent me to you."

"Well, who was that man?"

"He gave me a dollar not to tell, and I promised I wouldn't."

"Mr. Squealpig," said the counsel, severely, "remember you are under oath. If you do not answer more directly I shall move that you be fined for contempt. Who was that man, sir?"

"Well, then, if I must tell," replied the witness, doggedly, "it was—Mr. Smithers!"

"Mr. Smithers!" simultaneously exclaimed almost every individual in the court room, "Mr. Smithers!"

"Mr. Smithers!" reiterated the witness.

The excitement produced by this unexpected announcement was most intense. Fitz Battle-

car. Those two noses belonged to Tompkins and myself respectively.

Smithers left town by a private conveyance at about the same time. In regard to pretty Mary Jones, whose history I learned some time afterwards, it appears that Captain Fitz Battleaxe, immediately upon our departure, commenced paying his court to her in a very decided manner; in point of fact, laying regular and scientific siege to her; killing, wounding and maiming all who dared make any pretensions to her hand, until she was fairly compelled, by force of arms, as it were, to drop her maiden Jones and become Mrs. Captain Plantagenet Fitz Battleaxe, and the valiant captain is at this moment cheered by the smiles of a lovely and loving wife—not to mention her little fortune of thirty thousand dollars.

My apology for not winding up with a moral, after the approved fashion, is that the story itself teaches absolutely nothing, without, indeed, its perusal may induce the young gentlemen of this country, upon receiving a challenge, either to say yes and fight without any nonsense, or to say no and plead principle; in either of which cases they will gain a reputation with some portion of the community. The story is not written in vain, however, for the young ladies will be pleased that pretty Mary Jones—not to mention her little fortune of thirty thousand dollars—escaped the cowardly Smithers and fell into the hands of a brave man; the old ladies will be pleased that there was no blood shed; I, myself, am pleased because I got an excellent price for this article; and now that we are all pleased and smiling, I will cry "whoa" at once, and hold my horses where I am, before anything happens to vex any of us.

A VORACIOUS PIKE.

We find it recorded in an English publication that, some time ago, two young gentlemen of Dumfries, while fishing at Dalswinton Loch, having expended their stock of worms, etc., had recourse to the expedient of picking out the eyes of the dead perch they had taken, and attaching them to their hooks—a bait which this fish is known to take as readily as any other. One of the perch caught in this manner struggled so much when taken out of the water that the hook had no sooner been loosened from its mouth than it came in contact with one of its own eyes, and actually tore it out. In the struggle, the fish slipped through the holder's fingers, and again escaped to its native element. The disappointed fisher, still retaining the eye of the aquatic fugitive, adjusted it on the hook, and again committed his line to the waters. After a very short interval, on pulling up the line, he was astonished to find the identical perch that had eluded his grasp a few minutes before, and which literally perished in swallowing its own eye.—*Fish Stories.*

HOW TO PROMOTE PEACE IN A FAMILY.

Remember that our will is likely to be crossed every day, so prepare for it.

Everybody in the house has an evil nature as well as ourselves, and therefore we are not to expect too much.

To learn the different temper and disposition of each individual.

To look on each member of the family as one for whom we should have a care.

When any good happens to any one, to rejoice at it.

When inclined to give an angry answer, to "overcome evil with good."

If from sickness, pain or infirmity, we feel irritable, to keep a strict watch over ourselves.

To observe when others are so suffering, and drop a word of kindness and sympathy suited to them.

To watch the little opportunities of pleasing, and to put little annoyances out of the way.

To take a cheerful view of everything, even of the weather, and encourage hope.

To speak kindly to the servants—to praise them for little things when you can.

In all little pleasures which may occur, to put yourself last.

To try for "the soft answer which turneth away wrath."

When we have been pained by an unkind word or deed, to ask ourselves: "Have I not often done the same and been forgiven?"

In conversation, not to exalt yourself, but to bring others forward.

To be very gentle with the young ones, and treat them with respect.

Never to judge one another harshly, but to attribute a good motive when we can.—*Life Illustrated.*

A SIGHT OF A GREAT MAN.

Goethe, like many other celebrated men, was somewhat annoyed by the visits of strangers. A student once called at his house, and requested to see him. Goethe, contrary to his usual custom, consented to be seen; and after the student had waited some time in the ante-chamber, he appeared, and without speaking, took a chair, and seated himself in the middle of the room. The student, far from being embarrassed with this unexpected proceeding, took a lighted wax candle in his hand, and walking round the poet, deliberately viewed him on all sides; and, setting down the candle, he drew out his purse, and taking from it a small piece of silver, put it on the table, and went away without speaking a word.—*Lewes.*

EFFECTS OF EARLY EDUCATION.

Lady Raffles in her memoirs of her husband, Sir Stamford Raffles, mentions the singular fact that "two young tigers and a bear were for some time in the children's apartments, under the charge of their attendant, without being confined in cages; and it was rather curious to see the children, the bears, the tigers, a blue mountain bird, and a favorite cat, all playing together—the parrot's bill being the only object of awe to all the party."—*New York Mirror.*

The pound-keeper laughed, and took advantage of the laugh to hesitate. The answer was fairly corkscrewed out of him :

"Wal, I s'pose Mr. Butts drove 'em."

And he laughed again.

Tubbs could hardly keep in his boots, he was so moved with indignation.

"Butts drive my cattle to pound!" said he, lowering his brows and setting his teeth. "I'll teach him a lesson yet! Mebbe some of his own critters 'll get out one of these days. Then we'll see how the account stands!"

He paid the usual pound tax with a great deal more of such grumbling as this, and drove off his three head of cattle. The old keeper couldn't help laughing, as he went away, and wondered in truth what would come of it.

"It's a thing I never knew Butts to do the like of before," muttered he, trudging along homewards. "What in the name of Satan has got into him lately? He hardly spoke to me, the last time he met me. Don't appear as he used to. But I'll fetch him yet. I never'll stand this, not the longest day I live! never!"

Only ten days or two weeks after that, Mr. Tubbs came into the house in a great glee.

"See here, wife," said he, chuckling to himself, "I've got old Butts's cattle shet up in my yard, and jest as quick as I can eat my dinner, I'm goin' to drive 'em off to pound. I can't very well spare the time, but I'm going to do it, for all that. He took my critters to pound, and to pound shall *his* go! There's no two ways about that. What's good for *me*, is good enough for *him*! See if there aint a squirm in' this time!"

And before night, a couple of Mr. Butts's most staid and matronly old cows were ruminating by themselves on the changes and chances of this mortal life, within the ancient enclosure called the "pound." Just so long as they remained, the keeper would be at liberty to make use of the fruits of their udders. There they stood and looked at each other, and chewed their cuds, as innocent as children of the intentions of the one who caused their imprisonment.

When night came on, two of Mr. Butts's best cows were not to be found. They didn't come home from the pasture. He hunted and hunted everywhere—but no cows. He looked over the walls, in the woods, in the swamp, behind the old barn in the meadow, and in every other place where a cow might stow herself away—but nothing like two cows yet.

At last, after he had finally given them up for the night, a little boy came running down the road, who hurried up to him and told him where his stray cattle were.

"And Mr. Mulkey says," added the boy, "that if you don't come arter 'em pretty quick, he'll milk 'em himself!"

In less than fifteen minutes, Mr. Butts made a formal demand upon the pound-keeper for his cows. And when he had got them safely out, he turned and demanded to know who drove them there in the first place.

Mulkey laughed, just as he laughed before, and hesitated; and then he told Mr. Butts that his neighbor Tubbs was the author of the mischief.

"Tubbs drive my cows to pound!" said he to himself. "Then, by jingo, he shall pay-back for it, jest as soon as I can make pay-day come round!"

And he started off home with his pair of cows, convinced that a game that two could play at, was not exactly the game for *his* money.

From this date, all intercourse between the families was suspended. There was a broad lake between them, which neither could pass over. At meeting on Sundays, or on any day through the week, it was all the same. Neither party seemed to be conscious that the other still remained in existence—with a single exception. For all this time Mr. Butts's son Sam had been paying his particular attentions to Mr. Tubbs's daughter Susan. Up to this point, Sam and Susan had been making out very well. But close upon this outbreak followed something of an estrangement between themselves.

Says Susan, one evening, to Sam :

"I don't exactly like the way your folks talk about ours—I don't. What is the meaning of it, I want to know?"

"I guess they don't say worse things than what your folks say about us," rejoined Sam, with the Butts blood flowing swift in his veins.

"Umph!" retorted Susan. "What did your father drive our cattle to pound for?"

"And what did your father drive *our* cattle to pound for, too? It's a pretty piece of business, I think!"

Beginning there, the two lovers got a good start. Then they went on at a rate that astonished even themselves. They twitted. Then they used satire. Then they threw mud at one another's names. Then they had an out-and-out spat about it. And at last, the quarrel was too far in to be got out of at all.

Sam said he was as good as anybody, and so were his folks. Susan declared that he'd always thought he was a little better, but he'd find now that he was mistaken. Sam thought there was no use in twitting, for *two* could perform at that. But Susan was not to be frightened, she

'O, HUSH THAT SONG!

BY MARTIN HERBELL.

O, hush that song, that gentle song;
 'Tis bringing to my heart
 The memories, as we glide along,
 That I fain would bid depart.
 For an icy stillness had gathered o'er
 My weary heart and brain;
 But those words have awaked that hidden love,
 In its anguish wild again.

O, hush that song, for the lips that breathed
 Those words to my listening ear
 Are far away, and that cherished voice
 I shall never, never hear.
 I strove to forget in the busy world,
 And to hide my soul's deep pain;
 But memory with realisation strength awakes—
 O, sing not that song again.

THE CHILD-ARTIST.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

IF THERE was a low, timid knock at Mr. Hilton's back door, which after some little delay was opened by a girl who was busy in the kitchen preparing tea. She felt in no good humor at the interruption, and her feeling of ill-temper were not ameliorated, when she saw, standing on the door-step, a little, poorly-clad girl, from whose face, suffering and want had blotted out all that freshness and bloom, which always gives a certain charm to the features of childhood, even when they have no pretensions to beauty, or to delicacy of outline.

"I expected to find a beggar at the door, and am disappointed," said Minda, the girl who opened the door. "What do you want?" she inquired, in a sharp, angry voice.

A quick blush passed over the child's face, and there was a deprecating look in the dark, mournful eyes, which were raised to Minda's.

"I thought that, perhaps, you would give me one of those fine peaches for my brother," said she, pointing to a tree which grew near the garden fence, and whose boughs were bending beneath their burden of luxurious fruit, now glowing in the light of the evening sunbeams.

"It is a mighty modest request for a beggar to make," said Minda. "If you want a piece of bread, I'll give it to you, but who ever thought of giving beautiful ripe peaches to such as you?"

"Winnie is sick, and has been begging of mother all day to buy him a peach, but she hasn't a penny in the world, so I told her that perhaps some one would give me one for him."

During this colloquy a child seven years old,

her head covered with soft, brown curls, and her blue eyes unconsciously filling with tears, stood at the door, which opened into the kitchen, earnestly listening. When she heard what the little girl last said, she darted up stairs and entered the room, where her father, who had returned home half an hour earlier than usual, was reading the newspaper to her mother, while waiting for tea. She approached her mother softly, and whispered some request. Mrs. Hilton gave a smiling assent, and the child with a joyous bound had already nearly reached the door, when her father looked up from his paper and said:

"What is it, my daughter?"

"There is a little girl at the back door, who wants a peach for her sick brother, and Emily wishes to give her one," said Mrs. Hilton.

"May I?" said Emily, addressing her father.

"Yes, a dozen, if you please."

"Then I'll fill my little willow basket with them. It will hold full a dozen, I know it will. If I could only reach some of those large ones at the top of the tree, that look so ripe and mellow."

"I believe I must lend you a helping hand," said Mr. Hilton, laying aside his newspaper.

"O, I can hear Minda shutting the door now. She has turned her away. But never mind—I can overtake her."

The next moment Emily stood at the outer door of the kitchen. The little girl, with a drooping, sorrowful look, and tear-stains on her pale cheeks, was just closing the gate.

"Come back," said Emily, "and you shall have plenty of peaches for your sick brother, and for yourself, too. I have got leave to give you this basket heaped up full."

"Have you?" said the girl, in a quick, earnest voice, which was full of joyful surprise.

"Yes, and father is going to gather me some of the largest and ripest ones."

Mr. Hilton, at this moment, made his appearance, and placing a garden-chair beneath the tree, to enable him to reach the higher limbs, the little willow basket was not only soon filled, but plenty of them which had accidentally fallen, were lying among the grass. Emily, in the meantime, had selected some sprays of the bright green peach leaves, which she quickly arranged among the glowing fruit, heightening by contrast its rich, delicious hues, and making it appear more tempting.

"There," said Emily, handing her the basket, "I want you to carry it home just as it is now, because the peaches look so beautifully among the green leaves, it will make them taste better."

The look of sadness was now all gone from the little girl's eyes, and instead, they sparkled with

strength too severely. He used, when his father was alive, to sit hours at his side, watching the figures on the canvass, momentarily glowing into more vivid life beneath the pencil. It was thus that the love of art was silently and imperceptibly implanted in his bosom."

It was even so. The bud was already glinting forth, destined, one day, to expand into the flower. As Ella had said, he loved everything which was beautiful, and the contemplation of a star, a flower, or even a golden sunbeam, which at a certain hour, peeped over a shed that stood opposite, and then stole in at the top of the window, afforded him exquisite delight.

The bird sketched with a bit of charcoal was produced, and Mr. and Mrs. Hilton were surprised at the skill of hand, and the delicacy of touch which it exhibited.

A little brown bird which often hovered about the back door, had served him as a model, Mrs. Selby said, and it proved to be quite a faithful likeness of the original.

"You would like to be an artist then," said Mr. Hilton, turning to the boy, after listening to these few particulars, told him by Mrs. Selby.

"Yes, sir," was the quiet answer, but the sudden flush that overspread his countenance, and the lighting up of his eyes, showed how deeply the question moved him.

"Your wish shall be gratified," said Mr. Hilton. "As soon as you are strong enough, I will see that you are placed under an able master."

Fourteen years, with their burden of care and sorrow, brightened now and then by a few gleams of sunshine, have merged into the past.

"There, the light is better here—much better," said a young man, removing a picture that hung against the wall of a small, elegantly furnished apartment, and placing it so as to avoid the cross-lights, which came in from the two opposite windows. "Don't you think it is, Emily?" said he, addressing a lady who stood looking at the picture.

"Yes, much better," she replied; and as she stood with her head a little thrown back, the light of her violet eyes beaming from beneath their long, silky lashes, and the rich, brown curls falling back from her forehead, no one could have failed to remark the resemblance between her and the child of seven years old, represented in the picture, who stood beneath a peach tree, holding a little basket of wicker work, into which a fine-looking gentleman was dropping some of the fruit, gathered from the boughs over his head.

Another child whose appearance formed a striking contrast to hers, stood near the garden fence, the tears which still hung on her eye-lashes brightened with smiles.

"But what have you here, Edwin, so carefully covered?" said Emily.

"A companion for the picture we have been looking at. I made a rude sketch of it when I was only ten years old, which, in compliance with your father's request, I have recently transferred to canvass."

He removed the cloth which covered it, and revealed the home-picture, which Mr. and Mrs. Hilton had many years previously gazed upon through the half-curtained window of Mrs. Selby's humble domicile.

"I should know those large, earnest eyes, anywhere," said Emily, indicating a boy who was sitting at a table, sketching a basket of peaches. "But in every other respect you have altered, if I except that somewhat proud curve of the upper lip."

"I little thought," said he, "as I sat there with my piece of coarse paper and bit of charcoal, that hidden among the fruit I was copying, was a golden key which would open to me so bright a vista in the future. How sad would have been my destiny—how sad that of my mother and sister, if she who is now my wife, had not obeyed the warm impulses of her generous nature. Truly, the angel stirred the waters of the fountain at the right moment."

PERFUME OF FLOWERS.

The perfume of flowers may be gathered in a very simple manner, and without apparatus. Gather the flowers with as little stalk as possible, and place them in a jar, three parts full of olive or almond oil. After being in the oil twenty-four hours, put them in a coarse cloth and squeeze the oil from them. This process, with fresh flowers, is to be repeated according to the strength of the perfume required. The oil being thus thoroughly perfumed with the volatile principle of the flowers, is to be mixed with an equal quantity of pure spirits, and shaken every day for a fortnight, when it may be poured off, ready for use.—*N. E. Farmer.*

THE MARSEILLAISE.

"It was," said Lamartine, "the fire-water of the Revolution which instilled into the senses and the soul of the people the intoxication of battle." "The Marseillaise Hymn" is the French Revolution set to music, and although there may be some sacrifice of sense to sound in the sentence, it is in the main true. In a quiet, peaceful epoch, such a lyric could never have been composed; but amid the blaze of torches, and ruined palaces and prisons, it sounds like the circle of divinity, frantic with passionate love for our race.

grave, with my own dust stuffed between my teeth.

Passion's first impulse was to follow the stranger and slay him; but my father's frequent charge of rashness fell upon me like a palsy. Sick, faint, terrified and agonized, I went on to gaze vacantly at the plum trees and to pat my Arab stallion—a gift from Captain Angelo just before he died. Bem rubbed his nose against my breast, as if he snuffed the pain and pain would console me with his brute affection. I began to love the horse. The stranger never again made his appearance at the lake.

When our child came into the world he had black hair, large, liquid, unhappy eyes. His countenance was noble; he looked a little like me; but more—ah! much more—like the handsome unknown. Was it fancy? I had ere this overcome my suspicions.

"The stranger," said my other self, "found himself an unintentional intruder on private grounds, and with true delicacy, withdrew as soon as he discovered it."

But when our little boy came into the world, I began to renew an early question: "Why did Bella tell Lizette to admit no one but me? Had not some one else been there before? She must have thought it unsafe for him that day."

More cruel thoughts time and Bella's devotion had put to death; but now they arose from the grave. I was fearfully unhappy. Everybody is unhappy. There is something to torture every heart. We all try to look happier than we are. I tried it no longer. Bella knew now I was a man-hater; her happiness was gone.

"I can but do my duty and die," she said, "since I no longer make you happy. Will you never tell me what it is?"

"What is what?"

"That which has changed you so; that which makes you so miserable."

As I had never had the least confirmation of my suspicions I did not dare to tell her; for I knew then she would despise me—and to be despised by Bella!

"No," said I, to myself, "I will wait until I can take revenge—on her—or somebody—on all the world."

I purchased a quick poison to give the child, but had not the badness of heart to administer it. Then I bought a different kind; one that would consume slowly. My soul revolted at the thought of revenge on an infant.

"Let it live to curse them," said I.

"Be ashamed," said my other self; "rise above your unjust suspicions, throw off the shackles of fear—be reasonable."

I sold the lake villa, and we moved into Parma. Madly I plunged into literature, until it ceased to have any charms. I had plucked the branches of every fruit, every flower, every leaf, and threw it from me; but I had gained a name and was a lion in society. Bella went little into company. She was prudent, while I was rash. My flirtations became the talk of the circles, the sport of idlers, the laugh of gigglers.

The cavaliers now began to approach my wife. I knew how scornfully she flashed back the least advance. In spite of me, my other self exclaimed, "*Nothing can corrupt her.*" But one day I had just turned the corner nearest to my house, when I saw a man step quickly from my door. I saw not his face; it was turned the other way; but I knew the gait, the form; the *tout-ensemble* convinced me it was the unknown. I leaped forward after him. Bella was at the window as I passed. I gnashed my teeth at her. But this very act, the first cruelty I had shown her, my beloved, reproached me instantly. Besides, her pale face gleamed like a spear into my heart as the reproach of my father rose up with its warning fore-finger shaking at me, "Rash Bartolo, beware!" I hesitated, halted, turned into my own home.

"Who is he?" I demanded, sinking on the sofa.

To my astonishment, Bella replied:

"I cannot tell, Bartolo."

I jumped up furiously.

"Do you pretend you do not know that man?"

"I do not know him. Let go your fierce hold on my arm!"

"What did he say to you?"

"Nothing."

"What did he want?"

"I do not know."

"What did that man have to do in my own house?"

"I cannot tell you, Bartolo."

"You will pretend next, signora, that you did not see him at all," said I, with a sneer—a sneer ill fitting the features of a man of generosity; the husband, guide and protector of a wife and child.

"I did see him," said Bella, with a tender voice. "He did not speak, but he did do something which in honor I am not to reveal."

"Honor? ingrate!" I said in a tone so deep and harsh it must have troubled heaven, and set all the fiends below in a great glee, as I think now, when I think how I should have treated my Bella—the gift of God.

Bella came and sat by my aching side, so pale

The stranger seemed greatly moved.

"Do you mock me with pretended grief for Bella?" I asked, in an altered but still angry tone—angry, for I was only bent on seeing mischief continually in that which proceeded from him.

The unknown seemed entirely unable to repress his emotions. Yet he uttered not a word to the last, but as he turned away gave me a look that plainly expressed some pity—or was it gratitude for nothing more than the softening of my voice? The door shut to, leaving me involved in deeper misery than ever.

"My persecutor is there," I said. "Some powerful nobleman, dwelling on terms of intimacy with the duke himself."

My despair grew black.

Almost instantly after his departure, the door re-opened, the guards came in, my chains were struck off and I was taken out of the cell.

"Am I free?" I asked.

"That would not be safe, nor right," sounded an unknown voice behind me.

They led the way through several corridors, and finally brought me to a narrow passage open to the sky between two walls. A door opened to the right, and I found myself in a large casemate. I looked out through an embrasure upon a little flower garden, situated in the demilune outwork, fronting my new quarters, which were in the curtain between two strong bastions. This fortified side of the palace was hidden from the citizens passing hourly by a high wall and still higher trees.

In one corner of the room stood a camp bedstead, silver mounted. There was also a secretary near the window, in which I found some paper, stamped with a cypher; a travelling library case, filled with political, military and new poetical works, completed my accommodations. I was in humor for none of them. I threw myself upon the bed, stared long at the ceiling, and then shut my eyes tightly, to look if possible upon my heart. The sight was revolting! Seized with frenzy, I leaped up and began to look for some instrument of self-destruction. There was nothing at hand. I observed a closet door.

"Perhaps," said I, "there may be something within."

The door was locked. In striving to pull it open I wrought myself into a fury, and with my foot dashed the door to pieces:

"No object here, after all.—Stay! on the top shelf I see a small painting."

Were I dying, I could stay to look at a picture. I took it down.

"What! the picture of Bella!"

What a variety of feelings shook my frame! The sight of her, the thought of him who had undoubtedly painted her—the unknown; this, too, was his chamber. Suicide fled from my heart like a shadow before the sun-rays of these piercing emotions. "I have something yet to live for."

When a desperate man makes up his mind to live, he becomes a calm and rational being. The great fever on my brain subsided. I performed my toilet, and stepped out of the embrasure, down a flight of stairs, crossed the fosse and walked up the ramp which led to the flower garden in the demilune. Here I conversed with my flowers—I say mine, because to look at a flower in the moment of its fullness of beauty, is to take possession as completely as if the actual owner were present and gave you *livery of seizin*. I plucked the brightest and most beautiful. Conscience! conscience! in every one of their faces I saw the eyes of my infant, or the white, crazed face of my wife! I looked up to the sky. Out of every fleecy cloud gazed down upon me those two reproachful, ghastly countenances. Such is the distortion of guilt, that even the gentlest and most beautiful things, signor, turn into shapes that frighten us.

Shuddering, I retreated to my casemate and threw myself upon my knees to implore the All-Pitying, to plead with him the cause of jealousy, infatuation, madness, and to invoke the blessed virgin. Though both veiled their faces, I arose somewhat calmed, or stultified; took down some books and tried in a rambling manner to read. Here I fell into a dreamy void, out of which the guards startled me. Leaving my supper, they withdrew in silence.

And night came, with the glaring, horrid moon, which I vainly strove to curtain out from my embrasure. Seizing a pen, I began to dash off some lines of a merry call—sparkling, leaping, mad with humor. On pausing a moment, I glanced at the top of the page and saw I had begun it "The Pleasures of Murder." Starting from the secretary with a curse, I went to the window looking on the narrow passage. This was about eight feet wide. The opposite wall was much taller than that of my casemate. "Part of the palace wall proper," said I.

In the third story ran a suite of bedrooms, for there were the windows. In one of them gleamed a light. The idea of another human being in his bedroom filled me with interest.

"He, too, may be miserable," said I; "avoiding the companionship of man voluntarily."

As I gazed upward, the shadow of a figure

crossed the window. It came again. The man was pacing his apartment. Good! "Misery loves company." I felt a nearer fellow-feeling. He now paused at the window, and looked down at mine. "Is it? Yes, it is the unknown!"

O never, signor, saw I such a sorrowful visage. "Who knows whether cruelty and wrong would not often be glad to change fates with their victim?" thought I. And I began to pity, or at least despise my persecutor. I threw up towards him such glances of hatred and contempt that he quickly turned away.

Antonio, my brother, came with Lizette. Until now my heart was stony hard, standing alone in the desert of woe. The confiding grief, the pity and condolence of these two unsuspecting hearts was the rod which smote the rock. I wept with them—they little knew why."

"But for what am I confined?" I asked of Antonio.

"For—for lunacy. The duke expresses much sorrow at your having been thrown into a dungeon, and declares you shall be kept and cared for beneath his own roof, until—"

Fools! all believed me mad.

"We have come to share your temporary captivity," continued Antonio.

"And to nurse you ourselves," said Lizette.

"I am not mad."

"So much the better," said Lizette.

"I need no nurses."

"But you want a companion," said Antonio. "I will remain with you."

It was not without much difficulty I persuaded them to go home again. I went to-bed, resolving in mind some scheme by which I might reach the apartments of the unknown.

I fell into a nervous sleep. The moon came creeping, creeping towards my bed, with its white, wan fingers, to clutch me. It had gained the chair on which my clothes were lying, when the door opened, and a figure entered with a long bright stiletto in his hand. He glared savagely at me, and whetted his lips, as it were. He began to advance towards me. In the middle of the room he paused. Again he moved forward, till, gaining my bedside, he stood over me, whetting his lips again, and raising the stiletto. I dragged the counterpane over my face, thinking, in his uncertain aim, he might miss my heart. Then, suddenly changing my mind, I threw the counterpane up towards his face and jumped with my whole force upon him.

Signor, I found myself standing in the middle of the room, its sole occupant. Was it all a dream? I looked at the chair on which lay my clothes, the moon had not advanced a finger's

breadth. O, the rapidity of conscience-troubled dreams!

After long tossing in wretchedness, I again fell asleep—or was I still awake?—when another figure rose, as if from the floor, and the unknown stood boldly before me. What had I just exclaimed the moment before? "Bartolo! the baby is falling out of bed!" The unknown must have heard this. Now he is convinced of my guilt. Now or never I must strangle him!

But, signor, much as we hate, much as we ache for revenge, the conscience within makes us fearfully weak in the presence of him who knows we have wronged him. I lay panting, passionless, trembling, nerveless with remorseful agony. His face was pale as the crucified One, and if possible, more sorrowful. He seemed in the light of the ghastly moon to be transfigured into the angel of woe. I covered my mouth with my hand. After regarding me awhile with such a penetrating gaze that I felt myself rent apart and read to the inmost soul, my visitor turned mutely away, vouchsafing me no sign, save a shake of the head, which meant too plainly, "Yes, he is guilty—not mad." And the word "guilty, guilty, guilty!" rang through the rest of the night. It took a palpable form; I could even see it rolling along the arched ceiling, down the sidewalk, into my ear, till it griped my heart.

Next morning I waited only to be cast again into the dungeon. But with the morrow came the court surgeon. His attendants were men of strength, and evidently anticipated a good struggle, for, besides their vials and globules, they brought ropes and a straight jacket. But I talked so rationally with the physician that he dismissed them. We talked the news of court and country, and feelingly deplored the failure of the late attempt of Italy to regain her freedom.

"And now," said he, rising to depart, "I shall hasten to the duke, and in a few days, at most, I hope to meet you in your own house."

"Doctor," said I, "what little bird is that on your head?"

The doctor looked blank. Then—I suppose to humor his patient—he said:

"Nothing here."

"O, sir, you are deceived. Believe me, it is a little monster."

Now he laughed with feigned heartiness. I had gone far enough to escape the straight jacket, and yet to remain where I was, at least till I could settle accounts with my unknown foe.

The question was to *get at*, and not go from, the palace; to leave my own room and reach the chamber of Bella's lover—no further. My

door could not be forced, my window was heavily barred with iron, but the walls and wainscot bore the traces of antiquity. I surmised that at one time there may have been some secret communication with the adjoining rooms. I therefore began to sound every part of the casemate; the walls, the wainscot, the floor, presented to the touch no hidden spring.

"Perhaps I have been too fast with the court surgeon," was my thought. But I had not yet examined the closet. I opened the door, trembling to see again the face of Bella. The picture was gone! The unknown! had he taken it last night? Then that vision was not all a dream. He must have gone to the closet ere I awoke and saw him.

"He is—he is aware of my guilt! Not a day to be lost. Another hour may find me in the dungeon accused of murder—self-convicted!"

The closet stood in a little niche or arched recess. There must be, thought I, another casemate beyond. I pressed my hand against the back of the closet; my fingers touched it at every point. At last, to my joy, I heard the click of a spring. I pressed harder; beheld a zigzag crack in the wall! My heart thumped violently. To tell the truth, I had worked with little hope of success, and was scarcely prepared for it.

"Shall I proceed? Shall another crime blot out the first?"

My answer was a kick against the plastering, which strewed it over the floor. There was an ancient panel. I soon made a hole large enough to admit my body through the plastering covering the panel beyond, and stood in the next casemate. It was strewn with rubbish, old arms and armor. Good! I selected a valuable sword.

The door was locked like my own, but the window was not barred. At any moment I could be out in the passage between the ramparts and the palace. This was even more than I had dared to hope, when, hesitation banished, I stood in the closet with the stern resolution to break my way through stone partition walls to the presence of my enemy. I returned to my chamber to wait only for the dark covering of night.

Night came. I shuddered and began to cover my eyes with my hands to shut out the twilight shadows and the terrible ghosts that at once beleaguered me. How I could have spent another night there I do not know. I fancied, signor, cold mailed hands were upon me, creeping up my loins towards my heart. I saw faces on the ceiling, and cried out, "Away! away!" I

heard a noise—something fell from the bed. I dared not look underneath, lest to behold there my infant, with its neck broken, its dead tongue and dead eyes lolling at me, and worst of all, its little hand shake as it used to shake.

Yet here I waited in a cold sweat till there should be a light in the unknown's chamber. At last—for it seemed an age—the light appeared. I darted through my closet, stumbled over some rusty armor, which gashed my leg, and caused me to leave a trail of blood, vanished through the window and found myself in the passage. I saw at one end the door at which I had entered from the palace the day before. On I stole in the shade of the high wall; but the door was locked. Back I flew to the other end. Here was a little postern gate, barred on the side towards me. Removing the bars, I pursued my way in the dark, through a subterranean gallery. On the right as I groped, I touched a door.

"This," whispered I, "must lead to some mine under the demilune."

Not hesitating, I passed by without trying the door, and soon came to steps, at the top of which was another door.

"Here am I now," said I, taking breath, under the centre of the palace. "Doubtless it will lead me, if I choose to go, to the private apartments of the duke; certainly to any other part of the building."

I put my ear to the keyhole—not a sound. I felt a sort of exhilaration at being here, and paused to enjoy it still further.

"By this door," said I, "a tyrant might escape from the hands of his incensed people; or, conveying powder through the galleries that probably lead to mines in every direction, he might blow up thousands at once. And who would scruple to do that for his revenge?" I laughed and began to feel a new sympathy for tyrants.

Then it flashed across my mind that none but the duke himself can keep the key of this important door; it must lock, too, on the other side. I hastened to try the lock. Fury! the fates are against me! I must now retreat through the dark as far as the side door I had left. The moment I turned my face that way there rose before me all the ghosts of the casemate, backed by a legion of others, grinning, one over the shoulder of another—above them all, the phantom hand! I closed my eyes and shut my teeth fiercely, resolved not to be victimized by such delusions. But there are some delusions more vivid than the most appalling realities. In spite of myself, my knees shook and refused to go; my teeth chattered.

TO AN ABSENT SISTER.

BY MONTROSE ELDRIDGE.

I am lonely, I am lonely,
Although many friends are round;
I am lonely, I am lonely,
For thou art not with them found.

As a flower deprived of sunlight,
Droop I, when afar from thee;
As a bird, with wounded pinion,
With thee yearns my heart to be.

Ever with thee; I am pining,
In the beauty-haunted night;
When the holy stars are shining,
For thy dark eyes' gentle light.

Come to me, O come and cheer me,
With thy spirit stirring tone;
But, alas, thou canst not hear me,
I am lonely, all alone!

BLIND BEATRICE:

— OR, —

THE HISTORY OF A SONATA.

BY MRS. L. S. GOODWIN.

WHEN, by favor of fortune, I formed acquaintance with Beethoven, he was in the epoch of his career between seedtime and harvest. His compositions had been given to the world, some of those which singly will stand as everlasting monuments to his genius; but the world takes its own time for acknowledging benefactions; and he waited, while hope deferred sometimes made the heart sick.

The great man was then very poor. Instead of dwelling, as he did later, proprietor of a chateau on Rhine Street of his native city, he rented an attic over a humble little refreshment stall near Romans' Place. He had, however, his piano, pen, paper and ink, and, notwithstanding his privations, saw many an hour of happiness.

It was in one of his deplorably contrasting moods that I found him one winter evening, sitting at a window in the moonlight, his face concealed in his hands, without fire or candle, his frame quaking with cold. Such was the state of his wardrobe, that he proscribed himself the promenade by day; I had called for the purpose of taking him out, and to make him sup with me afterward.

I soothed his sighs, solicited his company, and exhorted him to cast off his sadness. He went with me, but continued gloomy and despairing, and refused every encouragement.

"I hate all the world," said he, with vehemence.

"I hate myself. Nobody comprehends, nobody cares for me. I have genius, and am treated like an idiot. I have a heart, and no object to love. Would to Heaven, all was over, and forever! Would I was lying tranquilly at the bottom of the river yonder! There are moments when I have difficulty in resisting the temptation to throw myself there," and he pointed to the great Rhine, with its icy waves scintillating in the moonlight.

I made no reply. It was useless to discuss with Beethoven, so he was allowed free course in his paroxysm. He checked himself only when we re-entered the town, and then fell into morose silence.

We were traversing a dark, narrow street near Coblenz gate. Suddenly he halted.

"Hist!" said he, "what sound is that?"

Loading an ear, I heard faintly the strains of an old harpsichord issuing from some house at no great distance. It was a plaintive melody in three time, and, in spite of the ingratitude of the instrument, its execution gave to it a sublime tenderness of expression.

Beethoven looked at me with sparkling eyes.

"It is my symphony in F," said he. "That is the house. Listen. How well it is played!"

The dwelling was small and plain. A light shone through the blinds of the window before which, when we reached the place, we stood rapt listeners. The music continued, and every note was rendered with the same fidelity and the same expression. In the midst of the finale there was a sudden cessation. A moment's silence ensued, then we heard a stifled sigh, with a female voice saying:

"I cannot go on—I can go no further, to-night, Friedrich."

"Why, Beatrice?"

"I do not know why, except it is because the symphony is so beautiful that I feel entirely incapable of playing it worthily. O, what would I not give to be at Cologne this evening! There is a concert at the *Kaufhaus*, and they will give every variety of choice music."

"Ah, dear sister," returned Friedrich, sighing, "it is necessary to be rich in order to procure such pleasures. Of what use are regrets, where there is no remedy? We hardly can pay our rent. Why think of those things which are above our reach?"

"You are right, brother, yet in playing I am seized with a longing to hear for once in my life good music well executed. But it is useless."

There was something singularly touching in the tone and repetition of these last words. Beethoven turned to me.

"Play for us one more piece—only one more."

He returned to the instrument. The moon-rays entered brightly at the uncurtained window and illuminated his severe and massive brow.

"I am going to improvise a sonata to the moonlight," he said, with a sportive air.

He contemplated a few moments the heavens sown with stars, then his fingers sought the keys again, and he commenced in a low, pensive, but most exquisite strain; the harmony coming out of the instrument softly and evenly as the light of the moon is nightly shed upon the earth. This delicious overture was followed by a sprightly, fantastic *morceau*, that seemed fitting for a fairy dance upon the greensward. Then came a rapid *agitata finale*, a movement palpitating, tremulous, precipitant, describing flight and incertitude, a vague, instinctive terror which bore us on shivering wings, and left us at its close silent and amazed.

"Good evening," said Beethoven, abruptly, pushing back his chair and moving toward the door.

"You will come again," entreated the brother and sister at the same time.

He paused and regarded the blind girl with compassion, even tenderness.

"Yes, yes," responded he, precipitately. "I will come again, and will give the young lady lessons. Good evening—I will come again soon."

They followed us to the door in silence more eloquent than words, and remained standing on the sill till they could no longer see or hear us.

"Let us hasten to my room," said Beethoven to me in the street; "let us hasten, in order that I may note this sonata before I forget it."

We entered, and he remained writing long after daybreak. Such is the history of the *Sonata to the Moonlight*, which is so much admired.

What of blind Beatrice? Beethoven fulfilled his promise to become her instructor; her improvement was even beyond what could have been anticipated. In a short time she received a few pupils, and when it became known that her talent had been guided by the great master—whose star was now risen never to set—applications counted ten-fold more than could in any wise be entertained.

I must ever remember the expression of childish joy and unutterable thankfulness with which Beatrice welcomed her noble friend, when one fair morning of the following spring, we once more entered her home together. Coming up to him, she put into his hands, without his suspecting her intention, some gold coins, the first meed of her efforts as instructress.

Beethoven glanced at the money and returned it with gentle force, clasping the white fingers over it and retaining the folded hand in his own. How holy a look was that which gleamed from his features! it was the balm of all beautiful emotions. I know that Beatrice's spirit eyes beheld, and that her soul was sweetly laved.

"Do not—you will not refuse it," pleaded Friedrich, advancing to us with a half-made shoe in one hand; "you, who have made us so rich in happiness. Shortly we may be able to reward you further."

"Say no more—I do, and shall decline such reward now and always," replied Beethoven, decisively, though I was at a loss to know how the eloquence of the two could prevail.

"Friedrich, be you your sister's steward, since gains embarrass her; and in proportion as these increase, procure yourselves the comforts of life. Take Beatrice to a congenial home, and allow Beatrice's brother some hours of relaxation from labor each day." He paused, and turning slowly to me, added—"You could tell how it is, I who am under obligation to them."

I comprehended, and having moved the group to seats, rehearsed minutely the incidents of the earlier part of the evening on which had commenced in this very chamber the acquaintance, which since, on both sides, was ripened into deep and abiding friendship. I did not spare my friend, being desirous of presenting to his sober vision a portrait of himself in his unnatural moods, such as would bring into disfavor their indulgence. Yet, afraid of the effect of my boldness, my eyes turned to his face in questioning glances as I proceeded. When all was told, he looked round upon us thoughtful and half-amused, and addressing Beatrice, said:

"My dear girl, you have just heard what was my appearance in those dark passages of my life, but no one, not even I, can express what were my feelings. It is you who with silver cords lifted me as from out a pit into which I had fallen; when I cease to distinguish between midnight and meridian in the soul, I may grudge the free gifts I have bestowed on you."

BARKING OF DOGS.

The Australian dog never barks; indeed, Gardiner, in his "Music of Nature," states that "dogs in a state of nature never bark—they simply whine, howl and growl; this explosive noise is only found among those which are domesticated." Sonnini speaks of the shepherd's dogs in the wilds of Egypt as not having this faculty; and Columbus found the dogs which he had previously carried to America to have lost their propensity to barking. The barking of a dog is an acquired faculty—an effort to speak, which he derives from his association with man.

with perfect *sans froid*, rising, he bowed and said: "Pardon my intrusion. I regret that it was necessary, and regret, as much, that my dream of New England hospitality (of which I have heard so much) is broken. Good evening."

"No, no!" said she. "I beg your pardon. Do not let me break your dream. Your proceeding is unusual—more unusual to me, perhaps, from my perfect retirement, than to others. But allow me to extend you that hospitality, sir; pray do not refuse it. I am quite ashamed; but though I do not care for a customer, I am at liberty to receive a guest, and offer you a New England welcome, though a late one."

But the stranger did not seem at all inclined to be solicited nor prevailed upon, till Dr. Brown took the case in hand, assuring him that since he must finish his business, there was no other resort for him—every place in town was full, and of course no woman would take in a perfect stranger without hesitation, and sending for his trunk, bade him make himself easy for three weeks, till the tavern was empty, and good night.

Installed in the best chamber—whose one-trellised window was just green with the curling woodbine, and the simplicity of whose black walnut and white marble furniture was only relieved by vases of flowers and a painting of the hostess when she must have been in the first blush of girlhood, but infinitely less lovely than now—the stranger suffered the fragrant smoke of his cigar to curl out across the garden, while he sat in a reverie at the window till aroused by the entrance of his servant, who slept in an adjoining closet. But pretty Mrs. Stanhope sat below in a flutter of trepidation at so unwonted an occurrence, lamenting the loss of her seclusion and the breaking up of her little feminine routine, and the next moment blaming herself for so inhospitable a spirit.

"Well, mum," said Peg, "some ud call it seeking hostility, and some larking round. For my part, all I hope is, he wont run off with the teaspoons and the yellor Carry marble vases."

"He doesn't look like that," said the mistress.

"P'r'aps not. However, I wouldn't trust to 'pearances, and I shall just slip the bolt outside his door at night!"

"No, no, Peg—on no account!"

"Well, mum, just's you say!"

But Peg, an old and privileged servant, did slip the bolt, occasioning some wonder next morning, a blushing explanation from the hostess, a hearty laugh from the guest and an accession of ease on both sides. "Though I'm sure," thought Mrs. Stanhope, "it wasn't necessary, as far as he is concerned, for I never saw such a

free and easy person in my life. I believe if I had denied him altogether, he'd have brought that horse into the drawing-room itself, and stayed whether or no!"

But Mr. Henry was absent the most of that and the two following days, so that she experienced little interruption in her pursuits, and did not at all regret the innovation. On the fourth day, Dr. Brown made his appearance, with considerable panting, and at last finding a resting-place for his mighty mass of flesh, he deposited his hat on the floor between his feet, wiped his red face with a yellow handkerchief, which he then threw with considerable dexterity into the hat, buried his elbow in his knee and said: "Good morning, Mrs. Helen. How do you get on?"

"O, very pleasantly indeed, doctor."

"No great interference—eh?"

"Not much. Who is he?"

"You know as well as I do. An Englishman, I guess—said he'd recently left the water. Dark enough for a nigger!"

This last remark was almost true, for the very dark, Spanish brown of his complexion would have caused a suspicion of a wash from the decoction of walnut bark, if the black moustache and long sweep of very black hair over a low, broad forehead, had not qualified the skin. The eyebrows, too, remarkably thick and black, overhung large black eyes; but in the face of so much blackness, he had white teeth, a pleasant smile, fine figure and agreeable manners.

"Something about his voice strikes me disagreeably," remarked Mrs. Stanhope, "but it's no matter—it wont be for long."

"I don't know, Mrs. Helen," replied the doctor, "but what it will be a good thing, for when he is gone, you'll miss masculine society and be all ready for another occupant, and I don't know but what I might ask you then to take me in. I think you'd do it."

"What! what! what!" cried she, turning upon him like a shrew.

"Bless my heart! what a savage little female! Can't she tell when a man's in joke?"

"I am not accustomed to be joked with thus. However," laughing, "it is as well you weren't in earnest!"

"What would you have done, if I had been?"

"Called in the other physician, young Dr. Lancet," was the reply, as little Kate ran in with a gash on her forehead, and setting up a monopoly in roaring, Dr. Brown's pocket-book immediately produced a piece of sticking-plaster which the doctor applied with a great degree of nicety and some waste of time; and Miss Kasy

appeased with an enchanting jelly patty, the fat, amatory doctor took his leave.

At dinner, Mr. Henry inquired with considerable interest into the cause of Katy's accident, and when, afterwards, as he sat in the drawing-room, one elbow on the window, his handkerchief on the knee whose foot rested free and easily on another chair, he continued watching the children somewhat gloomily, Mrs. Stanhope became quite uneasy to know if he intended kidnapping her treasures, or strangling them. Catching her eye, he smiled and said: "Do not fear. I shall not play the part of Saturn, madam."

Coloring and laughing, as she saw how ridiculous her surmises were, she replied: "I am afraid you have put yourself into very foolish company—" and stopped half way.

"A fool's paradise then!" he laconically answered, while ransacking his pockets, he produced two magnetic harlequins, which, after an unrivalled series of gymnastics, got legs, arms, fingers, toes and noses so delightfully agglomerated that it became a day's work for the young ladies to disentangle them. "Well, Mrs. Stanhope," as he still perceived her regarding him attentively, "am I a fiend?"

"Not Saturn and hardly Satan!" she returned.

"Ah, for such a poor quibble you must be punished by a worse one," he answered, glancing at Dr. Brown, who was just entering, plump and rubicund as ever. "I see you are infatuated."

"Rather *he* is," she merrily replied.

The doctor had come up to see Kate's hurt, which mighty wound having been dressed only a few hours since, it was fair to conclude was not in a state of mortification. He furthermore informed Mrs. Helen that he had concluded to marry Peg, his housekeeper's sister, if only to spite his housekeeper; but both Mrs. Stanhope and Mr. Henry thought Peg's acquiescence doubtful, and then Dr. Brown indignantly turning to the lady, avowed that all the town were talking about her having this stranger here, and she had better send him off. Thanking him to attend to his own affairs, Mrs. Helen asked if she should send for Peg and the rector, and have the ceremony performed at once.

"No," he said, looking at Mr. Henry, "he'd wait and have two birds killed at one stone."

Mrs. Stanhope didn't see why he wanted to *kill* either of the birds—she should think he had practice enough upon human beings; and Mr. Henry quoted the old line about "winging Cupid's dart with feathers." The conversation was somewhat enlarged by the entrance of a superb greyhound, which led the doctor to lament his own.

"I can't have any more butcher's sausages," said he, "since I lost that dog; it would be cannibalism. So, Mrs. Helen Stanhope, one of my errands here was to ask your recipe for home-made ones. That dog—I used to have a peculiar whistle for him, which he always minded and which I never employed for another purpose. Two or three days after his disappearance, I was passing a market-stall and by the merest accident gave this whistle. Judge of my emotions when a whole string of sausages rushed out and ran after me pell-mell!"

Somewhat disgusted, Mrs. Stanhope hastened, with all the gravity imaginable, to hand the doctor her recipe and wish him good afternoon, that she might dress herself for a drive along the river banks with Mr. Henry. Thus the days passed pleasantly enough till the three weeks elapsed and the hotel became empty, when the stranger insisted, notwithstanding her kind entreaties, upon leaving her roof. He had informed her of his pursuit of archaeological information, an occupation in which she herself could afford him much valuable assistance. He was, moreover, as she discovered, a gentleman of refinement, extensive travel, superior education, and as she judged, of considerable property. On the day he was to leave, he rode over to the next village, and returning in the evening, led his horse up the hill to meet Mrs. Stanhope at the gate and offer her his thanks for her past hospitality. As he stood there in his negligent, easy manner, on the other side, Mrs. Stanhope suffered him to finish his acknowledgments, and then said: "But the landlord came up this afternoon and requested me to furnish you a home for the remainder of your stay, because a new invoice of guests wanted all the room he had—and that is not much in a country inn—if you would be so obliging. I don't see but what you'll have to succumb to destiny."

"I don't see," said he, "but that I shall."

"Then it is quite settled?" she asked.

"I do not *wish* to intrude longer on you. I must have been a great displacer of time-honored landmarks already, and have created, I fear, unwelcome disturbance."

"Not in the least. You have been a very agreeable guest. Three weeks have slipped away imperceptibly, and you have opened a new field of delightful study for me. I shall be only too happy to have you accommodate the landlord!" Her dignified manner half melted, her lovely countenance attested her sincerity, and warmly shaking her proffered hand, Mr. Henry gave the reins to his servant and entered with her the cheerful tea-room.

"O, mama," whispered little Nell "is Mr. Henry going to stay?"

Her mother nodded.

"O, I am so glad!" said Kate, not at all inaudibly; "for Peg said if he didn't, you'd mope yourself to death, like that robin in the pear-tree that lost its ma—"

A sudden spoonful of sugar filled and stopped Kate's mouth, and after putting butter on the strawberries and pouring tea into the cream-pot, Mrs. Stanhope glanced confusedly up and met Mr. Henry's eye fixed rather steadily upon her. Coloring up to her forehead, she waited a moment, and then could but lean back in her chair and laugh, while Mr. Henry, taking the infection, joined her merrily enough.

"I am afraid Peg judges without her premises," said Mr. Henry.

"Peg was afraid, that first day, that you would steal the teaspoons!" added Mrs. Helen, with another laugh.

"And I was equally afraid Peg would do me some greater mischief!"

"And what was that?" But her guest was suddenly silent and grave, and she turned to other subjects.

One day, when the weeks had slid into the months and the raging heat of July was at its height, Mrs. Stanhope took a book and, with Peg and the children, went up the hill into the grove behind the house. Mr. Henry had gone out hunting at sunrise and was not yet returned. The servants were scattered, the greyhound, with his red tongue hanging out of his mouth, lay panting in the doorway, and, except when he shook himself with a snarl, everything was still in the heat of the sultry noon. They had sat about an hour in the comparatively cool shade—Peg at her sewing, the children tumbling round a few rods distant, and Mrs. Stanhope deeply engrossed with her book, when the former started to her feet, screaming: "O Lod, mum! the chillen! the dog! he is mad!"

Mrs. Stanhope threw down her book and started up. The hound, with foaming jaws and bleeding eyes, was tearing forward directly in the path of the children. A more dreadful sight could not have been conjured up. She lost her presence of mind entirely, and rushed blindly forward to her children.

"Stop—all of you! where you are!" shouted a stentorian voice on the brow of the hill.

Instinctively she obeyed. A flash, followed by a heavy crash through the sultry air, a bullet whizzed by them, and leaping from the ground with a sharp shriek, the hound fell again with his brains scattered round him, and bounding

down the hill, Mr. Henry received in his arms the fainting form of the mother so suddenly relieved from such terror, and bore her into the cottage, while Peg followed with the crying and clinging children at a slower pace. When she revived, Mrs. Stanhope found herself alone with Mr. Henry, who was laving her forehead alternately with cologne and kisses, although she was quite unconscious of the latter application. Too weak to utter a word, she could only press his hands and thank him with speaking eyes, ere both the rescued juveniles, followed by Peg in a vastly more gracious spirit than ever before, entered.

"God bless ye, sir!" said she, saluting him with her hard, horny hand. "I beg your pardon about the spoons. It's naught but good's come to us with ye, sir! and it's no use resisting God's will any longer!" With which closing remark Peg meant it to be understood that she withdrew her opposition, and which, as her mistress was not at all aware of it and there did not seem to be much to oppose, was very considerate indeed!

While they were all in this tale-telling posture, a step smothered itself in the door-mat, and Miss Patty Rogers entered among them unheard—a maiden lady, who was no exception to the genus among which she was classed. Mr. Henry, with his hunting-cap and his game flung on the floor, was still bending earnestly over Mrs. Stanhope, who with one hand covering her eyes, yet suffered him to retain the other. Peg's attitude, and the distressed children, all added to Miss Patty's amazement, and stealing out again very quietly, she began forthwith a round of visits, relating the extraordinary doings at Mrs. Stanhope's, and her own assertion that she "had always said no good would come of that woman's keeping herself so high and dry above all others—with all the parsons and doctors raving over her." Having made herself very happy, she next day called again on Mrs. Stanhope, hoping to glean a few ears from the abundant harvest of yesterday. Finding her alone, Miss Patty bade her good morning with considerable unction.

"Wish you joy, my dear. When is it to be?"

Mrs. Stanhope looked a little puzzled.

"When is *what* to be?" asked she.

"The wedding."

"Wedding? where?"

"Why *here*, to be sure, you innocent Abigail."

"There is to be no wedding."

"No? Then I must say it is highly improper, besides defrauding your friends of a party."

"I really don't know what you are talking about, Miss Patty!"

"Ham—presume not. Well, he is a very good age—should judge just about as old as poor, dear Mr. Stanhope would have been if he hadn't died—a little younger, perhaps!"

Never having seen Mr. Stanhope in his lifetime, this token of affectionate adjectives from Miss Patty was especially affecting. Mrs. Stanhope smiled, and said nothing. After looking out of the window a few moments, Miss Rogers resumed:

"Very good looking, too, Mr. Henry is—would be better, to be sure, if he hadn't such enormous eyebrows, and wasn't so dark, and sheared off those taglocks over his lips. But there's no accounting for tastes!"

"Do you want to see him, Miss Patty?" asked Mrs. Helen, with a pardonable affectation of simplicity.

"Good gracious! no indeed! You don't think I'm going to go to fainting in his arms? Philandering round after young men indeed! How pale you are! Bless me—it's almost dinner time! Brother Jonathan always dines at twelve, and I haven't minced the fish yet! Good morning."

Left alone, Mrs. Helen, in her thoughts, took up the same thread, broken by Miss Patty's visit, which had led her to a slight but partial revelation of the state of her feelings. She knew herself to be interested in her guest, and to feel for him a warm friendship, now augmented by the fact that he was the deliverer of her children from a dreadful death, and had manifested an equal degree of friendship for herself. Her reverie was interrupted by the entrance of the individual in question, with an open letter in his hand.

"My dear Mrs. Helen"—he had long since adopted Dr. Brown's mode of address—"I find I must leave you!"

She laid down her sewing-work and turned very pale, while vainly endeavoring to speak.

"My residence with you," continued he, "has been made only too delightful by your kind attentions, and I can but thank you a thousand times for your hospitality before I go. I must leave very soon—but pray do not let me interrupt!" as Peg, with a budget of matters requiring her attendance, entered.

Her eyes followed him wistfully and in silence as he stepped out upon the verandah, and then, waving Peg away, she sought her own room. Mr. Henry dined alone that day, and considerably later, Peg, who began to discover the state of things, commenced a loud outcry against tobacco smoke.

"Can't stir—always a man round in the house!" Sniff—sniff. "Hum—smoke again!

Smoke here—there—everywhere—'up stairs, down stairs, and in my lady's chamber!' all through the dining-room and the drawing-room—even in my missis—poor missis"—with a sigh—"drawers and boxes! and as for the best chamber, it smells like a smoke-house! Couldn't get the small pox if we tried! Shouldn't wonder if that vally of his took to't desperate. Cigars! cigars! Can't unfold a towel without you feel's if the universal earth was smoke. It's in the coffee and in the homylettes, and even in the garden! Can't smell a flower there for it! Declare, don't remember how a rose smells—what's that song missis sings? train—trill—trail of the serpint is over them all! There he comes—so innocent! Going out into the garden in the dusk, with that red spark, stealing round just as simple, mebbe, as if he didn't know missis was settin' in the arbor! I hope she aint crying, that's all!" And Peg went on with her soliloquy, and Mr. Henry with his sauntering.

Mrs. Stanhope was not exactly in the arbor, but sitting on a bank at the foot of a high trellis covered with climbing white roses, and watching the fading orange of the sky, while she became gradually conscious of a train of light blue smoke over the shrubs, and a delicious Indian flavor stealing in and mingling with the roses. She would have escaped, only he would certainly see her, and not wishing to meet him, retained her seat, trusting to chance. She had discovered more of those feelings—which no properly behaved young woman is supposed to be at all acquainted with, till very suddenly, and after a proposal—since Miss Patty left. When he said he must go, the deadly chill that fell upon her, as she felt she should never see him again, hurt her worse than the fact of his speedy departure, for she saw that she loved, and with customary modesty, could not believe her passion returned. A foot crashed in the gravel behind her simultaneously with a crackling of the rose branches, and looking up, she saw Mr. Henry standing a little behind, on one side.

"Ah?" she said, pleasantly, as he showed her a broken spray of the beautiful roses; "are those for Miss Patty?"

"No," he returned, quite soberly, "they are for my wife."

"Your wife!" Although sitting, she leaned her other hand upon the ground for a pillar of support, lest she should fall entirely. Dreadful blow—his wife! She waited several minutes before speaking. "You never told me," at last she faintly murmured. "You have a wife then?"

"A wife who loves me tenderly, as I believe—as I dare to hope!"

Worse and worse. But from her slight acquaintance, could she have expected any more? Something in his voice struck her as on that first time, familiar and disagreeable, even while—she must confess it—even while she loved him. O wretched little Kate and Nell to have such a mother! By-and-by it passed away, and thought with it. She sat like one stunned. She could not tell how long it had been, when he stooped slowly, and with a hand resting lightly on her head, kissed her forehead. Recollection flashed back. This was insult! She would have sprung up, but strength failed her. He raised her tenderly, added to the insult by gathering her in his arms, pressing her to his heart, kissing both brow and lips again and again, and finally crowned the accumulated impertinences by murmuring:

"Helen, will you be her—that blessing—that wife—who has had as yet only a mythical existence? Helen?"

Where were her pride and high resolve? Far from resenting this effrontery, she only remained where she was—her face, if it could have been seen, radiant with smiles, and whispering a few sentences in much the same incoherent way.

"At last—at last—" he said; but further speech was hindered by Peg's voice, shrill and dissonant, breaking in upon their joy with:

"Ma'am! missis! Missis Stannup, here be Dr. Brown to see you to oncet, ma'am!" And leaving her lover, Mrs. Helen fled into the house and pausing a moment, took off her widow's cap and wove the beautiful roses into her hair.

Dr. Brown had been pacing up and down, fidgetting unaccountably and growing warmer every moment. A furious daw-bug that insisted upon banging against his nose, and which, just captured, was enchaining his attention as Mrs. Helen entered, was flung loose again, while the doctor took a chair, sat down on his hat, got up again and took the hat and bent it carefully into shape. The daw-bug made another dash at his illuminated countenance.

"Go'long, you beast!" said the doctor, indignantly. "Beg pardon, ma'am! meant the bug!" And he took another seat, crushing this time the little can-bottles of the portable pharmacy he carried in his pocket. "The short and the long of it is, madam," he at length enunciated, "that you mustn't do it."

"Mustn't do it? what?" said the happy Helen.

"Why, going and marrying this feller. Because—because, my dear—I want to break it gently—he's got another wife!"

"Well."

"I don't know as to that. He told some one in the village—told Miss Patty Rogers, that he'd bring and introduce her at some time."

"Well."

"And besides, my dear Mrs. Stanhope, you know in that great disaster on the railroad, four years ago, they could identify Mr. Stanhope only by his clothes, and there was a little discrepancy in them which we didn't think of at the time, but which is quite glaring now—quite glaring, upon my word! Why, bless me, there wasn't a cent in the man's pocket, and I practised in the city then, and knew for a dead certainty that Stanhope had drawn several thousands from the bank that morning, and had been selling funds, and not those set by in the will for you, my dear! all the week. And now where did that money go to? Clearly with Mr. Stanhope; and it's not him at all in the vault there, but one Henry Stanley, as well as I can find out. And your husband and you not being much attached, he took the opportunity of clearing out, it seems, and leaving you free to marry again. Now don't go to thinking that I've made myself too busy. You've behaved very well, my dear, but Mr. Stanhope is alive, and has been in Boston lately, and means to come here—been seen there by responsible witnesses, and you'd better ship this feller as soon as you've the mind to!"

"Thank you, doctor. Good night."

"I vow," concluded the doctor, as he walked home, "I can't tell whether she knew it all before or not. Mighty cool, any way! afraid she did. It was a pill to swallow, but then I gave her a comfort after it. And she and Stanhope hated each other, or nearly so, just because they were wanted to love. Hope I haven't been making a fool of myself. Well, she can't marry this smooth Mr. Henry now, that's one comfort."

The doctor's steps had died away, and still she stood there, mute and statue-like, in the centre of the room. Minutes might have been ages—breath itself seemed to leave her—the heart ceased to beat—suddenly the blood spun back and flushed her face to purple—her limbs failed beneath her—she sunk to the floor, half praised on one hand. Wild and distracted, with one long tress of her dark hair streaming loosely, she looked like a Maenad exhausted with prophetic ravings. Peg's decided step became audible in the distance; she entered without a word, and taking her mistress, bore her to her own room and left her on her own bed, muttering: "Well, all things come right in love, they say, and s'pose this'll."

A few moments only Helen lay there, when rising, she began to think of her next step.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.

With the present number of *Ballou's Dollar Monthly* we close the fourth volume of the work, and our next number will be Number One, Volume Fifth, bearing date January, 1857. We are gratified to acknowledge the remarkable and constant increase of the circulation of this favorite monthly. Let those whose subscription expires with this year be so kind as to renew at once, that we may print a large enough edition to supply all demands. It will be remembered that we bind the volume of the magazine in neat illuminated covers, strong and uniform in style, at a charge of only *thirty-eight cents* each. Recollect, this is the cheapest magazine in the world!

SENSIBLE TO THE LAST.

A certain member of the society of "Friends" fitted out one of his ships from New Bedford on a short trading voyage, expecting a return in a few months; but the captain was absent over four years, rendered no account, remitted no money, and, on the other hand, kept drawing on the merchant. After all hope was gone, he brought his ship into New Bedford in a shattered condition, and the "Friend" mildly remonstrated with him. "Take your old craft," interrupted the speaker; "she aint good for nothing—she'll neither wear nor stay." "Friend," said the other, mildly, "for the *wearing*, thee seems to have worn her out theeself; and for the *staying*, I thought thee would *never* come back."

"NOT WORTH A BUTTON."—This is the opinion that most married women have of their husbands. The proof is to be found in the invariable absence of buttons on their shirt-collars.

FRENCH PHILOSOPHY.—A Frenchman's theory of life is summed up in the motto of *Sardanapalus*—"Eat, drink and love—the rest is not worth a phillip."

VOCALISM.—A common fault of public singers is that their words are almost always unintelligible.

A NATIONAL AIR.

The other day we heard a swarthy proprietor of a hand-organ grinding out "*Partant Pour la Syrie* (It was Dunois the Young and Brave)," in front of our office. It is execrable stuff when well played, but when extorted from a rickety, hoarse, wheezy, phthisicky organ, perfectly unendurable. Yet this wretched twang, because it was composed by Queen Hortense, the mother of Louis Napoleon, is now the national air of France, and dinged into the ear of the Parisians in place of that glorious battle-hymn, the *Marseillaise*, which Lamartine called the "fire-water of the Revolution, which instilled into the sense and soul of the people the intoxication of battle." In the Crimean war, the French moved forward to attack the Malakoff under the influence of this organ-grinder's ditty. They were repulsed, and then demanded the *Marseillaise*. General Boquet could not refuse them, and the music struck up the dearly-loved hymn. The result is a matter of history.

"Says Gortschakoff:
It's time to be off,
They're singing the *Marseillaise*."

Rushing forward under Bosquet and McMahon, the Zouaves, voltigeurs and soldiers of the line stormed the stronghold of the enemy. So much for having a splendid national air to play. Queen Hortense's sing-song may do very well for an attack on a hen-roost, but the "fire-water" of the *Marseillaise* alone can carry men victorious through fire and steel.

CORSETS.—These articles of feminine wear, which are displayed in the shop-windows of our modistes so ostentatiously, are said to have been invented by a brutal butcher of the thirteenth century as a torture for his wife. His intention was to take away her breath and keep her from talking. The punishment became so popular that the ladies adopted it in self-defence.

POETICAL.—A young "Shanghai," who has just submitted to the razor for the first time, perpetrates the following:

"Uneasy as the head that wears a crown
Feels the young chin, when shorn of its first down."

JUST SO.—Handsome girls are seldom hair-cases—the homely ones have the tin.

MUSIC IN SOCIETY.

Halleck tells us somewhere that the first touches of a piano at a private party—

———"Like signal notes in battle,
Are tones that bid each tongue's artillery rattle."

It is very discouraging to young ladies—who have been entreated, implored, and urged to "favor the company" with a dash at the keys and an outpouring of vocal melody, after she had made the usual apologies and refusals, told how she couldn't play without her notes, and had a dreadful cold, etc., and then yielded gracefully and been led to the instrument,—to find that she is rewarded for her consent and her exertions by general inattention, and that acts, which would be deemed ill-bred in the presence of a paid singer, are indulged in, without remorse, by very gentlemanly and very lady-like persons behind the back of the voluntary performer. If it was generally, as it is sometimes, the practice for the performer to face the company, something like courtesy might be induced. It is very true that when the sonata or the song is ended, all who *have*'t heard the music are very properly enchanted, and there is no lack of such exclamations as "sweet!" "delicious!" "enchanting!" "beautiful!" etc.; but how hollow are such praises under the circumstances!

Very discouraging, we repeat, is all this to the young gentleman who is stating, in distinct musical terms, that his heart is in the highlands, chasing the wild deer and following the roe; or the young lady, who relates her zoological experience in the way of raising gazelles, of whom she never had one to glad her with his bright black eye, but when it came to recognize her and to become attached to her, it was sure to be attacked by the gazelle-ail, and expire, involving a ruinous loss, pecuniary and sentimental! How can a young gentleman persuade himself that a brigand is "on yonder rock reclining," if he hears, beside the gossip of the day, the price of silks and satins, and the hoop question fervently discussed by chattering tongues? "Oft in the stilly night" sounds incongruously when there is no such thing as stillness in the room. We do not wonder that now and then a vocalist requests to be furnished with "an Arab steed," that he may escape from the turmoil which his efforts to please are sure to provoke. But let Signora Screechsalina of the Italian opera be prevailed on to attend a *soiree*, and to rend the air with her alto notes, then, in the pauses of the vocalization, you may hear a pin drop. This is a serious evil, and calls for reform.

WELL NAMED.—The Parisians call hoop skirts zephyrs—they are rather airy.

A SINGER IN TROUBLE.

Amodio, the singer, is the most rotund, the most jovial, and the most companionable of Italians. Of course so good-natured an individual is the butt of a good deal of floating wagery in his circle. Last year he left Newport, leaving a little debt of about seventy-five cents unliquidated. The past summer he alighted at the same place from the steamboat, and proceeded toward the Fillmore House, careless and gay, and joking with his companions, all unconscious of any impending evil. Suddenly there emerged from the shadow of the old store-house two dark-browed men. One of these folded his arms and looked scowlingly on with a melodramatic aspect, while the other tapped him on the shoulder and said, sternly: "Signor Amodio, you are my prisoner." "Prisoner!—*vat* for?" said the astonished Italian. "For debt." "O, I have forgotten him! For seventy-five saints, is it not? I will pay." And he pulled out his wallet. "Tell him to put up his money," said the melo-dramatic partner in this scene; "and away with him—to the dungeon! Load him with the heaviest chains—and let outraged justice vindicate her claims." It is needless to say that the joke was not carried much farther, that the officer and his employer were confederates, that the signor was released, and joined heartily in the laugh created at the hotel when the adventure was related. When the Signor Amodio left Newport for New York he took care to leave no "seventy-five saint" creditor behind him.

ERRORS OF TYPE.—Some of these "mistakes which will happen in the best regulated" establishments are quite amusing. The title of a once popular song, "While all in tears we went on shore," was set up "Whale oil in tierces went on shore;" slightly altering the meaning of the author.

THE RULING PASSION.—A punster at the point of death declined eating a piece of pullet, which he was advised to do, for fear it might *lay* on his stomach: sacrificing grammar for the sake of punning at that awful moment.

AN EXPEDIENT.—A dashing and fashionable widow up town says she thinks of suing some gentleman for a breach of promise, in order that the world may know she is in the market.

POLYGLOT PAPER.—A Russian newspaper has just been started in London which is printed in alternate columns of English, French, Spanish and German.

THE FRANKLIN STATUE.

The bronze statue of the great, good and wise old man, who conferred undying glory on his native city, is now a "fixed fact." In the heart of this busy metropolis, in a thoroughfare trodden, early and late, by the feet of daily thousands, stands the venerable old man, almost reciprocating—to use Mr. Winthrop's idea—the greetings of his countrymen. The grand procession that went up like a vast wave to the inauguration has ebbed away, and the echoes of its thunders have died on the ear, but have left us this material fact—this art-embodiment of an immortal spirit. The cities of Europe have their patron saints—we have now our guardian genius. Art is never better employed than when translating into the language of common use the glorious traditions of national glory. Without these effigies of great men, there would be something mythic in the popular idea of them. Of Franklin, indeed, we have, perhaps, a more vivid conception than of any other man of America's heroic age, with the single exception of Washington. But we have to remember and to provide for our successors. As the gulf of time broadens between the past and the present, we have to fix the features of the former imperishably, and to cultivate by every adventitious aid the memory of all of it that is worth preservation. The presence of Franklin in imperishable bronze will lead thousands to study his life and works, who would otherwise cherish only a vague respect for his name. And no man's life and works can be studied with more profit—particularly at the present day—than those of the illustrious printer, philosopher, sage, statesman and patriot. His calm, consummate reason will rebuke the mad, brilliant, bewildering theories of modern metaphysical and political theorists; vapory transcendentalisms will vanish like mist when exposed to the bright sun-rays of his clear intellect. The crazy rage for gambling speculations will meet with a calm rebuke in his sound social maxims and proverbial expressions. The son of toil will lift his head higher as he walks in the presence of the man of all others who dignified labor in his own person, and taught the artisan his power and resources. We hail the inauguration of the Franklin statue as an event of immense importance.

NEW YORK.—The number of voters in the Empire State, according to a statement in the census department, is 651,821.

A-BRIDGING IT.—A new bridge, half a mile long, is to be built over the Potomac, at Washington, by the United States government.

THE RULING PASSION.

The death-hour often, though not always, elicits from the parting spirit some manifestation of the ruling passion that swayed it in its earthly career. The dying botanist babbles of strange flowers; the expiring seaman whispers of his "home on the ocean wave;" the flattered beauty of dress and worldly vanities.

"One would not, sure, be frightful when one's dead;—And, Betty, give this cheek a little red."

On his couch in the lonely island of his exile, the spirit of Napoleon flew back to those "combats of giants," in which he won fame and empire, and the "head of the army" were the last words on his lips. His devoted Josephine died thinking of her love. "Elba! Napoleon!" were her last words. An old schoolmaster died conjugating a Greek verb. A sailing master in the navy gave up the ghost, exclaiming: "They're reeving that rope through the block the wrong way!" "Remorse!" was the last utterance of John Randolph. "Have I acted well my part?" said the dying Roman emperor. His friends replied in the affirmative. "Then," said he, "*valet et plaudite*—farewell and applaud!" And with this thought of his glory, his eyes closed, as the curtain falls on the completed drama.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.—Any person desiring to receive a sample copy of our illustrated journal can do so, free of charge, by sending us a line by mail. *Ballou's Pictorial* is finding its way into every family circle from Maine to California, delighting all with its numerous and graphic engravings, and deeply interesting with its original tales, sketches and varied reading matter, contributed by the best male and female writers in America.

POPULATION OF THE UNITED STATES AT CLOSE OF 1857.—At the close of 1857, the total population of the United States, upon the supposition that its average ratio of increase has been maintained, or nearly so, may be computed to be, in round numbers, about 30,000,000.

THE OPERA.—No opera troupe can be said to be sure of success that has not a live countess in its ranks, and Vestrali has secured one for her Mexican company, the Countess Tasca Tacani.

MARK HIM.—The man that hates music and children's laughter is invariably an old bachelor, and, if rich, a miser.

GOLD.—The total export of gold from California foots up rising \$30,000,000 for the past seven months.

Foreign Miscellany.

It costs about \$100,000 per annum to keep the London parks in order.

In some parts of France the young girls become *haïresses* by selling their curls.

The cashier of the Northern Railroad of France lately absconded, a defaulter to the amount of 1,000,000 francs.

Henry B. Squires, the American vocalist, has been winning new laurels in Naples. He will shortly return to America.

The London Statistical Journal says the national debts of Europe amount to nearly two thousand millions sterling.

The Belgian government has offered a reward of 10,000 francs for the discovery of a non-alimentary substance to be substituted for starch.

The Russians have commenced to manufacture rails for their railroads, and they are said to be superior to the English, although somewhat dearer.

Cholera is disappearing from Madeira; 5000 persons had fallen victims in a population of 16,000. At Funchal the deaths are now no more than five or six daily.

A new lecturer, after the style of John Wilson, has sprung up in England; he has created quite a *furor* in Birmingham, by singing the *Jacobite* and other melodies of Scotland.

The banks of England and France have completed an arrangement by which the former draws gold from the latter as long as it may seem safe to do so.

The decimal system of weights has just been adopted throughout the whole of the Prussian monarchy, as it had before been in the German Association, and in several States of the south of Germany.

The American ship *Ocean Home* and the *Cherubim* came in collision, recently, off Lizard. The former sunk in twenty minutes, taking down seventy-five passengers. She was from Rotterdam, bound to N. York, with immigrants.

The London Open Air Mission have two hundred and fifty services out of doors each Sabbath. The preachers are now gaining admittance to the "common lodging houses," and meet with great encouragement among the poor.

A French surgeon maintains that far-sighted or near-sighted persons may acquire the perfect power of vision by mere practice. He asserts this as the result of his own experience, and condemns the use of spectacles as injurious.

The London Times, in speaking of the degeneracy of the pulpit, closes thus: "We ask for no polished periods, but simply for burning thoughts, couched in simple and homely phrase, such as those which, in other days, drew man from earth to heaven."

The restoration of peace has given a new impetus to the extension of railways in all parts of Europe. Not only is Russia projecting a grand cordon of railways, but France, Germany and Austria are likewise aiming at railway extensions scarcely second to the numerous projects devised by British capital.

An American inventor has patented an intensely brilliant electric light in England.

The "absorption" of the Indian kingdom of Oude by England is a wholesale robbery.

The late coronation of the emperor of Russia was the most splendid pageant of modern days.

The old punishment of the stocks has been revived in England.

The Emperor Napoleon's pocket money is \$3000 a day.

It is found that 536 persons die yearly of poison in Great Britain.

A new British convict settlement is to be established in North Australia.

It is reported that the Czar is about to effect a full understanding in religious matters with the Pope.

It is reported that France wishes to purchase from Denmark a strip of the coast of Iceland for fishing stations.

The London Post, government organ, recommends the Hudson Bay territory as a seat of convict establishments.

The Sultan has now organized a fine orchestra in his harem, composed entirely of female performers.

The London News says: "In Italy, neither God nor man can longer tolerate the iniquities of the crowned oath-breakers of Naples."

A new work, from the pen of Thackeray, who is now on the continent recruiting, is expected to commence, in serial form, about the 1st inst.

The number of sheep in the British Islands is estimated at 35,000,000, worth \$250,000,000! producing 157,000,000 pounds of wool, worth \$50,000,000, annually.

The *Presse*, of Brussels, states that Mdlle. Johanna Wagner, the celebrated singer, has been married to M. Jochmann, the son of a millionaire, of Tilsit.

It is said that the Sultan is to be made a knight of the garter. Perhaps this will be Lord Palmerston's way to insure his conversion to the Christian religion.

The population of Paris, according to the census of 1851, amounted to 1,053,262 fixed residents. It is now 1,178,262. The increase has, therefore, been 150,000; but it has been more considerable in the suburbs.

A remedy has been at last found for the odium—the disease which has done such extensive damage to the grapes in Europe the last few years. The remedy is sulphur, lightly distributed over the diseased plants.

The eldest son of the Prince de Canino has presented the Emperor Napoleon with a most valuable work; it is the only existing copy of the statutes of the Order of the Golden Fleece, having the arms of all the knights of the time of King Joseph, who brought it from Spain.

PHOTOGRAPHIC BANK NOTES.—An artist of Paris, M. Agnado, has succeeded in deceiving the most expert clerks in the Bank of France with photographic copies of bank notes. It was found to be impossible to tell the copied from the original one thousand franc note.

Merry Making.

What isle do maids steer for? Isle of Man.

Where should gardeners go? Botany Bay.

Flowers are very warlike in their disposition, and are ever armed with pistols.

An artist need never starve if he is fond of *canvass backs*.

Annual flowering plants resemble whales, as they come up to *blow*.

A country dentist advertises that "he spares no pains" to render his operations satisfactory.

An intelligent lady used to say that "carelessness was little better than a half-way house between accident and design."

Let a woman once think you unconquerable, and, unless she is unlike all other women, she will still want to conquer you.

A punster at the point of death being advised to eat a piece of pullet, declined, saying, he feared it might "*lay* on his stomach."

An eminent artist is about getting up "a panorama of a lawsuit." It opens with the year one and closes with doomsday.

The chap who took the thread of life to sew the rent of a house, has gone West and invented a patent point for cross-eyed needles.

"That, sir, is the Spirit of the Press," said Mrs. Bigelow, as she handed a glass of cider to her neighbor, Mr. Brown.

The man at the corner has just seen a letter of a life-pill proprietor to one of his best customers, which was ominously signed, "Yours till death."

A Western writer thinks that if the proper way of spelling *tho* is "though," *ate* "eight," and *bo* "beaux," the proper way of spelling potatoes is *poughteightedaux*.

A lady complaining that her husband was dead to fashionable amusements, he replied: "But then, my dear, you make me alive to the expense."

When Æsculapius applauded Philip, king of Macedon, as a jovial man who would drink freely, Demosthenes replied, "that it was a good quality in a sponge, but not in a king."

"What possessed you to marry that dowdy?" said a mother to her son. "Because you always told me to pick a wife like my mother," was the dutiful reply.

A musician gave as a reason for leaving an orchestra, that he never was at *rest* among such *discordant* performers; the violinists were always getting into *scrapes*, and the trumpeters and drummers constantly coming to *blows*.

A fashionably dressed lady of the present day, about to enter her carriage: Impudent Boy—"I say, Bill, come and see the conjuring; here's this here gal agoin' to squeeze herself into that ere room!"

Peter Cunningham was once telling before Douglas Jerrold of a strange dish he had just dined on. "Such a dish! Nobody could guess it." He of course provoked the query, "What was it?" "Calves' tails," said Peter. "Extremes meet," exclaimed Jerrold.

Why is an actor like a chimney? Because his worth depends upon the way he draws.

Crossing sweepers' brooms last double the time, since ladies' dresses have been so long.

A venerable old man says: "Let the slandered take comfort—it's only at fruit trees that thieves throw stones."

They are particular in Schenectady. A boy was arrested on Monday for spitting into the canal.

A baker has invented a new kind of yeast. It makes bread so light that a pound of it weighs only four ounces.

A southern editor thinks his children are cherubim and seraphim, for, he says, "they continually do cry."

All a man has to do in these days to pass for a genius, is to button his coat behind and wear his hat wrong side out.

It is decidedly provoking to have a fly light on your nose just as the daguerreotypist pulls out his watch and says "Now."

What's the difference between a bantam cock and a dirty housemaid? The one is a domestic fowl, the other a foul domestic.

There is a firm in New York, the name of which is Lay, Hatch & Cluck. The clerks are presumed to be all Shanghai.

A modern writer thus defines honor: "Standing fire well, and shooting a friend whom you love, in order to gain the praise of a few others whom you despise."

A gentleman once observing that a person famous in the musical profession led a very abandoned life, "Ay," replied a wag, "the whole tenor of his life has been base."

We direct the attention of those Benedicks who have very loquacious wives, to the following notice posted in a wholesale ham store in Pine Street—"Tongues cured here."

A manufacturer in New York has succeeded in making such an improvement in the manufacture of Britannia metal goods that, it is said, he is obliged to warrant them *not* silver.

In a Dutch translation of Addison's *Cato* the words, "Plato, thou reasonest well," are rendered, "Just so—you are very right, Myuheer Plato."

A German paper announces that Miss Wagner is an exalted echo of the undeveloped inner-stone of our musical taste, which, if not educated, at least has not been vitiated.

We know a gentleman so extremely refined that he is obliged to leave the room if, when he is dining with a person who has red hair, there happen to be carrots on the table!

"Pompey, why is a journey round the world like a cat's tail?" "Well, I doesn't adactly see any resemblance 'twixt the two cases." "Well, den I sposed I'll have to tell you—because it am fur to the end ob it!"

"So, here I am, between two tailors," said a bear at a public table, where a couple of young tailors were seated, who had just begun business for themselves. "True," was the reply, "we are new tailors, and can only afford to keep one goose between us."

